



UTAH MOUNTAIN CLUB

The Rambler

Vol. 56, No. 9. September, 1979

Wasatch Mountain Club

Persons wishing to become members of the WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB should request, either by telephone or in writing, an application form from the Club's Membership Director. Upon such notification, prospective members will receive 2 free, consecutive issues of the Club's Schedule of Activities, and a full application form with instructions for joining.

Dues are as follows: \$10.00 Regular (single), \$15.00 Spouse (double) and a \$5.00 initiation fee.

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The Rambler (USPS 053-410)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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JOHN MASON, Managing Editor

Deadline for The Rambler is the 15th of each month.

TYPE (double space) your articles and schedules, indicate your name and telephone number on your articles, prints, etc., and mail to (or drop by):

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB
3155 Highland Drive
Salt Lake City, UT 84106

or
JOHN MASON
8470 Kings Hill Drive
Salt Lake City, UT 84121

On mailed matter indicate
ATTENTION--RAMBLER EDITOR.

THANKS: ...to Dale Green, Alexis Kelner, and Lois Shipway.

Club Activities—Sept. 1979

Hiking, General Comments

Hiking ratings: The higher the number, the harder the hike. Considered are length, altitude gain, and difficulty of terrain. Up to 4.0 is easy, 4.5-6.5 sort of middling, 7.0 and up is difficult and registration with the leader is necessary. Call leaders during the week preceding a hike if rated 7.0 or higher. For overnight trips you may call as soon as the Rambler is out.

- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| September 6
Thursday | EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN. |
| September 6
Thursday | TOTAL LUNAR ECLIPSE AT 5:55 a.m.--BIG BEACON. Meet at 3:00 a.m. at the east end of lower Hogle Zoo parking lot. LEADER NEEDED! |
| September 7-9
Fri.-Sun. | UINTAS BACKPACK TO McPHETERS BASIN. This trip to this lake-studded basin involves one car camp and one with backpacks. Call leader Sam Allen, 942-3149 (home) or 268-2921 (office), for details. |
| September 8
Saturday | DESERET PEAK (Stansburys). El. 11,031 feet. Rating 8.0. Hike up through pretty glacial valleys, possibly return over the ridge, to make a pleasant round trip. Meet at 7:00 a.m. at the east end of the Sugarhouse/Simpson Avenue shopping area. Leader John Riley, 485-2567. |
| September 8
Saturday | PFEIFFERHORN. El. 11,326 feet. Rating 10.0. Group limited to 12, so call the leader Brooke Hopkins, 359-1970. |
| September 9
Sunday | TWIN LAKES PASS VIA LAKE SOLITUDE. Rating 3.0. A scenic, pleasant hike with excellent views from the pass. Meet at 9:00 a.m. at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon. Leader Joyce Sohler, 272-2624. |
| September 9
Sunday | FERGUSON CANYON TRAIL CLEARING. A leisurely hike up the canyon is planned with trail clearing on the way down. Meet at 8:30 a.m. at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon. Leader John Veranth, 278-5826. |

COVER: It's that time again! Circle it on your calendar! The Third Annual Wasatch Mountain Club "Chamber Music at the Lodge" event will be held Saturday, Sept. 15, 8:00 p.m. Photograph of Charlie Keller in performance taken by Dave George.

- September 9 Sunday NORTH OGDEN CANYON--Skyline Trail. Rating, up to 9.0. Meet at 7:30 a.m., northwest end of State Capitol parking lot (Beck Street). Leader Richard Conn, 363-6035.
- September 9 Sunday EAST CANYON RESERVOIR-MORGAN-HENEFER LOOP BIKE RIDE. Distance 57 km. Bring food, drink and swim suits. Car pool from Hogle Zoo at 8:00 a.m. Leader Bruce Schatmeier, 521-8032.
- September 9 Sunday SUNDIAL. To climb the peak which adorns our club emblem, call the leader Ray Daurelle, 539-4485 (evening work), or 484-4216 (home).
- September 10 Monday MONDAY NIGHT BIKE RIDE--Continued By Popular Demand! City Creek Canyon. Round trip 16 miles; meet at the "steps" in Memory Grove. We must leave at 6:15 p.m. to ensure a safe return before dark. Leader: Ilka Allers, 581-1798.
- September 13 Thursday EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN.
- September 15 Saturday MULE HOLLOW WALL. Scan the fall colors from a precarious ledge on Mule Hollow Wall. Leader John Moellmer, 467-7519.
- September 15 Saturday 8:00 p.m. CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE LODGE. Join us for one of these early fall evenings full of harmony. See your friends display hidden talents, and possibly consider your own--there are still a few slots available. Refreshments will be served. Admission: \$2.00.
- September 15 Saturday LODGE KITCHEN REMODELING WORK PARTY. Meet at the Lodge at 10:00 a.m. Call Mike Hendrickson, 278-9856, for details.
- September 15 Saturday MT. AIRE. El. 8,620 feet. Rating 3.5. Nice views from the top of Millcreek Canyon. Meet at 9:00 a.m. at the Olympus Hills Shopping Plaza, northwest corner. Leader Ann Cheves, 533-9074.
- September 15 Saturday DROMEDARY FROM LAKE BLANCHE. El. 11,107 feet. Rating 10.5. A wonderful, loose rock, at times exposed, scramble. Call the leader Elmer Boyd, 969-7814.
- September 15 Saturday LONE PEAK. El. 11,253 feet. Rating 11.5. Spectacular in every way. Exposed scramble near the summit. The leader needs a ride. Call Carl Bauer, 355-6036.
- September 16 Sunday LAKE MARY. El. 9,560 feet. Rating 1.5. This little hike gets you out into really nice scenery. Meet at 9:30 a.m. at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon. Leader Alberta Western, 582-2964.
- September 16 Sunday HAYDEN PEAK (Uintas). El. 12,475 feet. Rating 6.0. This is a beautiful ridge scramble. For details, call Bill Swander, 942-1056 (home), or 487-4577 (work).
- September 16 Sunday NORTH FACE OF OLYMPUS TO MULE HOLLOW. Rating 11.0. Exposed scramble. Some loose gravel and bushwhacking. Leader Peter Hansen, 322-4084.

- September 17
Monday MONDAY NIGHT BIKE RIDE--Emigration Canyon. Round trip 16 miles; meet at Hogle Zoo. We must leave at 6:15 p.m. to ensure a safe return before dark. Leader Ilka Allers, 581-1798.
- September 20
Thursday EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN.
- September 22
Saturday GRANDEUR PEAK WEST RIDGE. Rating 3.0. Meet leader Mike Hendrickson at the northwest corner of Olympus Hills shopping center at 8:00 a.m.
- September 22
Saturday CYCLE-A-Q. Join Marilyn and Kermit Earle for a cycling celebration and lawn party. B.Y.O.M. (M as in meat). Vegetarians also welcome. Munchies for one buck. Place: 6170 South 520 East, Murray, 268-2199. Time: 5:30 p.m.
- September 23
Sunday BRIGHTON TO SILVER FORK VIA HONEYCOMB FORK. A leisurely hike through fall colors. Meet leader Jim Dalgliesh, 295-8749, at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 9:00 a.m.
- September 23
Sunday TIMPANOGOS VIA TIMPOONEKE. Rating 10.0. Call leader Kay Millar before 8:00 p.m. September 22 to register and arrange meeting place. Call 583-1381.
- September 24
Monday MONDAY NIGHT BIKE RIDE--City Creek Canyon. See September 10 for details.
- September 27
Thursday EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN.
- September 29-30
Sat.-Sun. WESTWATER RAFT TRIP--Advanced. Trip leader needed. Run Westwater Canyon once each day and car camp in between. Send \$20.00 deposit, your phone number, and your qualifications to Chuck Ranney, 665 Fifth Avenue, #12, Salt Lake City, UT 84103, or call 363-7285.
- September 29
Saturday 7:30 p.m. WESTERN PARTY AT THE LODGE. \$2.50 entrance fee. Reservations are a must. Call Phyllis Haas, 534-1262, before 9:00 p.m. Friday, September 28. See Entertainment article.
- September 29
Saturday LODGE KITCHEN REMODELING WORK PARTY. Meet at the lodge at 10:00 a.m. Call Mike Hendrickson, 942-1476, for details.
- September 29
Saturday GRANDEUR PEAK VIA CHURCH FORK. Rating 4.5. The colors will be beautiful. Meet at the northwest corner of Olympus Hills Shopping Center at 8:30 a.m. Leader Carl Bauer, 355-6036, needs a ride.
- September 29
Saturday GOBBLERS KNOB VIA ALEXANDER BASIN. Rating 6.0. Meet leader Sam Allen at 8:00 a.m. at northwest corner of Olympus Hills shopping center.

- September 30
Sunday
ALTA-BRIGHTON-ALTA. Go all the way or just go to the ridge for a short hike. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 9:00 a.m. Leader Phyllis Robison, 943-8500.
- September 30
Sunday
DESOLATION TRAIL FROM MILL D TO THAYNE'S. This is a long hike traversing most of the Desolation Trail. Rating 12-15, depending on which route is taken. Register with John Veranth, leader, at 278-5826 by September 28.
- September 30
Sunday
MOUNTAINEERS SLIDE SHOW. Jim Williams has agreed to take over Audrey's traditional extravaganza. The festivities will begin with a pot-luck dinner at 6:00 p.m. Bring enough to feed six normal climbers. Bring your 10 to 20 best slides. If you are so inclined, Jim also invites everyone to come early and watch the Cowboys beat the Bengals (football). Jim lives at 2257 East 9840 South. Call him at 942-4659 if you need directions.
- October 4
Thursday
EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN.
- October 5-7
Fri.-Sun.
ARCHES CAR CAMP. Call Ann Cheves at 533-9074 for details and to register by October 3.
- October 6-8
Sat.-Mon.
Columbus Day
MOUNTAINEERS CAR CAMP--Zion National Park. This trip will accommodate both those who wish to loiter around in the splendor of Zion and those who wish to attempt to climb some of the routes in the area. If interested, call Bob McCaig by September 30 at 487-6868.
- October 6
Saturday
TWINS VIA LITTLE WILLOW. Rating 11.0. Leaders Dennis and Karen Caldwell. Register by October 4 by calling 942-6065.
- October 6
Saturday
MT. RAYMOND VIA BUTLER FORK. Rating 6.5. Meet leader Steve Gersten, 359-4934, at 8:00 a.m. at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon.
- October 7
Sunday
LAKE SOLITUDE FROM SILVER LAKE. Rating 1.0. Meet leaders Dwight and Jean Nicholson at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 11:00 a.m. Families welcome.
- October 7
Sunday
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN. Rating 6.0. A relatively new club hike with very rewarding views of the Weber drainage. It is located at the top of Emigration Canyon, Left Fork. Leader Shelly Hyde. Meet at 8:30 a.m. at Hogle Zoo parking lot, east end.
- October 12-13
Fri.-Sat.
PILOT PEAK OVERNIGHT. Rating 10.0. Drive to the base camp on Friday evening. Climb the mountain and return home Saturday. Enjoy a truly superb view in every direction from this pioneer landmark. Register with leader Dale Green, 277-6417.
- October 13
Saturday
ANNUAL FALL WOODCUTTING PARTY. Only one load will be required this year. See next month's Rambler for details.

October 14
Sunday

LAMBS CANYON-MURDOCK-PEAK-PARK CITY. No official rating but it is about 15 miles with 3,000 feet of vertical. Participants should carpool at Parley's Way K-Mart at 8:00 a.m. and meet leader Dave Hanscom at the mouth of Lambs Canyon at 8:15 a.m. Register with leader at 539-5000, ext. 5354 (work), or 1/649-7264 (home).

October 14
Sunday

TRAIL CLEARING. The Forest Service is asking our help in clearing the trail up Mill B North Fork (Hidden Falls to Desolation Trail). They'll provide tools, and a ranger will be with us. Let's have a BIG TURNOUT! Meet leader Carl Bauer at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 a.m. Leader needs a ride. Call 355-6036.

From the Hiking Director

By Trudy Healy

So many of you have just been great. You offered to lead hikes, cook hamburgers, collect garbage, clear trails. Most of you accepted whatever hikes you were asked to lead, many made suggestions for different trips, and accepted the responsibility to lead them. Those things make it gratifying to be Hiking Director. To all of you: Thanks a million!

On the other hand, there were a few problems. Very often leaders could not be contacted previous to a trip when registration was necessary. If you know you'll be out of town or unavailable to receive calls, please give the Hiking Director the details. Also, hikers interested in a particular trip and unable to reach the leader should call the Hiking Director--who'll try to coordinate things. Most surprisingly, and unfortunately in a lot of cases this year, the leader didn't show up at the hike he was supposed to lead! If unable to keep a date, do call the Hiking Director--who'll sub for you or find an alternate leader.

Sorry about that--I meant to say only nice things. But all in all, I've been happy with the many Club members who accepted responsibility of leadership, and with those who volunteered in various service functions (we had a super crew of eight for the much-needed Lake Blanche garbage pick-up, for instance). Also thanks to the members of the Hiking Committee, who spent many hours on the phone recruiting leaders.

I'll be out of town part of September and October, but if any problems arise, call 583-3411. One of the Healys--George, Steve or Trudy--will help solve them.

Happy Hiking to you all!

From the Entertainment Director

By Phyllis Haas

The Western Party has become an endangered species. I need many volunteers to man the gaming tables: Blackjack, roulette, poker and craps. Also I need four people to help me set up the lodge. I also would like a co-host. Many people have expressed the desire to attend the party, but have declined to help me make it a success. Unless I get some volunteers, the party will be cancelled. I'm doing all the cooking of the chili, rolls and donuts, but I need people to do the rest.

Volunteers should call or write me before September 30:

Phyllis Haas
717 Ninth Avenue
Salt Lake City, UT 84103
534-1262

The Halloween Party

is Coming

October 27, 1979

Fun
Dancing

Food
Costume Contest

Volunteers are needed to help in this gala event.
Please call Phyllis Haas at 534-1262.

TRIP Talk talk talk talk tal

Alpine Family River Trip

By Anne Keir

It was a dramatic moment. Trip co-leader Barbara Brower stood on shore watching the four rafts prepare to push off and blinked repeatedly, apparently convinced that the next time she opened her eyes, there'd be just a few less kids per boat.

Large quantities of kids, recently bolstered by the Meyers' breakfast (good eggs, Bob) soon proved to be an advantage. Captain Roy Keir's crew (five people under 12) made up with enthusiasm what they lacked in biceps--and informed him at lunch that they wanted to paddle more and float less.

This particular stretch of the Snake, somewhere between Alpine Junction and Hoback Junction, Wyoming, is sprinkled with quite a few small rapids and very few surprise rocks other than those located underneath "Rocky Barb's" boat. Three of the large rapids drew screams (of excitement? joy? pain? surely not fear...). One brand new river runner, Patti Wesson, took a short unexpected dip in the water--fortunately the only white water around was the ongoing water-fight. (A sprinkle a day...) Other swimmers (those who meant to), including Bob Nystrom, Crissy Meyer, Krista Brower, Katie Helberg's grandsons Joe, Jared, and Matt, Roy and David Keir, and myself were lightly iced and glad to note that the sun is not expected to expire for another few billion years.

With deference to my Audubon upbringing, I must note that one of the most exciting moments was the sighting of a young bald eagle, perched on the nest and haughtily sighting a bunch of crazy humans on the river, scaring all the fish. Other wildlife included an estimated total of nine captured water snakes (not 48, Marilyn Keir, only nine), two of which escaped at dinnertime--no doubt worried about the eminent danger of being served underneath that delicious spaghetti sauce.

Morning dawned as usual to the sound of cracking eggshells and bubbling coffee. There was enough for everyone except Al Polumbus. The sky began to contribute to the rinsing of the dishes, and as the downpour grew heavier, the rafters dispersed, and even the kayakers decided not to try the second day's run! But not even the torrents could drown the happy memories of yesterday's run.

Other river rats and kayakers were: Gerry and Karl Brower; Capt. Lloyd and Nedi McMahan; Joanne and Bill Martin; Jim Williams; Linda and Danny Collins; Bob, Susan and Kathy Meyer; Barry, Bill, Kerry and Taylor Quinn; Susan and Rochelle Anderson; John, Eleanor, Melvin and Darin Schell; John McKown; Capt. Ken Kraus; Wayne Slagle; Bob Frohboese and Debbie Carlson.

Sue McMahan acted as our driver.

Alpine Looped

By Rip Johnson

July 21 appeared to be an ideal day for the start of a two-day backpacking trip from Brighton Lodge to the Alpine Loop. The sun was shining as we left the lodge and hiked up past Mary and Martha Lake, Sunset Peak, and on to the ridge heading toward Alta. The topographical map was a Xerox copy but everything seemed in order...until we ran out of walking room behind Alta and had to bushwhack down and then up to the correct ridge. The hike down was through a field of beautiful wildflowers and it was obvious from that vantage point that the "topo" matched the ridge perfectly and guaranteed that, from that point on, the trip would be a breeze.

We bushwhacked over some particularly steep terrain, slipping and sliding on loose shale and imparting incredible pressure on the downhill sides of our vibram soles. Ahead, however loomed Ant Knolls and a "good trail."

After reaching the Knolls the trail did indeed become flat and well-defined until it disappeared into some heavy underbrush in an Aspen forest. At about that stage the skies opened and sheets of rain obscured any hope of finding the remnants of what once must have been a trail. As we slogged along in water-filled hiking boots and slipped on rain-soaked vegetation and fallen limbs a dirt road appeared for a flash through the trees. It was down the ridge through acres of wet aspens and to the southwest. After taking a compass reading and inching our way through the slimy forest for a couple of hours, the road became a reality and the nearly flat meadows near the road an ideal camping area.

Our intentions at this stage were to avoid hypothermia, as the evening temperatures rapidly declined, and hike up to Forest Lake and on out to the Alpine Loop Road in the sunshine the next morning.

The sun probably did rise that "Sun"day morning but, since it was completely obscured by a rain-filled curtain of gloom, discretion became the better part of valor and our plans changed.

We equipped one of our own to withstand the elements as he hitched a ride to and returned with his delightfully dry and warm automobile.

We will return and, armed with a more complete topo, conquer the last leg of this alpine challenge. Wait until next year!

Participants: Rip Johnson, Wanda Rice, and Sam Kingston.

Red Pine Cleanup

By John Dawson

Having received the word that Red Pine Lake was already cleaned up, we elected an alternate hike: Peruvian Gulch. From the parking area at Snowbird we followed the access road up the gulch to Hidden Peak, where we had an early lunch. As a little sidetrip, we then went to Baldy. Most of the group took the opportunity of a free tram ride down the hill.

Hikers were: Alan Baron, Eric Baron, Jim Piani, Nini Piani, Sam Kingston, Dave Calhoun, and leader, John Dawson.

Teton Kaleidoscope

By Larry Hoskins

Flat tire before we started and a little behind schedule, we started for the Tetons, the date Friday, July 20, 1979.

Dinner (mouth-watering pork chops) and a swim (two bodies) in Echo Reservoir, we were on the road again.

Outside of Evanston the Co-Pilot took over. Instead of Montpelier we pulled into Kemmerer to replenish our supply of Wyoming Koolaide. We drank to our navigator, from Georgia, who had never worn shoes before, let alone read a map.

That night at La Barge our motorhome pulled into a field by the Green River. All gathered in the back to down more Koolaide to commemorate our getting as far as we had.

Earthquake! The motorhome rocked and rolled, everybody was scared. Was it the Koolaide? No! Looking out the door we found the truck was eager to join us for a cool drink, only it was at the Snake River. Some dumbbell had forgotten to put a rock under the wheel. Do you remember "Black Bear Road" by C.W. McCall? A ravine had forced the truck to come short of the river.

Next morning after a breakfast of bacon, eggs, black coffee, and muffins by our French chef we got off to a not too early start. Pronghorns were seen playing tag with the sagebrush.

At Jenny Lake, with a short stop in Jackson for the five young girls to gawk at the goodies, we found no accommodations in Cascade Canyon. We decided to revise our planned hike and start at Teton Village. Blindfolding the hard core hikers, we took the tram to the 10,450 feet elevation.

Under threatening clouds we spent the first night in the Middle Fork of Granite Creek, a beautiful but uneven spot. Who slept in which tent was decided, the die was cast?

The flowers were beyond description, the color and fragrance filled the senses. The high country was like a flood of color flowing through the deep canyons of Granite, Open and Death, to the valley floor below.

The second night found us plodding into Alaska Basin with water dancing back and forth on our ponchos. Buck Mountain peeked at us once in a while through heavy rolling clouds. We were a little early for the flower show but not the rain.

Sixteen hours later the rain was tired and moved on. It was heard we were being chastized for sin, which all denied.

Getting partially dried out we crossed Hurricane Pass, into the south Cascade Canyon. One 50-foot section on a snow field made us think about the ice axe and rope in the truck.

The third night was spent resting for the next days hike out to Jenny Lake. One great waterfall cascaded down from Iceburg Lake below the Middle Teton.

Halfway down the canyon a large bull moose lay half submerged in water lilies after lunch. One of the largest racks I've ever seen. Monkey flowers were soaking their feet in the cool water.

We could tell we were near the end of our hike because the trash and people became more numerous.

Jenny Lake was beautiful and the boat ride irresistible. Our pilot and one of the beautiful maidens (bait) started to thumb to Teton Village to pick up the motorhome. The rest soaked their feet in the cool crystal waters. Several hours later they returned claiming only one stop in Jackson. No one asked where.

Everybody was in good spirits by the time they had consumed bar-b-que ribs and chicken with homemade cheese cake for dessert.

Wednesday, July 25, 1979 seemed to start earlier for some reason?

Pilot was Bob Wright and crew, Kathy Palmer, Barbara Pollyea, Barbara Wallace, Nancy Matson, Ruth Holland and Larry Hoskins.

Cuberant Lake Backpack

By Sharon Freshwater

Friday evening, July 7, about half the group led by Elmer Boyd started the hike to Cuberant Lake. They stopped for the night at Kamas Lake and continued on uneventfully in the morning.

The other half of the group started Saturday morning after checking the map. The consensus was that the trail appeared easy to follow. As it turned out, we got lost! Suddenly the "trail" disappeared in a rocky area. We followed bits of trail for some time. The comment most often heard was, "Here's a trail, but is it THE TRAIL?" A young couple also lost on their way to Cuberant Lake tagged along with us for a while, lost hope and turned back.

Finally after some not so fancy compass and map work, it was decided that we were too low in elevation. The "easy trail" turned into an uphill bushwhack through brush and deadfall. Lunch was held somewhere on the side of an unknown ridge.

Several hundred feet higher we encountered the lost trail, and from there it was a short climb to the lake. We joined the others and a reconnaissance turned up a fairly good campsite on a little ridge. Camp was quickly set up. The mosquitoes were thick and the Cutters flowed freely.

After a short rest, Happy Hour happened complete with smoked oysters, chips and dip, Jack Daniels, and other assorted gourmet goodies. This was followed by an equally interesting dinner with a very enterprising Jim creating shrimp creole from scratch.

Later in the evening several people left the comfort of the campfire to wander down to the lake. The moonlight cast shadows on the ground and shimmered on the water. The return to the campfire sparked more good conversation.

In the morning, Elmer's daughter Nancy wasn't feeling well, and they broke camp and hiked out. After a leisurely breakfast, we hiked to the other end of the lake, up through a boulder field to the top of the ridge. The view was magnificent and the wind brisk and cold. The panorama below was studded with small lakes.

After lunch, camp was quickly rolled up, and we headed out, alert to discover where we had lost the trail on the way in. As it turned out, we had missed the trail while crossing a beautiful little meadow complete with meandering stream. No one had noticed the cairn on the other side of the grassy glade! The mystery solved, we returned to the cars.

Participants: Elmer Boyd, Nancy Boyd, Sylvia Moody, Larry Larkin, Steve Negler, Jo Ann Martin, Jordan Weinstein, Jim Sweeny, Earl Cook, Kate Flanagan, Lois Shipway, Michelle Pierce, and Sharon Freshwater.

Brighton Ridge Run

DATELINE:BRIGHTON---As part of the July 4 Festivities, an unruly band of hikers ran the ridge from Snake Creek Pass to Mt. Millicent, visiting Pioneer, Prospector, Sunset, Tuscarora, and Wolverine Peaks on the way. All agreed on the high quality of the day, the hike and the other hikers, though opinion was divided on the boulder field below Mt. Millicent.

Hikers were: John Riley, leader; Lois Shipway, Bill Swander, Karl Lagerberg, Fran Glimas, John Dawson, Ilka Allers, Steve Negler, Shelley Hyde, Joyce Sohler and Lynn Watson.

The Bon Vivant's Secret Trail

(Alias Greens Basin)

By Betse Davies

We embarked at the civilized hour of 10:00 a.m. By 11:30, at the "easy leisurely" pace advertised in the Rambler, we arrive at Goal I--an alpine meadow resplendent with flowers which were expertly identified by Gerry aided by his brand new copy of Mountain Plants of Northeastern Utah. We shared our gourmet lunches on logs which had conveniently fallen by the meadow's edge. Several of the Bon Viveurs had foreseen our isolated location and provided liquid refreshments suitable for the epicurean picnic.

While trail clearing in the area several weeks ago, our Fearless Leader had been dive-bombed thrice by a Swainson's Hawk. We, too, saw Swainson's Hawk, but we never did see Swainson. Our numbers overwhelmed him--all he could do was scold us loudly and keep an eagle eye on our movements.

Goal II was a mountain spring not far uphill from the meadow. The Bon Viveurs avidly filled their canteens in anticipation of combining the pure spring water later with a wee bit of Glenfiddich.

The secret trail? You really don't know exactly where we journeyed that Saturday, do you? That Last Lost Meadow of the Elysian Fields is our Secret. Those wishing to partake of its beauty and who are adherents of the Good Life might apply for information to any one of the following Bon Viveurs: Gerry Powelson, Randal Stromberg, Tom Croen, Leslie McDonald, Ann McDonald, Chuck Ranney, Margaret Strickland, Marilyn Rump, Marian Colman, Leo Fontaine, Cinda Tattrie, Walter and Betse Davies.

A personal note: This was the Davies' second vertical hike with the Wasatch Mountain Club since moving to Salt Lake City a month ago. The Florida Kids--that's us--would like to

recommend Florida Trail to any of you who journey to those sunnier climes in winter. The members have developed an extensive network of horizontal trails from the Panhandle to the Everglades. Hiking, canoeing and backpacking activities are publicized in The Footprint as they are here in The Rambler. For further information contact Florida Trail Association, P.O. Box 13708, Gainesville, Florida 32604.

South Willow Lake

By Jan Friend

This hike began with a 60-mile ride in two cars for eight people. These mountains are hidden west of the Salt Lake Valley and they are truly a beautiful place.

Our hike began in gentle slopes amid fir trees, which soon gave way to aspen groves. As we crossed several gushing streams and walked thru snow fields up to the open meadows, wild flowers blossomed in abundance. Red, yellow and blue flowers grew beside the snow, and lit up the valley, providing great atmosphere for the chattering and laughing of the eight hikers. When we reached Willow Lake we had lunch, then met a "friendly" brown snake who patrolled the lake. We lost him in the snow--that's the best place for snakes anyway!

The hike down was easier (I think!), except the snow was more slippery, the water wetter, and the snowballs firmer! Met an unfriendly mink... we think.

The scenery was superb, and all eight seemed to enjoy a day way out and up. The eight were leader George Healy, Jack Holloway, Elizabeth Lubergesell, Fred Zoerner, Joy McGregor, Jan Friend, Rip Johnson and Chuck Ranney.

Dewey Bridge to Moab

By Chris Richards

On July 7 the people arrived at Dewey Bridge just in time to go to bed, pausing only to brush their teeth while they were greeted by the Honns (the trip leaders).

The next morning we woke up to the smell of French toast. After breakfast the boats were pumped up and tied down, and the cars were shuttled.

That night we camped out at Rock Garden and had a gourmet dinner of steak and vegetables. The next day we took off again and got some first-hand experience in "eddie". They hit

us at the end of the day and we nearly paddled our arms off. The first boat got out of the eddy only to be carried downstream past our takeout point. We finally got to the beach safely with no casualties.

After dunking the leader and his wife and enjoying a big water fight, we headed for home.

Trip Leaders: Dick and Pam Honn; boat captains: Dick Honn, Gerald Brower, Don Wachter; paddlers: Carl and Krista Brower; Rochelle, Mark and Sue Anderson; Joe and Katie Wachter; Kathy, Crissy, Mabel, Suzan and Bob Meyer; Christine, Steve and Barbara Richards; Steve, Sheryl, and Pam Honn; Brad Bench; Rick, Todd and Barbara Brower.



"LES JEUX DE LA CORDE ET DU HAZARD" Cartoon by Samivel. — Thanks to Gale and Ann Dick

Historical Highlights

From The Times-Independent, Moab, Utah October 19, 1939

Wasatch Hiking Club Describes Visit to Arches

T-I Oct. 19, 1939

Members of the Wasatch Mountain club of Salt Lake City, who recently made a trip to Arches National monument and were the first to scale Landscape Arch, longest in the world, have furnished the following account of their trip:

"Breaking the jinx that has previously accompanied the Wasatch Mountain Club on trips to Moab and southeastern Utah, ten members made the trip over Labor day with only two mishaps—one blow-out and one flat tire. The group left Salt Lake City Saturday night and traveled two hundred and fifty-seven miles to the Moab high school lawn. There they had just unrolled their sleeping bags and settled down when Phil Miner got a bed partner in the form of an inquisitive white cat. He unceremoniously pushed it out of bed so it decided to keep Anne's neck warm. The gang had just been serenaded to sleep by a rooster trio, when a gruff voice told them they had better move as he was going to water the lawn. That was the end of the sleeping for that night.

"After breakfast Sunday morning, Harry Reed and Charlie Jones, two fellows who have publicized the Arches, acted as guides out to the Devil's Garden, situated north of the double arches. The roads, where there were any, were proving grounds for any car. The group was aiming for the Landscape

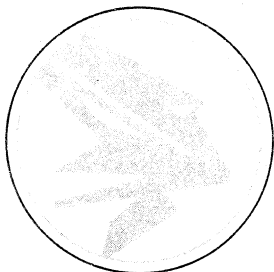
Arch, the longest natural arch in the world, being 291 feet long and 118 feet high. It is one of the least accessible of the arches and one, which up until the Mountain Club saw it, had never been scaled by man. After three different attempts at it, Emer and Phil finally succeeded in reach the top. According to the guides, Ila, 'Pinky' Lindsay, Anne, and Val were the first women to ever see this arch.

"One of the highlights of the day's trip was the unlimited quantity of watermelons awaiting the tired, thirsty people when they reached the cars again. There never were any sweeter, wetter melons than those from Moab.

"It was after dark when the club got back to Moab, and there was not an unoccupied cabin within forty miles. They had just decided it would be the schoolhouse lawn again, when they heard of Moab's exclusive hotel. Several pounds of red earth were washed down the bathtub drain and the tired Mountaineers went to bed.

"Monday, Labor day, the club rode out to Dead Horse Point, located thirty-five miles off the main highway. From an altitude of 4000 feet they climbed to 7000 and looked down 3000 feet. From this

vantage point there was a view of the canyon and the Colorado river that rivaled the Grand Canyon seen from the North Rim. The river could be seen making nine different goose necks. Just about the time everyone was getting hungry it started to blow and rain. so lunch was served buffet style on a large rock, an overhanging ledge serving as a canopy. As the rain kept pouring down, the sightseers decided to head for home. Upon arriving in Salt Lake City at midnight, the speedometer clocked 775 miles."



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(NO. 053410)