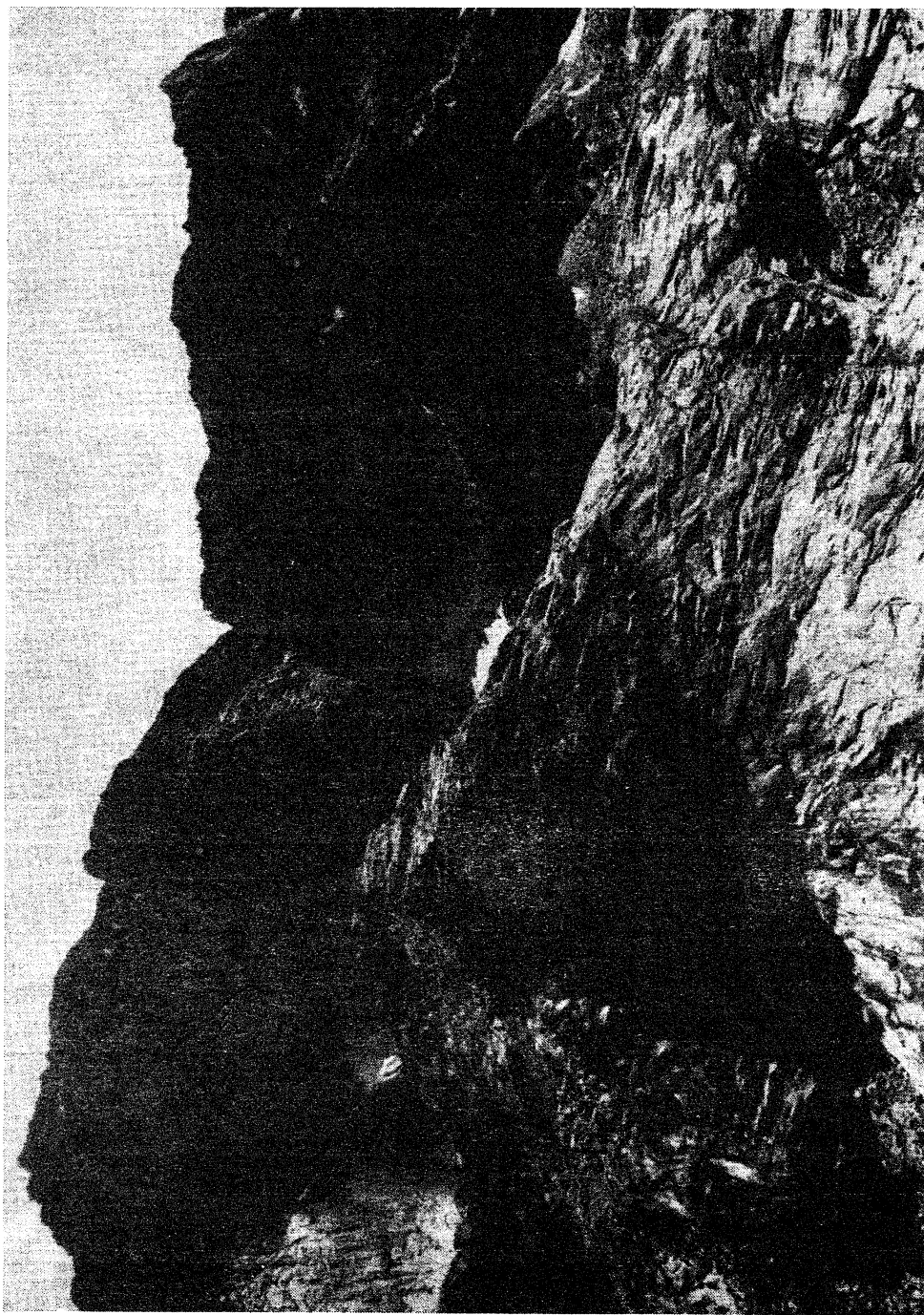


The Rambler

OCTOBER 1977



Official Publication of THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

News and Notices

Cover:

The route of G. Janiec and J.P. Sloan starts from Temple Lake and joins the ridge shown in the center of the slide and heads up diagonally to the right to the skyline, then along the skyline to the notch, followed by the N.W. skyline ridges to the summit of Mt. Temple. (See article on pg. 5)

Rambler Deadline

....for November is Saturday, Oct. 15.

Type (double-space) your articles/schedules, indicate your name and telephone number on your articles, slides, prints, etc., and place your slides or prints in protective folders. Mail to (or drop by):

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

3155 Highland Dr.

Salt Lake City, Utah 84106

ATTENTION: RAMBLER EDITOR

THE RAMBLER is published monthly by the Wasatch Mountain Club, Inc. 3155 Highland Dr., Salt Lake City, Utah 84106, telephone, 363-6150. Subscription rates of \$5.00 a year are paid for by membership dues only. Prospective members may obtain 2 free RAMBLERS (consecutive issues) by contacting the Membership Director. Direct correspondence dealing with changes of address, mailing, etc., to the Membership Director also. Second Class postage is paid at Salt Lake City, Utah. Publication Number is 053410.

Thanks....

Thanks this month go to Larry Hoskins, Leah Mancini, Joanie Caucus, Camille Pierce, Dale Green, and John Moellmer.

The Wasatch Mountain Club is governed by a Board of Directors - 13 representatives elected by the membership. Through the courtesy of Timberline Sports, our mail is sent to their address, 3155 Highland Drive, for collection only. The Club's telephone is located at O'Dell's Shoe Repair Shop, 425 South 8th West. This phone is maintained as an answering service only by Life Members 'Pete' (O'Dell) Peterson and wife 'Pinky'. They take time out from their work to answer the phone and relay incoming messages to the proper Director. The Petersons do not hold any office, or attend Board meetings or are they informed by the Board of official actions. If a trip leader cannot be contacted or is not specified, call the Director of that department for information. The Board strongly desires to hear comments, suggestions, inquiries, and criticisms concerning the operation of your Club. Please feel free to phone any Director or write to the President. Names will be withheld upon request, but anonymous letters will be disregarded.

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.

Club Activities..October, 1977

HIKING INFORMATION: Members participating in easy or intermediate hiking (rating below 7.0) are generally not required to register with the leader. Unless otherwise stated, advanced hikes (rating above 7.0) do require registration. Adequate equipment is a must for advanced hiking. You can participate in these events only if you have demonstrated your ability on other hiking activities and if you have adequate and well broken-in boots with good Vibram-type

soles and suitable protective clothing. Special equipment, such as an ice axe, may be specified and you are expected to be able to handle such equipment. Remember that these restrictions are set for your safety as well as that of your fellow members.

Children are permitted on hikes with a rating of less than 3.0; however, permission of the leader is required on hikes with a rating between 3.0 and 5.0.



September 30
Friday

END OF SUMMER RITES AT AUDREY STEVEN'S HOUSE. All WMC members and friends welcome. Slides and prints of this summer's mountaineering high camps will be featured. BYOL and POTLUCK; bring a hot dish or salad or dessert. Serving at 7:30 p.m. Turn off I-80 at Parley's Summit and follow the "Stevens" cairns.

October 1
Saturday

MT. NEBO. El. 11,928. Rating: 9.0. Mt. Nebo is the highest peak in the Wasatch Range and lies approximately 70 miles south of Salt Lake. Call leader Carl Bauer for details at 355-6036. He will need a ride.

October 1
Saturday

AMERICAN FORK TWINS FROM ALTA. El. 11,489. Rating 9.0. The hike will begin at Alta. The return route is being left to the discretion of the leader. It should prove to be an exhilarating day for those who are in shape. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 a.m. Leader: Jerry Horton. 262-8372.

October 1-2
Sat-Sun

ORDERVILLE CANYON-ZIONS. We were rained out on the first try this year, so we'll try it once more. Tentative plans call for hiking Orderville on Saturday and possibly doing some short hikes on Sunday. This trip will be limited to 15 persons. Call Mike Hendrickson, 278-9856 for details and registration.

October 2
Sunday

SILVER FORK-HONEYCOMB LOOP. Rating: 8.0 A pleasant hike in the Brighton area. We will go up Silver Fork, cross the ridge to Honeycomb Cliffs then-----then-----then-----the rest of the details were lost in that mind boggling moment when the recruiter suddenly realized that here, after seven consecutive negative responses, someone was willing to lead a hike! Hooray! Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:30 a.m. Leader: Charles Keller, 467-3960.

- October 2
Sunday
TWIN LAKES PASS. Rating: 3.0 An easy hike past Twin Lakes up to the pass overlooking Alta. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 9:00 a.m. Leader: Ann Wennhold, 466-3300.
- October 2
Sunday
WAFFLE BREAKFAST FOLLOWED BY TWIN PEAKS HIKE. Rating : .001 per thirty minutes fork lifting. 10.5 for hike. Join leaders Dennis and Karin Caldwell for the last Twin Peaks hike for this year. The route will be via Caldwell's dining room where a scrumptious waffle breakfast will be served, then on to Little Willow Canyon and the peak. Please register with the leaders at 942-6065.
- October 6
Thursday
EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN.
- October 8
Saturday
LAKE BLANCH-SUNDIAL. Rating 8.0. This peak provides a rather exposed scramble and there may be some snow to make it even more interesting. Those who don't want to brave the exposure may stop at the lake. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:30 a.m. Leader: Fran Flowers, 581-9083.
- October 8
Saturday
8 p.m.
WESTERN PARTY AT THE LODGE: The people, the atmosphere, the entertainment, the good food, the bar and the gambling tables loaded with money --- you will find it all at our Brighton Saloon. The price is \$2.50 perperson, and covers everything except the bar. Please register with Karin Caldwell by Friday, October 7. Home:942-6065 Office: 581-7168.
- October 9
Sunday
Mount Raymond. Rating: 7.0. We will go up Butler Fork and return via Mill B North. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:30 a.m. Leader: Trudy Healy, 583-4311.
- October 8-9
Sat-Sun
WESTWATER CANYON. Will the drought be over by October? We can't predict water levels but this has proved to be an exciting trip in past years. Advanced level boaters only. Send your deposit of \$20.00 to Mary Manley, 3681 South 23rd East, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84109. Phone: 277-6307.
- October 13
Thursday
EVENING CLIMBLING AT STORM MOUNTAIN.
- October 14
Friday
KAYAK PLANNING SESSION. It's that time of year to plan for next year's trips. All those interested, please come and volunteer to lead a trip and to apply for the necessary permits. BYOB. Munchies will be provided. Location: Marty MacKnight's at 130 "F" Street, Apt. 4. Time: 8:00 p.m. Questions? Call Jim Mason, 355-3810.
- October 15
Saturday
TIMPANOGOS VIA ASPEN GROVE. Rating: 10.5. Here is another chance to do this club favorite. Meet at the corner of Simpson Ave. & 13th East at 7:30 a.m. Leader: contact Fran Flowers, 581-9083.

- October 16
Sunday
RED PINE PUDDLE. Rating: 5.0. This has always been a lovely fall hike. It will be interesting to see how much water is left in the lake at the end of this unusually dry year. Meet at the mouth of BIG Cottonwood Canyon at 8:30 a.m. Leader Fran Flowers, 581-9083.
- October 16
Sunday
10:00 a.m.
RAFTING WORK PARTY. This is our fall cleanup of all the equipment and we would like to see lots of people to help. The storage center is at 4317 South 3rd West, Unit #214. Phone Mary Manley at 277-6307 if you have any questions.
- October 15-18
Sat-Tues.
THE MAZE-CANYONLANDS. This is an excellent trip into one of Utah's best wilderness areas. Since this trip involves some travel on four-wheel drive roads, the number of people allowed on this trip will depend on the number of vehicles available. Please register by October 12th. Call Mike Hendrickson, 278-9856 for details and registration.
- October 20
Thursday
EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN.
- October 15-16
Sat-Sun
CLIMBERS FALL EVENT. This will be basically a camping trip in the Tetons (Leigh Lake) or Wind Rivers (Green Rivers Lake). Call the leader for information and registration. Leader is John Gottman, 359-4693 (home) or 328-8066, x359.
- October 22
Saturday
NOTCH PEAK. Rating: 6.0. Notch Peak lies west of Delta in the House Range. The view from the top is spectacular as is also the view down the 2700 ft. vertical north face. This trip involves a long drive so an early start is to be expected. Call leader Carl Bauer for details. Also, the leader will need a ride. 355-6036.
- October 27
Thursday
EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN. Final planned session. We will continue meeting at a local establishment.
- October 29
Saturday
8 p.m.
HALLOWEEN PARTY. Once again it is time to pull out that spooky costume from the closet and display your true personality to your friends. We will of course, all be up at the lodge, enjoying the Live Band, the food and the keg of beer --- all for the low, low price of \$3.00 per person. Please register by Friday, October 28 with Karin Caldwell, 942-6065 (home) or 581-7168 (office).
- October 29-30
Sat-Sun
ROCKHOUND TRIP. We will be going to Antelope Springs which is prime hunting country - hunting for Trilobites, that is. We will also head south to Delta in search of Snowflake Obsidian. You will need a rock hammer or a mallet & a chisel. Call leader Elmer Boyd for details at 969-7814.

November 2
Wednesday

GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING. After a brief presentation by the board of club finances and future policy, we will hear Alexis Kelner speak about the early days of WMC. Together with club historian Paul Horton, Alexis has put together a unique collection of slides covering pictorial material from the club's first decades. Place: Zion Lutheran Church, 1070 Foothill Drive. Time: 8:00 p.m.



DROMEDARY

by Fran Flowers

Dromedary is always an exciting hike because of the possibility of selecting a bad route up over the loosely anchored and awkwardly sloping rock. But this time we were expertly led up a treacherous looking but actually easy approach. As our leader, Elmer Boyd, conscientiously accompanied the last people to the summit, a hearty "Happy Birthday to you" rang out and a cake appeared as we helped Elmer celebrate his birthday.

The warm sun combined with a chilly breeze created a lazy atmosphere and soon there were several snoozy bodies sprawled among the rocks. Someone finally silently put on a pack and the rest took the cue and we started down.

Participants: Elmer Boyd-leader, David Boyd, John Riley, Bob Mitchell, Tom Stephens, Paul Rubenfeld, George and Trudy Healey, Dick Bojack, Lauraine Stephens, Clayton Benton, Tom Walsh, Fran Flowers.

*Have you ever stood where the silences brood,
And vast the horizons begin,
At the dawn of the day to behold far away
The goal you would strive for and win?
Yet ah! in the night when you gain to the height,
With the vast pool of heaven star-spawned,
Afar and a gleam, like a valley of dream,
Still mocks you a Land of Beyond.*

— Robert Service
The Land of Beyond

A Climb in Wyoming's Wind Rivers

Mount Temple Horseshoe July 26, 1977

Climb and traverse by Greg Janiec and John P. Sloan.

The Mount Temple Horseshoe partially encircles the glaciated basin to the west of Temple Lake's south end. The buttress, ridge and peak to the north and northwest of Mt. Temple gave excellent class 3 and 4 scrambling, and two delightful class 5 pitches where the ridge narrows and steepens toward the tip. The skyline traverse was over sound blocks and slabs. The notch was reached by downclimbing to a point 150 ft. below on the southwest side, however, this may be gained by rappelling. From the notch the route was by: a narrow slanting ramp with roof (75 ft.); a traverse on a slanting ledge (75 ft.); a class 5 pitch up the north face on an inside corner and crack system to regain the ridge; a pitch up slabs on the southwest face; and a short pitch (30 ft.) on a crack system with an overhanging bulge to the easy upper boulder field of Mt. Temple's northwest ridge. Time to the summit of Mt. Temple from Temple Lake was 4½ hours. Descent was via the south ridge and the shallow couloir south of east couloir.



Wanted: X-country ski equipment for a four year old boy. Call Joan, 581-1817.

Grandview Peak via Mueller Park

Carl Bauer

August 28, 1977

Second thoughts concerning the Mueller Park approach to Big Black Mountain were again augmented by the barred gate, and with the added toll of a seldom used trail, our chastened expedition gained the summit of Big Black by early afternoon.

Undaunted by the spectre of a full repetition for the return, four adventurers accepted the added challenge of Grandview, and all returned in good order.

Grandview: Tom Stevens, Fran Flowers, Trudy Bach, Alan Taye.

Big Black: Ilka Stallard, Tom Walsh, Jeff Walsh, Mary Ellen Durning, Henk Monkhorst, Cal Osburn, Laure Nadenauer, Gordon Seeling, Paul Rubinfeld, Carl Bauer.

Deseret Peak (By Moonlight?)

by Michael Treshow

Undetoured by the black shroud that greeted us as we rounded the obseene landmark north of the Oquirrhs, we plunged through toward the Stansbury's. Some were seriously considering the alternative of Wendover when Diana spotted a blue-gray opening in the clouds between the flashes of lightning that sparked off the peaks. The silhouette of the mountains faintly come into view to entice us on. The weather continued to improve when, a few miles up Willow Creek the clutch on Mike's car broke. But with the help of a friendly mechanic who chanced by (thanks again friend), and a hair pin from Judy, we continued onward.

Squishing up the faintly lit trail, we got lost only once and summited at

11 pm. A chill wind blew in to prevent any malingering and hurry our descent. By now the clouds had dispersed above us revealing real stars flickering dimly in a sky bright from a full moon. All to soon we returned to the cars to "cruise" Grantsville before closing.

Hikers were: Mike Treshow, leader; Judy Ballentyne, John Sloane, Diana Shoenberg and Sam Allen.

Mt. Agassiz - Uintas

by Fran Flowers

A congenial and optimistic group gathered in spite of threatening skies, and we were soon on our way.

The hike began at the Highline trail-head but we soon left the trail for a scamper through the woods towards the ridge of which Mt. Agassiz is a part. From the base of the ridge to the saddle and on to the peak, it is a scramblers delight. The summit is extensive in both length and breadth so that to get a total panorama of the surrounding country it is necessary to walk around the edge. At one viewpoint alone it was possible to count twenty three lakes.

On top it was windy and cold with only brief glimpses of the sun, so, after a quick lunch we started down, rejoined the trail and made our way back to the parking lot.

Participants: Mike Hendrickson - Lead Leader, Jim Frese, Karleen Preator, John Mason, Bob McCaig, Camille Pierce, Bill Gardner, Ilka Stallard, and Fran Flowers

For Sale - Two matching R.E.I. sleeping bags that zip together (right and left zippers) 3 lbs. down. They are in excellent condition - like new - \$90 each. Please call Marilyn at 487-4171 (work number) or after 5:30 p.m. at 268-2199.

LONE PEAK UPDATE

by Walter Haas

The Lone Peak Wilderness Area finally appears to be assured. All members of the Utah congressional delegation have now committed themselves to support Lone Peak Wilderness and the Endangered American Wilderness Act. Lone Peak is now in the House version of the bill, which has already passed the House. Senators Garn and Hatch have promised to offer an amendment adding Lone Peak to the Senate version of the bill. Unfortunately, White Pine Canyon and American Fork Twins are excluded from the area to be protected.

This success is due primarily to those of you who wrote, visited and phoned your representatives in Congress asking them to support Lone Peak. The amount of pressure which you generated was so great that those elected officials who opposed Lone Peak searched diligently for a compromise path by which they could support Lone Peak! Since the major opposition was due to concern about the possible affect on the Salt Lake City watershed, the compromise has taken the form of language requiring the Forest Service to do whatever is necessary in the construction of sanitary facilities to protect the watershed, and permitting the use of machinery to maintain existing watershed structures. We consider this special language redundant rather than exceptional, since the Wilderness Act already permits the use of motor vehicles and structures where necessary for such administrative purposes.



Life Member Sam Thomas and Senator Orrin Hatch in Red Pine Canyon
Photo by Alexis Kelner



SEPTEMBER SALE



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Betty Barberio	359-1315	531-6000 ex 364	1

Main Salmon River Trip

by Lois Lowe

July 1977

The Main Salmon was waiting July 2, as 19 river rats converged from several locations. The rats came from Utah, Colorado, Arizona, California, and Nebraska. Leaving from Salt Lake, 14 bodies filled up Bob Meyers motor home, three more accompanied the gear in Bill Viavant's truck, and two more came from Nebraska to meet this group.

The trip to put in was not typical. We did not get lost! However, we did have a great get-to-know-everyone time stacked together for twelve hours. When we arrived, we had a beautiful evening under the stars and were prepared for the water Sunday. The first two days we had plenty of water - the river below and the rain above. There was no need for man made water fights. Mother Nature had started a grand altercation and we were loosing. Karol K's rain coat proved to be ideal for the weather even when she had to wear it backward.

Luckily the sun came out for the remainder of the trip and provided opportunity for great sunburns, violent water fights and relaxing evenings. Randy and Peggy Taylor won the Sunburn contest. Randy's legs will never be the same.

The first night found us at Salmon Shores #1. Tents were side by side and stake to stake. After freezing and paddling all day, we stopped the first chance and that chance was a 100 square foot beach. All home sites were taken and it was a cozy night. The next stop afforded more room and Salmon Shores #2 was equipped with a marina, which required walking the rafts to shore, and sanitary facilities. What luxury! No porta potti duty tomorrow!

The third day brought the sun to 19 grateful souls. The first two Happy Hour sessions must have done the trick. Rain couldn't discourage us so it went away.

The water level of the river was down, but there were many exciting rapids and plenty of fast water. Each boat captain had his trials. The Weatherbee boat - leader of the pack - had to put up with George L. and Stewart O. taking turns sliding off the raft. Stewart has the record for excitement as he took several turns under Salmon Falls and lost a shoe plus all body heat. We warmed him up at the Hot Springs. Then to keep up the excitement, the Viavant-Rainey boat did a perfect flip at Bailey. All hands were in the water but the only gear lost was Bill's cut offs. (Ed. note: We wonder if Bill were in them at the time.) This was really no great loss as he didn't wear them much anyway. Then it seems Stewart O. was too warm or wanted some attention and he fell off the raft in still water. He claims they paddled out from under him.

The Taylor boat was the agressor at all times and they hold the record for starting water fights, but the other boats made sure the fights were finished in grand style. One fight found Mary M. leaving the boat as she tried to throw the first bucket. She had a shocked look on her face.

Denton's boat distinguished itself by not loosing any occupants while on the water, but after the last rapid Tim V. tried to loose himself by jumping from a very high bridge! The crew also convinced Joy R. that water fights are fun!

The stops between all these wonderful activities kept the trip interesting with happy hours, good food, and the afternoon baths - two of which were interrupted by canoes and kayaks. The canoes floated right into the ladies bath area and Judy W. gave them a proper greeting. From the looks on their faces they weren't sure what to do, paddle closer for a better look or paddle like crazy and get away. It's not everyday you can paddle your canoe among seven naked nymphs.

Al P. never had enough exercise on the river so he hiked almost every evening. His last hike in company with Alberta C. and Lois L. disturbed a rattle snake and he almost had to pack both of them out on his back. Stewart O. And George L. tried to set a record by paddling all day every day, even fast water didn't move their boat without some help, Weatherbee said he wanted to water ski. Ruth H. had the most popular tent after she converted it to a massage parlor. A few hardy souls ended the days' activities with midnight swims. Chuck D. tried a chute through a group of rocks recommended by the girls and found some of his body parts didn't float as high as they should. Ouch! However, the girls had a good clean ride and loved it. The shutter bugs of the trip were Bob M., Chuck R., Mike T., and Mary M. The trip is well documented with movies and slides.

Take out was greeted with enthusiasm as the rats were starting to feel ratty. Bob W. and Mary M. as trip leaders were ceremoniously thrown into the river and Bob retaliated by throwing Judy and Ruth in. The rest ran fast enough to escape his wrath.

The trip home was broken up by an overnighiter near Boise then on into Salt Lake on Saturday the 9th. The motor home rocked with gaiety and the pickup was entertained by three moons as we rolled along. The week seemed to be enjoyed by all and the farewells included "see you next year!"

Participants: Bob and Judy Weatherbee, George and Lois Lowe, Stewart Olsen, Mary Manley, Mike Taylor, Alberta Codd, Randy and Peggy Taylor, Chuck Denton, Joy Ray, Bill and Tim Viavant, Bob Meyer, Chuck Rainey, Ruth Hoppe, Al Palumbos, Karol Kumpfer.



THE LITTLE ALPENSTOCK

by Sam Thomas

I bought a little Alpenstock,
It failed in sundry ways.
I put it in the closet,
And so went by the days.
But now that I am humbled,
I take it in my hand.
And faithfully it leads me
Across the rugged land.

Wind Rivers Mountaineering Camp

July 23-25

by Lew Hitchner

"Mud, glorious mud..." was the overture for this club outing. The Pioneer Days weekend mountaineering trip was held near Deep Lake in the Bridger Wilderness of the Wind River Mtns. This area is reached through the Big Sandy Openings entrance which is reached from the main highway by a 40 mile dirt road. Unfortunately, the 44 WMC'ers (see below) were preceded on this road by quite a lot of rain which turned the Big Sandy Road into the Big Muddy Road. Stuck cars forced several carloads of WMC people to spend the first night along the roadside amongst the sagebrush and cow dung instead of at the trailhead in Big Sandy Campground.

The next day both the road and the weather cleared up. However, the break in the weather proved to be only a tantalization. The merry two score from Salt Lake were christened with sprinkles on the 8-mile backpack to camp, baptised with showers during cocktail/dinner hour, and confirmed with semi-torrential downpours during the night.

For some--the climbers--this was a crucifixion ("We can't climb 'cause the weather's too bad, and we can't go hiking 'cause we're climbers."). So, most of them (the trip leader--yours truly--included) went home Sunday. Others stuck it out and were rewarded with better weather the following days. Some hiking was done, Temple and East Temple Peaks. A new climbing route (unconfirmed) on Temple Peak was done by John Sloan and Greg Janiec (the Northwest Ridge).

Other highlights of the trip included a demonstration of steak bar-b-queing in the rain by Bill Viavant, dinner music on kazoo, spoons, and pot-lid-cymbals, and what was possibly a club record for alcohol consumption on a backpack trip. In spite of the damp weather, though, the consensus was that spirits (both bodily and bottled) were not dampened and most found it a very enjoyable trip.

Names of those attending are being withheld because there are too many to print (some names are unprintable anyway). This trip could have been an embarrassing problem for the club because of the large number of people we sent into one backcountry area. A group of forty-four persons is much too large to have in a fragile environment. Many areas (e.g. Grand Teton NP) limit groups to twelve. This trip was not limited in size. Since this was the only club trip on a popular holiday weekend, we ended up with a very large group. In addition, some people joined the trip at the last moment and others came along without registering with the leader. Let's all show we support preservation of endangered areas and the rights of ourselves and others to use these areas by avoiding such situations in the future.



Looking South across Clear Lake to East Temple Peak and Temple Peak

THE BOARD IN BRIEF

by Dennis Caldwell

Despite the fact that we currently have a reasonably adequate bank balance, one consistently disconcerting aspect of our finances is the steady increase in operating costs, particularly for the Rambler and the lodge. It comes down to the tale of our times: either reduce services or pay more for them.

To be specific, on the average over the past five year period the cost of printing and mailing the Rambler has barely been covered by the dues. Since there are other expenditures to which we are committed, such as the ten percent allotment to the conservation fund, it would seem the better part of fiscal valor to require that our major disbursement, the Rambler, not exceed some suitable fraction, say 2/3, of the dues.

If this thesis is accepted, the conclusion follows inexorably: either cut down the quality of the Rambler and curtail trip write-ups OR--raise the dues. While it may technically be possible to freeze the dues at their present 1950's level, it is more than likely that in the very near future the expedient of cutting down services will eventually fail to satisfy and we must resign ourselves to the inevitable.

There are a number of advantages to biting the bullet early in the game while we are quite solvent. For example, insurance rates on the lodge have gone up to about \$1400, more than 1/3 of the dues in an average year. The consensus seems to be that rather than pay this sum, we would be better off systematically building up a fund in part from dues for replacing the lodge when the time comes. (The decision on the fire insurance is not entirely in our hands, since the Forest Service would have to approve a cancellation.) A third possibility is to let the lodge die a natural death, which in this writer's opinion would be pity.

The board will be deliberating over these matters throughout the next few weeks and we will plan to devote some time to the subject at our general membership meeting on November 2.



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Red Pine-White Pine Canyon

August 4, 1977

Rod P. Dixon

"Not a chance of rain", we said at 7:00 p.m. as we car pooled from the "Y" at Little Cottonwood's Mouth on Thursday evening to begin the hike in Red Pine-White Pine canyons.

"Not so sure," we mused as we crossed the stream near the road.

"It's darkening in the west," was whispered as we stomped a stream so low it could not be used as a real low water test in a desert experiment station.

"I felt rain," said a jumpy hiker.

"About column," squealed a fraidy hiker.

Trip leader Reg Schwartz steadied our ranks while we swept our eyes over a black cloud that swept the canyon like an angry street scrubber and then Reg let us pound down the trail like Grand Canyon burros lassoed by corral smell.

Last downers bounced like windshield rain spanked sharply by wipers.

DESOLATION LAKE

Carl E. Bauer

August 13, 1977

A search for a trail of yesterday and a route shorter than the circuit of Guardsman Pass resulted in some penitent bushwacking to a service road "semi-girdling" Scotts Peak. The remainder of the day was uneventful except for a delightful shower beyond Lake Desolation.

Participants: Leah Mancini, Sandy White, Clinton Lewis, John Dawson, Mike Engle, John Van Hook, Earl Cook, Reg Swartz, Carl Bauer.

RED PINE CLEANUP HIKE

Fran Flowers

A small but dedicated group of would-be garbage collectors were on hand with packs and sacks to give the upper Red Pine area a housecleaning. It was surprisingly tidy considering the amount of use it gets. Even so, everyone managed to fill a pack, and an additional garbage bag.

As we headed down the trail with the days "trophies", we passed a parade of hikers on their way up with a fresh supply of rubbish some of which we will probably be hauling out next year. But for now, things look pretty good.

Participants: Carl Bauer-leader, John Dawson, Jim Frese, Ruth Hoppe, Theresa Overfield, Charles Ranney, Jan Piling, Betty Barbario, Dick Bojack, Fran Flowers.

DEVIL'S CASTLE

Carl Bauer

September 5, 1977

The search for one car of adventurers astray in unfamiliar Alta territory was compounded by further confusion regarding trails and a split expedition, half of which gained Sugarloaf rather than the Castle. All, however, shared a rewarding panorama beneath an enthralling firmament of cumulus clouds on their azure sea.

Participants: Janetta Pilling, Jan Pilling, Becky Nibley Dare, Bruce Nibley, Clinton Lewis, Douglas Craig, Jolene Stout, Louetta Riley, Priscilla Horton, Al Moorin, John Dawson, Jack, Roddy, Karen Shaw, Kim Heimsath, Paul Rubinfeld, Reg Swartz, Tom Kysar, Tom Tollefson, Amy Benson, Manan Dickman, Sherm Dickman, Robert Wright, Dennis Dougherty, Lew Funk, Carl Bauer.

BRIGHTON TO ALTA

August 20, 1977 Cathleen Flanagan

It was called a leisurely trip in the schedule--and a leisurely trip it was. We left the Big Cottonwood Canyon parking lot somewhere around 9:15 am to carpool up to Brighton, and the last of us sauntered into Albion Basin at 3:00. Plenty of time was thus provided to photograph the mountain beauty of Lakes Mary and Catherine, ruminate on aspects of Utah history over lunch, and identify a variety of wildflowers with the help of Elmer Boyd's wildflower books. Penstemon, false hellebore, owlclaw, fireweed, lupine, monkshood, wallflowers, some bleached-looking gilia, Western yarrow, pennyroyal, and green gentian cooperated in this latter activity. On arriving at Alta five hikers elected to return to Big Cottonwood via Grizzly Gulch; the rest of us rode down with Don Angas. Thanks for the ride, Don!

Hikers: Maxine Angas, John Bowen, Randy Bossard, Cathleen Flanagan, Ruth Henson, Erika Hood, Kathy Stoker, Elmer Boyd, trip leader.



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HELL'S BACKBONE - DEATH HOLLOW

by Barbara Kuehl

The game "adventure" changed to one called "survival" as six hearty (fool-hearty?) members of the Wasatch Mountain Club grappled with the forces of nature on the Labor Day week-end, Hell's Backbone-Death Hollow trip. Those names should have warned us what we were in for. Our able leader, Bill Yates, had the latest weather report-clear skies-so how were we to know that we would have to climb a rain slicked, vertical, crumble sandstone wall with an overhang to avoid being caught in a flash flood?

The "players" met one another Friday morning at the Calf Creek entrance to the Escalante. We left two cars here, and took the participants in two other cars to the start of the hike near the Hell's Backbone bridge. We descended, sans trail, scrambling over logs and boulders until we reached a level plateau covered with pine trees, cacti, and manzanita. Our trek followed a dry stream bed for several hours before we set up camp.

Day two was the day the game changed. We continued along the creek bed sometimes high, sometimes low until about noon when we came to a spot where we had to pull out our swamis, carabiners and ropes and descend into the narrow, eastern fork of Death Hollow. We retrieved our rope, looked at the long (no end in sight) pool ahead of us and decided to eat lunch before the swim. We managed the long swim, waded another pool or two and came to an obstacle which resembled the garbage pit of "Star Wars"--a foul smelling, chest deep bog composed of water, pine needles and mud. By this time our clear skies had become dark and thunder sounded in the distance. As we mucked our way through the garbage pit - a strenuous and time consuming exercise - the weather grew progressively worse, and we realized we needed to reach high ground immediately. We ran on until we found a possible escape route. Here "spider man" LeRoy was boosted onto a narrow ledge where he removed his mud-slicked boots and inched his way diagonally up the slick sandstone wall to a broad ledge where a rope could be secured to a tree.

While we waited on the lower ledge for our turns on the rope we were treated to a spectacular thunderstorm which brought sheets of water cascading down from the rim and ledges of the canyon. By the time we were climbing, we were trembling from cold (and fright?). On my first attempt I fell four feet and pendulumed another twenty, and I was thankful for the belay which stopped me from falling another sixty feet. Up on the ledge where we would spend the night, we managed to collect a small pot of rain water, which, added to what we had, was sufficient for dinner and breakfast.

Sunday brought blue skies, and we rappeled once again into our narrow canyon. For half a day we waded and swam through pools many of which were 40 or 50 yards long. The means of getting through the pools were varied: some swam, Evan had an inflatable life collar and Clay and Renu used air mattresses. Renu gave up deflating her air mattress after each pool as it protected her from the poison ivy and bramble that we walked through.

Monday saw us up early and on the trail for we would have a long hike to get back to our cars before dark. We found the "Fountain of Youth", a 15 inch spout

coming out of a rock and felt we could benefit from its rejuvenating properties. We had another pool to swim and enjoyed walking downstream; some places were like wide roads with flowing water; other places the drops weren't so gentle and there were water falls. The ever present pink of the canyon contrasted with the green pine trees, blue skies and white sand. We reached the Escalante around 4 p.m. and had a seven mile hike to our cars with frequent rest stops as Bill struggled to finish the food in his pack.

Participants: Bill Yates, Clay Benton, Evan Day, Renu Jalota, Barbara and LeRoy Kuehl.

WHITE BALDY

August 20, 1977

John Dawson

We started out with eight people, at about 9:15, and a ninth hiker joined the group at our first rest stop at the White Pine creek crossing. At the old mine we investigated a new bridge across Red Pine creek, apparently the start of a new Maybird Gulch trail. After another rest stop at upper Red Pine Lake, we took to the rock fields, trying to make a beeline for the center of the mass of White Baldy above us. As the faster climbers neared the top, they encountered increasing difficulty in finding passable routes, and finally had to traverse left toward the central peak to join up with the leader. Everyone ended up on the ridge not far west of the peak.

It was well after one o'clock when lunch, served with fresh pineapple, was finally held. As we ate, we alternately looked at the ominous cloud that was enveloping the Pfeifferhorn, and the formidable route to the east that we would have to take when lunch was finished. Red and White Pine Lakes were visible far below, no larger than puddles.

With a considerable amount of route-searching by Audrey, our leader, and a certain amount of backtracking, we made our slow way along the ridge. This must have been the scrambling part, mentioned in the Rambler, but we were undeterred.

The trip down past White Pine Lake was uneventful, over another endless succession of tumbled rocks, until finally we were on the jeep road. Later, as we descended, an ominous crashing came from across the canyon, where a large and violent rock slide had started. We were all glad to be off the steep slopes by then. We arrived back at the cars at six o'clock, worn but but satisfied.

Scramblers were: Gail Borden, John Dawson, Peter Hansen, John Riley, Adrian Stevens, Mike Treshow, George Wiens, Dorothy Wiskowski, Audrey Stevens.

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

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3155 Highland Drive
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363-7150

NAME (Print) _____ Telephone _____

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I hereby apply for membership in the Wasatch Mountain Club and enclose \$ _____ as my annual membership dues for the year _____, \$ _____ of which is for a subscription to the Rambler for the year and \$4.00 entrance fee. (If joining during January thru August, dues are \$6.00 of which \$5.00 are for a Rambler subscription -- Spouse dues (non-subscribing) are \$3.00 additional. If joining during September thru December, dues are \$3.00 of which \$2.50 are for a Rambler subscription -- Spouse dues (non-subscribing) are \$1.50 additional. Add \$4.00 entrance fee to each application, single or couple. Subscriptions are not deductible from dues. I (do) (do not) desire to receive the Rambler.

I have attended two Club activities in the past 12 months as required for membership such as hikes, ski tours, camping trips, rock-hound trips or work parties and have been recommended by two trip leaders who are Club members. Events such as lodge parties, winter socials, lectures, meetings, etc. are not activities qualifying for membership. I agree to abide by all the rules and regulations of the Club as specified in the Constitution and Bylaws as determined by the Board of Directors.

I am specifically interested in the items checked below:

Hiking _____ Ski Touring _____ Boating _____ Mountaineering _____ Cycling _____

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CLUB ACTIVITIES ATTENDED:

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(Note: The signature of a Director may be substituted for one Trip Leader.)

Signature of Applicant



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Another fine month has passed by and we have made new friends and seen much good accomplished. Lone Peak is much closer to being classified a Wilderness Area, the air is cooler and we see Summer losing her grip, and, of course, the October RAMBLER is out.

Much thanks for the articles and photographs. Should you have any line drawings or cartoons you feel might be used send them this way. The Club is what you make it. The Editor.

John F. Moellmer

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