

# *The Rambler*

MARCH 1973



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

# club activities for march 1973

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.

MARCH 3  
-Saturday

MOUNT WOLVERINE SKI TOUR - Intermediate (2,3) - A traverse and a ridge run from Brighton's Millicent lift takes one to the summit of Mount Wolverine, which overlooks the Alta area. Various possibilities exist for a return route, but Wolverine cirque and the east slope down to Lake Mary are most popular. Snow conditions will influence the choice. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 8:30 a.m. Leader: Burt Janis - 278-7291.

MARCH 3  
Saturday

ALBION HUT NORDIC TOUR - Beginner (2,2) - Since Nordic skiers don't need lifts, we will climb from the parking lot at Alta into Albion Basin and up toward Catherine Pass. Albion Hut is to the south along the ridge overlooking the spectacular scenery of the Little Cottonwood peaks. If we're lucky, we'll find the hut nestled among the firs just below the ridge. This trip is a good one for all type of equipment. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood at 8:30 a.m. Leader: Jesse May - 486-1782

MARCH 4  
Sunday

LAKE MARY SNOWSHOE TOUR FROM THE LODGE - Beginner (1,1) - Here's another one of the Sunday afternoon tours that we promised. Meet at the lodge at 1:00 p.m. for a short hike up to the lake. What better way to spend a pleasant spring (maybe) afternoon: Leader: Karen Weatherbee - 582-6799.

MARCH 4  
Sunday

ADVANCED TOUR - This will be the second open tour of the year, and the leader promises that he will do as difficult a tour as is feasible with existing conditions. It promises to be quite a day! Call Dennis Caldwell for details at 278-2100.

MARCH 10  
Saturday

BROAD'S FORK SNOWSHOE TOUR - Intermediate (3,3) - From the "S" curve in Big Cottonwood, the trail traverses around to the west and wanders through wooded terrain into Broad's Fork. The

upper part of the tour is a spectacular bowl between Twin Peaks and Dromedary. This tour is most suitable for snowshoes, since the lower trail is quite narrow and skiers often get too well acquainted with nearby vegetation during the descent. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 8:30 a.m. Leader: Elmer Boyd - 298-5537.

MARCH 11  
Sunday

PARK CITY WEST TO MILLCREEK SKI TOUR - Intermediate (1,2) - We will take the upper lift at Park West to the ridge at the head of Millcreek Canyon. A short climb along the ridge takes us to a vantage with views in all directions. The descent to Log Haven is about eight miles of gradual downhill, so the tour is easy if the snow is hard, but a lot of work otherwise. The pace will be leisurely, so don't let the distance discourage you. It's a good one for nordic skiers. The cost of the lift ticket will be \$1.00. Meet at the Movie at 9:00 a.m. for car spotting. Leader: George Swanson - 466-3003.

MARCH 11  
Sunday

RED PINE TO WHITE BALDY SKI TOUR - Advanced (4,5) - The usual route to Red Pine Lake will be followed. (Anyone interested in an intermediate tour can quit here.) Favorable snow conditions must be present for the ascent of upper Red Pine to the ridge and for the hike to the summit. The scenery is well worth the effort if fair weather prevails. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood at 8:00 a.m. Leader: Dave Smith - 486-2680.

MARCH 11  
Sunday

SKI SOCIAL - Cal and Sue Giddings have must moved into their lovely new home. Come help them christen it - 6:00 p.m. Address: 1425 Perry Avenue - 521-9496.

MARCH 12  
Monday

GRAND CANYON RIVER TRIP - There will be a meeting for everyone interested in attending either the Club or the Commercial River Trip. Hopefully, we will have movies and slides of previous trips. There will be a discussion of plans for both trips. Meeting will be held at Zion Lutheran Church at 1070 Foothill Drive on Monday, March 12 at 7:30 p.m. For further information, please call Bob Everson - 487-0029 or George and Georgia Randal - 322-2360.

MARCH 16  
Friday

CATHERINE PASS FROM ALTA MOONLIGHT TOUR - Intermediate (2,2) - The final moonlight tour of the season will be an old favorite over easy terrain. The planned destination is the Pass, but ambitious souls can push onward to Mount Wolverine. The group will then retire to some cozy retreat back at Alta for liquid refreshment and fireside conversation. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood at 6:30 p.m. Leader: Paul Horton - 262-4695.

MARCH 17  
Saturday

HONEYCOMB SKI TOUR - Intermediate (2,3) Once again we'll run the tour that gives you the most for your money. A short climb from the top of Brighton's Evergreen lift takes one to the head of Honeycomb Fork. The corniced cliffs provide a scenic backdrop for a lunch stop before the descent into the bowl. The road to Silver Fork is quite narrow in spots, so skiers need to be able to turn in deep snow to safely do this tour. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 9:30 a.m. Leader:           ?  
For more details, call Dave Hanscom - 487-6065.

- MARCH 17  
and 18  
Saturday  
and  
Sunday      OVERNIGHT SNOWSHOE TOUR - Liz Choules will be accompanying a group of young adults on this overnight trip, and she has agreed to take other club members along if they have some experience in this type of thing. The tour will be in the vicinity of Solitude. For more details, please call Liz - 363-9966.
- MARCH 18  
Sunday      PFEIFFERHORN SKI TOUR - Advanced (4,5) - This has to be the most photogenic mountain in the Wasatch. The approach is via White Pine and Red Pine Canyons, then up to the ridge and on to the summit. The specific route will depend upon snow conditions and the desires of the group (both for ascent and descent). Bring a camera and plenty of lunch. For details on starting time and place, call Pete Hovingh - 359-4791.
- MARCH 18  
Sunday      TWIN LAKES SNOWSHOE TOUR - Beginner (1,2) - Here's a new variation for a leisurely Sunday on snowshoes. From the Brighton Store, the route crosses Silver Lake and traverses through the trees to the west of the ski area. You should be at Twin Lakes for lunch, and back down in mid-afternoon. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 10:00 a.m. Leaders: Ernie and Gerri Abrams - 1-376-5155.
- MARCH 23  
Friday      RIVER RATS PRE-SEASON LODGE PARTY - Everyone welcome - While we may have to tromp through the snow to get to the lodge, the river-running season isn't far away. This is an opportunity to familiarize yourself with river crafts - rafts, kayaks and canoes, the paraphernalia associated with these and the people who go down to the river in boats. Slides and other "snicker flickers" will be shown, and refreshments will be available for a nominal fee. WMC Lodge, Brighton, 8:00 p.m. For further information, call Bob Everson - 487-0029 - or Ruth Hensen - 272-3343.
- MARCH 24/25  
Sat./Sun.      LODGE OPEN for a family-type weekend. Call hosts - Pete and Margo Hovingh for information at 359-4791.
- MARCH 24  
Saturday      BRIGHTON-ALTA-BRIGHTON SKI TOUR - Intermediate (2,2) - The Millicent lift gives us a head start on Twin Lakes Pass on this tour. We will then enjoy some downhill skiing and a good rest on the Albion Lift. An easy climb takes us to Catherine Pass, and another bit of downhill gets us back to the cars. Please register for this one so the group can be split up if it gets too large. Don't forget money for lifts. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 8:30 a.m. Leaders: Bill and June Viavant - 582-5850.
- MARCH 25  
Sunday      PARK CITY TO MIDWAY NORDIC TOUR - The terrain in this area is ideal for x-country skiers, so we will explore one variation today. The road out of Park City toward Guardsman's Pass is a very gradual climb of only a couple of miles. The rest of the tour is mostly gentle down hill. It's a long one, (about 10 miles) but, hopefully the snow won't be deep enough to make the tour too strenuous. A fairly early start is planned due to car spotting requirements. Meet at the Movie at 8:00 a.m. Leaders: Buzz and Doti Marden - 278-1974.

- MARCH 25  
Sunday  
ALEXANDER BASIN SKI TOUR - Advanced (3,5) - The climb up Butler Fork to Gobbler's Knob provides an excellent vantage for the Twin Peaks area when you pause for a rest on this tour. Alexander Basin is a huge open bowl at the top that narrows down more than most of us would prefer at the bottom. The leader thinks he can avoid the worst of it, though, so don't believe what past participants have told you. The last few miles along the Millcreek Road should be well packed by this time of year. Meet at the Movie at 8:00 a.m. for car spotting. Leader: Charlie Lesley - 363-2442.
- MARCH 25  
Sunday  
SKI SOCIAL - This is the last social for this season. Ann and Gale Dick will be hosting this event. Phone: 359-5764. Address: 1377 Butler Avenue. Food and drink available for a nominal cost. Fun begins at 6:00 p.m.
- MARCH 31  
Saturday  
ALTA TO MOUNT WOLVERINE - Intermediate (2,3) - Our new hiking director is getting an early start this year by leading this tour. There are several possibilities for routes to and from Mount Wolverine, so snow conditions will be considered before a decision is made. Bring your suntan lotion and a camera if the weather is good. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood at 8:30 a.m. Leader: Bill Rosqvist - 295-0458.
- APRIL 1  
Sunday  
LAKE BLANCHE SKI TOUR - Advanced (3,5) - Once again we'll try the old favorite. The weather hasn't favored us yet this year, but the third try never fails!! The Mount Superior route will be followed to minimize avalanche danger, and we will probably go out via Mineral Fork to avoid lower Mill B. The ridge from Cardiff Pass to Mount Superior has quite a bit of exposure, so some mountaineering experience is necessary. Please register for this one and bring an avalanche probe and cord. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 8:00 a.m. Leader: Larry Swanson - 278-3269.
- APRIL 1  
Sunday  
BEAR TRAP FORK SNOWSHOE TOUR - Beginner (1,1) - This is about the last of the popular Wasatch tours that we haven't done yet this year. Bear Trap starts just below Silver Fork and goes to the ridge overlooking Lake Desolation. The tour will go as far as the participants desire. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 10:00 a.m. Once again it's your favorite leader: Elmer Boyd - 298-5537.
- APRIL 8  
Sunday  
RIVER RATS BOAT WORK PARTY - This is the first active event of the 1973 boating season. Many things in the way of boat maintenance remain undone since last fall and these will be taken care of at this time. It is also an opportunity for the inexperienced to become acquainted with care of the boating equipment, procedures in boating and to meet the active boaters. From this experience you may determine your future association with this motley crew. Rafting, kayaking and canoeing will be spoken. Join the throngs at the gala event of the year and wear your work clothes. Refreshments will be available. Union Pacific Ice Plant, 430 West Second North at 12:30 p.m. For further information, call Bob Everson - 487-0029.

MAY 7 - 14      GRAND CANYON COLORADO RIVER TRIP - Advanced - This announcement pertains to those qualified club members interested in running the upper Grand in club boats. For those interested in the commercial trip, see the accompanying announcement. As described in the February RAMBLER, we plan to run from Lee's Ferry to Phantom Ranch at which point we will meet with the club commercial trip. Those interested may continue with that trip the remaining length of the canyon to the takeout point at Temple Bar on Lake Mead May 20. Those who wish may hike out from Phantom Ranch. Only those with considerable advanced river experience may qualify, and to date interest in this portion of the trip has been limited. To insure adequate planning and preparation crews must sign up as soon as possible. Deadline for sign up is March 18. Cost will depend on number of participants. Bob Everson - 487-0029, 2613 Imperial Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106.

MAY              GRAND CANYON RIVER TRIP - This spring we plan to run the Grand Canyon in a combined trip with both club boats and a commercial venture. For some time we have speculated about running the Grand in our boats, and after much deliberation, discussion and serious exploration, it has been decided that this is the time. Participation in the trip in Mountain Club boats will require previous experience in a number of advanced river trips and extensive knowledge of the habits and non-habits of the river. It can not be over emphasized that this part of the trip involves a certain amount of hazard in small boats, and those signing up should be fully cognizant of this fact. The commercial trip will be similar to that of last year - running from Lee's Ferry to Temple Bar in 33 foot pontoon crafts in an 8-9 day trip. No experience is necessary for that portion of the trip. The present plan is that the Mountain Club boats will leave Lee's Ferry on May 6-7 and will float only as far as the Phantom Ranch by May 14. That will be the terminal point of the club boats. The commercial trip will leave Lee's Ferry May 12 - and arrive at Phantom Ranch May 14 in time to meet the club boats. Those who wish will continue with the commercial boats through the canyon - arriving at Temple Bar on Lake Mead May 20. The others will hike out from Phantom Ranch. Both trips provide an experience on the river and in hiking the canyons that can be described fully only in the doing and the seeing. The commercial trip will be conducted in cooperation with Dave McKay of Colorado River and Trail Expeditions, Inc. and will cost \$225 exclusive of transportation (about \$50 additional for group transportation). Interested persons should contact Bob Everson - 487-0029 for Club trip or George and Georgia Randall - 322-2360 for the commercial trip as soon as possible. If you are interested in another canyon trip later in the year or next year, your suggestions of interests and of time schedules are encouraged. Meeting of all interested individuals will be March 12. A deposit of \$75.00 for commercial and club trips is due no later than March 15. Balance due April 15.

# news and notices

## PHOTOGRAPHS FOR "ENVIRONMENT OF THE WORLD'S MOUNTAINS"

I'm currently preparing a major book on the environment of the world's mountains -- an unstrained, ecological guide for all who are or ever have been intrigued by the mountain mystique.

In order to build the text around an attractive package, I'm now seeking quality color transparencies and black and white photos from around the world -- peaks, glaciers, rock, snow, flora, fauna, human impact, etc.

Payment will be made upon acceptance. Inquiries should be addressed to: Dennis G. Hanson, 3311 Carolina Place, Alexandria, Virginia 22305, USA.

## HATCHED

Eric Baudelaire on January 31st by Patrick and Isabelle.

## THANKS

....to Betty Hendricks for typing this month's RAMBLER.

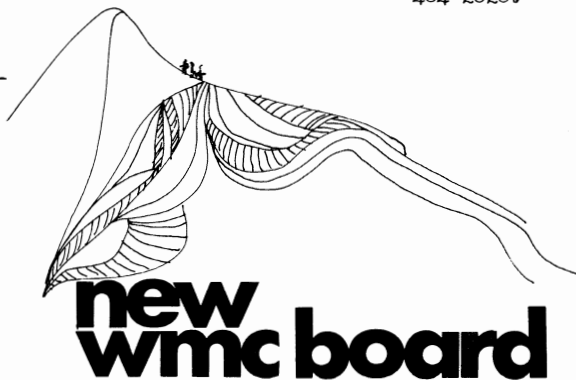
....to George and Georgia Randall for mailing the February RAMBLER.

....to all the non-members and members of the W.M.C. who have answered my plea for articles, photographs, typing, mailing, and moral support in the production of the RAMBLER for the past two years. A special thanks to the author of "Leaves of the Old Wasatch" for sharing with us the history of our mountains. Thank you all!

Your Editor

## DEADLINE

....for the April RAMBLER is March 15th. Please have your articles and schedules TYPED and mailed to Loraine Seager, 2655 East 2940 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84109 - 484-2628.



The following people have been elected to the W.M.C. Board of Directors for 1973-74.

PRESIDENT . . . . . Dennis Caldwell

SECRETARY . . . . . Betty Hendricks

TREASURER . . . . . Ron Weber

BOATING . . . . . Bob Everson

CONSERVATION . . . . . Sam Allen

ENTERTAINMENT . . . . . Karen Weatherbee

HIKING . . . . . Bill Rosqvist

LODGE . . . . . Mel Davis

MEMBERSHIP . . . . . Marilyn Bateman

MOUNTAINEERING . . . . . Paul Horton

PUBLICATIONS . . . . . Laraine Seager

SKI TOURING . . . . . Dave Hanscom

TRANSPORTATION . . . . . J. Dewell



**leaves  
from the  
old wasatch**



## BIG PUMPS AND LONG TUNNELS

Of all of man's amazing achievements in Wasatch Mountain history, two of the most fantastic were realized as a result of a mining company's fight against mine water. The Ontario Silver Mining Company was formed in late 1876 to work the rich silver strikes in Ontario Canyon above the site that would soon become Park City. Immediately vast quantities of unbelievably rich ore were taken from the mine, so much in fact that within the first year of operation, the mining company paid its first dividend of \$50,000. But as the ore was followed to greater depths, water was struck in volumes that threatened to inundate the mine. Steam pumps, fed by boilers at the surface, were installed in the mine to pump the water from level to level until it reached the surface, where it ran down the canyon. As the mine was taken deeper, however, even the multiple pumps were unable to handle the flow and two steps were taken to salvage the operation. A tunnel was run from the 600 foot level out to the mouth of Ontario Canyon at the upper end of Park City. In addition to draining the mine at that level, the tunnel also gave convenient access to the mine and allowed ore to be brought directly to the mill, which was located at the tunnel's mouth. The flow of water was carried down through Park City in a wooden flume, then allowed to run into Silver Creek. For several years it powered an electric plant providing electric power for the mine and Park City.

At the same time the 600 foot tunnel was being excavated, a steam pump of gigantic proportions was being installed at NO. 3 shaft up in the canyon. Patterned after pumps used

in deep mines in Cornwall, it was known as the Cornish Pump. Parts were built in Philadelphia and shipped to Park City where E. Kimball had contracted to haul them to the final site in Ontario Canyon. Kimball's task alone is unbelievable when it is considered that he worked with teams and wagons. The pump body weighed 40 tons, the two cylinders weighed 45 tons each, and the flywheel, thirty feet in diameter, weighed 70 tons! The pumping engine, located at the surface, and the pumps themselves, down at the 1,000 foot level, were tied together by a connecting rod of 16" square Oregon pine beams, each 70 feet long and fastened to its neighbors by steel straps. The connecting rod was balanced by three counter-weights located at 200 foot intervals in the shaft, each weighing 30 tons. When the Cornish Pump went into operation in 1883, its two pumps at the 1,000 foot level lifted 2,560 gallons of water to the 600 foot level tunnel each minute, and even then the giant flywheel on the surface was turning only two revolutions per minute. The boilers furnishing steam for earlier pumps were wood-fired, contributing to the denuding of forested slopes for miles around. But by the time the Cornish Pump was installed the railroad from Echo and Coalville had arrived in Park City, and the bit pump's boilers went on a diet of coal from the mines above Coalville.

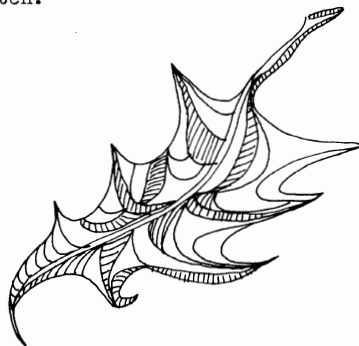
The Cornish Pump became a legend in its time, contributing as it did to the life and productivity of an equally legendary mine. Many visitors were awed by its massiveness, the impressive power implied by its slowly turning flywheel, and the unending torrent of water pouring from the tunnel at the mill. And some of them were enter-

tained and amused when W. A. Gidley would climb onto the rim of the fly-wheel and ride it through a complete revolution. Yet, even the powerful Cornish Pump had its limitations, and as the mine was taken deeper, and the pumps moved to the 1,200 foot level, it became obvious that still greater measures had to be taken to conquer the deep water.

In 1888 O. A. Palmer of Salt Lake City began surveys for a tunnel at the 1,500 foot level. To find a practical exit, he headed easterly into Wasatch County and located the portal above Ross Creek in the Provo River drainage. Camp Florence was established there, and in July of 1888 work on the tunnel itself began under the direction of foreman J. H. Keetley. The tunnel was made nine feet high and five and one-half feet wide with a 12 inch deep flume, later increased to 21 inches, under the floor to carry water. In November, 1890, when the tunnel was in 9,000 feet, a large water-course was struck and the entire tunnel was flooded, stopping work for six weeks. That was when the flume depth was increased to give it a capacity of 13,000 gallons per minute. At one time work was started on the other end of the tunnel, in the 1,500 foot level of the mine, but after several hundred feet had been drilled, the water flow became so heavy even the great Cornish Pump couldn't keep up with it, and work from that end ceased. In November 1893 the flow of water in the mine began to decrease, dropping to half the volume of September of the following year. The water, of course was finding its way into the tunnel where, in April 1894, it rose three inches above the track, which was nearly a foot above the top of the flume. The following month the flow was so heavy the track was under water for 10,000 feet - almost two miles. When such heavy water was struck, the construction became so difficult that the cost of tunneling ran as high as \$3,500 per foot. But

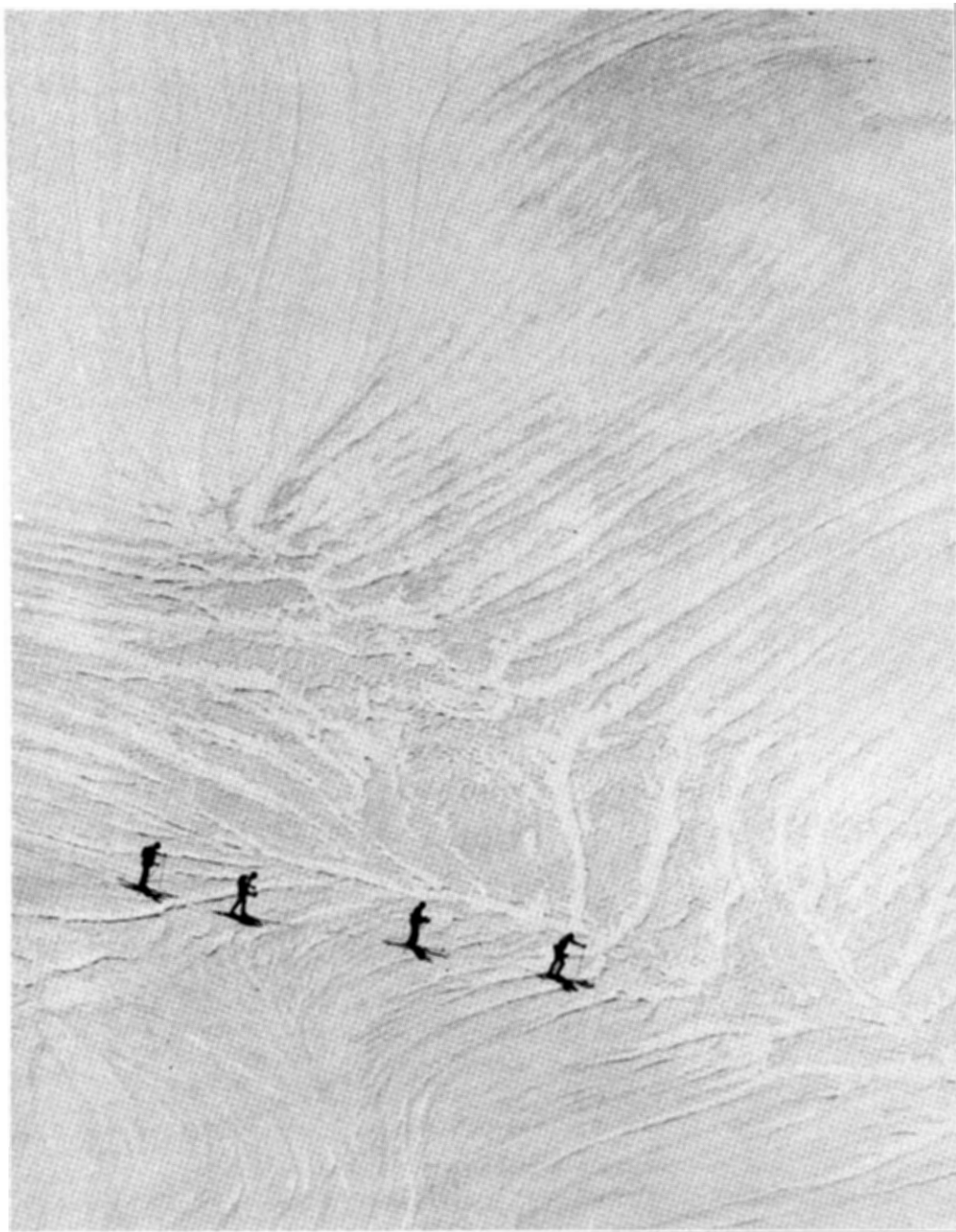
heavy flows in the tunnel had their effect in the mine; that same month the big Cornish Pump was slowed to one stroke per minute. In September, when the tunnel still had 400 feet to go, the pump was pumping only 1,500 fallons per minute, yet when the tunnel broke through on Sunday, 7 October 1894, 10,000 gallons per minute were flowing out its flume. On that day the tunnel's length was 15,490 feet and was so perfectly straight that a man standing at its opening in the mine could see the portal, nearly three miles away. The job took six years, three months and 12 days, and cost \$384,000 and one life, that of Leander Colsen who was struck by a falling boulder in March 1892. The immediate effect of the tunnel was to silence the mighty Cornish Pump.

Today, nearly eighty years later, the Cornish Pump is a matter of history. While it has long been removed, remains of the 600 foot tunnel may still be seen at the derelict mill above Park City, but its usefulness has ended. As if dreaming of its past importance, it still drools a tiny trickle of water into the canyon stream. The 1,500 foot level tunnel, however, still dumps a large volume of water into the Provo River drainage, and to this day is used to work the mine. It can be seen above U. S. Route 40 at the place where Foreman J. H. Keetley left his name behind for our use, a reminder of the past, and a Leaf From the Old Wasatch.





"He ain't heavy, He's my brother.... photo by Burt Janis



# medioquirrh ski tour

By Dennis Caldwell

This piece has very little factually to do with the Oquirrh Mountains and even less with the Stansbury's, but for a number of years I have wished that someone would sample this mountain range and report their findings in a whimsical article with such a title. Ski Touring in the Oquirrh's has evidently not yet become fashionable, which means that there is considerable opportunity for one to be in the vanguard of a possible important movement.

First, the immediate advantage that comes to mind is that one does not have to look at the Oquirrh's while touring here, which is to be contrasted with the unimposing views they in turn provide for spectators in the Wasatch. Then there is always the promise of alien new adventures; for example, wild dogs have been rumored to frequent the locality, which could add a whole new dimension to touring. Perhaps most enticing of all is the acquisition of a repertoire of apres ski prattle, dropping such names as - Lewiston Peak, Mt. Lowe, and the holy of holies, The Bingham Copper Mine. Even the unseemliest raconteur could be sure to dominate a conversation for at least five minutes without fear of being upstaged.

Once one has acquired a rudimentary knowledge of the terrain, there

is unlimited opportunity for the creation of a new elite. In addition to the conventional tour-mongers, there is presented the unique opportunity for the emergence of a new and somewhat sinister breed of false prophets. Although there is presumably a certain satisfaction in discovering and publicizing new trips that are both exciting and pleasurable, it may have occurred to many of us that even greater stimulation can be afforded by the institution of immolatory outings which create bonds forged only through communal suffering. (I have been accused in this publication of instigating just such fare; unfortunately, I cannot lay claim to the premeditated creation of such transcendental experiences and am as bewildered and discommoded by them as the next person).

This, shall we say, Oquirrh mystique could involve in one of two ways. First and most likely, a direct appeal is made to the competitive spirit in a completely guileless manner by simply describing the perverse delights of a perfectly miserable tour in tones sufficiently reverent to capture the imagination of an ambitious congregation. Oquirrh oak brush is rumored to be among the state's finest. Unfortunately, one cannot help but think that after the first thicket, the leaders of these trips would derive little more satisfaction than their victims.

On the other hand, consider the perverted achievement in creating these tours, but not having to go on them - - or better still, the possibility of observing them from a clandestine vantage point. Needless to say, no ordinary person could stage such a diabolical pageant. Careful research and preparation would be required to formulate a plausible and reasonably attractive adventure. Perhaps it would be better in this case to shroud the affair with a touch of mystery, and

leave out altogether the mention of challenge, which in any event is only effective when the narrator of this tale is to accompany the group himself.

Since this whole charade only makes sense, if in fact it makes any sense at all, when the perpetrator of the fraud never actually at any time does the ill-fated tour himself, a problem arises which can only be solved by the most painstaking study of a map. For more or less obvious reasons, the site of the tour is to be chosen on the west side of the range, an area of splendid oak brush interspersed with occasional roads. The idea is to select a road which deadends within a few miles in such a manner as to appear that it really does not; or as they say, it slowly peters out. Not too far from the estimated end of the road there should be a slight promontory presumably reached by a second road, or at least easily accessible, from which the whole spectacle may be observed in secret and recorded visually and aurally.

A clumsy approach can easily abort the entire operation and it is necessary to introduce some unique touches which pervade the preparation with an atmosphere of authenticity and pleasurable anxiety. Thus, rather than employ the traditional disembarkation points around town, one should titillate the imagination by selecting a place with local color. What better location than the ghost town of Ophir? The first and well-trodden negative reactions to this suggestion generally takes the form of a tersely smug, "I wouldn't be caught dead in Ophir", but it quickly passes into an embarrassed silence and there emerges

an inexplicable longing for this strange and enigmatic point on the map.

Everything is settled, except for one significant detail: who actually leads the trip? Naturally, the instigator plans the affair and poses up until the last minute as the leader; but then, of course, the night before he is taken ill and frantically calls an unwitting intermediary with a detailed description of the route and the solid assurances that the entire trip is along a well defined road to a superb viewpoint.

One can well imagine a whole cult of such Oquirrh fakirs who spend the long winter nights displaying to one another slides, movies, and tape recordings of these sorry spectacles. So the next time you are asked to come and see some slides of the Oquirrh's, don't turn up your nose quite so fast; you may be entering the world of the metatour. All they may ask is that you sign an oath of secrecy in blood - - - Well, see you in Ophir.

(But what does it all mean?)

# bowman fork

SNOWSHOE TOUR

by Gerri Abrams

Question: When does a beginner snowshoe tour become too difficult for beginners?

Answer: When you are on the Bowman Fork trail and the snow turns to ice.

All questions and answers aside, the survivors were: John and Diane Smith, Helen Carney, Rick Waxweiler, Yukio Kachi, Rocky and Sharon McDermott, Carol Edison, Carolyn Andree, J. L. and Roberta and Dorothy Traver, Dave Parry, Greta Reed, Mark and Cathi Knudsen, John Riley, Shelley Hyde, Lois and Douglas Craig, Marilyn Bateman, Kermit Earle, Tedd and Kate Kemelman, Elaine Jamieson, Chuck and Diz Mays, Sherm and Marion Dickman, Elmer Boyd, Ernie and Gerri Abrams.

It was one of those beautiful mornings when the sun smiles on you and promises that nothing can go wrong. We drove into Mill Creek Canyon and searched for places in the snow to leave our cars. We secured our bindings and began our ascent into a lovely little side canyon where our only obstacle was a small stream. Soon we left the trail and scrambled up the side of a mountain to find our great reward at the flat top, our lunch and a grand view of the Oquirrh Mountains. When we started down toward the Terraces Campground we found our snow had turned to ice. The reason we knew it was ice was because quite a few of us slid off the trail into a tree, briar bush, or simply more snow. I lost count of the times I fell, but I will say that I did receive quite a bit of encouragement, such as "Are you sure you're not falling for the fun of it?"

The great heroes of this epic journey were Elmer Boyd, who led this merry band, Chuck and Diz Mays who gave us all an assist straight down a steep place on the path (we sat on our snowshoes and slid) and last, but not least Kermit Earle and Marilyn Bateman who followed at the rear to pick up the pieces.

# dog lake

MOONLIGHT TOUR

By Gerri Abrams

It was a cold, dark nite in Big Cottonwood Canyon and good grief, the snowshoers and skiers were out for a trip fantastic in the moonlight to Dog Lake. Flashlights twinkled along the trail as our leader was looking for the trail or someone was fighting the bindings. We traveled about one-quarter of the way by starlight then the moon came over the mountain. It was a full moon and it was a psychological affect on many of us. As we walked in the moonlight it seemed to be warmer. There was a steep area just before Dog Lake that was difficult for some of the skiers. At Dog Lake some walked on the hard water, others rested with treats they had brought and others rushed back down the trail because it was just too cold to stay still for long.

If you haven't tried a moonlight tour in the snow, go next time, you'll like it.

Sorry, I didn't receive the names of the group.



MT. SIR DONALD - Selkirk Range, Canada - photo by Larry Swanson



# mineral fork

## SNOWSHOE TOUR

By Marilyn Bateman

There were only eight of us who dared to brave the weather that grey Sunday morning, but it was a good group. We were all set for an "intermediate" hike up Mineral Fork, but we were faced with one of the easiest hikes I have ever been on. It was snowing quite hard as we donned our snowshoes and started up the trail, which added a twinge of excitement for me.

Karen Weatherbee looked like she was trying to recover from the night before and wasn't too enthused about proceeding in the wake of the storm. She was clad in a wind breaker that didn't do much for the wet snow, and soon she was soaked clear through. Ruth Henson wasn't exactly enthused about the weather either but took a picture or two and then noticed that the prolonged falling of snow on one's head without a hat produces wet hair; so those two turned back a short way up the trail.

The rest of the group went silently up the trail. I had to keep my eyeballs glued to the ground to keep the snow out of my face. Unfortunately, my main objective didn't work and I found that I had black mascara smeared

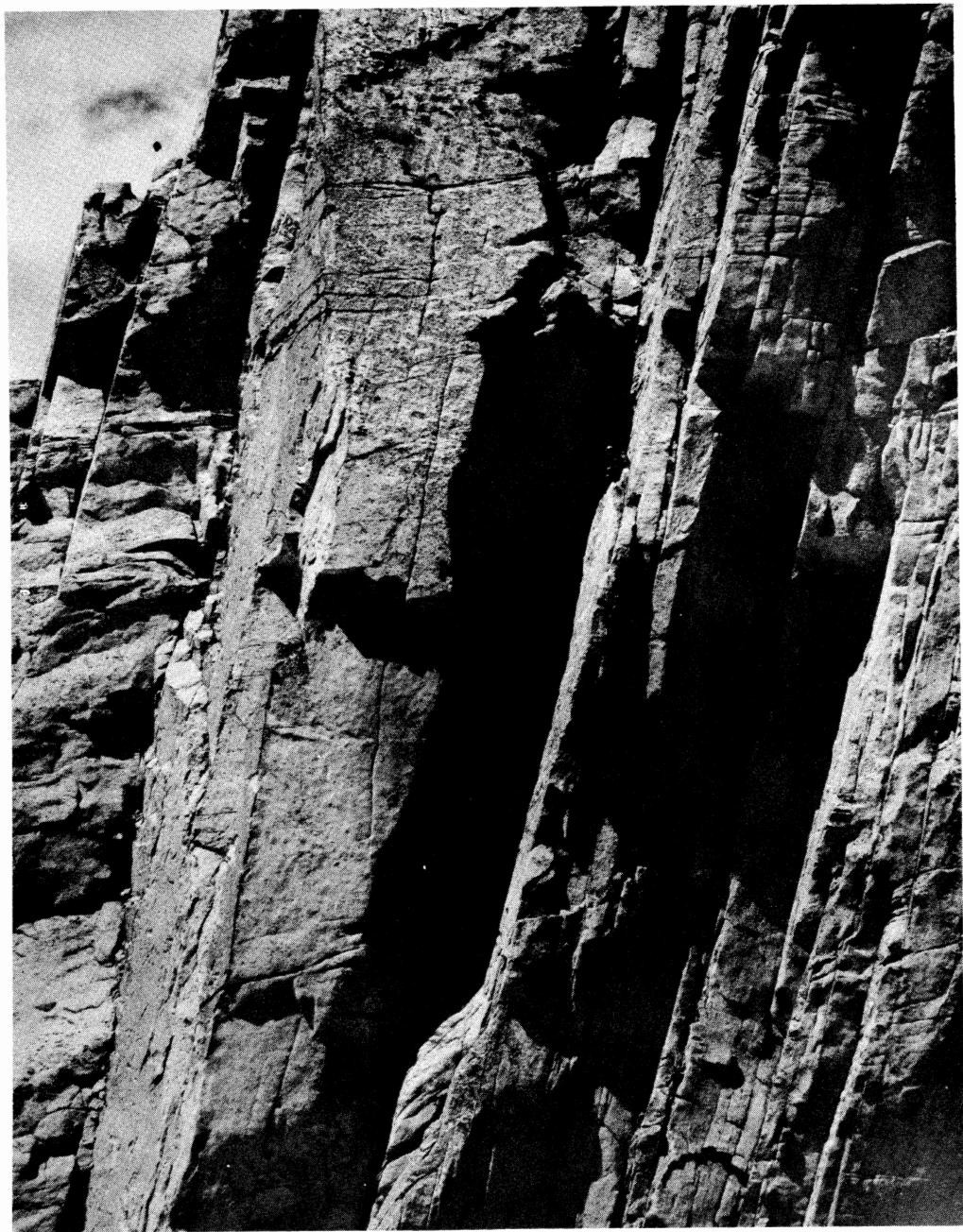
all around my eyes and I looked like I was out haunting houses instead of snowshoeing.

We reached the point where the trail is supposed to end and the avalanche starts at 11:00 a.m. and were all surprised that the tour was so short. So we nestled under a pine tree and ate lunch. We had an interesting conversation that ranged from everyday chit-chat to pornography, and I must say that John Riley added his own touch by doing his version of the strip tease, which was entertaining to say the least.

The return trip was uneventful until we reached the spring near the bottom. Kermit decided to blaze a new trail to avoid walking in the water and rocks with our snowshoes. (Some people will do anything to avoid walking on water.) It was a wonderful idea except that it didn't work. He managed to skirt a steep chute that dropped to the small creek below. Unfortunately, I didn't manage to skirt it and neither did Elmer Boyd. I slid helplessly down the chute and crashed into Elmer at the bottom. It was such fun I talked the others into doing the same thing, (that is, slide down the chute, not crash into Elmer.) Everyone did quite well except Dave Armitage who found himself straddling a tree. Fortunately, he was able to break his fall and thus avoid any permanent damage.

Kermit showed us another short cut that required skiing down an incline on our snowshoes. Jim Frese discovered that it wasn't so bad to ski down hill on snowshoes even if you had to sit down to do it! So, a very easy hike that was misleadingly interpreted as "intermediate" wasn't without a little fun and games and we were on our way home by 12:30.

The participants were: John Riley, David Armitage, Jim Frese, Elmer Boyd, Kermit Earle, Marilyn Bateman, Karen Weatherbee, Ruth Henson.



# targhee

SKI TRIP

By Mike Treshow

About 3:00 a.m. there was this knock on the door: "Is this where we stay?" "Yea, I guess so", answered Gerry Daurrelle, half asleep and unaware that the voices came from club members. The next morning the rest of us awoke to find the neighboring beds filled with the bodies of late arrivals. Introductions were in order.

The icy roads and snows of the drive up failed to portend of the weather to come, and daylight greeted us with a crisp, clear blue sky and a few inches of fresh snow. All too soon we were joined by the local high school hoards, and the lift line grew proportionately.

The sun was still warm when the lifts closed and sent us to the room for some hot wine. Later we joined "Jan and the Quakers" to enjoy their country western rock in the only pub for a hundred miles around.

Sunday was equally sunny and even warmer with the usual perfect Targhee snow. Nevertheless, there were still those who chose the indoor stimulation of the King family, etc. on TV. But one ambitious soul, Dan Thomas, discovered the bounty of virgin powder by simply touring three miles and two hours beyond the area limits. Monday's skiing in perfect weather was enjoyed on virtually abandoned slopes. In fact even abandoned by Gary Collins and Dave Prouse who spent much of the day in the room; recouping from who knows what.

Targhee remains one of the best kept secrets of the ski world, and its restful pace transcends one back to the Utah of a decade ago, or the Colorado of the '50's.

Present on the trip were: Jackie Thomas (leader), Dan Frimmer, Dan Thomas, Mary Welch, Dave Prouse,

Gary Collins, Mike Treshow (and Mike, Jr.), Bob and Denna Wright, Charma Wright, and Jane and Gerry Daurrelle.

# gobblers knob

10 February 1973

By Tom Grover

Saturday dawned cloudy and got worse. This tour separated the diehards from your ordinary pleasure skiers.

Our six stalwarts assembled at the base of Butler Fork and took the trail to the ridge below Mill A Basin. After a short snack, we traversed up the west face of Gobbler's Knob. Conditions were impossibly icy. Progress was feasible only because the newly falling snow collected in the track left by our leader when he scouted the route Wednesday. Another halt half-way up the southwest ridge was a tactical error. Strong winds, numb fingers, and zero visibility due to drifting snow convinced the group that the remaining few hundred feet up to the summit would be memorable but unpleasant. We decided to start down.

The down ward route essentially followed the trail from Mill A Basin to Bowman Fork in Millcreek Canyon. We enjoyed a half-mile of open powder before we got into the trees and brush. A mile of aspen smashing got us to a recognizeable but narrow trail. The trail's fascinating mixture of breakable crust and overhanging boughs brought the author's season CHRD (Crash Related Horizontal Distance) down below 100 yards. We emerged, soaking wet, at Log Haven.

Needless to say, we quickly repaired to the Canyon Inn for a rejuvenating combination of warmth and beer.

The Leader: Steve Swanson. Diehards: Don Coleman, Tom Grover, Yukio Kachi, Ron Weber, Susan Morris.

# help save our rivers!



Roger Turnes in BIG CREEK, the largest tributary of the Middle Fork of the Salmon River, July 1972 - photo by Cal Giddings

By J. Calvin Giddings

The once-clean, free-flowing rivers of Utah and the West are now disappearing at an alarming rate. New dams are rising, or being promised; streams are being channelized and their community of life destroyed;

construction projects are denuding stream banks and silting the water; architectural eyesores are growing along rivers in once-pristine canyons; new freeways are destroying streams and stream habitat; old car bodies line our stream banks for erosion

control; and overuse and carelessness by man are polluting whatever free-flowing water is left.

Who suffers: Fishermen, boaters, hikers, and anyone who enjoys nature. Hopeless? Let's prove that it isn't! Your support of the SAVE OUR RIVERS COMMITTEE will help decide the fate of remaining rivers in Utah and surrounding states.

The SAVE OUR RIVERS COMMITTEE (SORC) was formed in January 1973 to fight and fight hard for the remaining remnants of free-flowing rivers in Utah and the West. We will write letters. We will testify at hearings. We will gather and publicize appropriate information and scientific data. We will work with other conservation organizations on problems of common interest. We will produce bulletins, brochures, and bumper stickers.

SORC projects will vary with time, circumstances, and membership interest. Some current areas of SORC activity are listed below:

- . The proposed Provo Canyon Freeway
- . The Jordan River Parkway
- . Wild River status for Westwater Canyon on the Colorado
- . State legislation to protect rivers
- . Impact of the Central Utah Project
- . Protection of the Yampa and Green Rivers in Dinosaur National Monument

(Founding members of SORC are, with one exception, active members of WMC: J Calvin Giddings, Acting Chairman; Jane Daurelle, Acting Sec.-Treas.; Jim Byrne, J. Dewell, Robert Everson, Janet Gordon, and Carol Greenlee. We hope you will join us.)

#### MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM - SORC

Mail to: SORC, P.O. Box 8165  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84108

#### INSTRUCTIONS

Check the membership class you desire below and write out your check to SORC for the amount indicated. Regular members are those who support SORC objectives but do not wish to keep abreast of all SORC activities; they will not receive all SORC mailings. Active members will pay annual dues and receive all SORC literature. (Active members who later default in the payment of annual dues will become regular members.) Additional contributions are welcome and needed. In addition, if you are willing to help out occasionally on crucial issues, by writing letters, telephoning, typing, stuffing envelopes, working on committees, or testifying at hearings, please fill out the lower part of the blank.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_ TEL. \_\_\_\_\_

Check desired SORC membership class:

\_\_\_\_\_ regular member, initiation dues \$2.00

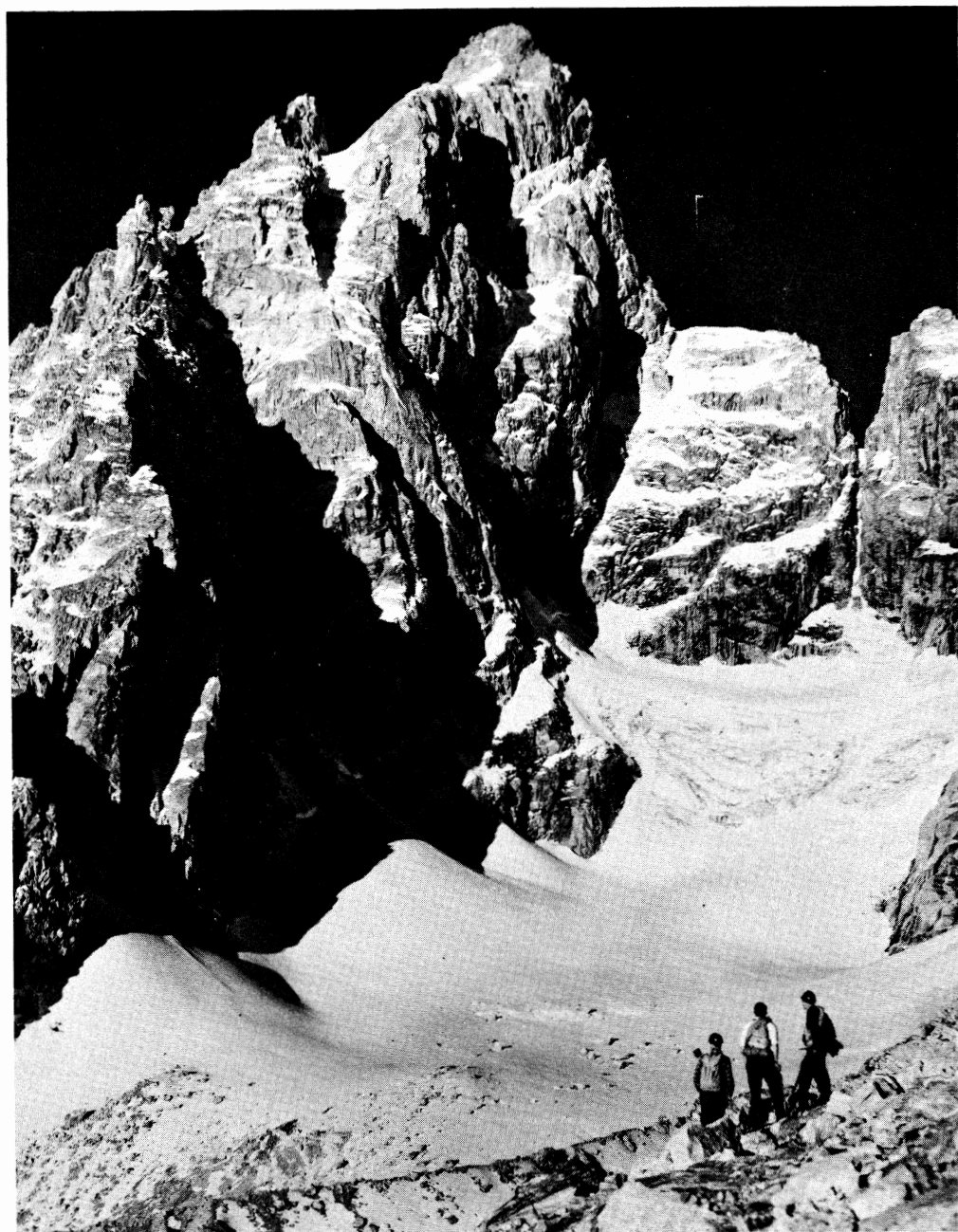
\_\_\_\_\_ active member, yearly dues \$3.00

If you are willing to help occasionally, check here. \_\_\_\_\_

Are there any tasks you prefer? \_\_\_\_\_

Are there any particular issues (rivers) that you would like to help with? \_\_\_\_\_

W.M.C.



# moonlight madness

By Gus Hanniball

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times." Charles Dickens, with that statement from A Tale of Two Cities, pretty accurately described the Club's first moonlight ski/snowshoe trip of 1973.

Saturday, January 20th, you may recall, was the day between snowstorms. The evening boded well—no clouds, nice crisp air. Unfortunately, Dick Bell couldn't make the trip and asked the author of this article to take over the chores of leading. We dutifully assembled on time at 6:30 p.m. at the mouth of Big Cottonwood and were met by the blue-and-red flashing lights of the sheriff's patrol who told us we had better move our cars further off the road or we would be ticketed. That was a little difficult to comply with, since no one had bothered to plow out the parking lot and snow was almost two feet deep! Nevertheless, we managed and Elmer led the way up the canyon in his car to point out the next parking spot.

All went well until we passed the Storm Mountain Picnic area. At this point the road bends left around Maxfield Lodge; but, to our consternation, Elmer went straight on 'midst a shower of snow and firmly lodged his car on the ground beneath. Fortunately, Elmer was alone and wasn't hurt. Despite the efforts of practically everyone in the party, the car wouldn't budge. In Wasatch Club tradition, putting first things first, Elmer blithely transferred his gear to my car, so as not to further delay the start of our trip. It was already

after 7:00 p.m.

Finally, we arrived at our parking spot and unloaded our gear. A few were all set to go, with snowshoes strapped on, when Mel drove up and pointed out that this was the snowmobile unloading area and that our spot was a half-mile ahead! By this time we all knew that fate was against us and the rest of the evening would probably be miserable.

Once at our final parking area, we finished the signing-in process, found we had 21 hardy souls, and started up Mill D North Fork. In places we had two feet of powder, so trailbreakers were changed fairly frequently, with Kermit doing yeoman service for the longest period. A snowmobile track eased the job in all but the earliest stages.

The moon finally made its appearance where the trail forks just above the spring. The rays were hitting only the tops of the evergreens on a ridge to our left and suddenly all our earlier problems seemed insignificant. The trip was going to be a winner! The steepest portion, just before Dog Lake was reached, was tough on the skiers, but all except four persons finally made it. Most were on top at 9:45 p.m.

The trip down was uneventful -- if you consider fabulous skiing as uneventful -- and some were on their way home by 10:45.

Oh yes -- we finally got Elmer's car unstuck. Thanks to Debbie Hatch, who had a Jeep Wagoneer with a winch, his car was pulled out virtually undamaged. After removing about 15 bucketfuls of snow from the front of the engine, Elmer was on his way.

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."

Participants: Ernie and Gerri Abrams, James Alto, Marilyn Bateman, Elmer Boyd, Dale Cannon, Glenda Collins, Mel Davis, Kermit Earle, Priscilla Eddy, Gus and Wade Hanniball, Tom Hardy, Debbie Hatch, Ryan Leverkus, Michael Maack, Judy Noall, Von Parker, Bill Rosquist, Diane Rubey, Jack Soeer.



Upper AMERICAN FORK CANYON, near the summit of the TWINS  
looking West - photo by Alexis Kelner



# on hiking alone

By Harold Goodro

Times have changed, and with the times, all of us. Some of my fellow members of years past will recollect my "preaching" on the dangers of hiking alone. That which I frowned upon twenty-five years ago has now become a way of life with me. Why should a person hike alone? Follow me on just one hike to prove a point.

As I drove up Big Cottonwood Canyon on a beautiful morning last June, I took a mental note of the fact that I hadn't even slowed down at the mouth of the canyon where the Club might be meeting, that is, those on time would be waiting a half-hour to "meet" the late comers. As I continued up the canyon, no idle conversation was necessary and I could see and feel nature's extravaganza on all sides. I needn't worry for a moment that someone might be building a condominium here or there in the near future. For the next few hours I was going to be sole proprietor of hundreds of acres of wilderness.

Within minutes I had left the car and started up one of the less used side canyons. The trail was overgrown and hard to find in spots, but even though I was "leader" on this hike, there was no one to apologize to, or need for doing so. As I passed between two towering pines, the doors of everyday cares and troubles closed behind me with a sigh. I became aware of the pace

I was setting: a "not trying to keep up with the youngsters; nor a falling to the rear kind of pace", but one just right for me alone. All of a sudden I was sensing things, hearing things, seeing things that a person never notices with a group.

Up ahead I could hear two squirrels spreading gossip with cheery chirps, a small stream playing games with the rocks rolled by, my feet shifted to a lower gear and my memory came to life with a sentence from Shakespeare that went "And this our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

I paused by a small pond to listen to a band of frogs practicing their latest chorus. A breeze was causing the long limbs of the larger trees to hold hands overhead. A butterfly zig-zagged by, only a little out of rhythm with the sounds made by a pair of debating jays. A lizard cocked an inquisitive eye at the huge intruder. I glared back, after all, he was trespassing on my wilderness. I moved on, a little slower now, as awareness of all the little things growing and multiplying crowded my perception. I felt I belonged there in spite of being merely mortal. I sat on a high place and could see none of man's handiwork anywhere. I nervy chipmunk joined me for lunch and we conversed, each in his own idiom.

Three hours had passed without the need to defend my views on ecology, pollution, woman's lib, olympics in Utah, or planned parenthood. On the way back to the road my feet dragged for no apparent reason. What an exquisite stolen time it had been! The poet Shelley summed it up this way:

Away, away, from men and towns,  
To the wild wood and the downs-  
To the silent wilderness  
Where the soul need not repress  
It's music lest it should not find  
An echo in another's mind,  
While the touch of nature's art  
Harmonizes heart to heart.



LONE PEAK - photo by Alexis Kelner



Dear Fellow Members:

The Wasatch Mountains need your help! With the coming of spring there will be an onslaught of commercial development within our local canyons--a sort of "Spring Offensive" against the Wasatch range. Some of this development will be unnecessary and objectionable, and not in the best interest of Salt Lake Valley residents.

The Citizen's Committee To SAVE OUR CANYONS was organized specifically to oppose objectionable and unnecessary commercialization of our nearby canyons.

One of the Committee's immediate goals is to organize an effective public information program to seek out and involve more local residents in protecting the canyons in their own back yards.

This goal has only been partially successful. A slide show entitled "Help Save Our Canyons" has been prepared and is being shown about three times weekly to church, school, and other civic organizations. Badly needed is an informational brochure to supplement the slide presentations.

A 16 page, full color, pamphlet has been designed and written, and is ready for immediate production. Several organizations are helping to fund the project. Free typesetting and artwork services have been offered by two area business firms.

The remainder is up to you. The Committee still needs to raise approximately \$800 to cover printing costs. At this point, as a last resort, your contributions are being requested. Make your checks out to SAVE OUR CANYONS and enclose them with your Wasatch Mountain Club dues. Please do it today.

Sincerely,

Alexis Kelner

**Citizens  
Committee to  
Save Our Canyons**



# skiing across Yellowstone

By David Smith

If you like to get that last inch of glide from your Nordic skis for mile after mile of flat, snow-packed road; if you turn on to observing wildlife in its winter habitat; if your bag is proving that winter camping can be fun and relatively comfortable; or if you like to ogle hot springs bubbling in crisp, sub-zero temperatures, YOU should have come skiing with us in Yellowstone. For six consecutive days, our party of skiers slowly crossed Yellowstone Park during the latter part of January. Starting from Tower Junction in the north, we crossed Dunraven Pass, visited Yellowstone Falls, Norris Geyser Basin, Madison Junction, followed the canyon of the Firehole River, circled the middle Geyser Basin and exited through West Yellowstone; a total of 85 miles. We escaped with no frozen toes, had an absolutely fantastic time, and shall now proceed to make the populace envious!

By 10:30 Sunday morning, January 21, we had obtained our fire permit and were gliding along the road going south from Tower Junction. That is, we were gliding as well as one can with a 50 pound pack. The main attractions of

the day were the icy, 120 foot Tower Falls and a lot of wildlife. Gaining altitude, we approached Dunraven Pass where a vast panoramic view unfolded before us. The first night was spent just north of the pass. I awoke the next morning at 7:30 and immediately checked my thermometer. It was 10 below! A brief role call indicated that everyone had survived the night. Within minutes kerosene stoves were roaring, snow was melting, and hot beverages were brewing - - all from inside our sleeping bags.

Camp was finally broken, and we were approaching Dunraven Pass. The unmerciful sun beat upon us. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. At the pass we had lunch as well as a good view of the Teton's and Absarokas in the distance. Chris, Karen, Dwight and I left our packs and enjoyed several downhill runs in good powder snow. Since we still had eight miles of unbroken road to cover before reaching Canyon Village, this play had to stop. We arrived at Canyon Village by mid-afternoon, dropped our packs and did a five mile loop which gave us spectacular views of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, as well as the Upper and Lower Yellowstone Falls. The next morning it was 12 below. Again everyone had slept comfortably.

Tuesday was our third day and again we had clear sky and bright sun. Norris Geyser Basin, 12 miles west, was our goal for the day. Shortly after breaking camp, we encountered some warm gas vents. Warm, moist air around the vents coupled with low temperatures during the night had produced a most spectacular array of crystals which clung to green moss. Soon the warm sun would melt the crystals only to have them return the next morning. Such stops required at least an hour and insured low mileage for the day. We arrived at Norris Geyser Basin by mid-afternoon and went for a leisure walk through the Geyser Basin. Walking is such a drag! We established camp in a narrow cut through a dense lodgepole forest.

# honeycomb

By Gary Parker

Wednesday proved to be our super lazy day; and probably the most thoroughly enjoyed day of all. By now our packs felt like an extra appendage which we had always carried. Helped by a warm sun, a 700 foot drop, and warm restrooms at the end, we covered the 14 miles from Norris to Madison Junction with little effort. This section followed closely the Gibbon River and included such scenic spots as Gibbon Falls and Beryl and Terrace Hot Springs. On Thursday, carrying only the essentials, we headed south from Madison Junction toward Old Faithful. Our route took us through the very scenic canyon of the Firehole River, around the Middle Geyser Basin and back to Madison Junction. This area has a particularly high concentration of wildlife such as deer, elk and buffalo.

With the coming of Friday, our affair with Yellowstone came to an end. Camp was broken, and the other five were on the final 14 mile leg of our 85 mile tour. By mid-afternoon they would leave the park at West Yellowstone. I, the ever faithful leader, boarded a snow coach bound for Mammoth, 35 miles to the north. There I would bum a ride to my car which was 18 miles to the east at Tower Junction. By 10:00 that night we were together again in West Yellowstone having pie a la mode and hot coffee.

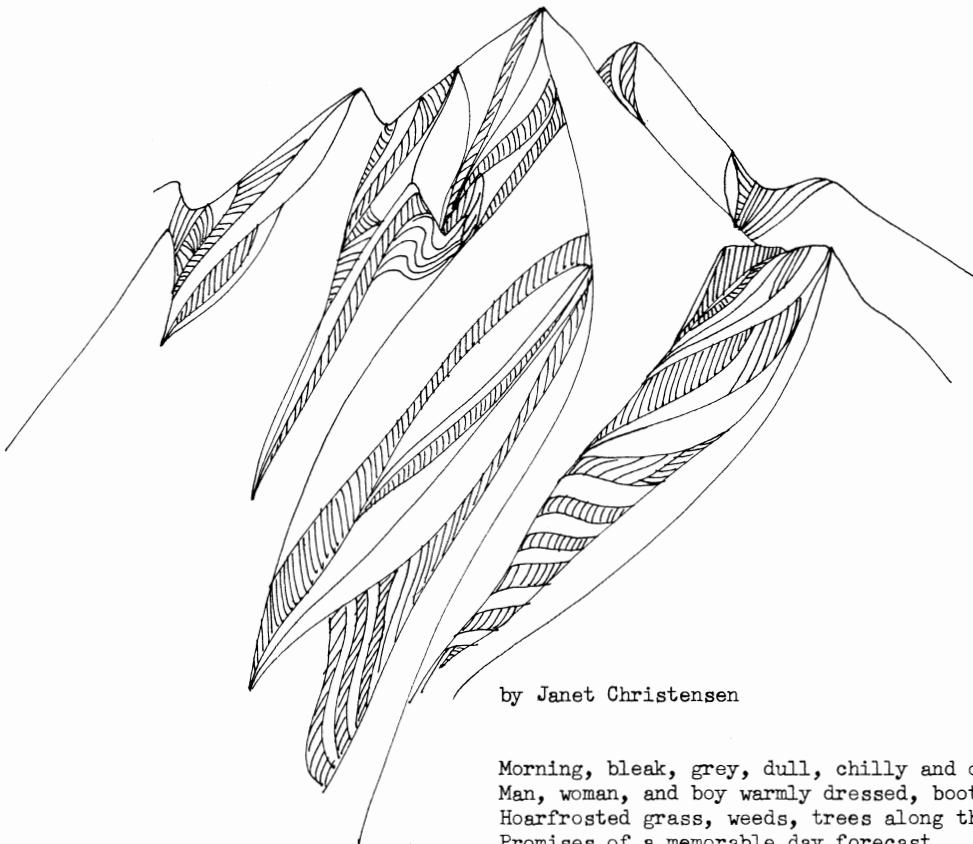
In summary, a small group of relatively inexperienced people covered 85 miles of Yellowstone Park during mid-winter. Our problems were minimal and our rewards were maximum. Surely such tours should become an annual event for WMC.

Participants: Dwight Nicholson, Bob Odom, Phil Ryan, Christine Seashore, Karen Seashore, David Smith.

On a cloudy Saturday morning January 6th, a group began to form at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 10:00 a.m. It consisted of beginning and advanced snowshoers by the names of: Marilyn Bateman, Pam Parker, Gary Parker, Von Parkder, Carolyn Andree, Elmer W. Boyd, Carl Ehrman, Pat Ehrman, Paul Ehrman and Mel and Clare Davis. The nordic skiers were represented by Tom Grover. Our mighty leader was Ruth Henson.

We proceeded by car up the canyon to a point near Solitude where we donned our gear and headed for Honeycomb Fork. We headed along the face of the mountain at a slight angle upward and all settled into the rhythm of the day. It soon became apparent that we were heading almost straight up the mountain. Word came back that there was a trail or road around there somewhere, and scouts were sent out to try and locate it. It was decided that the trail was below us, and we headed down through the trees at an angle that was sure to intersect the trail. We found the trail after many comments about: Our erratic movements up and down; how skis and trees do not mix; and how wet you get when sliding down on your backside or stomach for variety!

The rest of the trip was relatively calm, and we got part way up to our destination before we took a lunch break. After lunch we decided to head back and met some of the returning members of the Honeycomb Ski Tour on their way down. The pace back went a bit faster, possibly because the lack of sun during the break reminded us how good a warm car might feel.



by Janet Christensen

Morning, bleak, grey, dull, chilly and overcast.  
Man, woman, and boy warmly dressed, booted.  
Hoarfrosted grass, weeds, trees along the trail.  
Promises of a memorable day forecast.

Warmth of the brown wood of juniper trunk  
Contrasted with white, moist Jack Frost crystals  
Camera recorded for future viewing  
To those who protested the hike was pure bunk.

Hark, the sky color rapidly changing;  
A faint blue tinge. Onward, upward we go.  
Deeper blue, now purple, now the yellow.  
Now cerulean blue sky, bright sunlight warming.

Three hikers stopped on a sunny rock ridge  
Viewing below the ocean of grey smog.  
Mountain islands breaking through to the sun.  
Everything else familiar did smog submerge.

The people in the valley little know  
How the sun shines above the inversion.  
They have looked out from their warm habitation  
At the overcast sky and forecast snow.

olympus



PFEIFFERHORN - photo by Alexis Kelner



# brighton park city

By Tom Grover

The Brighton-Park City-Brighton tour enjoyed the finest snow and weather conditions imaginable. The sun shone, the air sparkled and you could breathe clear down to your toes. Uphill, the crust overlain with just enough new snow to make waxes and skins work well. Downhill, we had some light powder among the trees and soft crust in the open. We kept moving all day and never felt our exhaustion till we stopped.

The group included our leader, on snowshoes, a nordic skier and four sets of downhill equipment including a pair of wooden skis purchased from Sears Roebuck around 1927.

Our route took us along the ridge south of Mill F to the mine road thru Scott's Pass. The group dissolved at the pass as we went searching for powder on the way down Thayne's Canyon. The reconvened group took the lift at Thayne's (despite a total lack of lift tickets) and had lunch on the ridge above the resort.

The trip back turned into a ridge run as we took off our skis to kick our way up Jupiter Hill and a few other peaks on the ridge leading back to Scott's Pass. While our leader went off to conquer yet another knob and check up on the last member of the party, the skiers found some excellent snow on the south side of Mill F and the remainder took the mine road back. A final reunion took place at Canyon Inn.

Leader: Kermit Earle; Tourers: Paul Wolters, Tom Grover, Clinton Lewis, Heber Lessig, Bruce Lessig.

# from the membership director

June Zongker

There are a few things that would make the task of the new membership director easier. First, if all would pay their dues BEFORE the middle of April, it would save the membership director and the dear souls who mail the RAMBLER hours of work.

Secondly, if when you have a change of address, you would notify the club immediately, money would be saved on postage, as the club has a return postage guarantee on each RAMBLER. This means every returned RAMBLER costs the club ten cents in addition to the original postage. If your change of address is temporary, just for the summer or one-year, indicate this on your card so your addressograph plate will be stored, rather than discarded.

Thirdly, if you do not receive your RAMBLER for more than one month, give the director a call so she can check to see if her records are accurate.

USE THE DUES ENVELOPE TODAY!

\$6.00 - single membership

\$9.00 - husband and wife.

# dues are due!

# snake creek pass

SNOWSHOE TOUR

By Gerri Abrams

We began our snowshoe tour by winding our way thru the skiers at Brighton then much to their surprise, up their slopes, Chuck Mays, our intrepid leader recognized talent immediately and he asked Ernie and me to bring up the rear. We are almost always the last ones and it was pleasant to be given it as an official position. Many were brand new snowshoers and at least four were brand new to Utah. Our trail took us thru a wooded area and then to Snake Creek Pass where we had a lovely view of Heber Valley and Mt. Timpanogos. We ate lunch viewing the view and sunbathing until a cool wind chased us off the pass.

Members of the party were: Bruce and Pat Tollefson, Pat Miller, Ryan Leverkus, Carol Edison, Martin Zwick, Shelly Hyde, Maxine Angus, Linda Caputo, Freda Kjolhede, Michael Maack, Debbie Hatch, J. L., Dorothy and Roberta Traver, Chuck and Diz Mays, Ernie and Gerri Abrams.



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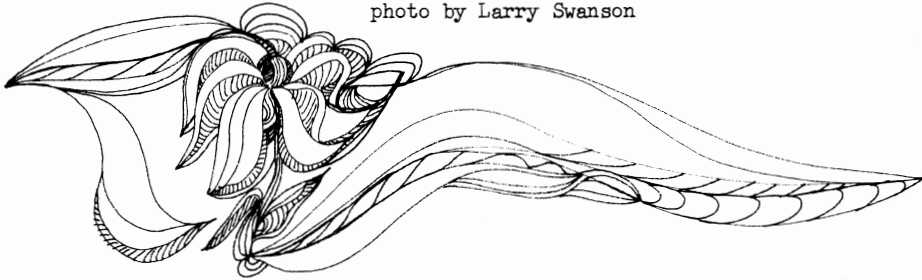
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3155 Highland Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah - 466 2101

COVER PHOTO:  
Valley of the TEN PEAKS - Banff National Park, Canada  
photo by Larry Swanson



Wasatch Mountain Club business is conducted only on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. At that time, and only at that time, is the mail opened, new membership applications voted on, dues payments recorded, address changes made, and all other business requiring board action conducted. All board members cannot attend all board meetings and although an effort is made to fill in during a member's absence, some business is held for action until the next meeting.

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB  
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 \$6.00 dues (spouse \$3.00). 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 January 1 to September 1, 1973)	

*WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB, INC.*

*3155 Highland Drive/Salt Lake City/Utah 84106*

BULK RATE  
U. S. POSTAGE

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PERMIT NO. 2001

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<i>SAM ALLEN, Conservation</i>	<b>486-6834</b>
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<i>BILL ROSQVIST, Hiking</i>	<b>295-0458</b>
<i>MEL DAVIS, Lodge</i>	<b>278-3174</b>
<i>MARILYN BATEMAN, Membership</i>	<b>466-3132</b>
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