

# *The Rambler*

MARCH 1974



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

# *Club activities for MARCH 1974*

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 November 1972 RAMBLER. Contact the leader if you are in doubt about your ability to do the tour.

Avalanche information is available from Milt Hollander - 277-1416 - and from the Wasatch National Forest winter sports information recording - 487-2093. The snow rangers at Alta get so many calls that you should use them only as a last resort, and please don't call them late in the evening. Avalanche probes and cords are required on advanced ski tours. Probes are available for rent at Timberline Sports and for sale by the Ski Touring Director.

MARCH 2  
Saturday

Timberline Nordic Skiing Clinic. Meet at Timberline at 9:00 a.m. for a day of x-country skiing instructions.

MARCH 2  
Saturday

LAKE MARY SNOWSHOE TOUR. Beginner (1,1). Many people missed our earlier Lake Mary tour since it was so close to Christmas, so we scheduled it again. Skiers are welcome on this easy outing, too. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 9:00 a.m. Leader: Franklin West - 487-6065.

MARCH 2  
Saturday

LAKE BLANCHE SKI TOUR. Advanced (3,5). Conditions will determine the destination of this ski tour, but we will try to go over Mount Superior and down to Lake Blanche. Call the leader for details. Avalanche probes and cords will be required. Probes are available for rent at Timberline and for sale by the Ski Touring Director. Leader: Larry Swanson - 278-3269.

MARCH 3  
Sunday

WMC/Timberline Beginner Tour. Call Timberline for details before 6:00 p.m. Saturday - 466-2101.

MARCH 3  
Sunday  
PARK CITY TO MIDWAY NORDIC TOUR. Intermediate. After a gradual climb along the Guardsman's Pass road, the rest of this tour is a long downhill to Midway. The special treat will be a swim at the Homestead, so bring a bathing suit. Meet at The Movie at 8:00 a.m. so car spotting can be taken care of without too late a start. Leader: Bob Everson - 487-0029.

MARCH 9  
Saturday  
Timberline Nordic Skiing Clinic. Meet at Timberline at 9:00 a.m. for a day of x-country skiing instruction.

MARCH 9  
Saturday  
AMETHYST LAKE NORDIC TOUR. Intermediate. This favorite Uinta tour will be a long one up the East Fork of the Stillwater on the north slope. You should be in good shape and plan on a long day. An early start is anticipated since the drive is about two hours, but the outstanding terrain and scenery make it worth losing some sleep. Call the leader for details on meeting time and place. Leader: Dave George - 272-4591.

MARCH 9  
Saturday  
MOONLIGHT TOUR - SNAKE CREEK PASS. Intermediate (2,2). We were snowed out in January, so we'll try it again. Meet at the Lodge at 6:00 p.m. and watch the moon rise over the pass. We will return to the Lodge for hot drinks after the outing. Anyone desiring to stay overnight should contact the hosts. Leader: Chuck Mays - 582-3818.

MARCH 9-10  
Sat.-Sun.  
LODGE OPEN.

MARCH 10  
Sunday  
WMC/Timberline Beginner Tour. Call Timberline for details before 6:00 p.m. Saturday - 466-2101.

MARCH 10  
Sunday  
BROADS FORK SNOWSHOE TOUR. Intermediate (3,3). From the "S" curve in Big Cottonwood, we will traverse around to the mouth of Broads Fork and climb into the bowl between Twin Peaks and Dromedary. The tour is most suitable for snowshoes since the lower part of the trail is quite narrow and skiers might find it difficult to control their speed. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 8:30 a.m. Leader: Elmer Boyd - 466-7809.

MARCH 10  
Sunday  
WINTER SOCIAL - Host Judy Ching. My apartment may be small, but don't let that keep you from coming to a social for a good time. Address: 875 East Arrowhead Lane (5110 South), Oakridge Apts. #7. Call Judy at 262-3800 if more info or directions (I lose many people) are needed. Lots of food, booze (BYOB), small talk, and dirty jokes will be in order. If you get too crowded, you can loosen up at the Giddings in two weeks - don't miss either social.

MARCH 16  
Saturday  
Timberline Nordic Skiing Clinic. Meet at Timberline at 9:00 a.m. for a day of x-country skiing instruction.

MARCH 16  
Saturday  
ALEXANDER BASIN SKI TOUR. Advanced (3,5). This tour will follow the east drainage of Butler Fork to the ridge and then to the head of Alexander Basin. The lower part of this canyon is quite steep and narrow, so be prepared to make some turns. Please register, since the leader needs a ride. Avalanche probes and cords will be required. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 8:30 a.m. Leader: Charlie Lesley - 487-6065.

MARCH 16  
Saturday  
MILLICENT-WOLVERINE-TUSCARORA SNOWSHOE TOUR. Intermediate (3,3). From the top of the Millicent lift at Brighton, the group will take the ridge to the top of Millicent. After making the rounds of the three peaks, descent will be via Catherine Pass and the Brighton Lakes. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 9:00 a.m. Leader: Charlie Swift - 532-3996.

MARCH 17  
Sunday  
WMC/Timberline Beginner Tour. Call Timberline for details before 6:00 p.m. Saturday - 466-2101.

MARCH 17  
Sunday  
OQUIRRH NORDIC TOUR. Intermediate. The annual expedition to the Oquirrhs will be to the vicinity of Ophir this year. It will be a fairly long tour over easy terrain. For details on departure time and place, call the leader - Buzz Marden - 278-1974.

MARCH 23-24  
Sat.-Sun.  
ADULT OPEN LODGE WEEKEND. Join us for a friendly fire-side evening and fun in the surrounding snow the next day. Bring your own fire water, bedding, breakfast, and snow gear. Pot luck dinner planned. Please call for suggestions for what is needed in the pot. Call after 5:00 p.m. to Ruth Hoppe - 364-7544 or Karen Weatherbee - 582-6799.

MARCH 23-24  
Sat.-Sun.  
RUBY MOUNTAINS WEEKEND. The Hovingh's will take a group to Nevada for a weekend of camping and skiing in the Ruby Mountains. Call by Thursday evening for details. Leader: Pete Hovingh - 359-4791.

MARCH 23  
Saturday  
TIMBERLINE NORDIC SKIING CLINIC. Meet at Timberline at 9:00 a.m. for a day of x-country skiing instruction.

MARCH 23  
Saturday  
SILVER FORK SNOWSHOE TOUR. Beginner (2,2). This tour can be as strenuous as you'd like to make it. The leader is willing to go all the way to the ridge, but you can stop any time. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 8:30 a.m. Leader: Phil Nelson - 485-0237.

MARCH 24  
Sunday  
WMC/TIMBERLINE BEGINNER TOUR. Call Timberline for details before 6:00 p.m. Saturday - 466-2101.

MARCH 30  
Saturday  
TIMBERLINE NORDIC SKIING CLINIC. Meet at Timberline at 9:00 a.m. for a day of x-country skiing instruction.

MARCH 30  
Saturday  
TONY GROVE NORDIC TOUR. Intermediate. Logan Canyon is the location of this week's x-country expedition. The terrain is ideal for the skinny skis, so the leader expects to make it a long day. Call him for details on time and place of departure. Leader: Dwight Nicholson - 359-6178.

MARCH 31  
Sunday  
WMC/TIMBERLINE BEGINNER TOUR. Call Timberline for details before 6:00 p.m. Saturday - 466-2101.

MARCH 31  
Sunday  
WHITE PINE ON BELL'S CANYON SKI TOUR. Advanced (5,5). The club hasn't done this super-tour for several years. It's a very long one, but upper Bell's Canyon offers some fantastic skiing and scenery for those willing to put in the effort. Plan on a very early start and possibly a late return, depending upon how far down the snow comes. Avalanche probes and cords will be required. For details call the leader - Alexis Kelner - 359-5387.

APRIL 6  
Saturday  
TIMBERLINE NORDIC SKIING CLINIC. Meet at Timberline at 9:00 a.m. for a day of x-country skiing instruction.

APRIL 6  
Saturday  
MILL D TO MILLCREEK SKI TOUR. Intermediate (2,3). Snow conditions will determine the route on this tour (and we may even decide to pass up Millcreek Canyon), but we can promise an outing of modest difficulty to wrap up the skiing season. This is a good one for nordic skis due to the long runout. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 8:30 a.m. Leader: George Swanson - 466-3003.

APRIL 7  
Sunday  
WMC/TIMBERLINE BEGINNER TOUR. Call Timberline for details before 6:00 p.m. Saturday - 466-2101.

APRIL 7  
Sunday  
CATHERINE PASS FROM BIRHGTON SNOWSHOE TOUR. Intermediate (2,2). The last snowshoe outing of the year will be an old favorite. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 9:00 a.m. Leader: George and Georgia Randall - 322-2360.

APRIL 11-12  
Wed.-Sat  
ESCALANTE EASTER FAMILY BACKPACK TRIP. We will start at the town of Escalante and follow the river down stream through beautiful canyons. Past many Indian Cliff Dwellings and a natural bridge. After three days and one hundred river crossings, more or less, we come out where Highway 12 crosses the Escalante River. Register by April 7th with Peter Pruess - 467-8284.

APRIL 12  
Friday  
RIVER RATS PRE-SEASON LODGE PARTY. Everyone welcome. Experienced river-runners, prospective river-runners, and those just curious about those mad people who enjoy being drenched and pummeled by rivers. April, when the snow starts to melt, is the time to think of recreational recycling of the snow into liquid form. This is an opportunity to familiarize yourself with the crafts

(rafts, kayaks, and canoes) equipment and people who ride the western rivers. Slides and movies will be shown. Refreshments will be available for a nominal fee. WMC Lodge, Brighton, 8:00 p.m. For further information call Ken McCarty evenings - 466-3297.

APRIL 20-21  
Sat.-Sun.

KAYAK THE COLORADO. Beginner trip on the Dewey Bridge - Moab stretch of the Colorado River. More details in April RAMBLER. Leader: Dan Thomas

APRIL 20-28

WMC GRAND CANYON RIVER TRIP. Deadline for all money for this trip is March 15. The commercial outfitter must have all the money at this time in order to buy supplies for the trip. Cost is \$280 plus approximately \$50 for transportation (for more details see February RAMBLER insert). Anyone interested call Mike Omana - 266-7819.

APRIL 21  
Sunday

THIRD ANNUAL B. GALE DICK GOURMET TOUR. Easy. Join the gang for a day of sun and epicurean repast. The tour will be leisurely, the company will be unsurpassed, and the food will be delightful. Bring along your favorite gastronomical treat to share with the group. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 10:00 a.m. Leader: Gale Dick - 359-5764.



# news and notices

## THANKS TO

...George and Georgia Randall for  
mailing the MARCH RAMBLER.

## HITCHED

...Marilyn Bateman and Kermit  
Earle.

## HATCHED

...A girl on February 12 to  
Sharon and Dave Cook.

## 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 APRIL is Friday,  
MARCH 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 pro-  
cessing.

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

REMEMBER THAT we need black and  
white glossies too!

\*\*\*\*\*  
Wednesday, March 13 - Pete Hovingh  
Escalante Wilderness Committee  
Meeting at 7:30 p.m. at  
721 Second Avenue, Salt Lake  
City at the Hovinghs - 359-4791.  
Meetings will be held the  
second Wednesday of each month  
until after the Glen Canyon  
National Recreation Area  
Hearings are held - perhaps this fall.

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.

SORC NEEDS YOU TO HELP SAVE OUR RIVERS!

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.

Current SORC members who wish to remain as active members, please send in your annual dues for the year 1974.

cut along this line

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

TELEPHONE \_\_\_\_\_

Check desired SORC membership class:

\_\_\_\_\_ Regular member, initiation fee \$2

\_\_\_\_\_ Active member, yearly dues \$3

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 \_\_\_\_\_

Let's make one thing "Perfectly Clear" -- OUR RIVERS !!



HELP SUPPORT THE SAVE OUR RIVERS COMMITTEE



In an effort to raise money for SORC projects, we are selling UTAH STARS tickets. These tickets will cost \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, and \$5.00. Come to the Salt Palace on March 22, 1974 at 7:15 PM to see the Stars play Denver - and become involved in saving the beautiful rivers which surround you.

For information:

Cal Giddings 521-9496

Marlene Austin 262-0680

Mike Omana 266-7819

Bob Everson 487-0029





## NEW WMC BOARD

The following people have been elected to the W.M.C. Board of Directors for 1974-75.

PRESIDENT . . . . . Dale Green  
SECRETARY . . . . . Betty Hendricks  
TREASURER . . . . . Mel Davis  
BOATING . . . . . Ken McCarty  
CONSERVATION. . . . Virginia Louden  
ENTERTAINMENT . . Karen Weatherbee  
HIKING . . . . . Bill Rosqvist  
LODGE . . . . . Phil Nelson  
MEMBERSHIP . . . . . Marlene Austin  
MOUNTAINEERING . . . Paul Horton  
PUBLICATIONS . . . . Audrey Stevens  
Mary Welch  
SKI TOURING . . . . Dwight Nicholson  
KAYAKING . . . . . J. Dewell  
  
Three-Year Trustee . . . Bob Wright  
Four-Year Trustees . . . Charles Keller

## ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM THE BOARD

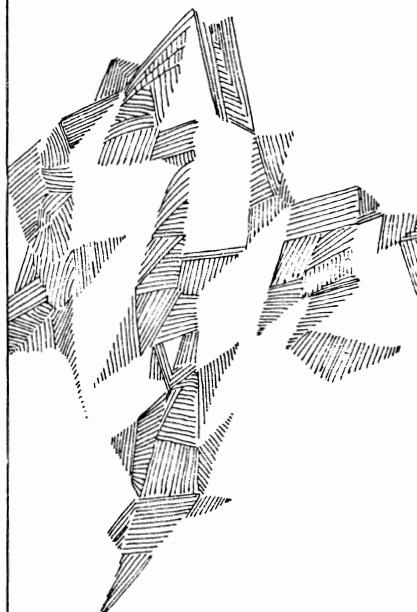
Another year has passed. March 6 is our joint meeting of the Board and the new Board members take over their duties. This year a Kayak Director was added to the Board and the Transportation Director deleted.

There was lots of activity in the area of Conservation. Many new members were added to the Club roster.

There were many good leaders for the Club functions which are dearly appreciated. We need more member participation. Thanks to all of you who spent your time making the WMC a fine organization. We look forward to a great year.

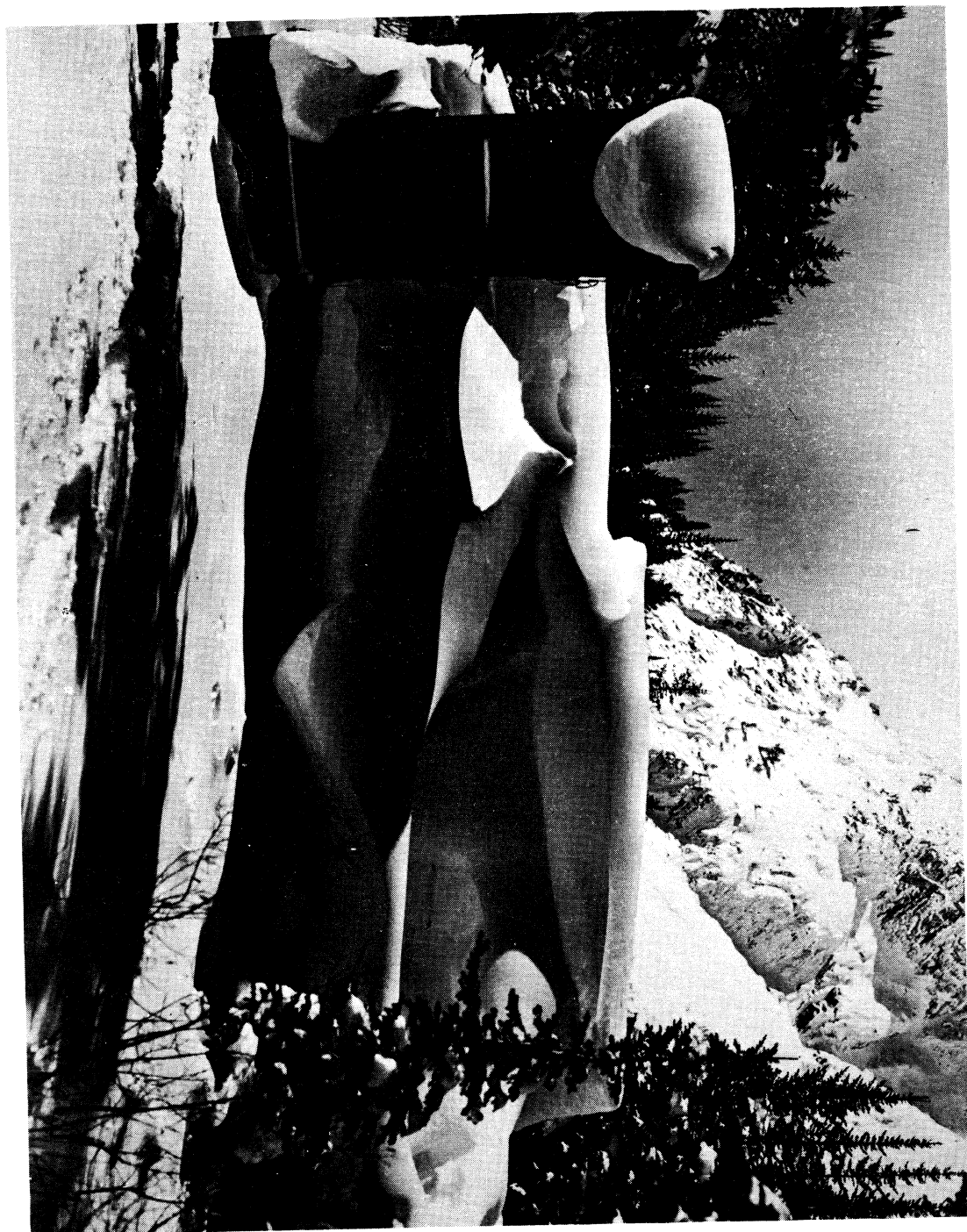
Secretary  
WMC

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sensitive nature  
A finite resource of  
Infinite Worth  
A Priceless Heritage,  
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**Sam Allan 486-6834**  
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3466 HIGHLAND DRIVE



# *snowy ski tour*

By Patti Schweers

Five eager cross-country skiers met at Timberline on Sunday morning of January 27 for a day of ski touring. With several days accumulation of new snow and an early morning clearing trend in the valley, we were especially excited by the prospects of a sunny day. Giving our destination for the day some discussion, we decided on a tour to Desolation Lake and were off into the canyon.

The day began with sunshine filtering through the rapidly moving clouds and small sprinklings of snow being shed upon us. We stopped a few times to take in the beautiful views, rap about our choice of wax, and remove extra clothing as we went up Mill D Fork. We climbed up over a ridge and at that point the sun became obscured by passing clouds, the snow began to fall more vigorously, and we entered into a silent world of pine and deep dry snow. The temperature dropped and after gliding our way in and out of the woods, we stopped for lunch and a change to warmer clothing. We located a ridge and beneath it a lovely unwooded hill where we made attempts at perfecting our downhill techniques through several feet of fresh glorious powder snow. It was great fun and the sun managed to peek out at us as we alternated floating and falling down the slope.

Despite our days wanderings, Desolation Lake eluded us, but that didn't seem to matter much since there was ample beauty for us to enjoy. Members of the group were Marin Sands, Bill Berg, Wick Miller, and Patti Schweers under the expert and entertaining leadership of Court Richards.



Mineral Fork snowshoe trip Larry James

# *powder mountain*

MOONLIGHT TREK

By John Hubert

Per schedule a small group of Wasatch Mountain and Sierra Clubbers met at John Hubert's home in Ogden and car pooled to Powder Mountain. At 6:00 p.m. we skied southward and then down a back side canyon where Jock Calidden put on an excellent demonstration of linked Telemark as well as Wedeln turns.

After a big fire and supper, we climbed back to the ridge top and returned to Powder Mountain at about 11:00 p.m. The moon was on and off but the light was good, scenery magnificent and we wished more had joined us. Walter Haas, Yukio Kachi, Richard Cohn and John Herbert participated from the WMC and Jock Calidden and Jack and Jean Lawrence from the Sierra Club.

# Rolling through

## AFRICA

By Carol and Del Wiens

There it was at last! With great excitement we paused for our first glimpse of Africa, the hills of Morocco looming above the Straits of Gibraltar. We were headed for Cape Town, so many thousand miles south that we'll have to admit that just a bit of apprehension mingled with the excitement of that moment.

We had bought a shiny new Landrover in London and had spent many frustrating days outfitting and gathering visas before heading south through France, Andorra and Spain. Our entourage included our three daughters ages 5, 8, and 10. Now we would cross the Strait, see a bit of Morocco and continue on to Algiers to meet the Viavants who were arriving via Yugoslavia and Israel.

In Algiers we all did last minute shopping. We never did locate any flashlight batteries in that enormous city but we did accidentally happen upon Suzanne and Herman Hertel, WMC members of a few years ago. Finally, the moment of truth had come and we headed south toward the heart of the Sahara. It was now September 11 and just beginning to be cool enough for safe desert travel. We were well equipped with spare parts, tools, seven jerry cans for gas and five for water. We had an enjoyable two weeks traveling with the Viavants through a beautiful variety of desert scenery, from oasis to oasis each with a welcome melon and cold beer supply. Then - as you probably have heard, car trouble forced them to remain behind at Tamanrasset and we continued after sad goodbyes.

In northern Niger we were told that flooding had made our route impassable, so we made a memorable cross-country detour with a dashing young Taureg guide. When we began to see more vegetation and birds, we realized with sadness that we were out of the desert. We had truly enjoyed its emensity and desolation and ever-changing landscape.

In southern Niger we joined up with two young Australian couples who were driving an old British army ambulance and traveled with them for many weeks. Together we continued south through Nigeria then east through Cameroon and the Central African Republic and the Congo (which was renamed Zaire one night as we lay in our tent listening to the BBC). We had some exciting border crossings, such as a near shoot-out at the southern Algeria border and the smuggling of two visa-less Australians into Nigeria (until crossing a border began to seem like trying to pass GO). Through the Congo basin the roads were terribly muddy and there were many nervous moments. We crossed big rivers on some unbelievable "ferries", and had a delightful visit at a rubber-coffee-coconut oil plantation. And eventually we stood on the continental divide looking with great awe upon the Rift Valley.

In those days Uganda was a nice place and we visited an outstanding game park and stopped in Kampala to collect our first mail since Morocco and to eat ice cream. Then three months after leaving London, we arrived in Nairobi.

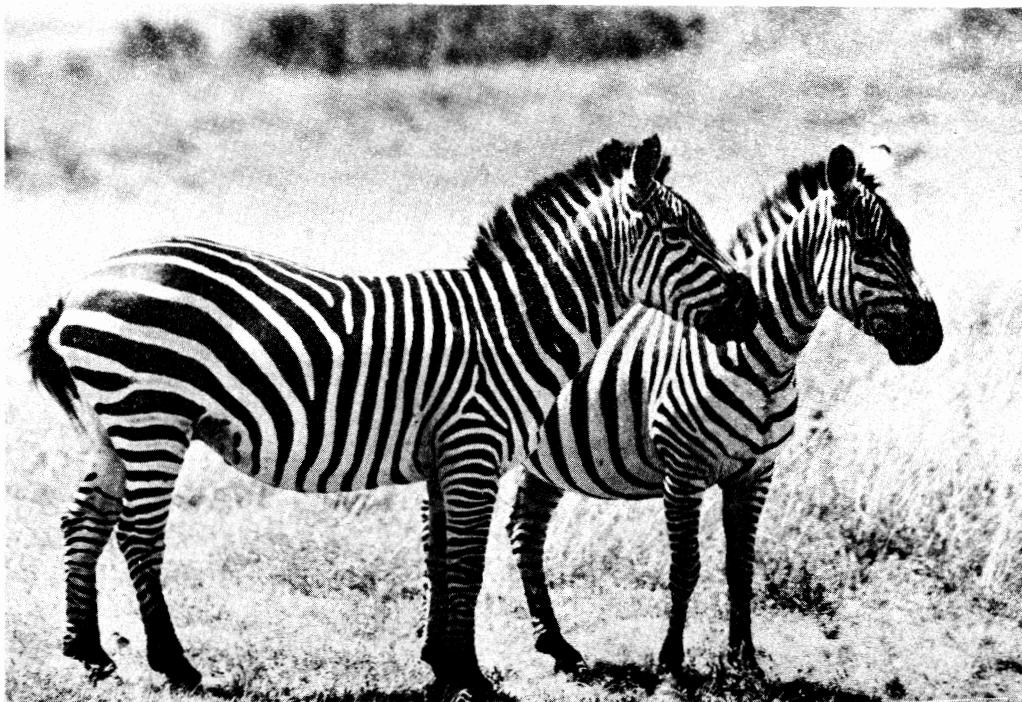
We stayed in Kenya for four months, taking numerous trips out of Nairobi. Kenya is our favorite African country because of the great variety of scenery, the many colorful tribes, and the political stability which promotes well-managed game parks.

In mid-March we packed up and continued south to Cape Town. The absolute highlight of this leg of the trip was Serengeti National Park in Tanzania. It is in rolling savannah country, dotted with flat-topped acacias and thousands of animals - Hemmingway's Africa. We continued on through Zambia to Malawi (another ugly border scene), then back into Zambia when the Frelimo guerrilla activity made us decide to by-pass Mozambique and go through Rhodesia to Botswana (one more border problem). Botswana was another favorite spot,

there was 11 miles of paved road in the whole country! We took a little-used route across the northern edge of the Kalahari Desert and came out in South West Africa. From there to Cape Town the country was very much like parts of Utah.

We were in and out of Cape Town for the next four months so had many pleasant visits with Nick and Marie Strickland. During the four months we saw much of South Africa and Madagascar. Then exactly one year from the day that we had left London, we and the Landrover took a ship to Perth. And the next four months we spent Rovering through Australia.

We'll add a bit of summary. We found the stretch from Algiers to Mairobi to be the most exciting part



of our trip due to the terrific variety in scenery and peoples. The Nairobi to Cape Town stretch (except for our Botswana route) is more traveled, much of the road is paved and the scenery is not as varied. In general the roads weren't too bad, VW buses make the trip all the time although they may have to take the better of alternate routes. Gas and water were never a problem, the longest stretch between was about

600 miles. Food was more difficult, we bought whatever we could along the way but rice, corned beef and sardines were our usual fare. We camped all the way, no problems with snakes, scorpions, tropical diseases or head hunters. Except for a few officials, the Africans were extremely friendly and helpful, it was only their great curiosity which annoyed us at times. How - we'd like to make the trip again!



From Mike Omana for S. O. R. C.

#### Wilderness for Dinosaur National Monument

On March 16, 1974 in Vernal, Utah, the National Parks Service will hold a public hearing on a proposal to include 45,100 acres of Dinosaur National Monument in the National Wilderness Preservation system.

Wilderness classification for this area would keep the dam builders and developers from destroying yet another priceless primitive recreation area.

The Save Our Rivers Committee feels that this area must be protected. 45,100 acres of wilderness is a good start, but not nearly enough to adequately preserve this area. The proposal, as is, leaves many gaps, with some very narrow river wilderness corridors, and some areas with wilderness designation on one side of the river only.

There are 130,300 additional acres in the monument designated as potential wilderness additions. SORC feels these lands should be added to the 45,100 acres, forming a total wilderness of 175,400 acres, leaving an unimproved road into Echo Park Campground plus a few other developed areas open to motorized vehicles, but closing other unnecessary roads, with the stipulation that no new improvements be made to the roads left open.

For those interested in attending the Vernal hearings, SORC is holding an information meeting March 13, at 8 p.m. at Carol Kumpfer's house, 657 South 6th East, Salt Lake City.

For those interested in writing letters to the National Parks Service on the wilderness proposal for Dinosaur National Monument, there will be an information meeting March 21 at 8 p.m. at the Zion Lutheran Church, 1070 Foothill Drive.

Your letters will have an effect on the final wilderness proposal decision for Dinosaur National Monument. So make the small effort to attain the facts, then write a letter to National Parks Service, Dinosaur National Monument, Dinosaur, Colorado 81610.

For more information call Mike Omana 266-7819, Bob Everson 487-0029, or J. Dewell 295-2754.



# santaquin canyon river run



Stream Crossing in Santaquin Canyon

Photo by Richard Wagner

(Advanced Nordic Tour)

By Richard Wagner

When we met at 6:30 in the morning, it was snowing. But a little snow never stopped the Wasatch Club, and soon, we were off to the south to get away from the crowds and snowmobiles that inhabit canyons closer to Salt Lake City. It was hard to tell where we were in the snow and fog, and you can't trust the signs on a freeway where the speed limit signs read "55". But we finally found a canyon approximately where Santaquin Canyon should be, and started climbing up through the early morning gloom.

There was no doubt that we were on an advanced tour. Any tour that combines a sixteen mile round trip with a four thousand foot climb to the ridge has to be an advanced tour. More than a dozen stream crossings turned the tour into a continuation of the previous week's advanced ski touring course. We learned many of

the trickier maneuvers used to avoid or cross obstacles, and our leader gave us demonstrations of what happens when you try to walk on water with your skis, or when you miss the snow bridge and ski headlong into the creek. He also demonstrated how to scrape ice off your skis.

The lower part of the canyon was on a good road with fresh snow covering old snowmobile tracks. In the upper part of the canyon, we were surrounded by beautiful slopes of untracked powder. But the dozens of stream crossings in between gave us much experience in finding snowbridges, or balancing on our skis on snow-covered rocks or in more extreme cases, taking off our skis and wading across. At first, we were hesitant with this maneuver, but by the five-hundredth crossing, we would ski up to the stream, only stopping long enough to jump out of our bindings and throw the skis across the stream, then cross the stream ourselves, step into the bindings, and be on our way.



## SANTAQUIN CANYON RIVER RUN (continued)

The snow stopped falling early in the day, but the clouds stayed, giving us pleasant temperatures all the way up and down. But the view from the ridge while eating our lunches was mainly of clouds, and we never saw Mt. Nebo.

Eight miles of downhill skiing on perfect snow might have been heaven. But after the ten-millionth stream crossing, even the most experienced tourers were complaining that they had more than doubled the number of stream crossings in their lives on this one tour.

Leader: Dave Smith

Others: Alan Taye, Yukio Kachi, Milt Hollander, Richard Wagner, Dwight Nicholson, Phil and Marie Ryan

## *silver fork canyon tour*

Saturday, January 19, we rode the Mill-icent lift and made the usual ascent to Twin Lakes Pass. The weather was closing in all the time and on the traverse to Silver Fork the visibility became very limited. A U.S.G.S. map and a ninety-eight cent compass is all that saved us from a side trip to Alta. When we arrived at the real head of the canyon, it cleared up so we enjoyed the powder all the way down.

Steve Swanson did an admirable job of leading Tony Bates, Norm Peterson, Dick Conn, and George Swanson.

### **DUES ARE DUE ! ! !**

The time has come for each Wasatch Mountain Club member to send a few bucks to the Club for his annual membership dues.

HOW MUCH?

\$6 for individuals and \$9 for couples if both are club members.

WHEN?

Immediately!

WHERE?

Use handy envelope enclosed and send directly to the Club address at 3155 Highland Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106.

WHO?

This means every Club member unless you are a new member who just joined in the last two months.

QUESTIONS?

If you have any questions, call the Membership Director as listed on the back of The Rambler.

REMEMBER!

If you let your membership lapse, you will stop receiving The Rambler and you will have to pay the entrance fee again when you rejoin.



George Lowe on the 1st winter ascent of the west face of the Grand Teton.  
Feb. 19-22 1972

Photo by Jeff Lowe



**TIMBERLINE  
SPORTS, INC.**

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## TIMBERLINE RECYCLING CENTER

After talking with Mountain Traders in Berkeley, we were enthused with their program of recycling used mountain gear for their customers. They did stress, however, that the costs to their store in providing this service were substantial. These costs came in the following areas:

1. Loss of sales that might otherwise have been generated in the space used for the recycling program.
2. Costs incurred in maintaining an orderly display.
3. Cost of time of employees used in answering questions and fitting used boots, etc.

Thus after consultation with Mountain Traders, we have set the following conditions for our recycling center which will hopefully allow us to provide a service for you and cover the costs we incur in so doing,

1. Recycling items will be limited to Backpacking, Mountaineering and Ski Touring equipment.
2. You set the price. We charge 25% of your price as a service charge. This charge covers our costs and is assessed whether the gear is sold or not (we incur the costs either way).
3. There is a 2-month time limit; we do not have room to keep used gear indefinitely. If your gear has not been sold after 2 months, we will take it off display and phone you to come get it.
4. As our space is limited, we may have to ask you to hold off until space is available.

So, if you have old, outgrown, or unused mountain gear sitting around the house, bring it down and we will try to sell it for you!

# HIGH UINTAS TREK

## PART II: PURGATORY

by Bill Rosqvist

With reluctance I picked up my heavy pack, the weight was more than I liked to carry, but it always contained those few extra luxuries that were so enjoyed in the evenings. The experiences of our lunch break were still warm on my heart --. What a beautiful country. I had hopes that the trek would last for an eternity, but I knew that it must end in a few days. I was determined to make every sense provide a fullness of appreciation and enjoyment.

We skirted the north-east side of the lakes and headed up the trail to a small notch to the right of a tall peak which must be Cleveland. The trail ascended steeply, the map indicated we would gain 600 ft. in a half mile, through many open grassy meadows. The grass was so tall that occasionally we lost the trail crossing from one side of a clearing to the other. Along the way we passed the burned-out stump of a once majestic fir which had obviously been struck by lightning. The core had been burned out from the top down to where the roots entered the ground, leaving only a hollow shell. From a distance it looked like a bishop from a rustic chess set, with a regal brown-bark papal crown.

The trail continued up with unusual steepness. We were too used to the gentle grade of the trail for the last six miles. Reluctantly the trail gave out as we approached the pass, and we were forced to follow cairns which grew in size until they were as tall as a man, on the



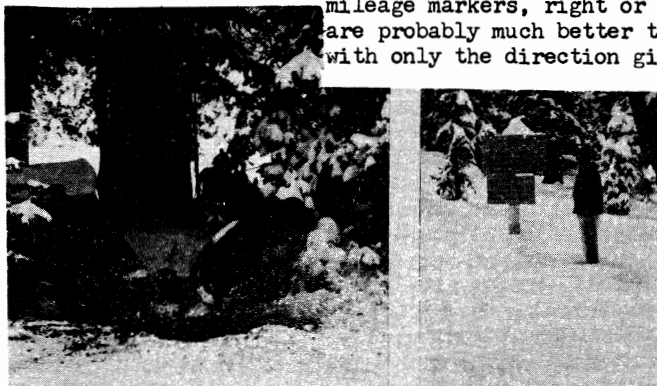
long plateau of Cleveland Pass. In the distance Cleveland Peak rose to 12,500 feet, a full 2,000 feet above where we stood. It was a perfect specimen of what the Uinta Mountains were like. At first glance it appeared nothing more than a gigantic pile of gravel; closer inspection, however, revealed features of ridges, couloirs, and cliffs. I am more accustomed to the crisp lines of the Tetons, Wind Rivers, and the Wasatch to be awe-inspired by the corpulent nature of these mountains. Even so the mountaineer in me required that I search the vista for a possible route to the summit. Each ridge and couloir revealed some unsafe territory or impassable obstacles. No clear route seemed obvious.

We stopped at the trail junction; the west fork leading to Squaw Basin, the north to Ottoson Basin. Cleveland Lake was about a half mile to the northwest of us, nestled beneath the shoulder of Cleveland Peak. We had a glimpse of the area near Ottoson when we crossed East Basin Pass early in the morning, and we were curious to see what secrets it held. Because the wind was gusting 30-35 mph., and Mel was indifferent, I voted no, and we headed down the trail to Squaw Lake.

The short stop at the junction had cooled me off considerably, as I wore only a tee shirt and a pair of light cotton, well ventilated walking shorts. As a result, I started off down the row of cairns at a good clip. My exuberance to recoup the lost calories and the plainness of the trail markings led me to push forward faster than usual. Quickly, I had left Mel behind and found myself walking alone. The solitude and the imposing nature of the sky provided an enjoyable environment to my steady gait. Suddenly, I realized that there was no trail, and at a reduced pace, my careful examination revealed that there were no cairns in sight, neither in front, nor in back of me. A few minutes later,

of the same type of terrain. It was as though we were constantly doing a video instant-replay. At long last we arrived at the very old trail junction sign. It had many initials carved on it, and near the direction "Squaw Lake - 1" someone had crudely scratched "You're full of s---". I guess that meant that the distance was more or less than the one mile indicated. I certainly hoped that it meant less. Earlier, Mel had told me that the Forest Service personnel in the Ashley part of the Uinta Primitive Area was in the process of eliminating the distance figures from all the trail signs. We had seen a few of the new signs and felt that trail signs with mileage markers, right or wrong, are probably much better than those with only the direction given.

Photos by Mel Davis



HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS or What time's the next bus?

much to my chagrin, Mel appeared over the ridge and found me wandering, hopelessly lost in a huge meadow of ravines and small ridges. I shouted for him to not lose sight of the cairns as I had done. He laughed at my folly and showed me the trail. This was my first lesson in how to follow the trail signs; but not the last, as soon will be seen.

The trail from the pass to the Squaw Basin junction seemed very long, with an endless repetition

We arrived at Squaw Lake in record time -- it was shorter than a mile. Mel was not convinced, however, that we were at Squaw Lake, because the maps we had showed the trail passing on the west side of the lake, and we were on the east side. He was only partly convinced when I showed him a sign christening the place "Squaw Lake".

We made camp quickly and cooked supper in the tent because the wind blowing outside made things rather miserable. It wasn't long, however.

with the cloud cover, until it was dark, and I was snuggled deep in my bag, having dreams of sizzling steaks with mushroom sauce and mashed potatoes. Fortunately, Mel had recommended we cover our packs with plastic garbage sacks; the storm came alright, but we grossly underestimated its force, and the possible impact on our odyssey.

As I awoke about daybreak, I listened to the rain on the tent -- but was that really rain? I had slept in this old tent in foul weather enough to know the difference between rain and snow. Stabs of fear shot through my frame and chills ran down my back as I unzipped the door. There before my eyes lay two inches of white fluffy winter. Winter? This had been planned as a late fall hike.

What had started out as a beautiful experience could suddenly be transformed into a struggle for survival.

I woke Mel and broke the news. We discussed the situation, took mental inventory of our equipment and supplies, and decided to wait awhile, and hoped the storm was just a local thing, and would quickly pass over. (What we didn't know was that the storm was over the entire area, west to Salt Lake, and east to the Colorado border).

With a tense urgency, we cooked breakfast, ate, dressed, packed, and waited. Again we discussed our plight as the snow continued to fall. Should we return the way we had come, make a beeline to the Primitive Area boundary and hope for a telephone, or continue on as scheduled? Carefully, we went over each piece of equipment. Would it sustain us in full winter conditions? There was no question about the tent and our bags; we had done winter camping in them before. Our only weak points seemed to be the

mitten and Mel's boots. The mittens were light and would not produce much warmth. (Mel didn't have any.) Mel's boots were well worn, and not made for winter conditions. I had good boots, 'gators, long wool socks, and wool nickers. We both had good parkas and sweaters. We had carried about one and a half days extra food, and had an extra butane fuel cartridge.

Mel's boots were the crux of the decision, so I felt that he should make the decision. Should we go on for three more days, or take one long day and walk out to the south? We fully realized that if the intensity of the storm continued, and then if the cloud cover should lift, things could get very, very cold.

Mel decided that since we had clearly defined our route, and had left that information with our families, and that if things really got bad we could hole-up in the tent comfortably for a week, and that this was the first storm of the season so it probably wouldn't last very long, we may as well add a bit more adventure to the trip and keep going.

We quickly struck the tent and left our four-by-seven foot bare spot in the snow behind us. Mel was still concerned that the trail was on the other side of the lake, and he headed in that direction. Thus we were about to receive our second lesson: always follow the trail signs. In a matter of minutes we had lost the trail. I suggested we go back to the lake and pick it up again. Mel looked at the map and convinced me that we were heading in the right direction to intersect the trail near the pass leading into Rock Creek drainage. I naively agreed and we trudged on, cross country, through the storm.

After we had walked for what seemed a mile, I remembered that I had brought a compass. Taking a reading, I found that we were walking in the right direction, according to the map. To make a long slog through a snow storm short, we got lost, wandered about two miles too far north, and finally found the trail near the junction to Rock Lakes and Squaw Basin.

We climbed up the trail, which cut over the shoulder of a long ridge. The trail was rather steep going, and the snow made it slick in spots. I could not be certain, but it appeared that someone had descended the trail earlier this morning. Occasionally, part of a boot print could be detected, also the imprint of the ferrel of an ice ax or walking stick showed up. We had not seen anyone for two days, since we left Atwine Lake the first day out.

The storm gave indications of letting up, and every once-in-a-while the snow stopped altogether. Once the sun came out and we had hopes that the storm was breaking up. The great thunder-heads looked omnipotent, with their black centers and silver edges. The distant rumblings did not add to my confidence.

We topped the ridge and started rather happily down the other side, following the well-used trail, when the light snow flurries suddenly changed into a raging thunderstorm. We quickly slipped under the shelter of a dwarf fir to protect ourselves from the pelting of the hailstones.. a quarter of an inch in diameter, they were. Almost as quickly as it had engulfed us, the storm passed, to let the light snow continue. The wind was gusting, whipping snow in my face and occasionally flopping the tail of my poncho over my head. Again the storm looked like it was dissipating; I couldn't tell if the thunder

in the distance was coming or going. We stopped and discussed the situation-- had we really made the right decision-- we would know by tomorrow morning.

The fury of the storm increased again, only this time it was more intense than at any previous time. This was my first experience at being in a snow thunder storm. We were following the trail markers, cairns, and the tree blazes, almost due north. To

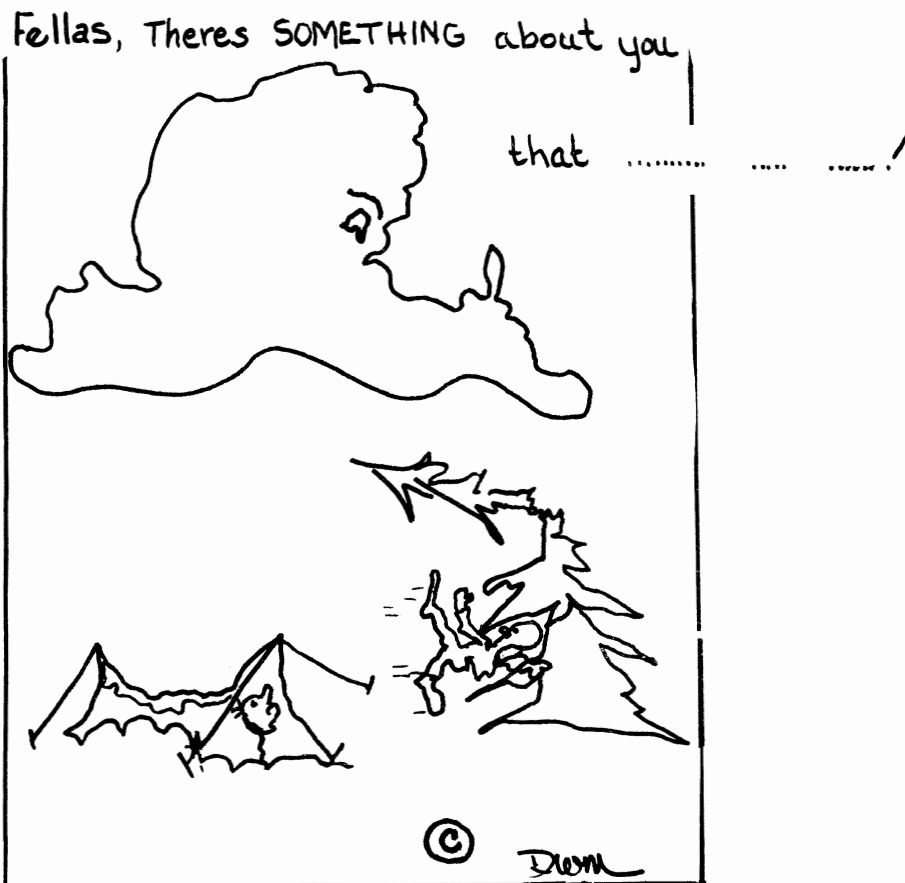
the east of us was an abrupt ridge paralleling the trail whose crest was about two thousand feet above us. To the west of us was dense forestation, and the low lands of the Rock Creek drainage. We could see neither the ridge crest or into the drainage because of the storm. As the intensity of the storm increased, my reaction was to want to find a big rock to hide under. The lightning would no sooner flash than shock of the thunder would be all around us. I was certain that the strikes were hitting the top of the ridge above us. The intensity reached a great crescendo, with lightning flashing every ten to fifteen seconds. We would move a short distance, stop in the protection of a tree or rock, discuss the situation, and move on again. The wind was constantly blowing our ponchos over our heads or into our faces. The trail was very hard to follow as the snow deepened. We were required to move from cairn to cairn, blaze to blaze. Often we had to spot through the swirling snow and wisps of flog. We passed through many bogs and marshes, which did not reveal themselves under the snow until it was sometimes too late to save a foot from sinking into ankle-deep mud. Many of the open meadows had the remnants of tall summer grass, now covered with snow. Mel's pants were soaked all the way to his knees. and I was sure that his boots were just as

wet. There was an omnipresent drip from the end of my nose; I saw that Mel had one too, so I didn't feel quite so bad.

We approached an area dotted with lakes. The storm had subsided, so I stopped to take a few notes; Mel continued on a ways. I wrote for only a few minutes before continuing on, but it was ten before I saw anything of him but his footprints.

A half hour later we are still walking and looking. Finally, we spread our ponchos out in the lee of a large fir tree which was still clear of snow. Soon the stove was purring and water heating. We dug out a few goodies from our packs and had lunch, while the storm raged around us.

All of a sudden, as though someone could not bear to see us the least



Mel suggested we find a sheltered spot to start the stove and have a little hot Ovaltine. We continued to walk, but found no adequate place to stop.

bit comfortable, the wind started blowing from the south rather than the north, and we were again being pelted with the full fury of the storm. Before we could get the food



under cover, everything was covered with snow. We quickly packed as best we could and started up the trail again.

The trail was completely covered and everywhere I looked the terrain looked the same. We could only move from cairn to cairn to be sure we were on the trail. We continued in this manner for about two hours. The snow had accumulated to about six inches. We walked past some un-named lakes, and finally arrived at Anderson Lake. This had been a major goal all day long. We knew that Phinney Lake was only about a half mile further.

We continued following the blazes and cairns until we came to a stream in the middle of a large meadow. There was a blaze at the waters edge but none could be seen on the other side. The snow glare was starting to get to me and I thought I was seeing things from looking so hard. Mel headed a little to the west and I went east looking for trail signs. Finally, after a long time, Mel hollered that he had found a cairn. Soon we were relaxing near Phinney Lake, deciding whether we should camp here or try to get to Ledge Lake. Ledge was at a major trail junction and was the spot we were scheduled to make camp. We felt we would be easier found there if someone had to come looking for us.

Almost as though our decision to continue on to Ledge Lake signaled our intention to continue to do battle with the forces at hand, the storm turned loose its unpleasantness again.

We found that the trail was poorly marked for this last mile and visibility was dropping very rapidly. Occasionally the trail

was discernable as a very faint rut through the trees and meadows. We crossed the stream running out of Phinney Lake and headed up the wooded slope beyond, always staying in the rut. The trail led up over a low ridge and down the other side into another open meadow with a stream. There was a clear trail to the waters edge but I was not sure where it came out on the other side. We headed for the point which seemed the obvious place for the trail to enter the timber and found it a bit to the south. We followed it up over another short ridge and down the other side again.

I was about exhausted, and stopped in the shelter of a tree, just short of another stream, and propped my pack against the trunk. As I looked across the meadow to the other side of the stream, the ceiling was dropping more and the wind was whipping up a real blizzard. Almost in panic we made for the stream and crossed. There were fresh deer trails all over the meadow and I was confused as to which direction to go. Mel sighted what looked like a cairn in about the middle of the meadow and pointed it out to me. I grabbed my compass and took a bearing, hoping we wouldn't have to use it to back-track later. We headed for the cairn, which was just barely visible. By the time we pushed through the snow to the cairn, the trees at the edge of the meadow were almost invisible. I read the bearing I took at the stream to be 316 degrees. We continued along that line into the trees. The snow was blowing in our faces, making it harder to see. We knew that Ledge Lake was near, but where? I suggested to Mel that we find a sheltered place quickly, get the tent set up, and try to find the lake in the morning. He agreed that it was a good idea.

We wandered up through the scattered trees, looking for a place to stop, the trail long since having been lost. As we looked, the wind whipped the clouds away on my left and I thought I could see a large black cliff. Checking the map, I found that the only cliff in the area was right above Ledge Lake. We made a beeline in that direction, and there through the swirling snow appeared the outlines of a lake. A sign-post verified that we had found Ledge Lake, finally. What a relief!

We found a nice sheltered spot near the trail junction and began to set up the tent. It was so cold that the tent poles froze to my bare hands, and it was with great difficulty that I got the tent up. It was still wet from last night's ordeal and froze in the icy wind. I felt myself getting numb all over and wondered if I was suffering from the first stages of hypothermia.

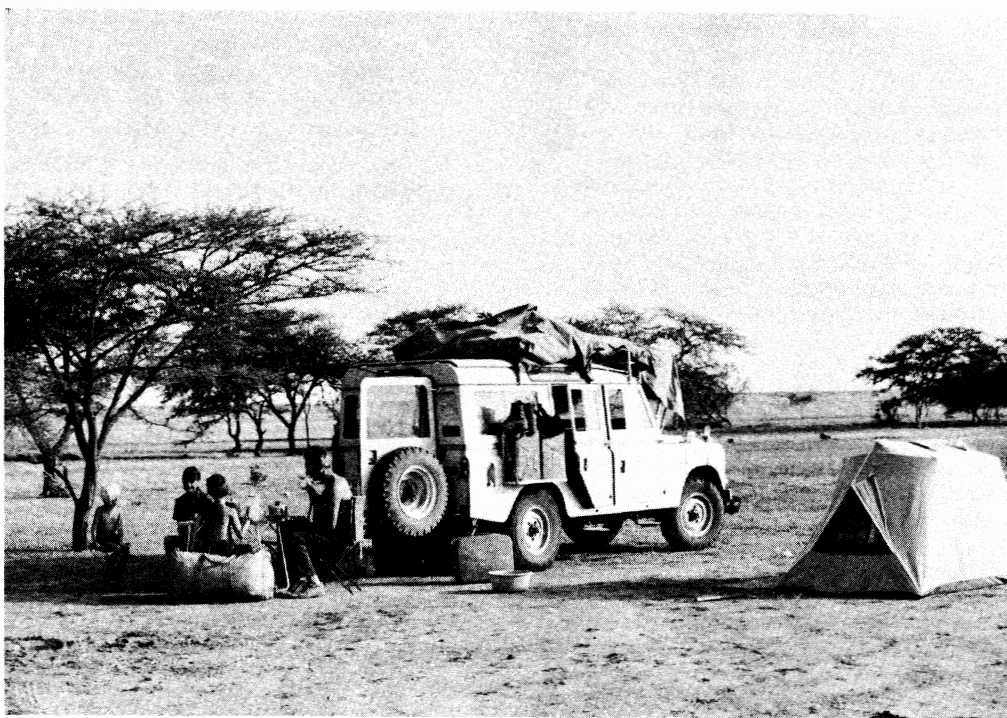
Soon we were in the tent, with a hot drink in our hands, and getting as comfortable as possible for the night. I slipped into my damp bag with false hopes of getting warm. I dozed lightly all night long without really sleeping. The storm didn't stop until morning.

Sunlight hit the tent as I aroused myself from my half-sleep. With high hopes I looked outside, to behold twelve inches of new snow; a beautiful winter wonderland, and on the last day of August. How could it be?

We were glad that we had been at least partially prepared.

Next month: Part III "Exaltation"

ROVERING THROUGH AFRICA



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.) Dues include RAMBLER subscription.

I am specifically interested in the items checked below:

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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

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB, INC.

3155 Highland Drive/Salt Lake City/Utah 84106

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