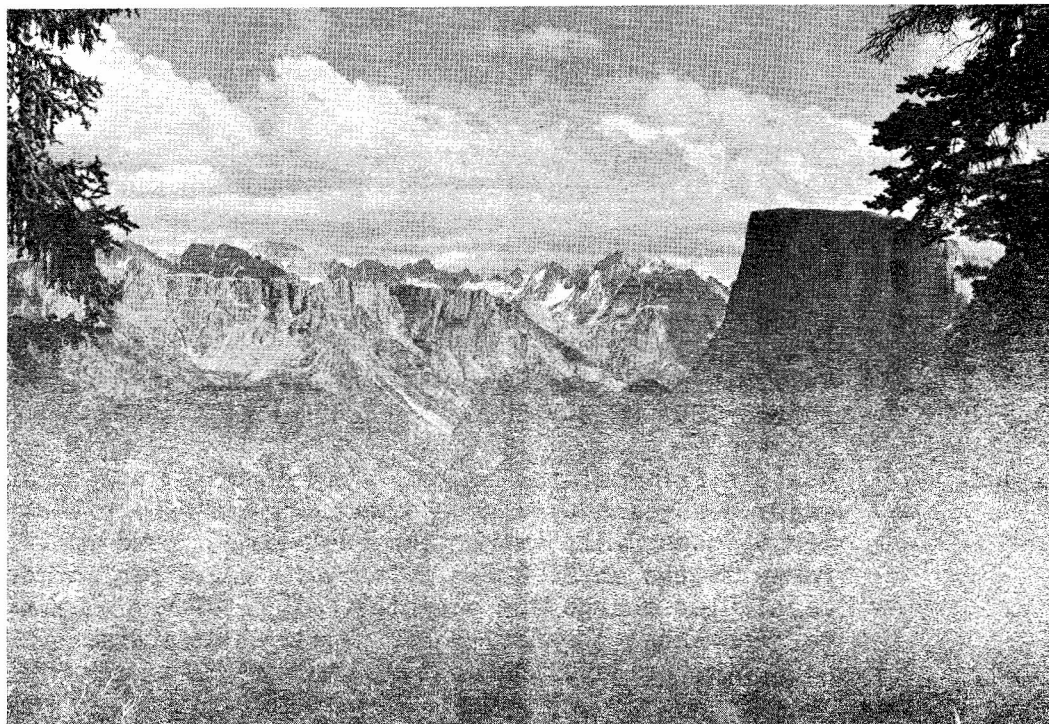


July 1961

# The Rambler



*Official Publication of*

## THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

Club Headquarters: 425 South 8th West, Salt Lake City, Utah

Lodge: Brighton, Utah

Telephone EM 3-7150

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TRIP SCHEDULE

August, 1961

- August 5 Remember, Vern LeFebre is hosting at the Lodge.  
Come stay overnight.
- August 6 Climb Mt. Raymond. Meet at 9:00 a.m. at the Lodge.  
(If you stayed overnight at the Lodge you will already  
be there.) Leader, Carl Bauer, Bring lunch, canteen.
- August 12, Climb Grand Teton. This will be on the Exum Ridge,  
13 which is a class #4 climb. Experience is required.  
Leave Friday night and return Sunday evening. Leader,  
Vern LeFebre. Register by 6:00 p.m. Thursday,  
August 10. EM 3-7150.
- August 19, Western Party at the Lodge. Come in Western garb and  
20 enjoy a Western type good time. Atmosphere: ric-a-tic  
piano, come 7-11, twirl your best girl around the floor.  
Party starts at 8:00 p.m. Charge: \$1.00 per person.  
Usual Club charge for overnight stay. There will be  
refreshments. Leader, Bob J. Wright. Register by  
6:00 p.m. Friday, August 18. EM 3-7150.
- August 27 Lake Blanche. This is going to be a part of our  
Conservation program. The Lake area has been defaced  
by trash left by unthinking hikers. We are going to  
do some clean-up work to keep it the lovely area it  
should be. Meet at 7:30 a.m. at the mouth of Big  
Cottonwood Canyon. Bring lunch, canteen.  
Leader, Dale Green.
- September Tentative plans include:
- King's Peak. Highest in the Uintah's.  
Red Pine and Pfeifferhorn. A look at autumn colors.  
Zion Narrows. Do we have anyone interested in this  
outstanding autumn hike?

## TRIPS AND OUTINGS

Glen Canyon (The Long Trip) June 3 through 11  
by Sallie McElroy

The first problem was leaving: just four people showed up at 7:00 a.m. (planned departure time.) The bus ride to Hite, embarkation point, was filled with geological treasures which Pete Stifel pointed out to us along the way. We camped at Hite, population 12, on ground that had had a 12 inch rain the night before. "But how can it be so dry now?" "A drop of rain every twelve inches."

Sunday Morning: "All hands to the pumping station. We're tying the three boats together, a motor on each outside one."

7:45 a.m.: "We're off!"

7:55 a.m.: "White water ahead!"

7:59 a.m.: "Wow---what a splash! The boats are  
apart.

So for ever after there were three small boats (plus the Korner's in their own inflatable rowboat); two with motors and one without, the latter usually ahead of the others. Bill Wallace named it the Virtue.

Gale and Ann Dick were appointed the CIA since having the maps qualified them with suitable intelligence. Mid afternoon found us setting up camp at the mouth of Ticaboo Canyon where several hiked up the canyon to a dead horse and Indian and Boy scout petroglyphs. By morning the river level had dropped a couple of inches.

Monday at 9:08 we left Ticaboo Canyon and a few minutes later stopped in the shade of an oak glen. Major Powell named the canyon for such oak glens in 1869 when he first traveled the river. Kip Wallace furnished the Virtue crew with a reading about the Anasi Indians. Then a water and lunch stop at Warm Springs Canyon. As we left there, 40 some boy scouts landed. The CIA learned some valuable reconnaissance information from their leader who had made the river trip many times. 3:15 p.m. we passed Tapestry Wall, a huge streak-weathered face of Navajo sandstone rising vertically out of the river. An excellent spot for echoes. Camping grounds at Moki Canyon was a lovely large scrub brush area surrounded by

boulders on the East, a huge rock face on the South, and an estuary on the West. That night the CIA acquired its most valuable piece of intelligence while on the trip. Two men from the geophysics survey happened upon our camp and informed them of the locations of numerous points. Some of us hiked up Moki Canyon early Tuesday morning to find our first Indian cliff dwelling ruins. Later we saw one of our nicest ruins at Lake Canyon -- a house and porch almost intact with a grainery (?) next door.

This was the day all the Cornell physicists began their reunion in one of the boats: Gale and Ann Dick, Joe and Georgia Fritz, Gil and Eva Clark, Jerry and Cynthia Petersen, Norm Baker, and Tuck Knight. They were from California, Massachusetts, and several places in between. In the other boat (besides the Virtue) there were Wolf Snyder, Carolyn Everett, Art Imber, Bruce Harland, Connie Clemens, The Berthcers, and Dorde Wright. They flew the martini flag, made by Dorde and Gloria, on Harvey's guitar case after 4:30. Camp at Gretchen's Bar, fig tree and all, was a water stop, very hot, very dusty, and Carolyn Everett found a scorpion next to her sleeping bag the next morning.

Wednesday, June 7, was the day the group lost the Virtue - (lost its Virtue -- the Virtue got lost -- well, anyway . . . ) The Virtue, last in line that morning, unknowingly sailed by the estuary into which the others had turned.

Included in the Virtue crew were Pete and Gladys Stifel, Jim and Sallie McElroy, Harvey and Gloria Bertcher, Diane McPharron, and Dick Hills. After about an hour: "Well, where are they?"; "They can't be behind us."; "They must be far ahead." So the Virtue sailed on and on under the martini flag until Pete recognized what must be Hidden Canyon and knew the others were not planning to come this far this day. The consensus was to camp here and await the others as they certainly could not be ahead. The flag was hoisted on a long staff, Harvey sang and played his guitar, Sallie made cookies, a cozy evening for the Virtue crew. Meanwhile the other two boats, wondering whence their Virtue, left flags and notes at several of their stopping points which included Wilson Canyon, Escalante River, Hole in the Rock and San Juan River. The next morning they reached the camping spot of the Virtue. "Where....?" "Why....?" "How....?" Soon the truth emerged.

Then on to Music Temple, Mystery Canyon, and Twilight Canyon. This last included a large selection of petroglyphs of six fingered hands, sheep, and designs and an amphitheater where rolling stones resounded like thunder. Aztec Canyon was the next and the last big stop. Water was getting low so that night river water was boiled or halazoned and allowed to settle for morning use. It was said that nearly 200 people were camped at the mouth of Aztec Canyon that night.

Friday was the day for the hike up Aztec Canyon to Rainbow Bridge National Monument. Hot and Dry! On the way down the canyon, Nurse Sallie was called on for a badly cut and bleeding foot of a boy scout. Cool refreshing pools dotted the descent down Aztec Canyon -- deep enough for diving, large enough for swimming. We sailed from Aztec Canyon that afternoon and found a pleasant sandy beach for camp that night. The next morning saw us saying good-bye to the Colorado River. At 11:30 we arrived at Crossing of the Fathers, our disembarkation point. The truck was there and in two trips all arrived at Wah Weep, Arizona. No bus appeared, however. (Typical WMC) Frantic telephoning and quick action on the part of a sheriff in Kanab intercepted the driver who, for some unaccountable reason, was planning to meet us the following evening. Supper at Page took us all, heaped in the back of the pick-up, by the Glen Canyon Dam Site, where we took time out to see what we could see of diversion tunnels, coffer dams, keyways, etc.

We boarded the bus for Salt Lake City about 9 that night. Some are already planning another Glen Canyon trip for next year this time. That, supposedly, will really be the last time.

Snake River Trip\*\* July 1,2,3,4  
by Ray Heaney

Ready for the great outdoors, those brave souls pitched their tents at Cabin Creek Camping Grounds on Saturday, unrolled their sleeping bags, prepared their cooking utensils, and then drove to Jackson Hole for supper. Well fed, if not well rested, they embarked on the river the next morning. Skies were bright, and everyone started off happily paddling around in circles and into whirlpools.

And then the gods of the river said to themselves, "Here come little boats. Let's sink them." Their attempts at first were slight and successful in some measure only because of much furious paddling in many furious directions. They finally managed a small two-foot rip in the bottom of the big boat. That was patched well enough to keep larger species of fish out of the boat, and the rest of the day was spent admiring the lofty peaks of the Tetons and envying Bruce Christenson and Vern LeFebre flitting along in their new kayaks.

The second day the smaller boat was deflated by a railroad spike (?) and was saved from loss only by the foresight and sailing ability of Vera Van Tongel and Harry Johnson. Dave Sundstrom followed at a safe distance, swimming underwater where he was unencumbered by oxygen. A rescue party waded back to the shipwrecked and a little later "rescued" Clare Sundwall also.

The gods were angry by Tuesday. John McDuff, who seemed to become more cheerful as difficulties increased, called a council where it was decided that the rapids would be run despite the drizzling rain. The drizzling rain thereupon turned to a downpour. The next two hours were by far the most exciting of the trip, as the boats were hurled ten miles down the cataracts. Finally, the crew emerged happy and triumphant after a voyage not comfortable but a great deal of fun. When the gods saw that they had failed at last, and the boats put on the truck, they loosed the worst rain storm of the summer upon three states.

And now you know why it rained on the 4th of July.

Nature Trek - - July 15

by Carl Bauer

We Tyros were indeed fortunate to be able to spend several enthralling hours among the Flora at Brighton, with so eminent and able a Botanist as Dr. Walter P. Cottam, of the U. of U. faculty. He correlated knowledge seldom approached in books with the fascinating geology of the region in masterly fashion, and fortified our own faltering information against the pitfalls still lying in wait for the less fortunate. Is it a daisy (even blue ones) or an aster? Ranunculus or Potentilla - Vetch or sweet pea?

The list, be it genus or species, and incomplete -

Agoseris	Gentian	Prokistima
Alder	Geranium	Pyrola
Aster	Gilia	
Aspen	Goldenrod	Rose-Spaulling
Ash	Gooseberry	
Angelica		Sage
Arnica	Hellebore	Saxifrage
	Honeysuckle	Shooting Star
Baneberry	Horse Mint	Snowberry
Bittercress		Spirea
Blueberry	Larkspur	Spruce-Engleman
Buckwheat	Lupine	Star Flower
		Stickweed
Chokecherry	Meadowrue	Sunflower
Cinquefoil	Monardella	
Columbine	Morkshood	Thimbleberry
Cone Flower	Mustard	Twinberry
Cow Parsnip	Myrtensia	
Currant		Valerian
	Ninebark	Vetch

(continued)

Daisy	Oak	Yarrow
Deathcamas	Orchid	
Dogwood	Orthocarpus	
Elderberry	Paintbrush	
Elephant Head	Pedicularis	
Eriogonum	Penstemon	
Fir-Alpine	Pine-Limber	
Figwort	Polemonium	
Fireweed	Primrose	

To this exotic fare, was added an inspiring background of conservation, and its perennial struggle with complacency, ignorance, and greed; and an understanding of devotion which gives life purpose, and without which existence becomes a mere vegetative futility.

Facility in recognizing our new floral friends must await further communion in these same forest glades, and perchance, if we prove deserving, we may again approach Dr. Cottam, for there remain other botanical zones and seasons in this enchanting study of Flora of the Wasatch.



## Mountaineering Notes

by Ron Perla and Tom Spencer

(Ed. Note. Ron and Tom were climbing the North face of the Grand Teton at the same time that the river group was winding by down below. Ron made up these notes which are very interesting.)

The usual route up the North Face of the Grand Teton traverses diagonally upward along four prominent ledges to the North ridge. In 1953 Harold Goodro and Jim Shane pioneered a new route leading directly up from the "first ledge" to the East ridge. This Goodro-Shane variation, the difficulty of which caused the original team to bivouac on the face, had never been repeated by a second party.

At 5:00 a.m. on July 2, 1961, we left our base camp at Amphitheater Lake and hiked across the Teton Glacier to the North Face. Carrying sufficient equipment for a possible night on the mountain, we started on the climb hoping to make the second ascent of the Goodro-Shane variation.

Tom had done some reconnaissance work while climbing on the North Face in July 1960, and considered it feasible to begin the variation from the "second" instead of the "first" ledge. This would avoid the famous 12 foot smooth wall that required Harold to stand on Jim Shane's outstretched hands.

From the "second ledge", Tom made two 120 foot 5th class leads up layback type cracks. These very difficult leads required an hour each and placed us on moderate slabs that ended in an exposed icy couloir. A rusty piton testified that Goodro and Shane had come up this ferocious couloir and remained in it almost all the way to the East ridge. We could picture in our minds the fantastic climbing needed to negotiate this route and it was understandable that the quantity of ste-cutting and piton driving used by the first party had to result in a bivouac.

While discussing the prospect of continuing up this couloir, we noticed a slightly overhanging flake leading upwards and around the corner of the couloir. Could this be a time-saving escape? Tom, well protected by an angle piton, hand traversed the flake and managed to peer around the corner. He pounded in another piton

and disappeared out of sight. This proved to be the key and gave us access to easy fifth class slabs leading to the East ridge. The summit was reached at 5:15 p.m.

The transition from the North face to the snow field high up on the East ridge is a panoramic experience which alone justifies future work on this variation. Attempts can be made to further simplify the climbing from the "first" to "second" ledge and it may be possible to force the route closer to the summit minimizing the East ridge traverse.

### DID YOU KNOW THAT . . . . . ?

Meredith Page has joined the Life Membership circle. He has faithfully performed 25 years of hikes, camping trips, Lodge parties, river runs, etc. He also says he has lots of memories of wonderful times, interesting people, sore feet, and he wouldn't trade it for 25 years of anything else. We appreciate members like this!

We enjoyed all those hikes with Harold Goodro as he carried weights on his back to practice up for the Andes. Helen says that he left Salt Lake on July 2, and she has received a cable that he arrived in Yungay, Peru, where he will climb the 22,000 ft. Mt. Huascaran. Harold is climbing with members of the Iowa Mt. Club. He should return to Salt Lake about August 5 and we will be looking forward to hearing all about the climb.

Bob and Dordy Wright are moving to Arizona for about eighteen months while Bob serves as Project Engineer for the Foley-Delco Company on an eighteen million dollar transmission line from Shiprock to Phoenix. They will live in Holbrook for a year and then in Phoenix for about six months. Although we will miss them, they say that they will be back for a little skiing in Alta next winter. Dordy is really looking forward to the change as they plan to do a lot of horseback riding and visiting Indian reservations.

(continued)

A note was received from Dennis McSharry, saying hello to everyone and also saying that instead of returning to Salt Lake he will be in London for the next two years. He promises to conquer many Alps and other daring-do and tell us all about it when he returns.

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