

# *The Rambler*

OCTOBER 1973



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



# Club activities for October 1973

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 1972. 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.

OCTOBER BOATING -- The boating season usually ends in September, but if sufficient interest exists and the weather cooperates we may schedule one or two trips in October. Possibilities are another Westwater trip (advanced) and/or a beginner-intermediate trip. If interested call Bob Everson, 487-0029.

OCTOBER 4  
Thursday

EVENING CLIMB AT STORM MOUNTAIN

OCTOBER 6  
Saturday

MOUNT AIRE HIKE - E. 8,629 Rating 3.0  
The fall colors should be great on this popular club hike. Meet at The Movie at 8:00 AM. Leader: Bill Rosqvist, 295-0458.

OCTOBER 7  
Sunday

MOUNT TIMPANOGOS HIKE - El. 11,750 Rating 10.5  
Meet at the Alpine turnoff of I-15 at 7:00 AM.  
Leader: Fred Bruenger, 485-1423.

- OCTOBER 13  
Saturday  
GRANDEUR PEAK HIKE - El. 8,299 Rating 4.5  
Meet at The Movie, Wasatch Blvd. & 39th South, at  
8:00 AM. Leader: Oscar Robison, 278-3923.
- OCTOBER 13-14  
Sat.-Sun.  
OPEN LODGE. George and Georgia Randall, 322-2360,  
are being hosts for an open lodge weekend. It will be  
an adult weekend (meaning no children). Bring your own  
sleeping gear and whatever food and/or entertainment,  
and/or liquid refreshments you need. Relax and have a  
nice time with the Randalls. Call them if you have any  
questions.
- OCTOBER 13-14  
Sat.-Sun.  
ANTELOPE SPRINGS - black rock rockhound trip. We will  
look for trilobite fossils at Antelope Springs and  
snowflake obsidian at Black Rock. Register with the  
leader, Elmer Boyd, 298-5537.
- OCTOBER 14  
Sunday  
NORTH FACE OF OLYMPUS HIKE - El. 8,959 Rating 8.0  
Meet at the Olympus Shopping Center (in front of Skaggs),  
3979 Wasatch Blvd., at 8:00 AM. Leader: Harold Goodro,  
277-1247.
- OCTOBER 17  
Wednesday  
GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING. It's time again for a general  
membership meeting where the crowd can gather and ponder  
the thoughty decisions and workings of the revered (?)  
Bored of Directors. This important event will take place  
at 7:30 PM at the Zion Lutheran Church, 1070 Foothill Drive.  
Our gracious hostess-about-town, Sue Giddings, will provide  
the refreshments. We will have a two-part scenic tour of  
New Zealand and Australia, the former being conducted by  
Leroy Kuehl, and the latter by our man-about-Africa, Del  
Wiens. That is, if Del has returned by then from Africa  
where he is currently doing great things. If he has not  
made his appearance, Carol W. will do the honors.
- OCTOBER 19-20-21  
Fri.-Sat.-Sun.  
CANYONLANDS BACKPACKING TRIP. We will explore the east  
fork of Salt Creek in the southeastern section of Canyon-  
lands National Park. We'll find natural arches, petro-  
glyphs, Indian ruins, good weather - in short, something  
for everyone. Registration is required, and will be  
accepted up to 10:00 PM Tuesday, October 16th. Call  
Don Colman at 486-7796.

(Continued)

OCTOBER 21  
Sunday

END OF SEASON BOAT WORK PARTY. This will be the final boating session of the year to clean, patch, repair and store the gear for the winter. We need lots of help. We also plan to paint the boat room and install a real electric light. Wear old clothes and come to work. Liquid refreshments of several sorts will be served.

We need a few people to call us in advance for organization of work assignments. Y'all come. Bob Everson, 487-0029. Ice Plant, 430 W. 3rd North, 12:00 noon, or whenever you can get there.

OCTOBER 27  
Saturday

HALLOWEEN PARTY AT THE LODGE. OK, all you role-players will have your night of glory. Costumes are definitely in order. Cost per person \$1.50, and 50¢ per drink; chips & dips, etc. will be served. This identity crisis bash begins at 7:30 PM. Need more details? Call Bonnie Omana at 266-7819.

OCTOBER 27-28  
Sat.-Sun.

LODGE OPEN. After the Halloween Party the Lodge will be open (available for any party left-overs). As some people know, driving down the canyon after a party can sometimes spoil a good party. So spend the night and help with the clean-up detail the next morning. Bring your own sleeping gear, breakfast, and eating utensils. Call Mike and/or Bonnie Omana at 277-7819 if you need further information.



YOSEMITE

# news and notices

## THANKS TO

- .....George and Georgia Randall for mailing the October RAMBLER.
- .....Betty Hendricks for typing help.
- .....Adrian Stevens, Wonder Daughter, for co-editing.

## WASATCH TRAILS

Please send postpaid _____ copies of WASATCH TRAILS for which I enclose \$ ____.		
Price \$1.50 each.		
Name _____		
Address: _____		
_____	_____	_____
City	State	Zip

to: Bill Rosqvist  
281 South 1000 East  
Bountiful, Utah 84010

## Rambler Deadline

.....for November is Monday, October 15. Please have your articles and schedules TYPED and mailed to:  
Attention: RAMBLER Editor  
Wasatch Mountain Club  
3155 Highland Drive  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84106

THIS IS NOW THE PICTURE -- on pictures. If you have a color print, negative or slide which you think might turn out well in black and white, please consider this: the WMC will pay for the conversion and enlargement if your picture is accepted. So please send it in! Deadline for such pictures will be the 8th of the month, to allow time for processing.

IF YOU WANT photographs, slides, negatives, artwork, etc. returned, please indicate.

REMEMBER THAT we need black and white glossies too!

If you have any particular complaints, please write to the Board of Directors, Wasatch Mtn. Club, 3155 Highland Dr., SLC 84109.

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.

# traversing *Wildcat* ridge

by Caine Alder

Questionable weather conditions on the morning of September 9th raised serious doubts in my mind as to the advisability of attempting the scheduled trip along Wildcat Ridge. The weather people the day before had said that there were from six to eight inches of snow above 8,000 feet and that the next day would be windy and overcast, a very gloomy prospect for a trip the magnitude of Wildcat.

Fortunately on Sunday morning, there was a major change in the weather and within a short period of time the skies cleared, and we began the first stage of our trip--the ascent of Mt. Raymond. However, by then it was nearly nine in the morning.

After about an hour on the trail we came upon the first traces of snow which presented a most unique contrast with the surrounding ferns, flowers, and other bright green vegetation. It was a scene that would recur several times during the day as our journey proceeded.

From the summit of Raymond we could see small groups of clouds hanging over the Salt Lake Valley, and to the South a most spectacular panorama of Twin Peaks, Sunrise, Dromedary, and other peaks east, all of which were lightly covered with new snow. The weather was still holding, and we were optimistic by then that conditions would continue to be favorable for our trip along the ridge to Mt. Olympus which was out of sight to the west.

It required about five hours for our small party to span the ridge, and we arrived on the summit of Olympus late in the afternoon. By that time dark clouds were quickly moving in on us from the south, so after spending a few moments drinking the last of our water we hastened down Tolcats Trail to our waiting cars.

It was a most enjoyable trip that included a great variety of terrain and plant life, outstanding and constantly changing views of the scenery down either side of the ridge, and many extras such as the enjoyable class II rock climbing just east of Mt. Olympus.

A fun time was had by all...I think!

Participants: Dave Armitage, Rolf Doebelling, John Blakely, Caine Alder.



Henry! I think there's a spider  
in my sleeping bag...

# mt. millicent

by Dorothy Traver

On Sunday, August 12, a small group (seven, including our leader) gathered to participate in a scheduled Mt. Millicent hike.

Our first stop was at the WMC lodge in an attempt to augment our number. Failing at our mission, we continued up the trail. The temperature was ideal, the flowers were unbelievable and the biting insects remarkably few as we hiked past Lakes Mary, Martha, and Catherine to Catherine Pass. At that point in time, we hung a right and topped Mt. Tuscarora. The tremendous view was destined to improve as John urged us on toward Mt. Wolverine. The partially-submerged boulder field enroute was literally a pink primrose path accompanied by a few late but-tercups.

We signed the registry and were very glad we had come. A descent, then an ascent over granite blocks led us to our original destination--Mt. Millicent. How about that?! We'd had three for the price of one and all because our leader has such prolific energy. During a lengthy rest and lunch stop, we celebrated the memorable view which Mt. Millicent affords.

Our descent was a rock scramble and boulder hop to the shores of Lake Mary and thence down the trail to the lodge.

Those of us who enjoyed John Riley's triple-header were: Barbara Klippel, Ruth Henson, Jack Noy, Ann Wennhold, and Jim and Dorothy Traver.

# Mt. Majestic

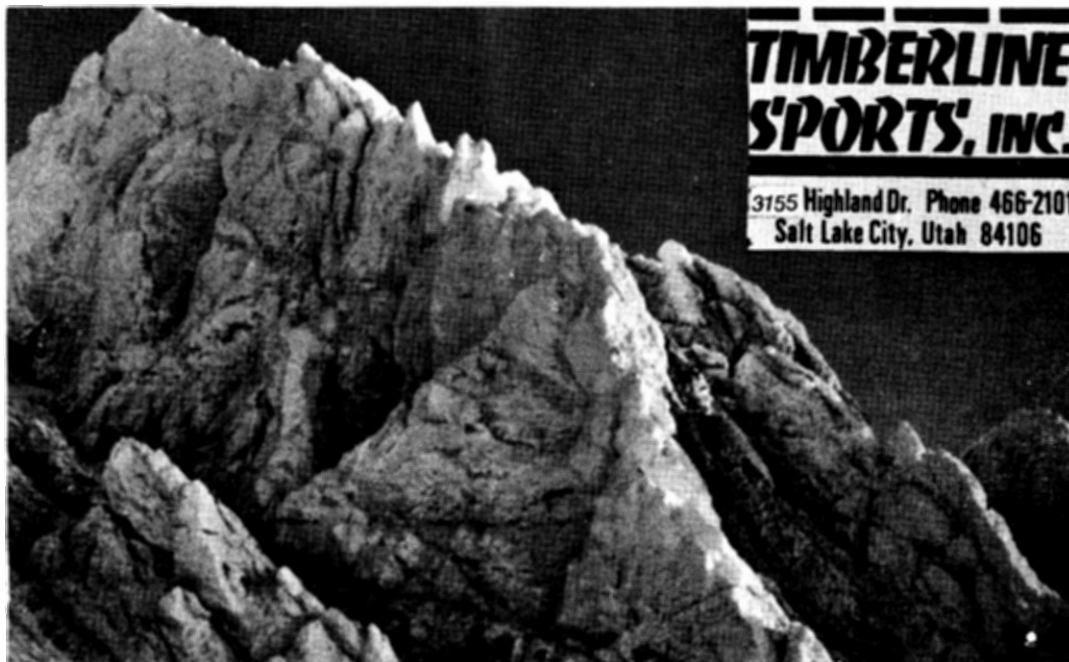
Saturday, August 25

by Dave Moore

What a beautiful hike on a mid-summer's day with carpets of dazzling red, purple, white and orange flowers along the path!

Those who participated in this splendid exercise were Martha Velick, Faelene Myrup, Lois Craig, Doug Craig, John Riley, Dave Moore, and Jackie Thomas who, I think, is an excellent leader. She took her time and enjoyed the flowers along the way, reminding those present to be very careful of them. (Since her mother reads the Rambler, it is important to point out a few of Jackie's hidden qualities.)

We left the WMC lodge at 9:00 a.m. and followed a wide, well-marked path eastward up the valley. At a "Y" in the trail, we turned east to Smoke Creek Pass where we stopped for a beautiful view of the Heber Valley. The party turned northward following the ridge on a short steep climb to Majestic Peak. John Riley took a shortcut while climbing the peak which ended up to be a longcut because he had to climb over a few rocks. So stay on the trail, all climbers! We reached the peak at 11:30 and returned to the lodge at 1:00. This is a very easy hike and highly recommended for beginners. Part of it can be done in the evening. You'll like the flowers above the lodge this time of year.



THE EXUM RIDGE OF THE GRAND TETON

Photo taken the day after the first winter ascent of the Exum Ridge by Dave Lowe, Jock Glidden, and Dave Smith.

# commitment buttress

by Max Townsend      Friday, August 31

The site for this climb was changed at the last minute when we were denied access to the south side of Little Cottonwood Canyon. The bridge near the power station was guarded by a stout man armed with a long-handled rake. He reminded us that the south side of the canyon is privately owned for a distance of about three miles up from the mouth. (There are numerous signs indicating this.) We retreated up-canyon in hopes of finding a reasonable route to the buttress without crossing the posted property. None was found.

Fortunately, the day was not too hot so we were able to have an enjoyable climb in the Gate Buttress area (L.D.S. Church property). Marshall Ralph, Ray Daurelle, Audrey Stevens, and Dave Hinton climbed "Split Pants". Ray reported that he could not get both hands under the block at the ceiling due to a splint on one finger. This added a new dimension of challenge to the climb for him. Hal Gribble, Jeff Stevens, Harmon Alldredge, Rob Snyder, and I climbed "Schoolroom". We all enjoyed it.

My thanks to the rope leaders, and my compliments to the experience seekers. You all did well.

# flagstaff mountain

by Lois Craig

Bob Wright, leader of this hike, doesn't believe in fooling around. After the briefest wait at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon, we bunched up in the cars and drove to Alta. We hiked north (uphill) from the Ranger Station and straight ahead through alpine wildflowers. Elmer Boyd was happily checking and naming them as we went, though we were moving at a vigorous clip.

The group soon broke in half and the first section went with Bob who was way in the lead. These were the No Non-sense bunch whose leg muscles, they said, tightened up if they stood around much. The second group included those who said if you maintain a slow, steady pace, you arrive, and with reserve strength. Occasionally the latter group could be seen stopped along the way, discussing their theory. The question arose as to whether a hike should be divided into two sections with two leaders, one for the slows, one for the fasties.

Halfway up the mountain we scrambled over the tailings of an old silver mine. We were thankful it was an overcast day, since there would have been no shade until nearly the top where the Limber Pines begin. Occasionally looking downward, we could see two late-comers moving at a fast pace. We soon identified the bright blue jacket as Emil Lawton, and Jim Werner was with him. They were given a cordial greeting, and before we know it, these arrivals had already passed the Thinkers, too.

At the top, Bob Wright and John Riley were early arrivals. I, the last straggler, reached the top for a look over the ridge that dropped abruptly away in a rock face to the foot of the

next valley. There, on a hairline road, a pick-up truck moved along in its own world. Suddenly, down came rain, and out came bright-colored ponchos as we headed downhill again.

"One thing you don't do," Elmer said, "if you don't want your shoes full of water, is walk through wet underbrush." He was right. Already I sloshed.

Bob Wright led the descent too, and we all found time for good conversation. We spent a wet and sociable hour afterward at the Canyon Inn, united as one group again. Though rainy, it was a beautiful, leisurely, and friendly morning for us all.

Other hikers in addition to those mentioned were Marian Nelson, Virginia Loudon, Dave Moon, Marie Kolff, Dave McAnn, Bernie Kaye and Reg Schwartz.

The UNIVERSITY TRAVEL CLUB is featuring a performance of particular interest to WMC members. Dewitt Jones is a photographer-lecturer 'par excellence' of the High Sierras. One of his pictures is on the inside front cover of The Rambler. Tickets are \$1.50 each. The place is Kingsbury Hall and the time and date is Thursday, October 18 at 8:00 PM.

# american fork twins *via* american fork canyon

by Fran Flowers      Saturday, August 4

Our hike began at Mary Ellen Gulch, located on a dirt road several miles above the lake in American Fork Canyon. The first part of the trail was overgrown and rather ill-defined. We made much better progress once we located the jeep road, which we followed clear to the base of the twins. A steep climb put us on the ridge and a short scramble later we were on top eating lunch.

So far the weather had been perfect. It was mostly cloudy with the sun peeking through occasionally, just to remind us that it was still there. At one point a few drops of rain fell, but all we had to do was get out the ponchos and the rain god gave up.

While we ate, the temperature dropped and thick clouds began to move in from the Little Cottonwood side. They soon filled the canyon and were swirling up the sides toward us.

For the return trip, the group split up, one group going back the same way we had come, and the rest of us going down from the saddle between the twins. This proved a very rewarding route through gently sloping meadows filled with wildflowers and small streams. It was a long hike and we were sure that the other group had gotten back to the lake well ahead of us. However, they had taken their time and we came within five minutes of their arrival.

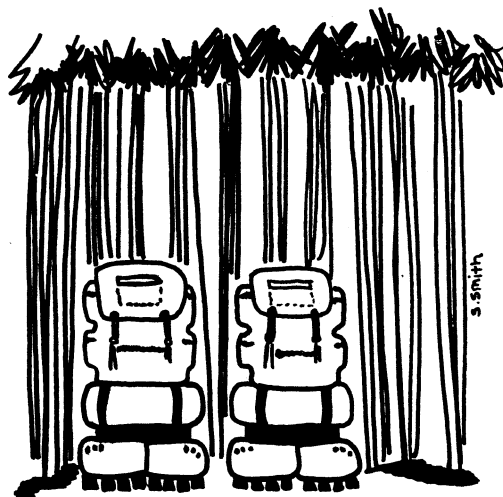
Everyone agreed that this is a good way to do the twins and is well worth the long drive.

Hikers included: Marilyn Bateman, leader; Jon Olson, Clif Panos, Susan Shamberg, Sam Allen, Kermit Earle, Bill King, Wick Miller, Flinton and AltaJane Callahan, and Fran Flowers.

BELLS CANYON

PERHAPS

??



Look ... there's gotta be a trail  
Somewhere. It's on the map!

# MT. OLYMPUS by *Moonlight*

by Lois Craig

Friday, August 10

The downbeat was for 6:30 p.m. but when by 7:00 there were still only three of us waiting, we elected Doug Craig as leader and off we went winding around in hot afternoon sun on the Tolcat Canyon trail. Jeannine Wendell and I were the other two hikers, flashlights in hand for the return trip.

Sheldon Hyde had told us in advance that this would be a popular hike, but since several other more adventurous trips were scheduled for the same weekend, others all must have been packing for those. Shelley had told us the route was an old CCC trail, side and in good repair at least until you got to the spring. Spring? Not a drop of water anywhere, we found, except in our jugs, and not nearly enough there for our need.

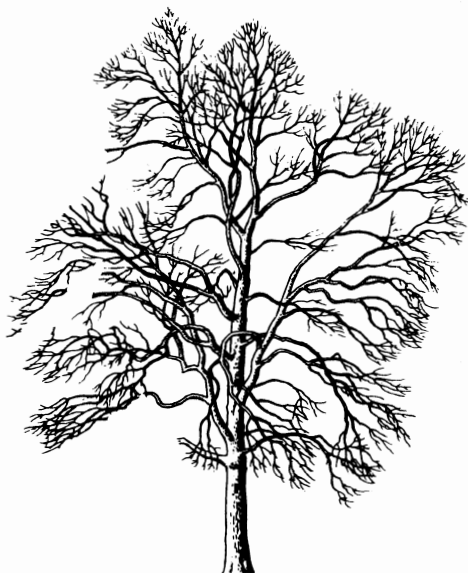
Newcomers to this climb, we took no shortcuts, but wound around and around the bridle trail for a while until it finally began uphill and we got into the blessed shade of canyon oak brush. We found one level area (a lake level, maybe?) a fair way up where hikers and picnickers sometimes had built fires. Then the trail rose straight up again and we began to climb Blister Hill's red, up-ended strata, picking our footing with care and looking hopefully uphill for the Top. On it went, though. This was a hassle in sun; we wondered what it would be like by flashlight, descending.

The sun set, air temperature dropped, and we came at last into evergreen trees, a silent enchanted forest with no birdsong at all. The moon appeared, from behind occasional clouds, and when we turned to

look down, the whole valley below was a light. Flying planes were far below us, blinking wing signals. We snacked, then started down, thinking about Blister Hill.

We came to it again, all right, and by flashlight it was tricky! Grabbing and sliding, we focused flashlights with one hand while holding on with the other, wondering if This were the Worst Place--or This--or This? Doug wore a miner's hat light so that he could have his hands free, but the interesting feature of this arrangement was the flock of insects it attracted around his face, so that his spare hand was busy anyway, swatting at them. At last, however, we were over the Really Worst Place, and we took a break on a rocky overlook before swinging again our onto the level side of Mount Olympus. There, yielding to temptation, Doug focused his flashlight at the valley and, like an onlooker from below, said, "Somebody's up on Mount Olympus!"

We were down again by 11:45 p.m., concluding that the hike, for those like us, should have begun an hour earlier with less waiting around. Make it to the top? Not this time.



Participants: John Riley, leader; Kate Hedberg, Phil Nelson, Marie Kolff, Barbara Klippel, Emil Lawton, Bill King, Joyce Sohler, Shelly Hyde, Renu Jalota, Mary Jo Sweeney, Fran Flowers, and Pat Miller.

# Timpanogos

Saturday, August 11

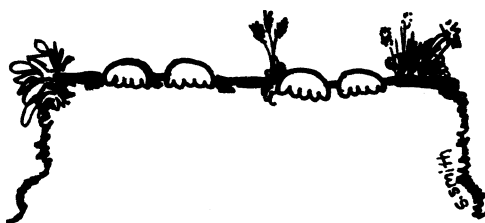
He was a giant of a man, and he climbed the great mountain to make a little whoopee with the fabled sleeping lady in the sky. He wore moccasins so large it took a whole generation of North American deer to supply the hide. His moccasins were decorated with bright colored beads -- and each bead was bigger around than Paul Bunyan's Blue Ox, Babe. Later, when that huge man tramped DOWN the mountain, it was either with very great gusto OR with very great anger -- because he put his heels down HARD. So hard, in fact, a giant staircase was carved into the mountain. Time passed, and each step of the staircase turned into a wild garden with streams, flowers, meadows, trees, and creatures. Cascading waterfalls connected the steps and beckoned newcomers upward.

An uncommonly beautiful mountain. Fantastic giant steps. We (Jim Smith, Lawrence Vanderplas, Ivan Cendese, Kathy Cronin, Cathy Kreuter) hiked up Timpanuke Trail on a perfect blue-sky morning. We started about 7:30. By 9:30 the sun shone on us. By noon we reached the summit. The view was mind-bending. Absolutely mind-bending.

Jim and Lawrence continued to the shack on the peak, where they encountered a housing shortage. So many folks up there Jim had to direct traffic! One young man passed us packing a sled on his back. He intended to sled down the glacier for a fast descent. We looked for his body later, but apparently he made it OK.

Hiking down the mountain was the usual endurance test for leg muscles, but was eased somewhat by good fellowship, singing, and food. Our leader Jim tried to tell us about the Spartan joys of traveling light. We listened attentively while we ate our peaches, nectarines, grapes, apples, tomatoes (with salt), cashew nuts, licorice sticks, salami, pepperoni sticks "German Boy" brand), and sipped our lemonade. At the end of our hike we felt proud. Over 18 miles and we never even puffed! Well, maybe a little. All in all, a wonderful day.

As I recollect it,  
Cathy Kreuter



... it goes like this :  
our father who art in heaven...

## ALTA--BRIGHTON MOONLIGHT HIKE

"Snatches of Moonlight and Conversation"

By ? Friday, September 7

"It won't rain" - "Well, we've come this far, we may as well go." With this, all who appeared at the appointed meeting place decided to chance a wet evening hike. The will of the group was strong, however, and the sky only dared to leak a bit upon completion of the journey.

We started upward at a fair pace, and took our first rest in the last of the sun's light. "I have to sit down, you don't have to say you know me."

The sun was gone, and the moon was playing peek-a-boo in the clouds. We left the path and entered the brush, with an eye to the silhouetted ridge we were to cross. "It is easier in the winter, this underbrush isn't here you see." "Could we hold up, I have sunburned shins."

The shy moon hid herself from us, and we stumbled up the rocky hill, "Does anyone have a flashlight?" Nearly at the top we met a road of sorts, "It's a super-highway," and by common, though silent, assent, we chose to follow this yellow brick path. At the crest we looked toward Alta, but saw only a fallen cloud - and continued as though in a fog. Some of us were feeling the chill now, others were more prepared - "I have on long underwear."

At a fork in the road, we had to make a choice. The first fork - left was the way. The second fork - left was the way. The third fork - left was -- "This is a side trip."

Some now began to doubt the leadership - "Why are we going uphill?" - then there they were, the lights of Alta. The journey was over, "I can't walk another step." We had all enjoyed the hike, the more so looking back on it.

The talkers/walkers were: Pam Parker, Cathy Meyers, Mary Miller, Ann Barr, Bob Morse, Pat Miller, Kermit Earle, Marilyn Bateman (leader), Kay Brandon.

"I felt a drop."

## *Snake River*

FAMILY TRIP

By Clark deNevers

August 25 and 26

At 7:30 one fine Friday evening in August, a motley looking group of clubbers boarded a Greyhound bus at the ice house. Our destination was Idaho's Snake River, our purpose to run it. The people were typical of a family trip, being experienced river rats helping the amateurs along.

We reached the river during the wee hours of the morning, and after checking out the take out point and nearly getting the bus stuck while turning around, we camped near the put-in. After a cold sleep and a warm breakfast, we pumped up the boats and took to the water. When everyone was in the boats and the captains assigned, it was discovered that three of the five captains were women. Score one for women's lib!

The first day was mostly uneventful, other than constantly trying to keep from being scraped against the shore on every turn of the river.

After dinner individuals hiked up a side canyon to a cave, and several people hiked even higher to view the river. Story telling (or bulling) went on all through the trip, with Messrs. Kordig and Studt carrying off joint honors.

After another cold night (frost on the ground) the group got back on the river and continued on. The activities on the second day included wildlife observation (several bears and an eagle) and a vicious water fight.

The finale of the day was taking out at the wrong place and trying to find the bus.

All's well that ends well, however, and at 11:30 Sunday, the group was back in SLC ready to return to school or work.

Trip leader was Noel deNevers. Boat Captains: Carol Wiens, Marcia Sutherland, Klancy deNevers, Rick Williams and Jim Kordig.

River Rats: Carol, Paula and Wendy Wiens; Ray, Rose and Ann Miller; Mr. and Mrs. Ward Studt, Liz and Sara Studt; Rick, Susan, Richard and Scott Williams; Dottie and Brian Miles; Jim and Don Coyner; Jim Kordig; Sheree Meyers; Dottie Platt; Marcia, Juliet and Dean Sutherland; Katherine Hedburg; Jean Garsides; Noel, Klancy, Clark, Nanette and Renee deNevers.



# Yampa-Green

## RIVER TRIP

Saturday, June 9

Twenty-six hardy souls arrived early to the shore of the Yampa River. Camp was quickly set up and soon most had retired.

The run this day was fast but no major rapids were encountered. We camped after a five-hour run and enjoyed a fine dinner and great companionship. During the course of the evening, one of the leaders journeyed up a nearby mountain, but returned empty handed when he was unable to locate his stone tablets. Odin was pleased when the last of his followers finally ran out of song and energy and peace came to the camp.

Sunday, June 10

By Pat Beebe

Dawn rose early this morning with no one to greet it. Soon the followers of Odin began to gradually awaken to greet the day, as the aroma of coffee, bacon and blueberry pancakes filled the air. Fortified with great anticipation (to say nothing of fear and trepidation) of Warm Springs, the crew embarked, headed for adventure. An onlooker might have thought we were Vikings, as one of the crew was most concerned about their lack of a figurehead. Boat captains were most helpful in instructing their crew about the geological formations found on the path of the day's journey.

As we scouted Warm Springs, we witnessed two commercial boats lose two crewmen. The WMC crew was bent on performing at a level surpassing our predecessors, which we did, with only a few minor casualties.

Having attacked and conquered the rapids with success, we landed at Warm Springs Campground for the night. An aggressive bunch of club water-fighters attacked and drenched all crewmen, except the reticent M.D. trio, who remained dry throughout the ordeal by answering the various calls of Mother Nature.

Happy Hour brought forth a perplexed Bob Everson studying the frequent emptiness of his glass, only to be more confused by the mellow smile on a fellow boat person's face. This hour also met with the great decision of the day -- eleven crewmen decided to re-run Warm Springs in the morning, and (much to the dismay of our leader, Bob Nelson) carried two boats back over the rocks to wait for their second attack of the rapids.

Sunset, nightfall and the campfire dwindled. Another day completed.

Monday, June 11

By Carolyn Andree

The main excitement of the day began rather early. Part of the gear was lugged back upstream to weight down the pleasure boats and the rest was tied into the tug boats, which remained below Warm Springs, ready to perform spectacular rescue feats.

Bob Weatherbee's boat, with crew members John Carter, Don Fox, Dave Mansker, Mike Mutek and Vince Carducci, ran the rapid intact and in fine shape. Bob Everson's boat planned a similar run, but alas, Odin Called, and the

captain landed in the drink. Crew members Dennis Webb, Don Jackson, John Herbert and Mike Omana paddled blithely away, bringing the boat through with a good ride, unaware that they were captainless. After being in the water 500 or 600 yards, Everson was plucked out by his own crew in time to resume his position and lead them through Maytag. Meanwhile the "rescue" boats roused from their mid-morning naps to watch the whole operation and commend the crews for their good runs.

A lunch stop at Echo Park stretched into a relaxed rest period, punctuated for some by a short hike in search of petroglyphs and an elusive albino chipmunk. It was a short day on the river, since we bivouaced at Jones Hole. There was a little difficulty finding the assigned campsite, but we finally nestled in among the mosquitoes for a long happy hour and an end to our third day on the river.

Tuesday, June 12

Up early (5:00 a.m.) in order to avoid the commercial people who would be disembarking also at Split Mountain Park, our group took to the final leg of a fabulous trip. The water remained high and swift as it had through the trip, and the sunshine followed us to the end.

Several water fights later, we were through Island Park. The only tragedy of the trip occurred when Bob Weatherbee forgot that a full can of beer will not float on the river and thus incurred the displeasure of Odin's father, Bob Everson, when he threw one out into the water in an effort to have Bob E. swim for his beer.

The rest of a short day was exciting rides on one major rapid after another, and tremendous views of the canyons and mountains. By 11:00 a.m. we had reached Split Mountain Park,

thereby astonishing the local park ranger and ourselves. We packed the gear in record time and had lunch while awaiting the shuttling of cars. Then it was back to SLC where we arrived at 6:00 p.m.

Participants: Bob Nelson and Dennis Webb, co-leaders; Bob Everson, Pat Beebe, Mel Davis, Don Jackson, John Herbert, Bob Weatherbee, Gary

Parker, Mike and Bonnie Omana, Harry Todd, Marilyn Bateman, Vince Carducci, Carolyn Andree, Alice Dewell, Judy Davis, Judy Ching, John Carter, Bob Wilson, Dave and Jane Mansker, Kermit Earle, Kay Millar, Mike Mutek and Don Fox.



LET THE EYE AT THIS LIVING INSTANT SURVEY FROM A VANTAGE POINT  
THE SWELLING MAJESTY OF OUR MOUNTAINS AND THEIR INFOLDED PEACE,  
AND TAKE IN THE RICH GREENERY AND WARM HEATH OF THE FOREST  
AND NOTE HOW, HOLDING TIME IN SUSPENSE,  
THEY ABSORB ALL SOUND INTO SILENCE, ALL MOVEMENT INTO THE TRANCE  
OF STONE.

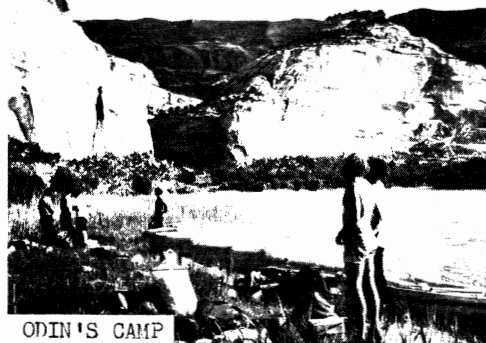
from "Rothie Murchus"  
by William Jeffrey  
Legend on a frieze at Sequoia  
National Forest, California

# Fun on the Yampa-Green

by Mel Davis



WARM SPRINGS RAPID



ODIN'S CAMP



MARILYN AND KERMIT



JUDY



HIKING



ECHO LANDING



CAMPSITE

# Red Pine

## LAKE

ALEXANDER BASIN

TO

BOWMAN FORK

by Jean Garside      Saturday, August 18

It was a bright sunshiny day and all the greenery had the freshly-washed look so welcome at this time of the year. It had indeed rained torrents the day before and this probably affected the turnout for the Red Pine jaunt.

Nevertheless, 10 eager bodies ascended the Red Pine Trail in search of vistas of wild flowers, cool mountain meadows, and lush vegetation around deep waters.

However, among this happy group were the forlorn members of the cancelled Spanish Fork Peak Hike, Sam Allen and Fran Flowers. Disappointed in their efforts to turn the group toward the Spanish Fork run, a new untried area, they soon were wending their way up our trail.

Upon reaching the top, we sprawled over the huge boulders to eat our lunch and sun ourselves. There was a little creature who joined us but unlike others of his species he spurned the nuts and raisins for plum pits and bread.

A special commendation is due to our leader Ann Wennhold who expressed concern and dispensed goodies to give quick energy at the time it was most needed.

Participants: Ruth Hoppe, Janelle Rouge, Lois Craig and Doug Craig, Dorothy Smith and dog, Robert Weatherbee, Sam Allen, Fran Flowers and Jean Garside.

by Fran Flowers      Sunday, August 5

When we arrived at the meeting place, we were greeted by a limping Don Colman who informed us of the obvious -- he was in no shape to lead the hike.

Choosing a new leader presented no problem, as we had thirteen well-qualified candidates, the main qualifying factor being unfamiliarity with the intended route! It was quickly decided that of those present, John was by far the most qualified. So, with a new leader and a few last-minute instructions from Don, we were on our way.

On the trail, the group split up with four of us a little ways ahead. At one point the trail seemed to branch, one vague trail heading uphill and the other, down. Since our objective was up, we took the seemingly logical path only to discover that it disappeared after about twenty feet. We went back and took the lower trail after having left a nice clear set of tracks going in the wrong direction. When the main group got to the same place, we were out of sight and there were those misleading tracks.

For some members of the party, the next half hour served as a never-to-be-forgotten introduction to off-the-trail hiking, i.e. "bushin' it." The experience left a few in mild shock. Others discovered that the beauty found entangled in the underbrush seems wilder, more colorful, and certainly more noticeable than when found alongside a beaten trail.

The group reunited at Baker Springs, then started up Mt. Raymond. We spent about an hour on top, and came back via Alexander Basin.

A P P L I C A T I O N   F O R   M E M B E R S H I P

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB  
3155 Highland Drive  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84106  
Phone: 363-7150

NAME (Print) \_\_\_\_\_ TELEPHONE \_\_\_\_\_

Name of spouse (only if spouse wants membership also) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation (Optional) \_\_\_\_\_

I hereby apply for membership in the Wasatch Mountain Club. I have attended two Club activities as required for membership, such as, hikes, ski tours, cave trips, camping trips, rock-hound trips, or work parties; and I am genuinely interested in the outdoors. Social events such as lodge parties, ski socials, etc. are not included in the definition of club activities qualifying for membership. I agree to abide by all the rules and regulations of the Club as specified in the Constitution and By-laws as determined by the Board of Directors.

I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ dues and \$4.00 entrance fee. (Please note - from January through August the dues are \$6.00--spouse \$3.00--plus \$4.00 entrance fee. From September through December, the dues are \$3.00--spouse \$1.50--plus \$4.00 entrance fee.)

I am specifically interested in the items checked below:

Hiking\_\_ Ski Touring\_\_ Boating\_\_ Mountaineering\_\_ Caving\_\_  
Cycling\_\_ Conservation\_\_ Writing and editing\_\_ Organizing social  
activities\_\_ Lodge\_\_ Photography\_\_ Other \_\_\_\_\_

CLUB ACTIVITIES ATTENDED:

1. \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

RECOMMENDED BY: \_\_\_\_\_ Member \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: \_\_\_\_\_ Director \_\_\_\_\_

When applying for membership,  
the activities you attend must  
have been within 12 months  
prior to the date of application  
to the Club.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Signature of Applicant



# MOUNTAINEERING      RAMBLINGS

by Paul Horton

As usual, the trip to the Cirque of the Towers was snowed out, this time worse than ever. We had an incredible 20 inches of snow at Big Sandy Opening. The group that hiked into the Cirque the day before took 9 hours to get back out again, and this is usually a 4-hour hike. Patience is rewarded; 4 of us (Dave and Ann George, Marty Snyder, and Paul Horton) waited a day and then drove to the Green River Lakes Wilderness Entrance where there was less snow. We spent the next 5 days going up the Green to Peak Lake (where we ran into John Sutton and two friends), climbing Stroud Peak and Mt. Whitecap, and coming out via Seneca Lake to Elkheart Peak. The weather was perfect, very clear and very warm, except for the last day when we hiked out in another blizzard.

The recent experience climb on Commitment Buttress was a success, but not on Commitment Buttress. The groups was not allowed to cross private property to get to the climb, so they split up and did Split Pants and Schoolroom in another area.

The accident report is becoming, unfortunately, a regular monthly feature. Dave Smith had just returned from his Canada epic, when news came that Burt Janis had taken a bad fall on Mt. Owen in the Tetons. He broke some bones and a helicopter rescue was required, but he is now back in Salt Lake. I understand he is now recovering in the University Hospital, and looking forward to skiing by November 1st. We all wish him the best. Dave Smith has had a rapid recovery from his accident -- in fact, he is now on display daily at Timberline Sports. He reports that he gained 17 pounds during his hospital stay! So, once again, we'll hope for a speedy recovery.

On August 24th, a party was held at the Lodge to raise funds to help Dave with the expenses of his accident. A fine program of climbing slides and movies was presented by Harold Goodro, George Lowe, and Donny Black. The party was a success thanks to them, and also thanks to La Hass for donating beer, to the WMC directors for donating use of the Lodge, and to Milt Hokanson for masterminding the whole thing. And thanks especially to all of you who came and helped!



Larry Perkins

# WMO TREASURER'S REPORT

## ACCOUNT

BALANCE  
(as of 8/30/73)

General Fund .....	\$2,037.92
Lodge .....	464.69
Boats .....	1,330.05
Bus .....	(18.29)
Mountaineering .....	554.75
Socials .....	130.87
Conservation .....	541.27
Sam Thomas Trail Fund .....	120.35
Sam Thomas Special Fund .....	800.00
Ski Touring .....	265.50
Wasatch Trails .....	106.27
TOTAL	<u>\$6,333.38</u>
SAVINGS CERT.	\$3,700.00



Canyonlands National Park

**WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB, INC.**

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

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