

# *The Rambler*

Wasatch Mountain Club  
NOVEMBER



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# The Rambler

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The right is reserved to edit all contributions and advertisements and to reject those that may harm the sensibilities of WMC members or defame the WMC.

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**COVER PHOTO:** Cassie Badowsky, Steve Walker, and Mark Hutchinson at the WMC Climbing Clinic, September 21, 1991. Photo by Jon Blakeburn

## SUBMITTING ARTICLES TO THE RAMBLER

**IF YOU HAVE MOVED:** Please notify the WMC Membership Director, 888 South 200 East, Suite 111, Salt Lake City, UT 84111, of your new address.

**IF YOU DID NOT RECEIVE YOUR RAMBLER:** Contact the Membership Director to make sure your address is in the Club computer correctly.

**IF YOU WANT TO SUBMIT AN ARTICLE:** Articles, preferably typed double spaced, must be received by 6:00 pm on the 15th of the month preceding publication. Mail or deliver to the WMC office or to the Editor. Include your name and phone number on all submissions.

**IF YOU WANT TO SUBMIT A PHOTO:** We welcome photos of all kinds: black & white prints, color prints, and slides. Please include captions describing when and where the photo was taken, and the names of the people in it (if you know). **Photos will not be returned unless requested and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.**

**DEADLINE:** Submissions to THE RAMBLER must be received by 6:00 pm on the 15th of the month preceding publication. Mail or deliver to THE RAMBLER office or to the Editor. Include your name and phone number on all submissions.

## PROSPECTIVE MEMBER INFORMATION

THE RAMBLER, the official publication of the Wasatch Mountain Club, is published monthly by and for its members. Persons wishing to become members may receive THE RAMBLER for two months by writing the Membership Director, 888 South 200 East, Suite 111, Salt Lake City, UT 84111 and enclosing \$3.00. Checks are to be made payable to the Wasatch Mountain Club. There is a \$10.00 charge for returned checks.

## WMC PURPOSE

(Article II of the WMC Constitution)

The purpose shall be to promote the physical and spiritual well being of its members and others by outdoor activities; to unite the energy, interests and knowledge of students, explorers and lovers of the mountains, deserts and rivers of Utah; to collect and disseminate information regarding the Rocky Mountains in behalf of science, literature and art; to explore and picture the scenic wonders of this and surrounding states; to foster awareness of scenic beauties; and to encourage preservation of our natural areas including their plant, animal and bird life.

# TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE RAMBLER, NOVEMBER 1966

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by Dale Green, Historian

Only 4 activities are scheduled for November, 1966--two hikes, a membership meeting, and a backpack to Grand Canyon. A Christmas party at the lodge will be held on December 10th.

Last September's trip through Zion Narrows was diverted by threatening thunderstorms. Participants were later treated to spectacular waterfalls coming off the cliffs along the Park's highway. A series of humorous events surrounded an incident when the bus ran out of gas (you had to be there).

The continuing problem of protecting the High Uinta Wilderness was addressed in a long article by Editor Jack McLellan.

An 8 page special edition of the Rambler was mailed separately alerting members to a proposed housing development extending up the bottom of Little Cottonwood Canyon for 3 miles from the mouth. [This problem was not solved until a few years ago when the land was donated to the Forest Service through a series of complicated land exchanges arranged by the Trust For Public Lands.]

## A NOTE FROM THE HISTORIAN

I would like to thank Life Members Austin and Ruby Wahrhaftig for their generous donation of a complete set of Ramblers dating from 1952, including a rare 1948 annual edition. Tom Silberstorf has donated a 4 drawer legal-size file cabinet which will help immeasurably in organizing the historical records, now kept in cardboard boxes.

# FUZZY FUNCTION

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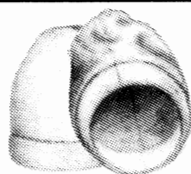
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## EVENTS AT A GLANCE

### SKI TOURS/SNOWSHOEING

#### November

16 Leader's Choice  
16 Downhill Skiing  
17 Downhill Skiing  
17 Scott's Pass  
17 Leader's Choice  
23 Downhill Skiing  
23 Leader's Choice  
23 Leader's Choice  
23 Leader's Choice  
24 Downhill Skiing  
24 Leader's Choice  
30 Downhill Skiing  
30 Norway Flats  
30 Leader's Choice

#### December

1 Downhill Skiing  
1 Catherine's Pass  
1 Leader's Choice  
1 Easy Snowshoe Tour  
7 Beaver Creek  
7 Leader's Choice  
7 Leader's Choice  
8 Leader's Choice  
8 Leader's Choice  
8 Scotts Pass SnowShoe Tour  
14 Leader's Choice  
14 Red Pine  
15 Greens Basin  
15 Desolation Lake

### BOATING/SCUBA

#### November

8 Splash Party Scuba  
13 Permit planning meeting  
15 Splash Party Scuba  
22 Splash Party Scuba

#### December

6 Splash Party Scuba

### SOCIALS

#### November

10 Sunday Social  
15-16 New Member's Only Party  
23 Thanksgiving Day Dinner

#### December

24 Christmas Eve at the Lodge  
31 New Year's Eve at the Lodge

### BIKING

#### November

2 Lake Creek Road  
3 Reservoir, Big Mountain Loop Classic  
9 Wanship-Kamas  
10 Sugarhouse-Log Haven/Millcreek Cyn  
16 Southern Cache Valley  
17 Bridal Veil Falls  
23 Pleasant View-Hopper  
24 Lake Mountain Mtn Bike Ride  
30 Alpine

#### December

7 North Copperton

### VOLLEYBALL

(Monday evenings at 6:30 PM, at Highland High School )

November 4, 11, 18, 25

December 2

**PROSPECTIVE MEMBERS** are welcome on ALL club activities, with these exceptions:

- 1) Thursday Evening Hikes are for members only. However, prospective members may attend if the hike is their second qualifying activity for membership and they submit their dues check and application form to the leader before the hike.
- 2) Boating trips are for members. However, prospective members may attend a weekend trip if they use the trip as their qualifying activity (each day counts as one activity.)
- 3) A trip leader may choose to limit a trip to members, especially if there is limited space.

**WMC SKI TOUR RATINGS EXPLAINED:** **NTD (Not too difficult):** Terrain is mostly gentle. Participants should be able to do a kick turn, snowplow, and descend a slope by traversing. Usually no avalanche danger. **MOD (Moderately difficult):** Proficiency climbing and descending intermediate slopes is required. Pieps and shovels may sometimes be suggested or required. If a pieps is carried, this implies knowledge of how to search for a buried companion. **MSD (Most difficult):** Strenuous. Usually involves long ascents, steep or narrow descents. Pieps and shovel always required.

**WMC BIKE RIDES:** Rides are rated **Not Too Difficult (NTD)**, **Moderate (MOD)**, or **Most Difficult (MSD)**. NTD rides will generally be less than 30 miles. MOD rides will be 30 to 50 hilly or up to 60 flat miles. MSD rides will be over 50 hilly or 60 flat miles. On all but newcomer rides, riders must bring their own water, food, tire repair tools, extra tubes, repair knowledge, sunscreen, and money. Consider wearing protective gear. Helmets may be required on some rides.



# CLUB ACTIVITIES

Only activities approved by the appropriate WMC Director can be listed in the Club Activities section of the *Rambler*. Send your proposed activity, for approval, to the hiking, rafting, skiing, etc., director for inclusion in their activity schedule. Those activities sent directly to the *Rambler*, without approval, will not be published.

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## REMINDER

**HILLSIDE PLAZA PARKING** - park at the west end of the parking lot south of the bank.

## THANKS!

\*\*\*\*\*

Nov 2  
Sat

LAKE CREEK ROAD BIKE RIDE (NTD). This 36 mile ride begins in Midway, crosses Heber Valley, and then climbs Lake Creek Road to a small reservoir located in the western foothills of the Unita Mountains. If the weather is not accomodating, we'll return to Heber for lunch at a cafe. Either way, plan on an easy paced spin through scenic Heber Valley over mostly rural country roads, and one mild climb of 1350 feet over 7.4 mile up Lake Creek Road. Meet Elliott, 968-7357, at the K-Mart/Regency at 9 AM to carpool/caravan, or in Midway at Midway Elementary School (200 South 100 East) at 10 AM. Helmets required.

Nov 3  
Sun

RESERVOIR, BIG MOUNTAIN LOOP CLASSIC (MSD) Join Lade Heaton (466-7008) a the last good workout before the snow flies & tour all 5 reservoirs: Rockport, Echo, East Canyon, Little Dell, & Mtn Dell. There is a lot of climbing, but well worth the effort. Bring lunch or buy at the convenience stores & cafes along the way. Meet at 8:00 a.m. at K-Mart (Parleys Blvd.) parking lot for carpooling or meet at Park City High, 1750 East Kearns Boulevard, at 9:00 a.m. to begin. 80 Miles. Cycling Possibilities, Vol 2 Pg 68-72. Helmets Required.

Nov 4  
Mon

VOLLEYBALL--6:30PM at the Highland High School (2166 South 1700 East). follow the signs near the gynasiums. The cost is \$1.00. For info. call Doug, 269-1833.

Nov 8  
Fri

SPLASH PARTY SCUBA EXPERIENCE. For noncertified divers interested in learning to SCUBA. Cost: approximately \$10 and to be held at the Neptune Divers facility, 7PM. Call Bob Sherer at 967-0218 for more information.

Nov 9  
Sat.

WANSHIP - KAMAS BIKE RIDE (NTD). This 29 mile ride snakes along past Rockport Reservoir, and then meanders thru the rural farm and ranch lands of Kamas Valley. As temperatures cool, the aroma of wood and coal burning stoves punctuates the air, and further enhances the rural ambiance of this highmountain valley. Plan on easy flat to rolling terrain, and a stop at a cafe for lunch. 1.6 miles of this course is unpaved. Meet Elliott (968-7357) at 9:00 AM at the K-Mart/Regency to carpool/caravan, or at Wanship Dam at 10:00. Helmets required.



Nov. 10  
Sun.

SUGARHOUSE-LOG HAVEN/MILLCREEK CYN BIKE RIDE (NTD-MOD). Join Lade Heaton (466-7008) in this scenic ride. Meet at Sugarhouse Park, 1500 East 2100 South, at 9:00 a.m. to begin. Bring your lunch and we will picnic somewhere around Log Haven. The more adventuresome can continue on up the canyon. There is a 1400' climb to Log Haven. 18 miles round trip to Log Haven, more if the entire canyon is ridden. Cycling Possibilities, Vol. 1, Pg 18. Helmets required. If it is snowing, it will be cancelled.

SUNDAY SOCIAL: 6:00pm till around 9:00pm. Potluck dinner and bring your own liquid refreshments. Paper plates and plasticware and ice provided. Slide show of canoeing trip in British Columbia at 7:30pm. Address is the SOUTH CLUBHOUSE at the Foothill Place Apartments (2260 South Foothill Dr.). Directions to the clubhouse: Turn in on Stringham from Foothill and proceed to the sign advertising leasing a Foothills Apartment. Turn right at the sign and go to the end of the drive. The clubhouse is on the right as you face the end of the drive. Cost is \$2.00. Questions? Call Steve Krueger at 485-4039.

Nov 11  
Mon

VOLLEYBALL--6:30PM at the Highland High School (2166 South 1700 East). follow the signs near the gynasiums. The cost is \$1.00. For info. call Doug, 269-1833.

Nov 13  
Wed

BOATING PERMIT PLANNING MEETING - Meet at Jim and Eileen Brown's house at 7 pm, 1085 S. 800 E. This is possibly the most important event of the entire boating year, because it is when we pass out the information necessary to get our permits for river launches next season. Also, if you have any suggestions for new directions for the Club boating program, bring them to this meeting and don't be bashful.

Nov 15  
Fri

SPLASH PARTY SCUBA EXPERIENCE. For noncertified divers interested in learning to SCUBA. Cost: approximately \$10 and to be held at the Neptune Divers facility, 7PM. Call Bob Sherer at 967-0218 for more information.

NEW MEMBER'S PARTY AT THE LODGE. This is a social for all persons who have joined the club during the last year. Meet the directors and mingle. Bring your favorite board or card games and enjoy a little friendly competition and conversation. if you'd like to spend the night, bring a sleeping bag. \$3 lodge fee for staying overnight. Call Julie Jones, 278- 4753 for more information.

Nov 16  
Sat

NEW MEMBERS PARTY AT THE LODGE (CONTINUES).. Breakfast--hashbrowns, eggs, or pancakes at 9AM (Club provides). X-Country Skiing Tour or Hike (weather decides) 11AM from the Lodge. Bring your own lunch for the Trasil. Potluck dinner at 6PM, followed by short presentations by the Club directors; History of the Club slide presentation by Alexis Kelner. New members are welcome to come and join in any or all segments of this New Members weekend. Please RSVP Julie Jones, 278-4753, for the breakfast.

Nov. 16  
Sat

SOUTHERN CACHE VALLEY BIKE RIDE (MOD). This 46 mile ride tours the southern Cache Valley communities of Mendon, Wellsville, Hyrum, Paradise, Avon and Nibley. Cache Valley is a wonderfully rich agricultural region; its rural ambiance in concert with easy flat to rolling terrain, make it ideal for cycling. We'll crisscross this scenic region and ride past stoic fields hibernating for the winter, and menageries of livestock and farm animals. Plan on stops along the way at convenience stores for snacks and munchies. Meet Elliott (968-7357) in the southwest corner parking lot of the State Capitol at 9:00 AM to carpool/caravan, or at Woodruff Elementary in Logan at 615 South 1000 West, at 10:30. Mountain bikes are not appropriate on this ride. Helmets required.

LEADER'S CHOICE SKI TOUR. (NTD) The second annual opening of the Ski season by Mr. Jerry Hatch, which, like last year may turn out to be the first hike of the ski tour year. This TRIKE (tour or hike) will be led by Jerry (467-7186) at 9:00 A.M. from the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon Park & Ride. Bring your skis and hiking boots.

DOWNHILL SKIING - at the resort of your choice. Professional ski instructor will give you early season pointers for a day. Dates are flexible depending on snow, weekend or weekdays. Call Bruce 485-4011 for information.

Nov 17  
Sun

SCOTTS PASS SKI TOUR. (NTD) Tom Silberstorf (255-2784) will try Scotts Pass for snow. If no snow, maybe he will hike to Scotts Pass or somewhere else. Better bring hiking boots in case. Touring skis and backcountry boots are strongly suggested. Track skis and track boots will not work. Meet Tom at 9:00 at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon Park & Ride. Call Norm (964-6155) if you have a question on equipment.

LEADER'S CHOICE SKI TOUR. (MOD) Third Annual Birthday Tour and Gourmet Dinner. The official opening of the Hunt for Powder. Call to find out where Kira Kilmer will begin the search. Pieps practice and basking in the sunshine for lunch is the backup plan if the brush still shows through on the slopes. Kira will tell you where dinner will be served. Call (596-1836) at work or (364-5044) at home late evenings.

BRIDAL VEIL FALLS BIKE RIDE (MOD). Join Lade Heaton (466-7008) before the snow falls to tour from West Jordan Park, Point of the Mountain, Highland, Pleasant Grove, Bridal Veil Falls, Orem, Lindon, and Lehi. Meet at West Jordan Park at 9:00 a.m. to begin. 80 miles. Cycling Possibilities, Vol. 1, Pg 55-56. If it is snowing, the ride will be cancelled. Helmets required.

DOWNHILL SKIING - at the resort of your choice. Professional ski instructor will give you early season pointers for a day. Dates are flexible depending on snow, weekend or weekdays. Call Bruce 485-4011 for information.

Nov 18  
Mon

VOLLEYBALL--6:30PM at the Highland High School (2166 South 1700 East). follow the signs near the gymnasiums. The cost is \$1.00. For info. call Doug, 269-1833.

Nov 22  
Fri

SPLASH PARTY SCUBA EXPERIENCE. For noncertified divers interested in learning to SCUBA. Cost: approximately \$10 and to be held at the Neptune Divers facility, 7PM. Call Bob Sherer at 967-0218 for more information.

Nov 23  
Sat

PLEASANT VIEW - HOOPER BIKE RIDE (MOD). This is a 51 mileride around the farmlands West of Odgen. This course is over mostly flat rural roads past farms and ranches, and tours the region immediately south of Willard Bay. Plan on an easy pace, and a stop in Hooper for lunch at a country store. Meet Elliott (968-7357), in the southwest corner parking lot of the State Capitol at 9:00 AM to carpool/caravan, or at Shady Lane Park in Pleasant View (3100 North 600 West), at 10:00. Mountain bikes are not appropriate on this ride. Helmets required.

LEADER'S CHOICE SKI TOUR. (NTD) Trudy Healy (943-2290) will lead a slow comfortable pace to one of her favorites, probably Lower Silver Fork. If no snow, give Trudy a call, otherwise meet her at the Hillside Plaza Shopping Center (7000 S. 2300 E.) at 9:00 AM. **HILLSIDE PLAZA PARKING** - park at the west end of the parking lot south of the bank.

LEADER'S CHOICE SKI TOUR. (NTD) For tours during the week contact Jim Piani (272-3921).

LEADER'S CHOICE SKI TOUR. (MOD) Larry Larkin will lead the first difficult ski tour of the season. Call Larry at (486-9060) for a meeting place. The tour will start at 8:30 AM. Pieps and shovels required and skins preferable.

DOWNHILL SKIING - at the resort of your choice. Professional ski instructor will give you early season pointers for a day. Dates are flexible depending on snow, weekend or weekdays. Call Bruce 485-4011 for information.

THANKSGIVING DINNER AT THE LODGE. Join us for a Thanksgiving Dinner at 5PM and a sing-a-long afterward at 7PM. Musicians win the group bring your instruments. Turkey and dressing will be provided with board games available for children and adults. Cost is \$5.00 for adults and \$2.50 for children. Carpooling will be organized at the mouth of the canyon. RSVP to Randi Gardner, 262-2766, for turkey count and your potluck dish as well as for carpooling information.

Nov 24  
Sun

LAKE MOUNTAIN MTN. BIKE RIDE (MOD). Join Lade Heaton(466-7008) to circumvent the Lake Mountains on the west side of Utah Lake. This is a mostly flat 27 mile course except for one 2,300' climb over 8 miles to the crest of Lake Mountain. However, a majestic 360 degree panorama makes the effort worthwhile. Meet at 7200 South Park & Ride to carpool at 8:00 a.m. Helmetsrequired. If it is snowing, the ride will be cancelled.

LEADER'S CHOICE SKI TOUR. (MOD) Terry Rollins (467-5088) will look for some more difficult skiing in the Wasatch. Pieps and shovels required and skins are preferable. Meet Terry at the Hillside Plaza Shopping Center (7000 S. 2300 E.) at 9:00 AM. See Nov. 23 for parking info.

DOWNHILL SKIING - at the resort of your choice. Professional ski instructor will give you early season pointers for a day. Dates are flexible depending on snow, weekend or weekdays. Call Bruce 485-4011 for information.

Nov 25  
Mon

VOLLEYBALL--6:30PM at the Highland High School (2166 South 1700 East). follow the signs near the gynasiums. The cost is \$1.00. For info. call Doug, 269-1833.

Nov 30  
Sat

ALPINE BIKE RIDE (MOD). This is a 50 mile ride south into Utah County. The terrain is mostly flat to rolling, however there are several short climbs as the course goes around the Point of the Mountain. We'll stop at a cafe for lunch. Meet Elliott (968-7357) at West Jordan Park located at 7941 South 2200 West, at 9:00 AM. Mountain bikes are not appropriate on this ride. Helmets required.

NORWAY FLATS UNITAS SKI TOUR. (NTD) Ken Kraus (363-4186) will take a group of skiers to one of his favorite trails in the Uinta foothills, 11 miles east of Kamas. Meet at the Regency Theater parking lot on Parleys Way at 8:30 A.M.

LEADER'S CHOICE SKI TOUR. (MOD) Join Kyle Williams (487-9309) in his search for snow. If summer is still with us, bring your hiking boots. Meet Kyle at the Hillside Plaza Shopping Center (7000 S. 2300 E.) at 9:00 AM. See Nov. 23 for parking info.

DOWNHILL SKIING - at the resort of your choice. Professional ski instructor will give you early season pointers for a day. Dates are flexible depending on snow, weekend or weekdays. Call Bruce 485-4011 for information.

Dec. 1  
Sun

CATHERINES PASS SKI TOUR. (NTD+) Ski with Leslie Woods to popular Catherines Pass. There should be snow by now so no hiking please. Pieps and shovels are smart but not required. For this brisk paced tour meet Leslie (484-2338) at the Hillside Plaza Shopping Center (7000 S. 2300 E.) at 9:00 AM. See Nov. 23 for parking info.

LEADER'S CHOICE SKI TOUR. (NTD) Dave Minix will find some easy skiing in the Wasatch. Join Dave (967-3864) at the Hillside Plaza Shopping Center (7000 S. 2300 E.) at 9:00 AM. See Nov. 23 for parking info.

EASY SNOWSHOE TOUR/HIKE. (NTD) Continue your summer hiking this winter on snowshoes. No special skills required for snowshoeing. Call Doug Stark (277-8538) for information on the trip location, snowshoeing, and snowshoe rental locations. Meeting place is at the Hillside Plaza Shopping Center (7000 S. 2300 E.) at 9:30 AM. See Nov. 23 for parking info.

DOWNHILL SKIING - at the resort of your choice. Professional ski instructor will give you early season pointers for a day. Dates are flexible depending on snow, weekend or weekdays. Call Bruce 485-4011 for information.

Dec 2  
Mon

VOLLEYBALL--6:30PM at the Highland High School (2166 South 1700 East). follow the signs near the gynasiums. The cost is \$1.00. For info. call Doug, 269-1833.

Dec 6  
Fri

SPLASH PARTY SCUBA EXPERIENCE. For noncertified divers interested in learning to SCUBA. Cost: approximately \$10 and to be held at the Neptune Divers facility, 7PM. Call Bob Sherer at 967-0218 for more information.

Dec 7  
Sat

BEAVER CREEK SKI TOUR. (NTD) Try Beaver Creek in the Uintas with Floyd Durrant (596-1931). Floyd will be at the Regency Theater parking lot on Parleys Way at 8:30 A.M.

LEADER'S CHOICE SKI TOUR. (MOD) Looking for some exciting skiing? Ski with Milt. Pieps and shovels required and skins preferable. Register with Milt Hollander (277-1416).

LEADER'S CHOICE SKI TOUR. (MSD) Contact George Westbrook (942-6071) for MSD tours when none are scheduled.

NORTH COPPERTON BIKE RIDE (NTD). This 38 mile ride tours the central part of Salt Lake County. We'll spin up the Old Bingham Highway to the town of Copperton, and then ride highway 111 into Magna. This ride has no formal lunch stop, however, we'll make stops at convenience stores along the way for snacks. If we're lucky, we'll spot deer and elk ranging down out of the Oquirrh. The terrain is mostly flat to rolling, with one tiny hill mid-way. Meet Elliott (968-7357) at West Jordan Park located at 7941 South 200 West at 10:00. Helmets required.

Dec 8  
Sun

LEADER'S CHOICE SKI TOUR. (NTD) Try to keep up with Monty on this modest tour with excellent views of Mt. Superior and twin Lakes. Pieps and shovels not required but safety conscious skiers take them along. Track skis and boots are not recommended. Meet Monty Young (255-8392) at the Hillside Plaza Shopping Center (7000 S. 2300 E.) at 9:00 AM. See Nov. 23 for parking info.

LEADER'S CHOICE SKI TOUR. (MSD) Call Dave Smith at (278-6515) to register.

SCOTTS PASS SNOWSHOE TOUR (NTD) Meet Norm Probanz (266-3703) at the Hillside Plaza Shopping Center (7000 S. 2300 E.) at 9:00 AM. See Nov. 23 for parking info. Norm will lead the snowshoers through the aspens and conifers to scenic Scotts Pass.

Dec 14  
Sat

LEADER'S CHOICE SKI TOUR. (NTD) Clint Lewis will find the best snow in the Wasatch. Snowshoers at intermediate level and above are welcome to join. Join Clint (295-8645) at the Hillside Plaza Shopping Center (7000 S. 2300 E.) at 9:00 AM. See Nov. 23 for parking info.

RED PINE SKI TOUR. (MOD) Hank will take a group to Red Pine. The snow should be deep but not too much avalanche danger yet. Pieps and shovels required and skins preferable. Track skis and boots are not recommended. Meet Hank Winawer (277-1997) at the Hillside Plaza Shopping Center (7000 S. 2300 E.) at 9:00 AM. See Nov. 23 for parking info.

Dec 15  
Sun

GREENS BASIN SKI TOUR. (NTD+) Greens Basin will be an easy tour. Join Chris Biltoft (359-5645) at the Hillside Plaza Shopping Center (7000 S. 2300 E.) at 9:00 AM. See Nov. 23 for parking info. Track skis and boots are not recommended.

DESOLATION LAKE SKI TOUR. (MOD) Gary Burg will take the long way easy route to Desolation Lake via Mill D. This is a safe route but Pieps and shovels make it safer. Meet Gary (485-4911) at the Hillside Plaza Shopping Center (7000 S. 2300 E.) at 9:00 AM. See Nov. 23 for parking info.

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## **FUTURE EVENTS AT A GLANCE**

**DECEMBER 24, TUESDAY. CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE LODGE.** Potluck dinner, tree trimming, gift exchange and songs the night before Christmas. Enjoy the evening with your WMC friends, spend the night if you like and ski the next day too. More details in the Dec. Rambler.

**DECEMBER 31, TUESDAY. NEW YEAR'S EVE AT THE LODGE.** Potluck dinner and party to begin the new year. More details in the December Rambler.

**JANUARY 11, SATURDAY. TIME LORDS OF ROCK-N-ROLL** at the First Unitarian Church - 569 South 1300 East. Potluck dinner at 6:30pm, dancing at 8:00pm till about 11:30pm. Cost is \$5.00.

**JANUARY 25, SATURDAY. SPAGETTI DINNER SOCIAL** at Vince Desimone's home. Details in the January Rambler.

**FEBRUARY 8. SATURDAY. THE HYRUM KNIGHTLY** - a traditional string band will play at the First Unitarian Church - 569 South 1300 East. Potluck dinner at 6:30pm, dancing at 8:00pm till about 11:30pm. No partner needed, the caller is very good about getting everyone to dance. Cost is \$7.00. Entertainment on Sat. Feb. 8, 1992:

**FEBRUARY 9. SUNDAY. VALENTINE'S DAY SOCIAL** at Leslie Mullins' home. Details later.

\*\*\*\*\*

# FROM THE MANAGING EDITORS

## SUBMITTING ARTICLES TO THE RAMBLER OR IF YOU'RE TYPING YOUR DOCUMENT ON A COMPUTER WE WANT YOUR DISK (NOT THE PAPER COPY)

by Magdaline Quinlan  
and Leslie Mullins

The standard rules and methods for submitting articles and photos to the Rambler (see at the end of this article) are still in effect, however I would like to encourage the following changes. These are not mandatory changes, but are applicable if you do have the capability to do so.

The Rambler is now being produced on a Macintosh using Ready, Set, Go (a desktop publishing software package). I would like to encourage, then, those of you who have either a PC or a Macintosh to submit your information to the Editors on a floppy disk rather than in paper format. We would also appreciate it if those of you who have a computer and continue to send us paper copy, would **stop** sending the paper copy and send us the **disk** (we will return your disk to you). This will save us much typing time and would be greatly appreciated.

If you do submit articles this way, I would like the following guidelines to be followed:

1. The preferred software, but not the must have software, is either WordPerfect v.4.2, 5.0, or 5.1 for PC users and MacWrite v.4.6 or higher or Microsoft Word v. 3.02, 4.0 or higher.
2. You can either save your document as an ASCII text file (synonyms: DOS text file, non-document file, text file with line breaks)--PC users--or as a text file (synonyms: DOS text file, non-document file, text file with line breaks)--Mac users or as a regular document. **Please tell me what software you used** to create the document so I can use the correct translation program.
3. You can use either a 5 1/4 or a 3 1/2 floppy disk.

4. Please **identify which file** is the document you are submitting, especially if you have saved other documents on that disk and you don't want to remove them.

5. If you can, please include a Self Addressed Stamped Envelope or a Self Addressed Mailing Label.

6. This last item is mandatory if you mail your disk to us. To ensure that the Post Office will not zap your disk, i.e., subject it to magnetic beams, etc. which may delete everything on your disk, label the envelope: **MAGNETIC MATERIAL, HAND STAMP.**

If you have any questions, comments, etc., give me a call, after 6PM, at 467-8918. And, of course, we will still accept typed, double spaced, submissions.

## HOW TO SUBMIT ARTICLES TO THE RAMBLER

**IF YOU WANT TO SUBMIT AN ARTICLE:** Articles, preferably typed double spaced, must be received by 6:00 pm on the 15th of the month preceding publication. Mail or deliver to the WMC office or to the Editors. Include your name and phonenummer on all submissions.

**IF YOU WANT TO SUBMIT A PHOTO:** We welcome photos of all kinds: black & white prints, or color prints. Please include captions describing when and where the photo was taken, and the names of the people in it (if you know). **Photos will not be returned unless requested and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.**

**DEADLINE:** Submissions to *THE RAMBLER* must be received by 6:00 pm on the 15th of the month preceding publication. Mail or deliver to The Rambler office or to the Editors. Include your name and phone number on all submissions. We are very serious about the deadline, no telephone pleas will be accepted. Either it gets to the blue box on the porch of Leslie Mullins' house or to The Rambler office, or it doesn't get in the issue you wanted it in.



**FROM THE  
NOMINATIONS COMMITTEE:**

**DIRECTORS NEEDED**

Have you ever thought of being on a Board of Directors? Why not? I was on the board for four years and learned a lot about budgets, scheduling, management, and people. Not only I helped the Club, but the Club helped me learn these skills that I now utilize in my work and play. The Board makes important decisions concerning the direction and focus for the Club, such as the Lodge sewer and the Olympics a few years ago. Members of the board discuss and vote on these issues. The Club needs your help to keep functioning. We are currently looking for the positions listed below for next year beginning in March. If you have time to help build a better Club, please call and volunteer.

**SKIING**

Coordinates ski tours, setup classes

**MEMBERSHIP**

Enlists new members, maintain  
Club database

**PUBLISHING CO-DIRECTOR**

gather materials, help Magdaline

**LODGE CO-DIRECTOR**

coordinate lodge rentals

**SECRETARY**

Publish meeting notes

**TREASURER**

Maintain Club ledger, pay bills

Feel free to call and ask for details concerning any of these positions:

Jeff Barrell 278-3510  
Jerry Hatch 467-7186  
Janet Friend 268-4102

**FROM THE  
PRESIDENT:**

**VOLUNTEERISM**

Elections for the WMC Board are coming up. We need volunteers who are willing to serve on the board. If you are willing to stand for election please contact a member of the Nominations Committee:

Jeff Barrell, Chair: 278-3510  
Janet Friend: 268-4102  
Jerry Hatch: 467-7186

Become involved! Offer to serve! Let a thousand points of light shine!

**ANNUAL LEADERS PARTY**

The annual WMC leaders party is coming up in November, and invitations have been put in the mail. Every year we have a problem: the party is by invitation, and even though we try hard to get everyone on the list who has led an outing (hike, ski tour, climb, etc.), we always miss some names, either because of problems with addresses, substitute leader whose name did not appear in the Rambler, our inability to keep good records (shudder!), or such. So: if you led an outing, and you did not get an invitation, please call Barbara Jakobsen at 943-3715.

## SKI SWAP TO BENEFIT THE UTAH AVALANCHE FORECAST CENTER

The friends of the Utah Avalanche Forecast Center is having the second annual ski swap Saturday, November 2nd at REI, 1122 Brickyard Road. Proceeds will go to the Utah Avalanche Forecast Center.

The swap will specialize in all types of cross country and backcountry equipment but all ski equipment is welcome. Equipment drop off will be Thursday and Friday evenings. The swap opens at 9:00 a.m. Saturday morning.

The Utah Avalanche Forecast Center issues twice daily backcountry avalanche advisories, mountain weather forecasts, and provides avalanche education to the public. Because of continuing federal budget cuts, the Utah Avalanche Forecast Center needs your financial support to continue its quality service to Utah's winter recreation community.

For more information call Bruce Temper, 524-5304.

## PIEPS SALE OR HOW TO GET OFF THE BEGINNER SKI TRIPS

Tim Metos, owner of Wild Rose Mountain Sports, 702 Third Ave., has agreed to offer Club members, on a group purchase basis, avalanche beacons at a very attractive price. Both beacons are dual frequency. The cost to Club members is \$185 plus \$11.56 sales tax (total \$196.56) for either unit. The Ortovox has an optional visual gauge which registers signal strength for \$70.00 plus tax of \$4.38 (total \$74.38).

You may either purchase a Pieps which the manufacturer represents has a range of 40 meters and weighs 8.6 oz., or the Ortovox with a range of 50 meters and a weight of 10.6 oz. I am sorry I did not ask their colors since that is probably the most important consideration when purchasing a ski accessory.

To purchase, make your check in favor of the Wild Rose in the sum of \$196.56 and indicate which unit you prefer. Mail to David Anderson, 711 Tenth Ave., Salt Lake City, UT 84103 (364-2082) by November 15, 1991. The units will be ordered and should be available for pick-up at the Wild Rose prior to the ski season.

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### HISTORICAL VIDEO PRODUCTIONS



DIGITAL STEREO

NORM FISH  
6309 West Mildred Lane  
West Valley City, Utah 84120

QUALITY VIDEO

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Feature Length  
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## DISGUSTING BROTHERS WILDERNESS BENEFIT DANCE

The Utah Wilderness Association and the Disgusting Brothers Band are again teaming up for the 7th Annual Wilderness Benefit dance. The event will be held Saturday, November 16, 8:00PM at the Greek Church Hall, 279 S. 300 West. Refreshments will be available. The annual event has become a tradition in Salt Lake City.

Tickets are \$6 in advance and \$7 at the door. Tickets may be purchased in advance from Wasatch Touring, Smokey's Records and REI.

The Disgusting Brothers are notorious for their brand of good time rock and roll music and their support of social and environmental causes. All proceeds from the dance will benefit the Utah Wilderness Association's efforts to preserve Utah's wilderness and wildlife. For more information call 359-1337.

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## *WE WOULD LIKE TO EXTEND A WARM WELCOME*

...to the following **NEW MEMBERS** who were approved for membership at the Board Meeting on October 2nd.

Douglas B. Moore  
Ritu Bala  
Judith Johnson  
Mary C. Johnson  
Catherine Vietti Dean  
Paula Haberman  
Susan Goetz  
Neil Christensen  
Doris Christensen  
James S. Bailey  
Lyn Taylor  
Russ Taylor

## BOULDER MOUNTAIN SLIDE SHOW

The Utah Wilderness Coalition's Boulder Mountain slide show is now on tour. Featuring the outstanding photography of Scott T. Smith and audio accompaniment with narration by Jerry Schmidt and background instrumental music by Randy Garn, William Barclay, and Mark Doherty, this 22 minute production captures both the spectacular beauty and the threats that now loom over "the Throne of the Colorado Plateau".

So far the show has had mixed reviews:

"If you haven't become acquainted with Boulder Mountain, it's the next best thing to being here. It could keep me awake all winter!" --Smokey Bear

"If you give a hoot, don't miss it!" -- Woodsy Owl

"ZZZZZ..." --Hugh Thompson, Dixie Forest Supervisor "

I preferred Rambo." --Dale Robertson, Chief of the Forest Service

But forget what the critics are saying, see this show for yourself ... To book a date for a viewing, please contact:

Bill Patric, National Forest Advocate  
Utah Wilderness Coalition  
177 East 900 South, Suite 102  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84111  
(801) 483-4156

And if you've written your Noon Sale and North Slope Sale letters to the Forest Service, thanks. If not, please add your voice to the mountain's ...

## WMC MAP/GUIDEBOOK RESOURCE LIBRARY

by Michael Budig

The Wasatch Mountain Club has always been a great resource of knowledge regarding the interesting places in the Intermountain Region. It seems like members are always voyaging into new and unfamiliar territory. However, for those adventuresome souls who wish to explore new places, the art of obtaining adequate and useful maps and guidebooks can be difficult and expensive. To encourage exploration of new worlds, the WMC Board of Directors has approved the concept of establishing a map and guidebook resource library.

I have agreed to spearhead this effort and we will proceed to accumulate and catalog maps and guidebooks relating to hiking, climbing, river-running, skiing, cycling, and anything else which may seem useful. The library will be stored at the Club office. I live nearby and have a key to the office which I will make available on request.

We want to begin by asking Club members for donations of any maps and guidebooks with which they may be willing to part. In particular, we would appreciate donations of documents which are no longer in print. We will then set up a filing system. Club Historian Dale Green recently received a large number of out-of-print topographical maps. This will provide a good start.

All donations will be greatly appreciated. In addition, offers of assistance from Club members are welcome. A couple of members have already offered to help.

If you're interested in volunteering to help or in donating items, please call me at 328-4512. With your help, the Wasatch Mountain Club will become even greater and will offer one more valuable resource to its members.

## NOVEMBER SKY CALENDAR

by Ben Everitt

### MOON

Last Quarter	Nov 6	Dec 5	Jan 4
New Moon	Nov 14	Dec 14	Jan 12
First Quarter	Nov 21	Dec 21	Jan 19
Full moon	Nov 28	Dec 27	Jan 26

### MOONRISE

<u>Saturday</u>	<u>Est. Local Time</u>
Nov 2	2:30 AM
Nov 9	10:00 AM
Nov 16	2:00 PM
Nov 23	6:30 PM
Nov 30	1:30 AM
Dec 7	9:00 AM
Dec 14	12:30 PM
Dec 21	5:30 PM
Dec 28	12:30 AM
Jan 4	8:00 AM

**NOTE:** Moonrise times are for 40 degrees north latitude, 112 west longitude. Add about an hour for each day later than the given date, and another hour if you are in the mountains.

**SOURCE:** The Astronomical Almanac for 1991

**PLANETS:** VENUS and JUPITER will be in the predawn sky with the crescent moon on Nov. 1 and 2. Jupiter, contrary to what I told you last month, is the fainter of the two, and is to the NORTH of Venus. The nearby star, which you can use as a reference to track the relative motion of the planets, is REGULUS (the bright star in Leo).

SATURN is the yellow planet in the south in the evening in the constellation Capricornus.

MERCURY was very pretty in the dawn sky in September. Perhaps I should pay more attention to it in this column. It will be back in the western sky in Nov., highest above the horizon on Nov. 18. On Nov. 11 look for it near the star Antares (the bright star in Scorpius), closely following the sun near the western horizon.

# **SUPPORT NEEDED FOR BOTTLE/CAN DEPOSIT INITIATIVE**

by Lyman Lewis

Nine states presently have laws designating deposits on the return of bottles and cans. Utah is not one of them. I have biked from the state of Washington to Maine and couldn't help but notice how clean the states were where the bottle/can deposit laws are in effect. Utah needs such a law. I call this campaign "Get Off Your 'Can' For Utah".

During the last legislative session a Senate Committee voted against a bottle/can deposit bill presented by Senator Steiner. Consequently, a group of citizens have applied and been granted permission to circulate an initiative petition. If a sufficient number of signatures is obtained by July 3, 1992, the initiative will be on the November 1992 ballot. Help is needed to obtain the signatures and anyone willing to help may call or write to Lyman Lewis, 3 Claimjumper Court, Park City, Utah. 84060. Telephone: 649-9632.

The initiative petition will read as follows:

An act relating to public health and welfare: requiring a deposit on the purchase of specified beverage containers, five cents or ten cents depending on size; Providing for a refund of the container deposit; Providing labeling requirements for deposit containers; Providing standards for containers; Providing for a handling fee of two cents for dealers; Authorizing redemption centers; Providing for penalties for non-compliance; and Providing an effective date.

## **"Get Off Your 'Can' For Utah"**



# OLD TIMERS IN GOOD COMPANY

by Karin Caldwell

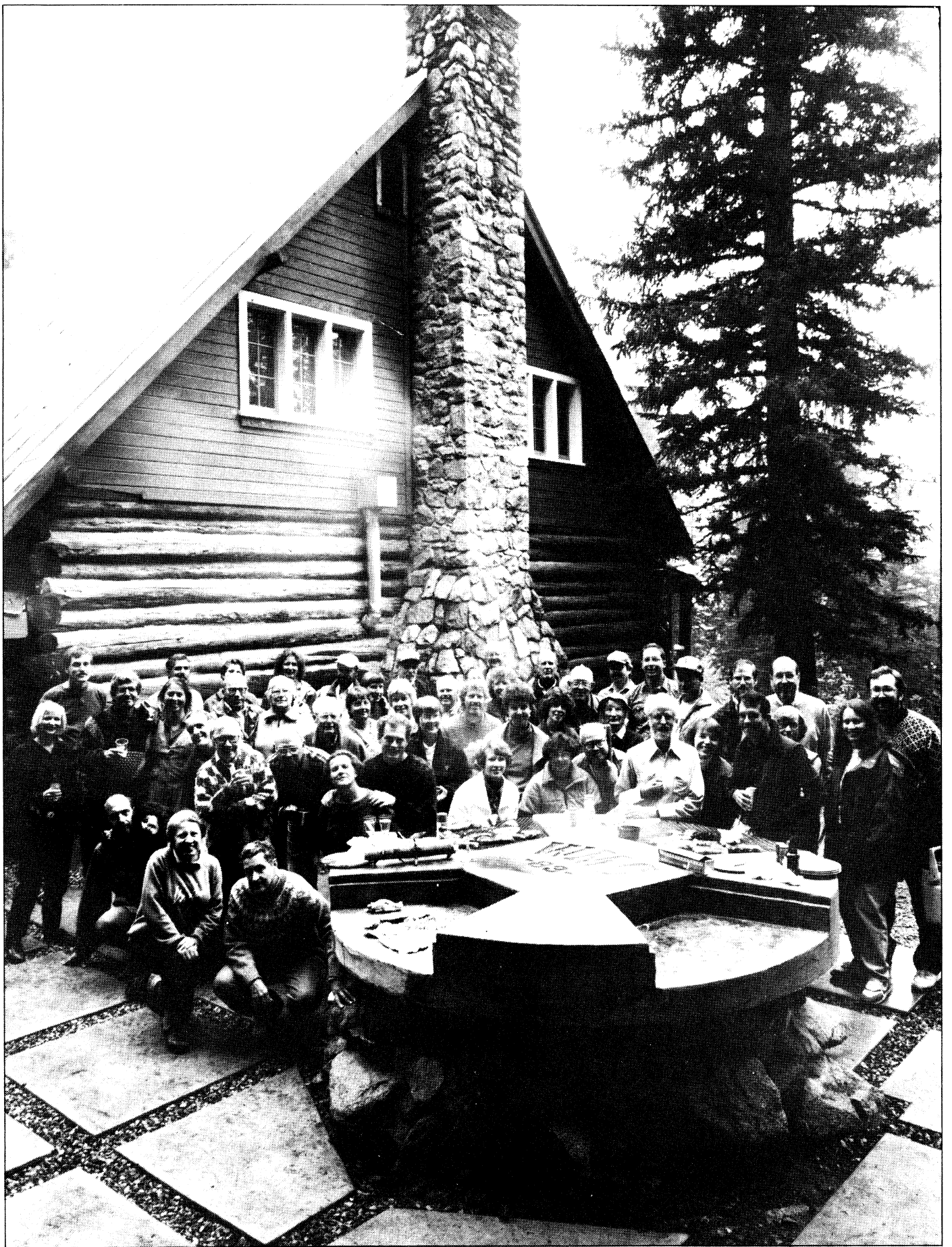
It rained cats and dogs on Saturday, September 7. Would there be anyone interested in driving up to Brighton for a cook-out that evening? It was with significant trepidation that I went about my shopping obligations, loading up on charcoal, picnic plates and other items for which there would be little need during the fall, winter and spring seasons in case they were left unused that evening.

In the late afternoon the cloud cover became less threatening and, lo and behold, a few rays of sun were even sweeping over the outdoor grill at the Lodge during the crucial moments when the coal was set on fire. It turns out that the fears of abandonment were totally unfounded, as a record crowd began to gather around dinner time. The air in the Lodge was filled with buzzing conversations and happy laughter, only temporarily silenced by the communal munching. Finally, when time came for the Alexis Kelner slide show on the history of the WMC, there was standing room only, and hardly even that. The quaint pictures of club outings in the early decades of this century were received with great amusement, and the hope is that many club members with memories to share, even though the events may be from more recent times, will join forces and contribute to the planned book on the Club's History.

## Participants in this event were:

John and Maxine MacDuff	Paul Placek	Leah Mancini
Rolf Doebebeling	Dolores and Laird Crocker	Dolores Silletti
Sharon Jones	Helen and Carl Chindgren	Dennis and Karin Caldwell
Bob Hannon	Bill Thompson	Joanne and Wick Miller
Mel Fletcher	Bob and Cathy Wright	Sheila and Phil Berger
Mike and Judy Hendrickson	Sherie Pater	Susan Allen and Bob Myer
Sarah Weller	Jim Mason	Eva Nalecz-Mrozowska
Emily and Charlie Hall	Vince Desimone	Louise and Milt Hollander
John Brisley	Nance Allen	Michael Budig
Kay Millar	Clark and Katie Partridge	Russell Wilhelmsen
Elizabeth Morris	James and Carol Stearns	Lyn Nall
Phyllis Papan	Knick Knickerbocker	Gloria Leonard
Christine Allred	Laurlee Gober	Connie Miller
David Dance	Penny Archibald-Stone	Shirlyn Morris
Sandy White	Charles Lesley	Duaine Call
Harold Goeckeritz	Frank Atwood	Maggie Clark
Alan Brennan	Alexis and Karla Kelner	Lynne and Russ Taylor
Dale Green	Bob Everson	Barbara Richards
Allen and Ilka Olsen	Benita Jackson	Debbie Reid
Kim Braithwaite	Karen Kennedy	Floyd and Debra Sweat
Lois Knap	LeRoy Kuehl	Eveline Bruenger
George Swanson	Gary Collins	Larry Lawlor
Cal and Leslie Giddings	Jerry Hatch	Andy Childs
Gloria O'Connor	Phyllis Robison	Carol Milliken
Norma MacDonald	Judy and Dave Daurelle	Louise Rausch
Barry Quinn	Jude Whitehead	





*NEW MEMBERS*  
*Only*  
*PARTY*

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH  
AND SATURDAY NOVEMBER 16TH

*FRIDAY NIGHT:*

*GAMES.* Bring your favorite Board games and meet the other Members who have joined the club since NOVEMBER 1990.  
Bring your sleeping bag and spend the night--\$1/day or \$3 overnight (Lodge user fee).

*SATURDAY:*

BREAKFAST furnished 9AM.

X-COUNTRY SKIING OR HIKE 11 AM.

POTLUCK DINNER 6PM.

SLIDES OF CLUB HISTORY--ALEXIS KELNER.

MEET THE BOARD (Short presentation by each director),  
includes some slides of this years' adventures.

# TRIP TALK

## MYSTERY CANYON BACKPACK

September 21-22

Text and Photos by William Thompson

Just after Carrie joked about the next pothole in the canyon being a "bottomless pittance", she slipped and did a face plant into the goo. This qualified her, at least in Donn's eyes, as a suitable probe to determine the depth of the next hole. Down she was lowered -- in over her knees, in over her waist, in over her ..., never finding the bottom. Carrie, Donn, Sue, and Dee Ann had formed an expeditionary force to see if the route down canyon was really as bad as it looked. The rest of the group, not overly fond of mud, had decided that further investigation was not really called for and headed back out a side slot to the cars.

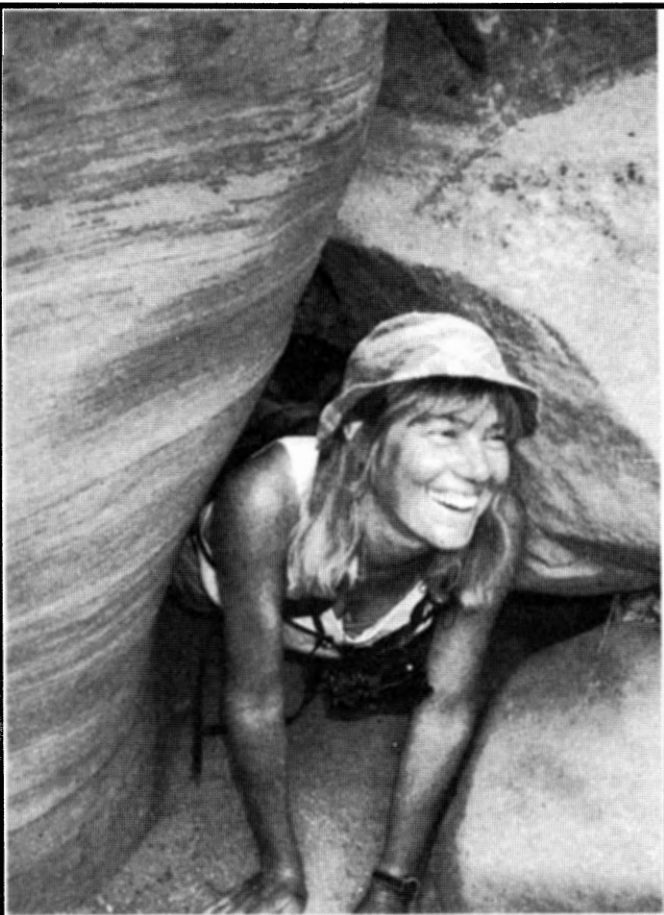
The Mystery Canyon weekend was a special kind of trip. One of the attractions of Utah is that it is still possible to look over maps and find interesting places to go that appear in no guidebooks and are unknown to fellow adventurers. Donn Seeley and Howard Wilkerson discovered such a place this spring. It was a long slot canyon in the middle of the San Rafael Swell. Donn and Howard had scouted the canyon on a day hike and now Donn was back with a Mountain Club backpack to explore further.

The plan was to enter from a side canyon, drop packs and explore the upper end of the slot, then pack through the lower section and out towards the San Rafael Reef. A few miles after leaving the cars, we dropped into a rather undistinguished gully and rather quickly found ourselves in the middle of a spectacular slot. A quick lunch and we were headed off up canyon. What a trip! We went for maybe two miles until stopped by a rock step we could not easily negotiate. The route was unceasingly narrow, with just enough crawl-throughs and potholes to keep things interesting.

Back at the packs, we started down canyon but were almost immediately faced with negotiating sections of disgusting slime. The slot yielded no obvious way through or around. It was at this point that Donn and three of the more adventurous (or less sensible, depending on your point of view) trip members went scouting. The remainder of the group had had enough and headed back, having carried backpack gear much of the day that could just as well have stayed in the cars. Donn and company gave up following Carrie's human dipstick routine and returned soon after the rest. We finished off the trip on Sunday with a hike down Crack Canyon in the San Rafael Reef. It was a pleasant hike, but didn't come close to the spectacular wildness of our "mystery canyon".

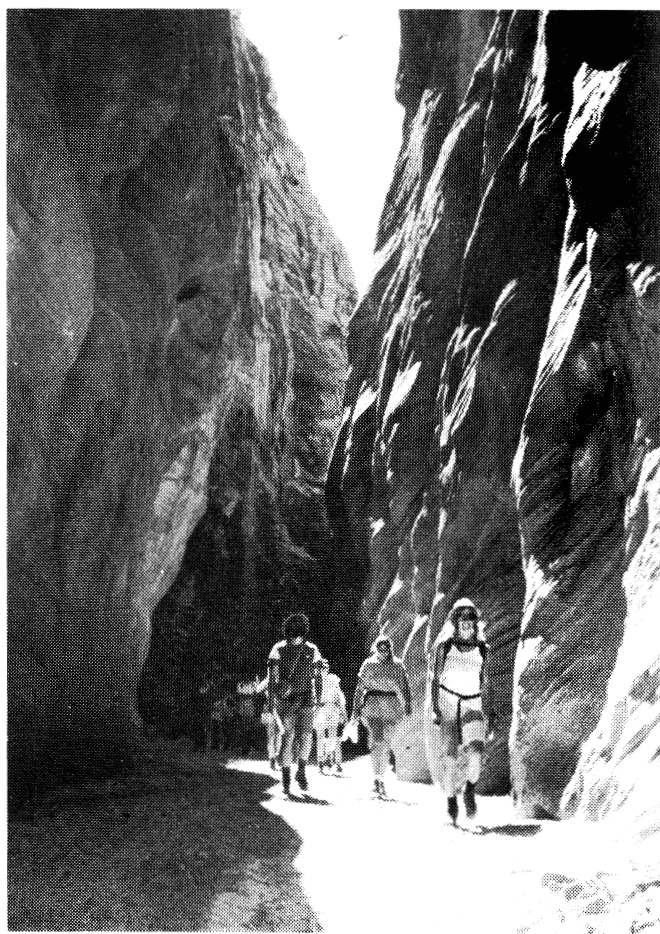
This trip visited one of the longest and most interesting slot canyons in Utah. Once in the slot, we saw no dirt bike tracks, no foot prints, no sign that anyone else had been here before us. In 1980, the BLM dropped this area from its wilderness inventory because it "lacked outstanding opportunities for solitude or primitive recreation".

Trip participants: Mary Ann Benincasa Sue Berg, Cynthia Campbell, Carolyn Clark, Dee Ann Dorman, Bob Grant, Doug Green, Barbara Jacobson, Bonnie Kaye, Gloria Leonard, Steve Negler, Donn Seeley, Bill Thompson, Jack Turtleaub, and Leslie Woods.



Mystery Canyon Backpack  
Photos By William Thompson

Carolyn Clark in a Crawl-Through  
(Top)



## SUNDIAL PEAK HIKE

"Labor Day" September 2, 1991

Text and Photos by Knick Knickerbocker



Labor Day proved to be just that for the trek ahead. However, it was an enjoyable "labor" to the top. The weather looked as though it would be very pleasant for the hike we were gearing ourselves up for the hike and it was all day.

Nine of us had met by 8:30 a.m. at the mouth to Big Cottonwood Canyon and carpooled to the Lake Blanche Trailhead. The hike to Lake Blanche was uneventful, except Phyllis lost her nice new sunvisor. We looked for it on the way back down, but to no avail. Our fearless leader, Dale Thompson had told us someone was to meet the group at the lake. So we relaxed and ate an early snack, while waiting for this mystery man to show

up, we talked and looked at Sundial Peak trying to determine how we were to "hike" to the top. Someone had brought along a copy of "Hiking The Wasatch" which explains the various routes to be taken. For your information, Sundial Peak is the peak used for the emblem on the Wasatch Mountain Club patch.

After waiting for about 30 minutes, we decided to head on up the mountain. It appeared as though our mystery man had changed his mind. The route we chose to the base proved to involve some bush wacking and rock scrambling. Then came the wall in front of us which we had decided to go straight up. This wall led us to a saddle that is between the front peak and the higher back peak. The higher, back peak it turns out, is Sundial Peak.



## SUNDIAL PEAK HIKE

(continued)



Not knowing this at the time, we chose to approach the front peak, so we could have lunch and look at the 3 lakes below. They are, Lake Blanche, Lake Florence, and Lake Lillian. What a sight! While eating lunch we watch a hawk soar on the winds and we could see other hikers on the various trails below, around the lakes. We also noticed a man standing on top of Sundial. You guessed it! Our mystery man, Duane Call, had been waiting for us on top.

After lunch and a jaunt by Dale and Dave to the very front rock outcropping, we all headed for the real peak. Back tracking along the saddle and along the ridge to the top was not an easy chore and not recommended for the timid. This peak is surrounded with "EXPOSURE." After meeting up

with Duane and signing in (there is a mail box and an old registry on top) we started our decent. Duane suggested an easier route down. However, he found an uncooperative rock and lost his footing, just long enough to bag up his leg a little.

The hike for the rest of us ended with much respect for this mountain as well as much pleasure in having hiked it safely. We were to find out later that day that another hiker had discovered the body of Dr. Jake Gradwhol, whom had been missing since October 16, 1990 at the bottom of Sundial Peak.

Participants for this memorable Labor Day hike: Dale Thompson, our leader, Phyllis Papan, Margerate Reed, Dave Hardy, Jean and Mike Binyon, Ben Everitt, MaryAnn Losee, Duane Call, and myself, Knick Knickerbocker.

## WESTWATER

Sept. 28-29, 1991

By Liza and Tim Poole

First, some "dry" statistics of the trip: River flow was 3500 cfs as of launch day. Weather was partly cloudy, with highs of 85 and scattered early afternoon thunderstorms. Lows were near 55, with the gibbous moon rising around 9PM. Showers off and on Saturday night had all but the most stubborn (or lazy) erecting their tents.

Jeff Barrell led the trip in his 'yak. George Yurich & Kerry Ammerman rowed their cataraft while Chuck & Terri Todd and Joe and Li'l Joe Mortinelli rowed club rigs. Two paddle boats, captained by Carol Milliken and Liza Poole, were powered by Emil Golias, Paul Smircich, Joan Hadly, Lisa Olson, Julie Gregorson, Marianne Revetti, Bev Morgan, and Chris Rowens. Hardboaters were: surface scum - Rich Stone, Chris Denne, Gene Gillette, Rich Gregorson, and Phil Baldwin; lower than scum - Mike Dege.

Now, for the fun, funny, and exciting highlights of our two days and nights on the Mighty Colorado River, Westwater Canyon.

Our van full arrived at the campsite in Moonlight, Midnight Moonlight. Less than a mile from the put-in, there was a bald eagle perched in a cottonwood tree on the left bank. Another was sitting on top of the sandstone cliffs above. Way Cool.

After setting up camp at Little D, the hardcore hardboats went to play in Regurgitator (hey guys, how do you spell "Regurgitator"? M-A-Y-T-A-G.); see comments from Jeff below. The Happy Hour table (only real use for a squirt boat) came complete with struggling paddler's arm reaching up from the depths. Probably going for the cuttle fish and smoked oysters. Many river stories were retold once more.

The Little D duck that forgot to fly south cautiously approached, happy to take corn chip hand outs. Let's hope the rangers were successful in taking it to a nice winter home.

The Amazing Yurich and crew presented a feast of gourmet tossed salad with Joe's homemade dressing, Dutch Oven chicken, potatoes and gravy,

topped off with fresh D.O. Brown Betty (apple crisp). What was amazing was George's well-timed nap balanced in the cataraft seat. Emil is in awe. "And he just woke up, walked over, waved his arms, and dinner was ready."

Volleyball in the dark, and campfire followed. A "secret" gang piled into Dege's tent (out of the wind and spattering rain) for more stories, river and otherwise.

Sunday, we added many episodes to the river story continuum. First and most excellent was The Flip in Funnel Falls. Bodacious! The second paddle raft, luckily the last boat through, used the pillow on the left rock to ramp the rubber, toppling everyone into the surging current. An awesome toss of a throw-rope by George snagged three "fish". Two folks got themselves to the rocky bank, while others were towed in by kayaks. Jeff played tugboat with the raft, and Rich caught all three paddles that floated his way.

There were two more Chinese fire drills readjusting crews before Skull Rapid. Skull itself produced extreme levels of adrenaline and great joyous expressions exalting the gift of Life. The third chapter was when Terri was tossed out to visit Magnetic Wall on her own. She recovered her sun block and wits at about the same time.

At last, the party barge was constructed, and all the remaining food and drink was devoured. It was perfect lounging weather, too.

Later, at Ray's Tavern, each person gave me his/her most memorable experience of the trip. This is what they said: Chris D.: watching the flip at Funnel - everyone's eyes got huge, then it was over. Joe: going over Skull rock, right through the hole. Chuck & Terri: .... in the lightning Carol: thinking, Oh \*\$%! There goes the raft. Paul: riding under the raft [after the flip] was as exciting as riding in it. Jeff: Side-surfing Regurgitator -- Oh wow! Oh NO-O-O-O-O! George: The throw rope that caught three fish. Gene: watching the flip, and then accidentally running False Funnel backwards. Li'l Joe: running Marble Creek. Other notable quotes: "Whore-hay (that's spanish for George), how 'bout another cold one? You're the best bar keep!" "Let's do that again," after running the hole at Skull sideways. "There's Sacajewea with Lewis and Clark."

It was a GREAT trip! And it's the great folks who made it. Thanks to our leader, Jeff, too. Here's to more great times next season.



## LA SAL MOUNTAINS CAR CAMP

September 14-15, 1991

by Howard Wilkerson

The three highest peaks in the La Sals are all within about 100' in elevation, and form a triplet on the south end of the range. Mt. Mennenthin, 12645', is the second highest peak, and is perhaps the easiest one to do.

We parked in heavy timber at Geyser Pass, 10600', accessible with passenger cars. The first part of the hike is south, cross country through the timber. The deadfall can be circumvented, and there is no bushwhacking. After a mile, the timber stops at a glacial end moraine, and the entire timberless peak is suddenly visible.

The hike ascends the northwest ridge. The rock is loose but stable, and a turtle pace allows one to ease on up to the peak while minimizing the scrambling. The peak is seldom visited and has no register, though there is a couple of poles with rusty wire.

Total ascent is about 2000' over about 2 1/2 miles.

To the west and northwest, Canyonlands National Park, Deadhorse Point State Park, Arches National Park, and Moab are displayed, just where the map says they are. To the east, the San Juans in Colorado, now snow covered, are prominent, along with more distant Colorado peaks to the northeast.

The next morning, after shaking ice off of the rain flies, we descended 7600' to the Colorado River. One group visited Fisher Towers, the other Morning Glory Arch in Negro Bill Canyon.

NOTE: One popular hiking guide contains several misleading statements about hiking in the LaSals. All of the peaks require nearly a full day, most of the peaks require cross country travel and route finding with topographical maps, all are quite steep, and I would be astonished if Mt. Peale and Mt. Tukuhnikivatz can both be done in a half day.

Participants: Ton Netelbeek, Rick Mulligan, Annette Tanner, Barbara Jacobsen, Lesl, Scott Pistorina, Alene Watson, Dennis Tolboe, Louise Rausch, Nancy Ivy, Carole Dinan, Monty Young, Julie Jones.

## HAWK WATCH GOSHUTE MOUNTAINS

October 5 - 6, 1991

by Judy Broxton

Since I was the only WMC member going, I was teamed up with a group of teenagers from Roland Hall who needed a driver. My imagination could have never dreamed up what I was to experience this weekend.

Having recently returned from the WMC sailing adventure to the Windward Islands, I was again awestruck at the beautiful sunsets and sunrises from atop the Goshute Mountain Range. The only difference was that instead of a foreground of palms, the foreground was 50 foot bristlecone pines. It was good suntanning weather, birds were aplenty and the evening campfires were quite entertaining.

I watched the capture and banding of about a dozen hawks from the visitor's and trapper's blinds. From the observation area, I joined the "watch" of over 400 hawks migrating south. Below is a count of our observation for Saturday, October 5:

Turkey Vulture	5
No. Harrier	7
Sharp-shinned hawk	89
Cooper's Hawk	163
No. Goshawk	1
Red Tailed Hawk	77
Feruginous Hawk	1
Golden Eagle	14
American Kestrel	23
Banded Birds	59
<b>Total</b>	<b>419</b>

Steve Hoffman asked me to mention his hope that the WMC will again be supportive of his cause.

# QUINN CANYON RANGE GRANT RANGE CAR CAMP - NEVADA

May 24 - 27, 1991

by Jack Turteltaub

Nevada. To most people the very name conjures up bleak images of innumerable and obscure mountain ranges, desolate sagebrush plains and vast alkali flats. And man has contributed to the impression of a forbidding landscape by exploding nuclear devices and building garish gambling strips out in the middle of this enormous emptiness.

But a few people, like Don Seeley, know that Nevada's reputation is unfair. Give the place a chance and Nevada grows on you. Over the Memorial Day weekend, Don led a small group of WMC members on a car camp to the Quinn Canyon and Grant ranges (the latter is the northern extension of the former), one of the unknown mountain ranges of Nevada. Here, in the south central part of the state, we found a great deal of hidden beauty and a challenge to our assumptions about Nevada.

The trip started Friday night when a small caravan set out from Don's house for Wendover. The whole group stopped for dinner at Stateline Casino's Sports Book Bar. I can highly recommend the incredibly good and fresh young turkey breast sandwich which is served at the snack bar.

We drove on through Ely, finally stopping for the night at a campground just off the paved road (Rt. 318) within view of our destination. The next morning we drove on unpaved roads featuring numerous ups and downs ("whoopy do's") and washboard surfaces. We drove into the mountains via Cherry Creek canyon and car camped in an area circled by impressive red cliffs (rhyolite, according to the geologically inclined along on the trip) and pinnacles in a scrubby pine forest.

That same day we did a long car shuttle over the main crest to the west side of the mountains for a fairly strenuous and interesting hike up Hooper Canyon. Our goal was to go over the main divide of the range and back down to our campsite in Cherry Creek canyon. The hike began with the group going up a cool, narrow canyon with high,

pale limestone walls. We dodged a small herd of four cows who came stampeding down the creekbed when they became panicked by our presence. Further along, as we carefully goosestepped to avoid the cow patties, Bonnie Kaye realized that one of these she had passed over was quite peculiar. She looked again with several hikers, and they realized that it was a coiled rattlesnake, too sleepy to even notice us (thank goodness), warming itself in the morning sun.

The next critter was a small, light, speckled rattlesnake that was weaving and bobbing on a rock, looking as if it was ready to strike at anything that came near it. After this excitement, we realized we were going up the wrong canyon, and we had to bushwhack for a quarter of a mile above the canyon to get to the main canyon and our trail. We now gradually climbed through a pinyon pine and juniper forest. At one point in this long ascent, we stopped for a snack under an old and enormous juniper tree which featured multiple trunks. As we continued to climb, the forest changed to a more alpine one with mountain mahogany, pine and spruce trees and lots of woody brush, mostly leafless sage which whipped and sliced at the legs of those of us brave enough to wear shorts.

At last we reached a saddle at the top of the canyon after passing through the picturesque upper canyon. On both sides sheer limestone cliffs, pockmarked with caves and concavities, rose hundreds of feet and above these were rugged peaks rising into the sky. In the heavy scrub, several checks revealed that there were ticks on board. A few weeks later, Dick Doherty remarked to me that he'd discovered a tick on him several days after the trip was over.

Once over the saddle, we went down, passing again into the area around our camp that is characterized by striking rhyolite cliffs and formations, crisscrossing a stream with red-barked deciduous bushes (their name escapes me).

## QUINN CANYON RANGE...

(continued)

That evening our tired group settled down to a feast possible only on a car camp. There were pasta dishes, grilled meats, fajitas, corn on the cob and to wash it down, soft drinks, rum, gin, whiskey, Heiniken's and other spirits. Gloria, Bonnie W. and Bob had so much delicious food, it looked like they were ready to open the territory's first gourmet restaurant. Afterwards we had a big fire and some people, like Ken and I, stayed up late to chat, tend the flames and peer into the clear Nevada sky.

The next morning, we drove up some very rugged mining roads in our four-wheel vehicles for an exploration of the high country. Along the way we looked into the ruins of an old mine. A group of seven or eight of us left the road for a peak scramble. We hiked up a steep slope of loose rock and dirt to a high ridge. On the way up we encountered a few magnificent specimens of Bristlecone pine among the limber pines. Then we went up the spine of the ridge and made final ascent of a massive ridge crowned with a small, rock butte. On top of this 10,000+ feet peak, the view was clearly worth the effort. The 360 degree view extended hundreds of miles across the entire state of Nevada from California to the Utah border. Characteristic of the Great Basin, the snow-capped mountain ranges were lined up like enormous ridges, separated by distinct valleys. To the southwest we could make out the snow-capped White Mountains of California, to the northeast the mighty white mass of Wheeler Peak, Nevada's highest mountain and centerpiece of Great Basin National Park. To the north we could see the Grant Range, the northern extension of the Quinn Canyon range, and north of that we could make out the White Pines. To the east we could see the Toiyabes, as well as several other major ranges and to the south the Spring Mountains near Las Vegas.

On the way down we passed through the high, subalpine pine forest and Bill Thompson decided to do a glissade on a small snow field. He managed to stay on his feet (though I did see a lot of hip and arm action). We reached our cars in mid-afternoon and drove back to camp.

The next day we broke camp and breakfasted. We drove back down Cherry Creek Canyon, then up Schofield Canyon in the Grant Range. This beautiful canyon is covered by a pine/spruce/aspen forest reminiscent of the high vegetation of the Wasatch Range. There are high, dramatic cliffs surrounding the approach to Troy Peak (at 11,298 the highest mountain in this range). We had earlier contemplated climbing Troy, but the late spring moisture had covered the peak with a fairly impressive snow pack. Part of the group elected to hike for about a half hour in one direction for an impressive view of the rocky, snow draped massif of Troy Peak.

The group came back fairly quickly and we drove out of the range and northeast towards Ely. On the way, we stopped in Sunnyside, a tiny hamlet with no paved roads and which consists of a few houses and trailers. I mention Sunnyside because it restores the outsider's faith in the notion that not all of the stereotypes about Nevada are baseless. It is a town right out of the Twilight Zone--dusty, bleak, in the middle of nowhere. In the single, tiny store there was one refrigerator for nightcrawlers and another for cold foods, soda pop and meat selections. The walls of the store were covered with Polaroid snapshots of virtually every inhabitant of the town holding up some kind of fish (God only know where they catch them--maybe they fly them in from the coast).

We drove on to Ely, then over the mountains through some rain squalls, to Wendover and the Sports Book Bar and Restaurant. We studied the sports scores on the electronic message board and the half dozen TV screens and some of us had turkey breast sandwiches again. We returned to SLC by early Monday evening.

While it was nice getting home and showering off that Great Basin dust, one couldn't help thinking differently about Nevada. It's greatly underappreciated. And I'm sure I've done a great disservice to Sunnyside. Thanks, Don for giving us a different look at our western neighbor!

Trip members: Donn Seeley (leader), Zig Sondelski, Bonnie Kaye, Bonnie Walsh, Gloria Leonard, Bob Hannon, Grant and Jeff Weiler, Dick and Ken Doherty, Bill Thompson and Jack Turtlelaub.

## SEA TO SHINING SEA BICYCLE TRIP FOURTH AND FINAL STAGE

Text and Photo By Bob Wright



It's over !!! And we did it !!! That was the overwhelming sentiment of the group as we gathered for a clambake celebrating the completion of our four year 3800 mile bicycle journey across the United States--from Bellingham, Washington to Bar Harbor, Maine. It was hard to realize that we had dipped our back wheels in the Pacific Ocean waters in Bellingham, just four years ago, and now here we were dipping our front wheels in the Atlantic. Almost all of the original group completed the entire ride, although a few new faces were added, and a few more disappeared during the four-2 week vacations we shared with each other.

We saw much of the northern part of our great country, pedaling from Bellingham over high mountain passes and along the lakes and streams of Washington, Idaho and Montana, climaxing in riding over Logan Pass and Going To The Sun Highway in Glacier National Park the first year. Then in 1989, we cycled across the endless flat miles of Montana and North Dakota to Grand Forks, North Dakota. Last year, (1990) found us in Minnesota, Wisconsin, along the south shore of Lake Superior, upper Michigan, the north end of Lake Michigan, Makinac Island, Sault Saint Marie, and Little Current, Ontario the third year.

## SEA TO SHINING SEA ...

(continued)

This year found us flying to Sudbury, Ontario, where the motorhome sag wagon driven by some of the group from Salt Lake, met us to take us to Little Current on the Manitoulin Islands of Ontario. We soon had our bikes assembled and were on our way to the Ferry to take us to the lower part of Ontario and on eastward into Upstate New York. Here the flat country gradually grew hillier and then mountainous as we spun along, past beautiful lakes, 200 year old farms, through covered bridges, and green, green forests and fields. Our route followed backroads, and country lanes, with some people getting occasionally lost, but managing to find the camp spot each night, and sometimes rather late, such as a 80 mile day that turned into 110 and even 130 miles for one rider who followed the prescribed route.

This was the year of the crash, as almost everyone went down at one time or another, due to clipless pedals, slippery railroad tracks, drafting too close, or loose gravel. Unfortunately, Gerry Nibley broke his wrist and had to leave the trip, and Bob Jones experienced a very serious back problem after a screaming 53 MPH downhill that left him higher than a kite. His back injury was unrelated to bicycling but ended his riding after one week, and he and Ceil Meade returned to Salt Lake where he had surgery and is now on the mend.

We learned what it was like to ride all day in a torrential downpour, to find our campsite an ocean of mud, and then being taken in by the volunteer fire department to a free meal, hot showers and entertainment, with our soaked camping gear draped all over the fire engines. Such warm and friendly people belied the hackneyed image of the uninvolved cold defensive New Yorker.

Most of the ride was not like this, with many days of warm sun, rolling hills, and sparkling lakes.

The days were long, averaging 80-90 miles, but it was necessary in order to complete the ride in the allotted time. Sightseeing had to be done from the saddle, and sore butts were commonplace.

Toward the end of the second week, this was largely forgotten as our goal approached. And finally, there it was. Bar Harbor! Our epic journey was completed, and it made no difference if we had done one stage or all four, we all had a real sense of having participated in a unique adventure. We learned what a remarkable machine a bicycle is, how wonderful people can be, how mountainous the eastern part of the country can be, and how a group can melt together into a true extended family when they share the joys, frustrations, growth, victories, and pain of spending two months together over four years, pushing the pedals down 706,800 times. We rode through brilliant sunshine, rain, snow, headwinds and tailwinds, heat and cold, good food, leaky tents, countless flat tires, and even more countless brews to accomplish a goal that we will all be proud of for the rest of our lives. To sum it up:

There once was a group from Salt Lake  
A Sea to Sea ride they did make  
As they rode cross the country  
It was often quite grunty  
And in Bar Harbor they had a Clambake.

The participants and stages they rode: Guy Benson-1,2,3,4. Jean Binyon-3 & 4. Mike Binyon-3 & 4. Julie, Colin & Rich Gregersen-1,2,3,4. Kent Hugus-1,2,3. Bob Jones-1,2,3,4. Aaron Jones & Jeremy Jones-4. Sam Kingston-1,2,3,4. Lyman Lewis-1,2,3,4. Frank Luddington-1,2,3,4. Lois Shipway-3. Joyce Ludington-3 & 4. Marion McMichael-1,2,3,4. Ceil Meade-1,2,3,4. John and Mike Peterson-1,2,3,4. Jerry Nibley-3 & 4. Heather Wright, Denna Wright, Bob Wright-1,2,3,4. Marilyn Earle-1. Jim Bickley-1. Bill Garner (Driver)-1. Chris Bagnell-1. Nance Randall (Driver)-2. Darlene Jacobsen (Driver)-4. Steve Carr-1,3,4.



# POINT 10292 VIA THE CROW'S FOOT (OR HOW TO HAVE A 24-HOUR HIKE)

JULY 27, 1991

by Fred Nash

Point 10292 is located about a mile north of Lone Peak and is the east-most summit of an east-west ridge, clearly visible from the junction of I-15 and I-215.

We anticipated a long day and set out at about 7:30 a.m. from Wasatch Boulevard at 11000 South gaining access to the south fork of Dry Creek by crossing private land belonging to Charles Horman, who had previously given us permission. Dry Creek is a misnomer and turned out to be a fairly narrow, densely-vegetated canyon with a beautiful creek running in it. We soon ran out of trail, and at this point, Bert decided to turn back.

We now had two choices: Bash our way through a variety of thick vegetation on the slopes next to the stream or follow the stream bed which we decided to do for a while amid falling, slipping, and generally getting wetter. This took its toll, and we then moved up the slope on the north side of the creek until, after much scrub oak bashing, we re-crossed the stream at 7,200 ft. which is the beginning of the 2,000 ft. high crow's foot.

The crow's foot looks just the way it sounds and can be seen as a snow-filled feature from most of the Salt Lake Valley when looking towards Lone Peak. It actually consists of 8 ft. high bush where past avalanches have cleared away the pine trees and aspens. We found it easiest to wind our way up through the pine adjoining the cleared areas, but it still took three hours of continuous 30\_ uphill climbing. It was 3 PM when we topped out with a great view which included lower Bell's Reservoir about 4,000 ft. below and Lone Peak about a mile to the south.

Point 10292 still lay about 1,000 ft. higher and along a narrow ridge to the southeast. Some attempted the ridge, but we all ended up dropping west off the ridge and approaching 10292 from the cirque at the top of Rocky Mouth Canyon.

At this point, the leader decided to give his weary legs a rest and stayed under a pine tree while the remaining six scrambled up the rocks to the top of the peak and had a fine view across the top of upper Bell's Canyon.

We started the descent at 5PM and decided to follow Rocky Mouth Canyon. **DON'T EVER EVEN THINK OF DOING THIS!** It's the most choked up canyon you can imagine, and at times, we had to climb up 50 ft. or so to thread our way down a few feet farther. Sherman did a great job of route finding with often the easiest way being to lie down flat and glide downhill underneath some of the thickest scrub oak imaginable.

At about 10PM, we arrived at the top of a 100 ft. waterfall, and although we had flashlights, decided that it was too risky to find a way through the rocky cliffs around it, so we spent the night sleeping at crazy angles on whatever flat rock we could find. When daylight came at 5:30, it was apparent that we had made the right choice since the descent with adequate light took some caution with big cliffs all around.

When we finally exited Rocky Mouth Canyon at 7AM. Search and Rescue was waiting for us. Apparently the night before, an emergency light was seen flashing at the top of the crow's foot, and many people in the valley had called in about it. Helicopter searches had been going on for a while and continued until about noon, but nothing was found.

This was a trip with HEAVY bushwhacking, getting wet, exhausted, dirty, having too little water, beautiful views, plenty of shade, route finding, unexplored territory, lots of cursing, and wishing for swimming pools and associated luxuries. But a not-to-be-forgotten trip was had by all.

Participants: Pat Kottcamp, Bert Balzer, Jon Blakeburn, Monty Young, Brian Barkey, Sherman Schorzman, Bob Hannon, and Fred Nash (leader).

## MILL B OVERLOOK

Sunday, October 6, 1991

by Jim Bailey

Our group gathered at the usual spot at 9AM, the first difficulty being the lack of a leader. Ostensibly, he had either overslept or forgotten. Being the only person with a map, and having a general idea of the trailhead location, I was appointed hike leader by the other six members of our group. This was a heady assignment for a club member of less than a month.

The group contained several beginners, so we decided to let Monica, a professor at the U, set the pace while I brought up the rear. Monica was a logical choice, as she had the most official looking hiking gear, which might inspire confidence that she knew what she was doing, and a doctorate, which meant that she was smart. On occasion, I would hear a call back to the rear, "Jim, which way?", to which I would confidently respond "Up!" Luckily, this was the right answer. In general, Monica did an exceptional job of finding and staying on the path, with only one miscue which sent the largest contingent of our group up the creek instead of up the mountain. Thanks to my trusty map, this condition was quickly remedied and we were soon back on the trail. Monica was forgiven for her peccadillo and given another chance to redeem herself as point person, which she did.

My handy trailguide states that, prior to turning north at the top and heading toward a linkup with Desolation Trail, we should stray 20 feet from the path to reach a cliff overlook of the Salt Lake valley and the road below. I assumed this turnoff would be fairly obvious, which it wasn't. After meandering in a northerly direction for a time, I decided that we had missed the turnoff and about-faced the group. After some moderate bushwhacking, we reached a vertiginous rock outcrop, one of many in the vicinity, that furnished the views extolled in the guidebook and provided a pleasant site for the group to sojourn. I am sure this was not the official Mill B Overlook, as I would estimate the distance we traveled from the main trail at about 150 feet, rather than 20 feet. However, none of the group complained of our final destination, not even Stacey, who had the misfortune to have worn shorts, not conducive to bushwhacking.

The sun was warm on our faces; views in all directions were breathtaking, particularly to the

south. I retrieved my map and tried to act knowledgeable in identifying the peaks in the area. I think I got most of them right. We named one unknown crest Monica Peak, after our surrogate leader who had first spotted it, but later deciphered from the map that this was probably Storm Mountain and had to take the name back.

A hawk drifted lazily upward, high above the canyon floor, effortlessly buoyed by the canyon thermals. A smaller and less resourceful bird was also in evidence, frantically flapping away and apparently oblivious to the thermals. The sound of the creek far below was amplified to a significant roar by the canyon walls. Monica recited poetry from memory as we basked in our halcyon surroundings. Clever jokes were related by those with a proclivity for remembering them. A pleasant camaraderie was attained in a short period by all. On the way back, we ran into a steady stream of hikers on the lower switchbacks and felt fortunate to have missed the autumn leaf crowds. The pace was ideally suited for a beginner's hike, as we stopped frequently for people to catch their breath and stayed together as a group. The hike was rated about a 1.9, but we inadvertently transformed it into a 3 by missing the turnoff by a half mile and having to bushwhack a significant distance to the overlook. No one outwardly seemed to mind.

With only eight prior hikes under my belt with the club, I do not qualify as a seasoned veteran by any stretch of the imagination; however, my spirits were buoyed when asked to sign two new application forms. Last month, I was seeking these signatures myself! A standard running joke among engineers, converted to WMC parlance, is "Not long ago, I couldn't spell hyke leeder; now I are one!" Jim Bailey, hike leader and scribe, Carol Beasley, Connie Miller, Bob Oliver, Bob Hannon, Stacey L. Wood, Chieko Monica Ariga.



## DAY'S FORK

Saturday, September 28, 1991

by Jim Bailey

An unusually large number of folks were gathering at the Big Cottonwood lot that morning. Apparently, several hikes had been scheduled to depart at the same time. The threat of rain was there, though clouds were thin enough that it could go either way.

After people had gathered in their respective groups, the Day's Fork contingent had six participants. Bryce Baker, our congenial leader, introduced himself and other members of our small group to each other as we formed up. We quickly loaded up in two cars and headed for the Spruces campground and trailhead. After some confusion by the writer as to the exact location of the trailhead, the group soon came together and started up the steep beginning of the trail.

We were quickly overwhelmed by the intensity of the autumn colors, particularly the aspen yellows. Despite the overcast sky, the colors were vibrant. Within a few minutes, signs of civilization had disappeared, and we were alone with the incredible autumnal beauty of these mountains. An occasional look back over our shoulders revealed a panoramic, stunning patchwork of reds, browns, golds, and yellows.

We soon settled into a steady, aerobic pace toward our goal. Sights along the way included two young deer, a number of mine claims posted on trees along the way, and a tepee-like wooden structure off to the side.

Larry Cotters and Lisa Ord, both prospective members; set the pace at first. As I have a tendency to travel at a more leisurely pace, I did not have much opportunity to get to know them. I did learn that they were both recently from L.A., though Lisa was raised in Utah.

Lynn Nicholas is an attorney recently transplanted from San Francisco, her original home. Her pace was more in keeping with mine, and we had a pleasant conversation on the way up. Terry Rollins, a Utah native and club veteran of many years, with considerable knowledge and experience in the mountains, fell back on numerous occasions to socialize and fill us in on our surroundings.

We made good time and reached the mine around 11:30. Towards the end of our hike, Bryce, our capable leader, was overcome with endorphins and left the rest of us gasping to keep up with his accelerated pace. The man is obviously in very good physical shape. We later forgave him for temporarily abandoning us. Bryce is a very experienced hiker and club veteran, originally from San Jose.

As we settled down for a pleasant, though slightly drizzly, lunch in the cirque at the top of the visible trail, Terry Rollins, intent on reaching the ridge separating the two canyons, trudged onward and upward. We timed his ascent to the ridge, which he had claimed would take no more than 15 minutes. It appeared from our vantage point to be 1/2 hour plus of hard climbing. As Terry predicted, he reached the ridge in about 15 minutes, and, later, reported to us a magnificent view of Little Cottonwood Canyon.

The walk down was extremely pleasant, as breathing became less of a problem and we could all really enjoy the fall foliage and canyon scenery. My camera was kept busy, as colorful, new vistas presented themselves to be photographed around many turns in the trail. The beauty and solitude of these halcyon surroundings was uplifting; outside our small group, I recall meeting only 4 people on the trail during the entire hike.

Hike Leader: Bryce Baker, Lynn Nicholas, Jim Bailey, Larry Cotters, Lisa Ord, Terry Rollins.

## CASSIE'S BEATOUT

Saturday, August 10, 1991

by Tom Walsh

### Cassie was't there, but the rest of us had fun!

The summertime alternative to the traditional Beatout hike which is normally done in late spring on snow, was scheduled on a typical August day. Cumulus clouds rolled in and out all day, posing the potential for thunderstorms. Luckily no rain fell so we enjoyed the cooling shade cast from the clouds.

We assembled at 7:00 (except the leader who characteristically appeared 10 minutes late). Our first order of business was to arrange for spotting cars at the end point of the hike. Since the hike started in Alpine and finished at the White Pine Trailhead in Little Cottonwood Canyon, it was important to get it right. We split into two groups and sent the faster group to Alpine; the other group started at White Pine from which they would have about 1200' less elevation gain. We planned to meet on the ridge line near Chipman Peak to exchange car keys. We had sent an equal number of cars to each starting point so everyone would have a ride. The plan looked good on paper.

The group hiking from White Pine included Mike Treshow, Jean Francis, Phyllis Robison, Karen Perkins, Ken Jamison, and Tom Munn. The Alpine group included Brian Barkey, Paul Sheya, Monty Young, Bert Balser, and Tom Walsh. Jerry Hatch and Diane Robinson also went along but only intended to go to Lake Hardy. Diane's new boots raised several mean looking blisters which eliminated any possibility of continuing beyond the lake.

The hike to Lake Hardy was uneventful. The trail from the First Hamongog to the lake is beautiful, however the anticipation of the granite slabs and ridges of the remainder of the hike made it pale in comparison. The fun of Cassie's Beatout is frictioning over the granite slabs around the lake and up to the ridgeline leading to the peaks. Love those slabs!

South Thunder Mountain was added to the route this year. Climbing over the ridge on those massive blocks was exciting and dramatic. We scrambled near the cliffs at the headwall of Hogum Canyon where we paused every so often to marvel at the berserk blocks and virtually vertical cliffs. It makes you feel small, as well as cautious.

Surprisingly the plan to meet near Chipmen Peak worked out exactly right. The White Pine group appeared exactly when and where we had planned. While we ate our sandwiches and chocolate, stories and keys were exchanged. It was noted that unlike the spring Beatout, there was only one single patch of snow beside Lake Hardy. Snowball throwing was not a big thing on this year's hike.

The lack of snow cover made ridge scrambling the most challenging part of the hike. From South Thunder, to Chipman Peak, to Point 11137, to the summit of Pfeifferhorn we used hands and feet. Parts of the ridge had some of the most dramatic and exciting scrambling in the Wasatch. We tread lightly indeed when we encountered Coffin Rock and the Death Trap, named thus because of their tenuous position where they could slide and crush an unlucky hiker.

After the exhilaration of the scrambling between four major peaks, the descent from Pfeifferhorn seemed routine. Because we were tired from our days work we welcomed the familiar terrain down to Red Pine Lake. Brian brought out his purification filter so we could refill our bottles with Red Pine Lake water. It was a thirsty day; we probably averaged 3 quarts apiece.

What a day! Total time spent hiking was 11 hours. Memories of scrambling that ridge will last a lifetime.

# THE GRAND TETON

August 15-18, 1991

By Laurel Anderton

Have you ever met a mountain that exerted a magnetic pull on your brain, making you willing to go through all sorts of trials and tribulations just to stand on its summit? The Grand Teton is just such a mountain for me, and in August I finally got to seize upon the long-awaited opportunity to haul my hide to the top. Little did I suspect just how much of a glorious grunt it would be!

Our group was small, which was preferable due to the nature of our climb; part hiking and part technical rock climbing. Steve Walker was our leader, or more accurately, our one-man guide service. Then there was Dave Sterner, Dan Harrison and me, the least experienced climber of the group.

We left town Thursday afternoon and arrived in Jackson too late to stay with Ann Kelley, who had been kind enough to offer us lodging in her home. We ended up parking and sleeping in the middle of someone's long dirt driveway, and we conveniently left in the morning just as the owners were coming out. We picked up Ann and had a good carbo-loading pancake breakfast at Dornan's in Moose. Then we had to sign out with the Park Service and inform them of our proposed route, which we had decided would start on the Petzoldt and finish on the Exum Ridge. Soon we were on our way up Garnet Canyon, headed for the Lower Saddle at 12,000 feet where we would camp.

This hike, to put it mildly, was a long hard haul. I was the last in line, since the male members of our party were of that long-legged, ever-energetic variety; unaware that steep inclines are God's way of slowing us down! Ann was practically skipping along with her light day pack, since she only planned to go up part of the way. She turned around just when it started to get really fun too! She missed out on all those nice boulder fields and leg-destroying inclines; not to mention the fixed rope near the saddle on which you get to haul yourself and your heavy pack up a steep and slippery mini-cliff.

Somehow, we finally reached the Lower Saddle, home of a splendid open-air outhouse with a view that renders reading material obsolete. The saddle wasn't exactly a lonely place to camp, since the Exum guide service brings all their clients here also. However, if you succumb to the lure of such an awesome peak, you have to expect that there will be plenty of others in the same boat (or should that be, the same rope?)

The weather had been quite cooperative till then, but we ended up getting considerable rain in the evening and into the night. Luckily, things quieted down well before we arose at the lovely hour of 5AM. By the time we had dragged ourselves to the bottom of the first pitch of technical climbing, Dan's body had quite understandably begun to rebel at such early-morning high-altitude insanity, and he decided he'd better remain behind.

So it was just three of us who started up on damp, finger-numbing rock, mostly shrouded in mist, but occasionally treated to fleeting visions of the incredible vertical grandeur around and below us. The climbing wasn't too bad, although the cold was a factor for which summer climbs in Little Cottonwood simply had not prepared me! Fortunately, for our fingers and toes, it didn't stay that cold as we continued. Steve did most of the leading, but both Dave and I got our chances to be on the leading end as well, once we reached the Exum ridge and slightly easier terrain. That was our reward for surviving the utterly heinous squeeze chimney move near the end of the Petzoldt! After what seemed like days, we made it to the top. Of course it was great, but I think the arduous journey to get there was just as much of a rush as standing at the goal. It's the adventure of the thing that calls, and you can't answer it by flying up there in a helicopter.

Of course, then there was the matter of getting down. This was accomplished by a couple of rappels and picking our way through lots of talus and scree. Once back to the saddle, we elected to go ahead and hike out to the cars, although we knew we'd end up in the dark since we had eight miles to go and it was already 6:30PM. At least it was downhill, and when it eventually did get dark, there was enough moonlight to make headlamps unnecessary. By this time, my body was in rather exquisite pain just about everywhere. The exception was my brain, which was numb to all

## THE GRAND TETON

(continued)

demands except keeping me upright and moving; a kind of automatic pilot. Rest stops were short and sweet, since if prolonged, they invited the onset of rigor mortis and a blank staring into the night sky. This could only be a dream, strangely perfect even amidst the pain. OK, maybe the moon got to me a bit!

Eventually, it did end. The nirvana of the parking lot was reached. It was 10:30, and the big decision was: food or sleep? Food won, and we found a Village Inn where we managed to feast without falling over and embarrassing ourselves. We definitely looked slightly more trail-weary than most of our fellow diners. We left after midnight and found an other dirt road to camp on. I'd say it was a pretty noteworthy day, what with being up for 20 hours, doing 1,700 feet of high-altitude technical climbing, and 7000 total feet of descent, 5000 of that with heavy backpacks.

We took our time coming home on Sunday. I don't think I fully ever met a mountain like this, you know the answer to that one!

## POETRY HIKE

Saturday, September 21, 1991

by Hannelore Janke

Iron Canyon in Park City was this year's destination for the annual Poetry Hike with a "moderate" rating. We had a choice of two meeting places: The Bagel Nosh in Salt Lake City and the Park City Radisson. Since I was running late, I didn't have a choice: I met the group in Park City, and we carpooled part way up the hill to save some breath for the reading of our poems.

The basic rules that ended up guiding this hike were: If you don't know where you're going, stay close to the leader. If the leader doesn't know the way, stop often and recite poetry. And we were not a DEAD POET'S SOCIETY; we had two live ones among us, Martin McGregor, who entertained us with his witty light verses, and Bob Oliver, who shared an exquisite poem he had written about his visit to Arches National Park.

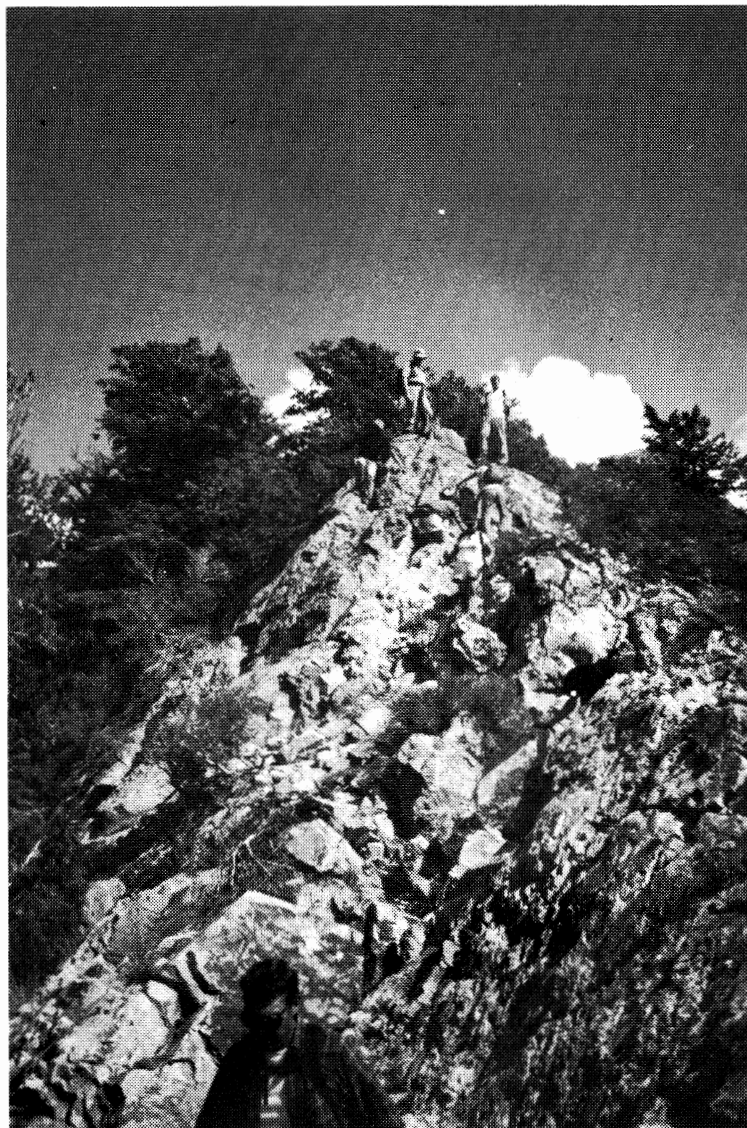
We had been promised that farther up the slope we'd run into a good trail that would take us to the saddle, which was our destination, (with the option of continuing to the top). But that trail kept eluding us. In the meantime we enjoyed bushwhacking up a slope that offered everything one could possibly expect from a mountain: animal trails through thick underbrush; dry creek beds with plenty of moss-covered rocks; maples, almost finished with their fall assignment of turning bright red; shivering aspen, displaying and dropping an abundance of yellow leaves; and even a few perfectly grown blue spruce. Exposed roots offered support for our steps while plenty of dry branches on the ground tried to trip us. Eventually we ran into the long awaited trail, which took us to the saddle where we stopped for lunch, well deserved rest and more entertainment.

We were a congenial group consisting of: Earl Cook, Linda Wilcox, Bob Oliver, Don Ashton, Dolores Taylor, Martin McGregor, Judy Braxton, Sheila Lee, Carol Anderson, Lawrence Bowman, Conley Adams, Hannelore Janke, all under the congenial leadership of Vince Desimone. Since the poetry hike is an annual event, be sure to mark your calendars early, so you won't miss it next year!

# MOUNT OLYMPUS NORTH PEAK HIKE

September 8, 1991

by Phyllis A. Papan



It had rained very heavily all day Saturday and through the night. Would it be a good day to hike Sunday morning? A few of us decided to show up and see if it would be worth it.

We met at 8:30 a.m. The sun wasn't up yet and it was very chilly. We decided pants would be a necessity. Oscar Robison, our leader, said there would be bushwhacking.

Cassie drove her car to what would be our final destination and we left around 9:00. The brush and foliage was wet, very wet. We began our climb. The trail we started on had a curb leading us up part way towards the first part of our hike. Strange place to have a cement curb! Oscar said if we had gloves, now would be the time to put them on. We climbed straight up, in true Wasatch Mountain Club fashion, huffing and puffing. We took a break to take some clothes off as we warmed up. The sun came out and we had beautiful weather for the rest of the hike.



## MT. OLYMPUS

(continued)

The clay-like dirt did not like our invasion and kept a few of us from going up from time to time. Right Cassie? With the help of a tree, which I was clinging to for dear life, and Jon I was stopped from sliding down any more than I already had. I heard Cassie had a similar incident. It was very slippery.

The bushes were loaded with moisture and if you were one of the first in line, you were showered more than once. It was like being in a sauna.

It was a happy group and we joked and laughed all day. You could hear Cassie's famous laugh wherever you were. We cracked jokes about our inability to conquer the mountain without a few set backs. Not everyone was moving at the same pace so it was a leisurely sort of trip.

A couple of times we questioned Oscar's sense of direction. Are you sure it's this way, Oscar? The scrub oak was very thick, so thick it wouldn't let go at times. It tore at clothes and skin. And the trail (what trail?) was non-existent. Oscar said he has hiked Mt. Olympus for the last 9 or 10 years and he just knows it. However, we had some doubt when we ended up climbing what looked like a somewhat dried up waterfall. He admitted we got off course just a little bit.

We made it to a saddle and could see both east and west directions. It was beautiful. As we looked upward towards where we were going to climb, we noticed the clouds hovering over the mountain like a light layer of gauze. The sun's rays were shining through so that all we could do was look in awe. It looked mystical and beautiful. We all agreed that a photo could not capture what we had seen.

We continued to climb and reached another stopping point. We rested a few minutes before our boulder climbing and hopping. As we climbed the first part of the rocks and cliffs, Knick, who was in the lead found a rattlesnake sunning himself. He proceeded to coil up and rattle. We all had no choice but to go around him as there wasn't very much room on each side of him unless you wanted to go straight down. Randi found another one hiding under a rock. What an experience. It's the first time I have seen a rattle snake, let alone see him ready to attack. It was impressive.

We saw our objective, the North Peak, and we could see the South Peak but we weren't going to go to that one. Randi decided to stay behind while the rest of us went on ahead. Oscar said to use a tree for a landmark so we could remember where we were to go back up on our return.

We reached the top and it was beautiful. There were a few places where you could say it was tough. There was quite a bit of exposure. Several of us took turns posing at the very top. Jon told us that he wasn't really there but that he was substituting for Mark Vernon who couldn't come. We enjoyed our lunches and headed down shortly after. There were large black clouds forming in the valley and we could hear thunder. Oscar didn't want us to be caught up there with lightning and thunder.

Knick, the lucky guy, found the first snake again. He was in the same place. I practically walked right into it without realizing it. I sure backed up fast. We again carefully went around it. It was too close.

We actually had a trail for a short distance and Knick asked Oscar "Are you sure you know where we are going? This looks like a trail to me." We laughed. The path didn't last for long though. Someone suggested that we descend a different way than Oscar had intended. He knew there was a path that led to the waterfall if we just went down where we were. Oscar agreed! We went through very, very thick scrub oak. The bushwhacking was worse than our ascent. When we finally cleared the oak, we found ourselves boulder hopping over very large boulders for a long distance - the problem was not the long distance - the problem was the loose boulders. Not one of them was solid. We cursed both the person that suggested the new route and Oscar for agreeing to do it.

We did end up at the waterfall and the path leading down to the west side of Mt. Olympus. It was a 9 hour hike. We started at 9:00 a.m. and reached the road where Cassie's car was at 6:00 p.m. What a welcomed sight. We were exhausted and felt beat up. Several of us agreed it was a fun day and headed home. We didn't wait for the rest of the group. Participants: Our leader Oscar Robison, Knick Knickerbocker, Margaret Reed, Jon Blakeburn (substituting for Mark Vernon), Randi Gardner, Clint Lewis, Cassie Badowsky, Bert Balzer, Veda Barrie, Stephen Carr, Darlene Jacobsen, Bob Weatherbee, and your scribe Phyllis A. Papan.



## **A TOAST TO THE MARSHMALLOW GANG**

August 30-September 2, 1991

by Clari Powers

Emily and Chauncey Hall were hosts to ten at their cabin near the Wind Rivers Labor Day weekend. Carolyn Andre and Bob Hannah were the most avid canoers, although everyone canoed or tried their hand at Charlie Clapp's rented inflatable kayak dubbed the "rubber duckie". Ann McDonald, Sue DeVal, and Susan Way scouted the trails with the Halls on horseback while June Wickham, Clari Powers, Barbara and Howard Ross hiked on the cool mountain trails. Howard gave an impromptu explanation on the Northern Lights which was the featured attraction Saturday night. The group sighted Osprey, Sandhill Crane, Great Horned Owl, Pelicans, Moose, Antelope, Buck and fought killer moths! Sunday night's picnic dinner ended with the grown kids competing for the best toasted marshmallow. Those of you who weren't there, missed a great weekend

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## **GOBBLER'S KNOB**

September 8, 1991

by Larry Lawlor

It was the weekend of the "great rains" and even the rugged Wasatch Mountain Clubbers (most) decided to stay dry. Some exceptions to the rule were the five who made the Gobbler's Knob Hike: Doug Green, hike leader; Cheryl Brown, Paul Richardson, Alex Ranney, and yours truly. The day turned out great and the hike was almost without incident. Not too far from the trailhead we stopped to check out a cave and noticed what appeared to be an eye staring back out at us. We didn't have time to inquire within as we were all anxious to hit the trail. We did, however, do some speculating though as we hiked along. One theory was that it was someone from an earlier Thursday night hike. Another theory speculated that it was a misplaced Energizer Rabbit. A third theory was that the light came from a hole in the cave (maybe through to China).

## **GOBBLER'S KNOB**

(continued)

There was a fair amount of moisture on the trail but we managed to brush it fairly dry with our clothing. Each of us took credit for the most drying contribution but our hike leader had the proof in his boots which he emptied when we stopped. Everyone was impressed.

We completed the top, had lunch and were on our way back down when we were passed by two women running up the trail. We somehow wished we could have been given some advanced notice to this event so that we maybe could have appeared to be running down when they passed.

When we got back to the cave, the eye was no longer shinning out and, although we were all anxious to crawl in and investigate, only Doug was to actually penetrate the cave. After several minutes and mounting anticipation Doug located the "eye" and tossed it out. He had bagged the elusive empty "Bud Light Can" and three companions. Again, we were all impressed.

We were back to the trailhead shortly after the cave incident. We didn't say much because we all knew it didn't get much better than the experiences of the several hours just passed.

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## **KESSLER PEAK**

September 15, 1991

by Chris Baierschmidt

Hearing the word "exposure" about a mountain trek was enough to keep me from even contemplating going near any such trail - that was until I read in the Rambler that Clint Lewis was scheduled to lead a Wasatch hike up to Kessler Peak.

Let me back up a little bit. I am a former member of the mountain club, and now trying to qualify for a new membership four years after leaving the club for 2 growing obligations, now aged 3 and 5 years old. I've seriously missed hiking with club members over the past several years, and finally decided to join again when I realized that some things in life are far too precious to give up

## KESSLER PEAK

(continued)

(namely, mountains and extremely memorable times with an exceptional group of people). Clint had been one of my favorite hike leaders; consequently, the trip planned for Kessler Peak seemed the ideal opportunity to do the first qualifier toward renewing my membership.

My initial indication that this was a good idea was when another former favorite hike leader - Hank Winawer - actually remembered my name at the Big Cottonwood parking lot, where the group met prior to hiking. Once more of the familiar faces of years past showed up - Vince Desimone, Michael Budig, and fearless leader Clint Lewis - I knew I was home again! And, all under blue skies, sunshine, and temperatures that promised to warm up to at least 70 degrees.

By 9:30 a.m., the 22 people who signed up were shuttling up to the lower parking lot of Donut Falls for the hike up to Kessler Peak. For those unfamiliar with the trail (and according to John Veranth's "Hiking the Wasatch"), Kessler Peak is the high point on the north end of the ridge separating Cardiff Fork and Mineral Fork. The peak offers a spectacular view of Twin Peaks and Dromedary (among others) and a slice of the valley many thousands of feet below.

We took the north route, followed an old mining road, and even stopped to investigate a former mining site before tacking the ridge leading to the summit. Somewhere along the route, I heard the word "exposure," and imagined tip-toe steps across a razor sharp ridge while the best moments of my life dangled before my eyes. I had steered clear of "exposure" hikes in years past, and didn't know if I was ready for that now on a first hike back (though the thought of tumbling off a mountain was preferable to other endings, if one does have a choice).

The segment along the ridge to the summit was rugged. We did our fair share of scrambling and vertical bouldering (a term I learned when I asked about the large rocks we were climbing over) to a wonderful view of the trail below and the peaks surrounding our vista. Oscar Robison was kind

enough to point out the area of exposure, but I was having too much of a great time to even feel my legs go rubbery. Once at the top of Kessler, we stopped for a leisurely lunch and laughs reminiscent of years past. I felt accomplished - a graduate of the school of mountain exposure, and eager to try the haunts of the past.

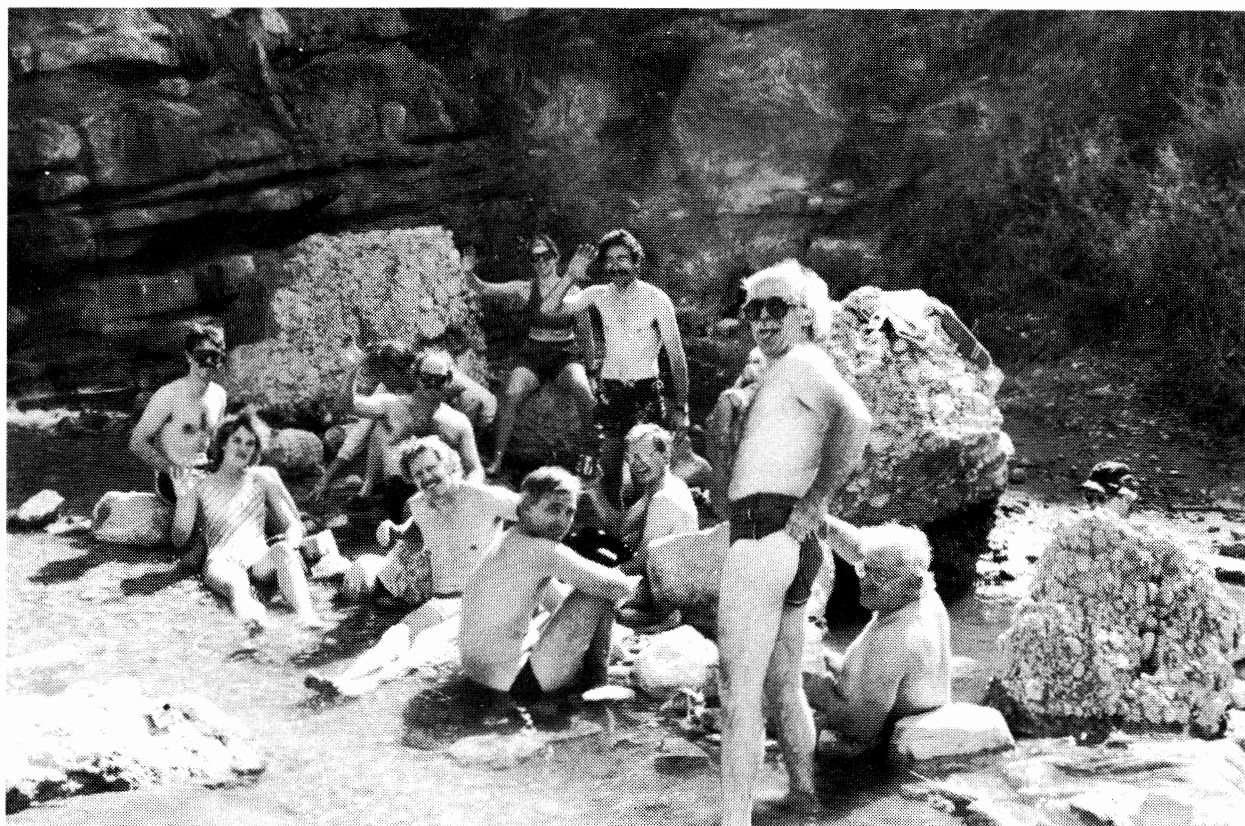
We followed a shorter but steeper route back to the Donut Falls parking lot, making a few of us wonder if the stooped position of walking down a steep incline would forever leave us in the Neanderthal position. We bid goodbye - old friends and new - and I drove home dreaming of Superior, Twin Peaks, and Devil's Castle and realizing that one should never give up something that is truly loved.

Those accompanying Clint were: Christine Allred, Marcia Anderton Pat Billings, Mike Flynn, Paul Rubinfeld, Wick Miller, Corliss Neuber, Gloria O'Connor, Suzi Smith, Vince Desimone, Hank Winawer, Janet Chatwin, Joanne Miller, John Hail, Jan Coskey, Michael Budig, Norm Fish, Ivy Blechman, Oscar Robison, Paul French, Linda Wilcox, and Chris Baierschmidt.

# DIAMOND FORK MOUNTAIN BIKE RIDE AND HOT SPRINGS THERAPY

September 28, 1991

by Nancy Goodell; Photo by Lade Heaton



Red maples highlighted the fall foliage lining the trail as fourteen participants mountain biked in Diamond Fork Canyon. Unwelcome bovine escorts at the beginning of the ride were expertly herded off the narrow trail by aspiring cowboy Ray Durrell, allowing us to focus on the sights and smells of fall. Their calling cards did add to the challenging technical riding, which also included several stream crossings, steep creekbanks, rocks and roots - a typical mountain biking day in Utah.

Our route consisted of a gradual climb up the Cottonwood Creek drainage, a paved cruise that allowed for viewing of colorful fall tapestries, and a thrilling descent down Fifth Water drainage. On mile 14 of the 17 mile loop, we stopped off at the popular hot springs for a well-earned soak, as pictured. We did not get lost and no moose were encountered, to Bob's great relief.

This was the final ride in this season's "Off the Urban Wasatch" series that also included rides at Stansbury Island, the Cedar Mountains (snowed out), Payson Canyon and Logan Canyon. Being new to trip leading - I was motivated by the easy-going, adventuresome and appreciative reactions from the participants - many of whom (Vince, Lade, Dave, Shirley, Mark) were welcome "regulars" on the Club's mountain biking trips.

It was great to pedal with such a fine group of talented and conscientious Club members who know how to have fun on a mountain bike without damaging the outdoor experience for others.

Participants: Lade Heaton, Ann Griesemer, Bob Hannon, David Vance, Michael Jones, Shirley Tegan, David Henderson, Jim Piani, Mark McKenzie, Ray Durrell, Roger Jackson, John Bytendrop, Keven Flanagan, Nancy Goodell (leader).

## CLASSIFIED ADS

### AD POLICY

Members may place classified ads for used sports equipment free of charge. Other classified ads require a \$5.00 donation to the WMC for up to 20 words with \$.20 per word over 20. Words of 2 letters or less will not count as a word.

### NOTICE!

Send your ad (with a check enclosed if it is not a used sports equipment ad) before the 13th of the month to Sue DeVall, 11730 South 700 West, Sandy UT 84070 or call Sue at 572-3294 for information.

The *Rambler* cannot accept any ad that is inconsistent with the purposes of the WMC, or that offends the sensibilities of club members.

### USED EQUIPMENT

**SMALL CLIMBING SHOES**, Boreal Fire, size 4 1/2 (women's 6), brand new, never used, \$60. Precor Model 612 Rowing Machine, hardly used, \$75. Call 467-8918 after 6PM.

**RAFT, UDisco**, 6-man, rowing rack plus trailer, electric motor and battery, accessories, \$900. 774-8082 (home) or 777-6742 (work), Bob Garland.

**THULE SKI RACK**, 4 pairs for car with rain gutter. \$50. **CABLE/SNOW CHAINS**, tire rim 12", 13", or 14", P175 or P165 for medium/small front or rear wheel drive car. \$20. Call Lily, 561-3756.

**GEAR FOR SALE: SMALL CLIMBING SHOES!!!!** Boreal Lasers, size 2 (women's 5) brand new! \$60. Dolomite Magna Slippers, size 34, almost new, \$40. Sportiva Tao, size 34, brand new, \$50. **CLIMBING ROPE**: Mammot Galaxy, 10.5 ml, 50 meters. Used, but only one leader fall, \$35. **CLIMBING PACK**: Brand new, off the shelf, Chouinard Daughter of Crag, 2300 cu. in., \$65. **ASSORTED CHALKBAGS, ETC.** Call Cathy Beloeil at 364-7513 or stop by IME and ask for small used shoes for sale! (you can try them on).

**SPORTS EQUIPMENT DESPERATION SALE.** Gutter mount car rack, 2 bike rack & kayak racks, all for \$25. Spare tire (4X4) mounting locking ski rack \$10. 2 Curtis Hawk sailboards, 3 masts, 3 sails, etc. \$600. Call Fred 392-3108.

**BIC 250 SAILBOARD, \$200. WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE CLIMBING RUCKSACK**, suspension system, compression straps. Medium size, \$35. Call Sue 484-7354.

**MOUNTAIN BIKES FOR SALE:** Ritchey Ascent, 18" frame, excellent components, 18 speed, \$600. Also, Novara (Diamond Back) Ascent, 16" frame, 15 speed, \$250. Or buy both and I'll throw in rack, panniers, etc! Len, 581-6506 (leave message).

**MISCELLANEOUS GEAR:** Internal frame Backpack, Wilderness Experience "Alpinist", large capacity, \$75. Precor Model 612 Rowing Machine, \$100. Track and/or skating skis, Kahru Matrix 165 cm., Salomon bindings, \$50. Rock Skis, K-2, 205 cm, Look Nevadas, \$50. Call Len, 581-6505 (leave Message)

### WANTED

**WANTED TO RENT:** Mature, quiet (but friendly) professional recreator and WMC member who works out of town Mon-Thur, seeks room with cooking priveleges during ski season (Nov-Apr). Non-smoking, Highest standards. Call J a522-4682 after 9PM.

### Wasatch Mountain Club

Membership applicants must participate in at least two Club outdoor or service activities, verified by the signatures of approval from the activity leaders. Yearly dues are \$25.00 single, \$35.00 couple. A \$5.00 initiation/reinstatement fee is charged.

### 1991-92 GOVERNING BOARD

President	Wick Miller	1-649-1790
Secretary	Leslie Giddings	583-4271
Treasurer	Louise Rausch	328-1290
Membership	Julie Ann Jones	278-4753
Boating	Randy Klein	546-3917
Conservation	John Veranth	278-5826
	Marc Hutchinson	355-3227
Entertainment	Bill Loggins	596-0597
Hiking	Mike Treshow	582-0803
Lodge	Vince Desimone	1-649-6805
	Kathy Klein (rentals)	272-8059
Mountaineering	Steve Walker	466-7032
Publications	Magdaline Quinlan	467-8918
	Leslie Mullins	363-0560
Ski Touring	Norm Fish	964-6155
Information	Barbara Jacobsen	943-3715
	Aaron Jones	467-3532

### COORDINATORS

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	Nance Randall	546-3917
	Carol and Del Wiens	272-3182
Canoeing	Janis Huber	486-2345
Kayaking	Vince Desimone	1-649-6805
Sailing	Liza Poole	547-9400
Rafting		
Boating Instruction:	Neal Reiland	355-1526
Boating Equipment:	Jeff Barrell	278-3510
Volleyball	Doug Stewart	269-1833
Scuba	Bob Scherer	967-0218

### TRUSTEES

Milt Hollander	Term expires 1992
Karen Caldwell	Term expires 1993
Dale Green	Term expires 1994
Alexis Kelner	Term expires 1995
O'Dell Petersen	Trustee Emeritus

# WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

## APPLICATION FOR NEW MEMBERS/REINSTATEMENT FOR PREVIOUS MEMBERS RAMBLER SUBSCRIPTION QUALIFICATION FORM

**DO NOT USE THIS FORM TO RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP**

Please read carefully and fill out completely. Your signature is required.

APPLICANT'S NAMES: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ST \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

HOME PHONE \_\_\_\_\_ DAY PHONE \_\_\_\_\_ BIRTH DATE \_\_\_\_\_

I hereby apply for ☐ NEW MEMBERSHIP ☐ STUDENT  
☐ SINGLE membership in the WMC  
☐ REINSTATEMENT ☐ COUPLE

I ☐ DO  
I ☐ wish to receive the *Rambler* (the WMC publication). Subscription price  
☐ DO NOT is not deductible from the dues.

Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for one year's (Mar 1 19\_\_ to Feb 28 19\_\_) dues and application fee.  
\*\*\* Make checks payable to Wasatch Mountain Club (CHECKS ONLY) \*\*\*

Remit: \$20.00 for student membership (\$15.00 dues and \$5.00 application fee)  
\$30.00 for single membership (\$25.00 dues and \$5.00 application fee)  
\$40.00 for couple membership (\$35.00 dues and \$5.00 application fee)  
(NOTE: These rates include the \$12.00 for the *Rambler* subscription)

YOU MUST COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING FOR MEMBERSHIP CONSIDERATION  
THE ACTIVITY DATES MUST HAVE BEEN WITHIN ONE YEAR OF THIS APPLICATION

qualifying activity	date	signature of recommending leader
---------------------	------	----------------------------------

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

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

I agree to abide by all the rules and regulations of the WMC. I am 18 years of age or older.

I am willing to serve the WMC in the following areas: (please check)

<input type="checkbox"/> Service Project	<input type="checkbox"/> Lodge work	<input type="checkbox"/> Conservation	<input type="checkbox"/> Rambler	<input type="checkbox"/> Thurs Night Hikes
<input type="checkbox"/> Hike Leader	<input type="checkbox"/> Boat Leader	<input type="checkbox"/> Ski Leader	<input type="checkbox"/> Social Assist	

I found out about the WMC from \_\_\_\_\_

APPLICANT'S SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_

MAIL APPLICATION AND CHECK TO: MEMBERSHIP DIRECTOR  
WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB  
888 SOUTH 200 EAST, SUITE 111  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, 84111

LEAVE BLANK

Receipt #: _____	Date Received: _____	Amount Recv'd: _____
(or check #)		(less application fee)
Board Approval Date _____		(Rev 7/88 Pub 10/90)

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY PLEASE NOTIFY  
THE SALT LAKE COUNTY  
SHERIFF'S OFFICE AT:

**535-5855**

OR THE APPROPRIATE EMERGENCY  
AGENCY IN YOUR LOCATION.

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