



The Rambler

Official Publication of
THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

Salt Lake City, Utah

August 1967

SPECIAL RIVER - RUNNING ISSUE!

CLUB ACTIVITIES FOR AUGUST 1967

Please register as indicated in each activity description.

- Aug 3
Thurs. EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN -- Escape city heat for coolness of the mountains. Multipitch climbing will work up a thirst and appetite for the refreshments that follow. If you don't climb, come out for the socializing and fresh air; short hikes abound in the area (such as in Stairs Gulch or Mule Hollow). Everybody welcome.
- Aug 5 & 6
Sat. & Sun. KAYAK AND CANOE PRACTICE -- On the North Side Canal. Yes, you read right, canal. Scenery we can't provide. Cool lakes there are not. Nor pines nor snow-capped mountains. But through those hot and dusty farms north of Burley, Idaho, along the old lava sinks, they have released a whumping big part of the Snake River. The white water is out of this world. From the many rapids and falls, we have located a single practice area whose main feature is a large, turbulent jet of water emerging from a bridge, enclosed by a giant eddy on either side. Down the rapids and up the eddy we go! Circles or figure eights! For the beginner, there is quieter water below. We will also explore some other parts of the canal system. This trip is designed to develop technical competence; the water is thrilling, but demanding and exhausting. This is not a good trip for leisure, unless you sit on the bank. Departure, 8:00 a.m. Sat. For registration and location of meeting place, call Cal Giddings (359-2588) by 9:00 p.m. Thurs. night.
- Aug 5
Sat. CATHERINE PASS FROM ALTA -- El. 10,220. A leisurely hike for the beginner or person out for relaxation. The trip to the top is rewarded by a tremendous view of Lake Catherine directly below, and Brighton in the distance. Some may want to continue to the top of one of the nearby peaks, while others rest in the highland meadows. Carry water & lunch. Meet at Alta parking lot at 8:00 a.m. Register with Leader Mike King (486-9705) by 6:00 p.m. Fri., Aug 4.
- Aug 6
Sun. NEFF'S CANYON & RIDGE - RUN, returning by way of M.T. OLYMPUS -- El. 9,026, rating 12.0. A difficult trip for the advanced hiker only. This is a new trip for the club & will be an interesting adventure for all attending. Meet at Red Carpet Inn, 3923 Wasatch Blvd. at 7:00 a.m. sharp. Carry water and lunch. Register with Leader John MacDuff (484-1634) by 6:00 p.m. Sat., Aug 5.
- Aug 10
Thurs. EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN -- Come out to these cool evening sessions to meet fellow mountaineers and keep tuned-up for climbing. Meet about 6:00 p.m. Refreshments at dusk at nominal cost.
- Aug 12 & 13
Sat. & Sun. FAMILY WEEKEND AT LODGE -- Carol and Del Wiens will host a lodge weekend designed especially for families with children up to Jr. High age. Of course, all ages are welcome! The lodge will be open by 4:00 p.m. There will be a pot luck dinner on Sat. night -- that is, everybody will bring one dish. Call Carol (487-2584) to see what is needed. Bring your own sleeping gear and breakfast. A short hike will be arranged on Sun.

COVER PHOTO: Kayaking in Cross Mountain Canyon on the Yampa River, by A. Kelner.

- Aug 12 Sat. MT. MILLICENT FROM LODGE -- El. 10,452, rating 3.5. Another excellent hike for the beginner and children. Bring a lunch and a friend and meet Leader Mel Davis (278-3174) at the Millicent ski lift at 9:00 a.m. No need to register for this hike, but the leader or Pete at Club Headquarters will be happy to answer any questions.
- Aug 13 Sun. WHITE PINE LAKE - PFEIFFERHORN - RED PINE LAKE RIDGE-RUN -- Rating 12.0. A very difficult hike for the strong of leg and lung. Red Baldy (El. 11,171) will be approached from White Pine Lake followed by White Baldy (El. 11,321), Haystack Peak, and the Pfeifferhorn (El. 11,326), returning by way of Red Pine Lake. Some of the climbers not going to Canada should take this trip. Everyone must register with Club Hq. or Leader Max Townsend (363-2269) before 5:00 p.m. Sat., Aug 12. Bring water and a good lunch. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 6:30 a.m. Sharp.
- Aug 17 Thurs. EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN -- Activity starts about 6:00 p.m. Good time to get advise from better climbers, learn fundamentals, etc. Refreshments after.
- Aug 19 Sat. DAY'S FORK TO SILVER FORK CANYON -- Rating, 4.0. Spend a relaxing day in Big Cottonwood Canyon. Milt Hollander will lead this trip into the area of last winter's Silver Fork avalanche. Many will be interested to see the amount of damage done by one of these slides. Meet at mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 a.m. No registration necessary for this trip.
- Aug 19 Sat. DIRECT AID SEMINAR -- Meet at Gate Rocks at 9:00 a.m. Bring lunch, water, summit packs, slings, hardware, rope, etc, if you have it. This seminar is designed to review fundamentals of direct aid and the hard free climbing that goes with it. Leader Dave Allen (278-0230)
- Aug 19 & 20 Sat. & Sun. HIGH UINTA WEEKEND -- Hiking in the wilderness of northern Utah. Members will spend Fri. and Sat. evenings together at Moose Horn Camp (1st camp beyond Bald Mountain Pass before coming to Mirror Lake), or meet at camp at 8:00 a.m. Sat. or Sun. There will be a choice of two hikes Sat. and another on Sun. These hikes are an excellent chance to introduce interested friends to the club and to acquaint people with another fascinating area of Utah. For further information call Gerry Horton (486-0852). No registration is required.
- Sat: Bald Mountain -- El. 11,497, rating 3.0. An easy introduction to the world of the High Uintas with a view into four river drainages. Two or three hours round trip. Great for families..
- Sat: Hayden Peak -- El. 12,475, rating 5.0. A little more difficult but still a beginning to intermediate hike. A very distinctive looking peak and much higher than our local summits -- very breathtaking in more ways than one.
- Sun: Cuberant Lake , or for those not wishing to walk so far, Kamas Lake -- Even for those continuing on to Cuberant Lake the trip will not really be too difficult. Since there is no trail to these lakes, the route will be refreshingly void of tin cans and noisy tourists and a true wilderness, as more of our forests should be.

- Aug 19 & 20 RED CANYON FAMILY FLOAT TRIP (GREEN RIVER)
Sat. & Sun. From Flaming Gorge Dam to Crouse Creek (about 35 miles). This is a first-time feature in the boating department for all who have ever wanted to take their families on the river. This stretch of the Green is clear and cold because of the dam, and there are virtually no rapids. The fishing is reportedly some of the best in the state. The group will rendezvous at Flaming Gorge Dam (furnish your own transportation) at 9:00 a.m. Sat., spend the night on the river, and return Sun. evening. Age limit for children is about 10. Trip fee is \$8.00 per adult and \$2.00 per child. Make your reservations and obtain further information from the trip leaders, Fred and Evelyn Bruenger (485-2639).
- Aug 19 & 20 CASCADE CANYON TO DEATH CANYON -- Teton back-
Sat. & Sun. packing into Alaska Basin. A long but exciting hike through varying terrain. The Tetons can be seen from all angles, since the trail goes around them from the valley to the west side. Leader, Dail Ogden (363-0436) Meet at Jenny Lake boatdock at 8:00 a.m. Aug 19. Register with Hq. or the leader by 5:00 p.m. Thurs, Aug 17. This is not an easy trip in two days. If enough participants are interested, some could extend the hike to include Monday.
- Aug 20 - 22 WIND RIVER WHITEWATER FOR KAYAKS AND
Sun. - Tues. CANOEES -- We will probably warm up on the upper Wind River, near Dubois. Following this, we will search-out faster water; perhaps Bull Lake Creek if the water is up. We will finish by running sections of the rugged Wind River Canyon below Boysen Reservoir. Since most of these stretches are near a road, and individuals will have the option of running or not running the worst parts, this trip can accomodate intermediate as well as advanced boaters. Call the leader, Cal Giddings, for details (359-2588).
- Aug 20 GOBBLERS KNOB VIA BUTLER FORK -- El. 10,246,
Sun. rating 7.0. An intermediate hike to an area of the Wasatch that the club has not visited this year. A more beautiful way to spend a day would be hard to find. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 a.m. No registration necessary for this trip. Leader: Jim Lee (484-6668).
- Aug 24 EVENING CLIMBING -- This is a split session: Multi-pitch
Thurs. climbing at Storm mountain with normal refreshments afterward. Bouldering and multi-pitch climbing at Gate Rocks, Little Cottonwood Canyon, with tail-gate refreshments followed by a mass movement to Storm Mountain for those who want 'burgers. Everyone welcome at both places - take your pic'
- Aug 26 M.T. SUPERIOR FROM ALTA -- El. 11,132, rating 5.0. A
Sat. beginner to intermediate hike which is much easier than hiking from the Lake Blanche side. Leader: Dick Stenerson (359-5019). Meet at mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 a.m. with water and lunch.
- Aug 27 M.T. WOLVERINE -- El. 10,795, rating 4.5. The view of Brighton
Sun. and several lakes from the summit is tremendous. It is possible to return by a different route than the approach, making the hike even more enjoyable. Carry a lunch and water and meet Burt Janis (467-1043), the leader, at the lodge at Brighton at 9:00 a.m. No registration necessary.

Aug 31
Thurs.

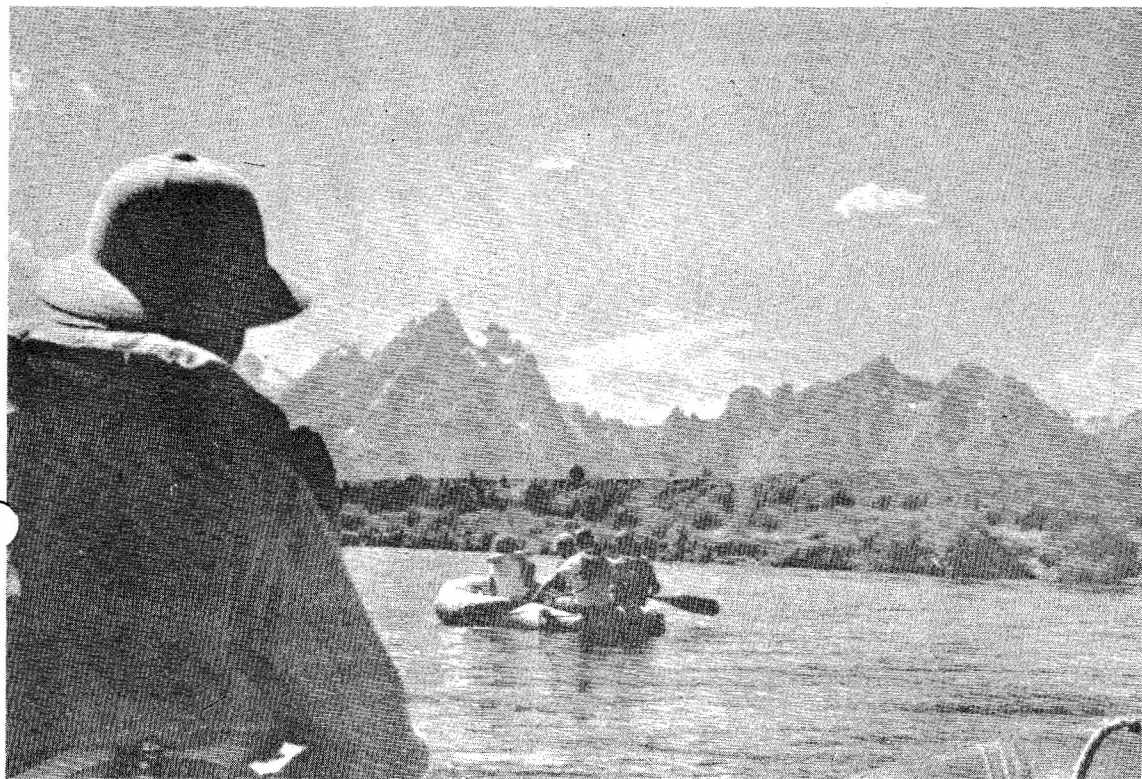
EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN -- Meet at 6:00 p.m. for an evening of mountain coolness, solid rock and enjoyable socializing.

Sep 2 - 4
Sat. - Mon.

TETON WEEKEND: SNAKE RIVER FLOAT TRIP; HIKING AND BACKPACKING; MOUNTAINEERING -- Float Trip -- Beginner float trip. Last club boating trip for the season. This is the river run for those who have not been on a boat trip. On the first day we will leisurely float the Snake River, drifting at the base of the spectacular Tetons. We will then make a mad dash to Jackson for the evening. The second day will consist of hiking, climbing, sightseeing, loafing, etc. The third day will be a little more exciting as we go through the rapids in the Little Grand Canyon of the Snake. Register early by paying trip fee of \$19.00. And don't forget the work party at the Ice Plant, 430 W. 2nd N., at 2:00 p.m. Sun., Aug 27. Departure time is 7:00 p.m. sharp, Fri. Sep. 1, from the Ice Plant. For Further information contact the trip leader Dave Cook (355-4086).

Hiking and Backpacking -- Short hikes to extended overnights. Call Mike King (486-9705) for information and details.

Mountaineering -- Congregate as usual at the Jenny Lake Ranger Station at or before 8:00 a.m. Sat. We will plan the climbs then, after we see who is there, how many, etc.



Floating the Snake River at Base of The Tetons

by Laird Crocker

- Sep 2 WHITE BALDY VIA SILVER LAKE -- El. 11,321, rating 7.5. Intermediate hike. Approach this neighbor of the Pfeifferhorn from the south, rather than usual northern route. Meet on northeast corner of 33rd S. and State St. at 7:00 a.m. We need a leader for this hike. Register at Club Hq. before 5:00 p.m. Fri., Sep 1.
- Sep 3 LAKE BLANCHE (Rating 5.0) AND SUNDIAL (El. 10,120, Rating 8.5) OR DROMEDARY PEAK (El. 11,107, Rating 10.5) -- Either peak (or just to the lake) will provide an outstanding hike for the home-bound on the holiday weekend. Sundial, whose north face plunges steeply near the cool waters of Lake Blanche, is an intermediate hike and a spectacular sight even for those who choose to stop at the lake. Dromedary Peak is a longer hike requiring more endurance, but its summit provides a view of nearby Twin Peaks, the Pfeifferhorn across the canyon and the approach from Lake Blanche. Contact Art Whitehead (484-7460) to provide an indication of which of the two summits should be climbed. Carry water and lunch and meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 a.m.
- Sep 4 KESSLER PEAK -- From Mill "D" South -- El. 10,403, rating 4.5. Mon. A hike taken earlier this summer and found to be much easier than described in the past. A more majestic peak with as short an approach cannot be found in the Wasatch. Call Pete at Club Hq. or Mike King before the weekend for directions in finding the start of the trail. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 9:00 a.m. No registration is necessary, but a leader is needed.
- Sep 7 EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN -- Come Thurs. relax, talk, climb, hike, or ---- you name it!
- Sep 9 & 10 AMESTHYST LAKE -- High Uinta Backpacking. Call Dan Clinkenbeard (486-9918) for more information. Sat. & Sun.
- Sep 16 ANNUAL WESTERN PARTY -- Reserve this date for a gala Sat. affair. Hosts will be Gary and Annette Larson.

MEMBERS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR NEW ORGANIZATION

Many organizations have been formed in the past for specific purposes, principally to aid minority groups. Some of these groups have been very successful; some have been harmful to society as well as themselves; and some seem to do nothing but exist. We sincerely hope this new organization, formed especially for outdoor people like us, will be most successful. ATHLETES ANONYMOUS is the name of the organization. Its purpose is very simple. When you get the urge to take a long hike, you call a member and he comes over and hides your shoes.

WELL, YOU CAN'T SAY WE DIDN'T GET WET
by Nancy Corfman
(Green River---Echo Park to Split Mtn.)

The trip was off to a good start! Scheduled departing time for the Green River trip was 7 PM, but by 9 PM we managed to leave Salt Lake in one boiling pick-up and a jam-packed car. Early next morning Dinosaur National Monument was reached, and camp was made under a bright, starry sky.

After a few hours of sleep, everyone woke to Harvey Schmidt's comment of, "Is everyone going to sleep all night?". Breakfast was consumed and all 10 people piled into the pick-up, along with 2 rafts and other necessary and unnecessary paraphernalia, to head for Echo Park at the confluence of the Green and Yampa Rivers. What a day it was, with beautiful blue skies, relatively little wind, and the water high!

The first part of the trip was calm; a good thing for us novices. However, the spectacular scenery compensated for the lack of excitement of the water. That old meandering Green River had cut through up-lifted sandstone layers to form unusual and impressive cliffs. Several hours later, Jones Hole was reached, and a suitable lunch area was found, apart from a party who had come on one of those commercial cruises. A unanimous decision by our squad specified that we should press on instead of spending the night at our lunch area, so lunch bags, soda pop cans, etc., were deposited in proper disposal containers, and away we floated. Before long, we reached Island Park, a deadly dull area along the river; but, soon, water fights and other forms of harassment made this part of the trip a real success. Suddenly, voices were heard shouting, "Split Mountain ahead; prepare for rapids!" "Moonshine rapids ahead; paddle hard men and keep the rafts straight ahead." "Yahoo, what whitewater, what a wave!" "Kersplat, right in the face!" Another, another, and another, and finally, calm water was reached with no mishaps, other

than having a few wet bodies. "Ah, nothing to it, and that was rated an 8?".

Soon, School Boy loomed ahead, and we can all remember the advice of our leader; "Keep to the right of the rock, and no problems; but if one goes to the side or over the top, well, good luck." Thus, the crew in each of the two rafts began to paddle; harder, harder, and around to the left of the rock went the first raft. Well, it was not exactly on the right side of the rock, but they did get through with little difficulty. Then it came Raft Four's turn. "What the heck? We are going over the top of it. Hang on!" Arms and legs flew in every direction, and after a few circles in the whirlpool, the raft managed to spin out into the stream, and all was well. The trip that day was almost over, but still there was time for a few more harassments and water fights. Thus, Raft Four took on the other crew, and all ended up soaking wet!"

That night, appetizers, happy juice and dinner contented the weary crew and comforted the sun-burned legs and backs. Del danced about to drive off the evil, black clouds which were overhead, and everyone went to bed. However, happiness did not last long, as soon thunder and lightening were heard and seen, and raindrops felt.

The next AM, all again made the Split Mtn. trip, except one who offered to drive the pick-up back to camp, and again success was felt. Even the rain greeted us with heroic effort, and a happy but wet crew departed for Salt Lake.

Participants: Jim Baker, Ann Collins, Nancy Corfman, Earl Hansen, Ed Robinson, Ann McDonald, Earl Hansen, John Riley, Hervey Schmitt, and the Leader, Del Wiens.

CANYON OF LODORE RIVER TRIP

by Ann Collins

A desert sunrise casting pink on the already brilliant deep red of the high, sheer cliffs, contrasting exquisitely to the rich green of the tall pines. A wide river disappearing between the steep walls. The low muffled roar of fast water ahead. The Gates of Lodore at 6:00 AM. Spectacular. Awesome.

Even after a 10½ hour trip from Salt Lake, with only snatches of sleep, hurried rest stops (Phil Wennhold was so hurried at Currant Creek he couldn't do anything.), 21 WMC'ers were excited and anxious as we unloaded the boats and gear at the Gates of Lodore Ranger Station. We had a quicky breakfast of coffee and sweet rolls as we packed the boats. Jerry Powelson, trip leader, picked boat captains and assigned a crew to each. The first good news we had was that our boat was leaking. Unpack the gear, find the pump, tighten the valves, hope for the best.

8:20, shove-off! We had fun hollering down the canyon and listening to the many echoes. The first real rapid was Upper Disaster Falls. We landed the boats and scouted the area to decide the best possible route. I was hoping there wouldn't be one, and we would have to walk because Disaster Falls looked aptly named to me. Unfortunately, we decided to go ahead. It wasn't as bad as it looked, and we had a really good ride. Harp Falls and then lunch. Triplet Falls was our next worry. It was tricky maneuvering against a cliff with a ninety degree turn and a pile of rocks at the bottom. Hermann Haertel must have had an extra hearty lunch, because he broke his paddle on this rapid. Phil got thrown out, but was quickly recovered.

Nearly immediately we came to Hell's Half Mile. It is a rock strewn channel, a falls, and about four big holes. Real cute. Our boat went through first, and the rest of the group lined the banks to watch for survivors. (if there were any). I don't know what people in the other boats did, but we prayed a lot. I really only remember a couple of

things: a cavernous hole which could have swallowed the Queen Mary, Del Wiens' gaping mouth as he watched from the bank, and the next thing we were flipped around and looking upstream. Actually, it wasn't exciting enough frontwards, so we took the rest of the big ones backwards. Now there's a thrill. Whooooeee!

After a Gooney Bird Dance, we landed thoroughly dirty and exhausted at Echo Park for the night. I think everyone had difficulty staying awake until dark so they could officially go to bed. What a day!

We were very fortunate in seeing about ten mountain sheep right along the bank.

Next morning we saw some Indian petroglyphs before we headed down Whirlpool Canyon. The inevitable waterfights caught up with nearly everyone and those who seemed a bit too dry got dumped at the final landing just to make sure. At Island Park we had a choice of three channels and, of course, picked the only one which ended up in a mere trickle. So, we pulled the boats back upstream and tried it again. As we came to Split Mtn., the headwind came up again and made steering a bit more difficult. Moonshine and then, S.O.B. also aptly named. The way our boat was filled with water, we had to bail so we'd have enough in the river to run it!

Schoolboy Rock, a brilliant blue sky, pine-filled cirques and red rock mark the end of an exciting and fun-filled trip with a great bunch of people: Jerry Powelson; Del & Carol Wiens; Bill & June Viavant; Bud & Fern Reid; Phil & Ann Wennhold; Fred & Evelyn Bruenger; Ella McVey; Dennis Stewart, Pat Dow, Laird Crocker; Carl Baur, Al Matthews, Hermann Haertel; Nick Strickland, Marie Shields; and Ann Collins.

T H E M O U N T A I N E E R

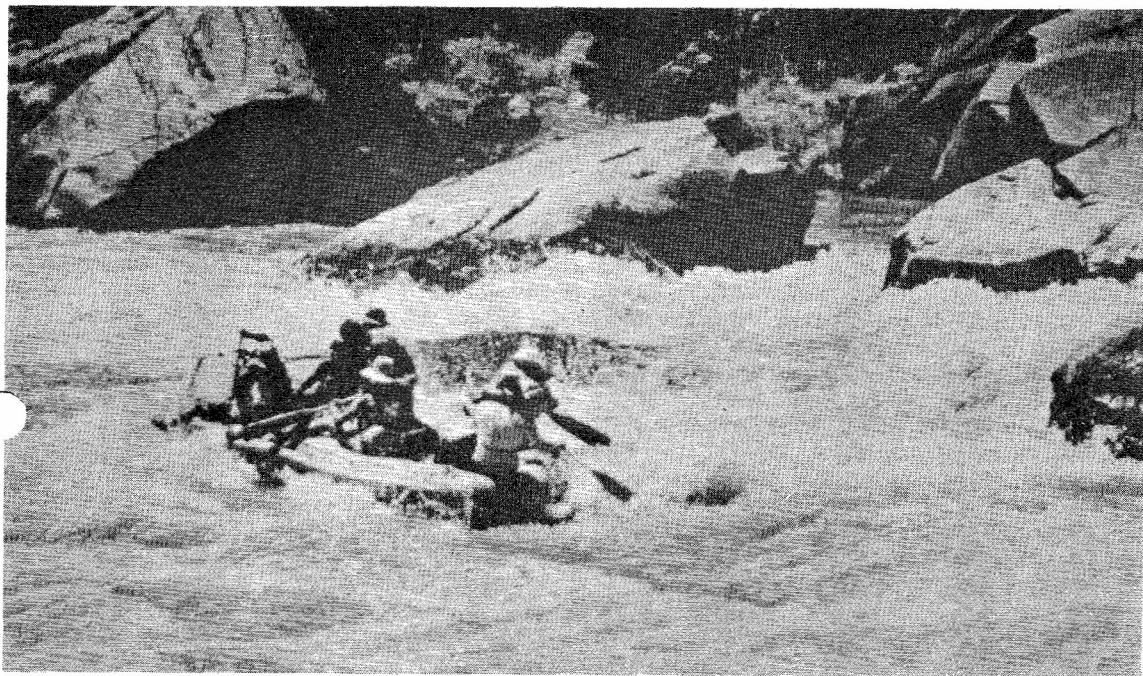
207 South 13th East

S P E C I A L with this ad:.....

Spider Rock Shoe, \$18.50

Cortina Rock Shoe, \$24.95

Sizes 4 to 13



Triplet Falls in Lodore Canyon

by Fred Bruenger

THRU THE GRAND CANYON: "RAPID-LY!"
by Kay Merriam

Between March 18 and March 25, several members of the Wasatch Mountain Club took a trip down the Colorado River. They left from a beach close to Phantom Ranch in the Grand Canyon at mile 87. They came off the river--by then Lake Mead--5 days later at Temple Bar, some 230 miles downstream. It was a long trip, and a fast one, but most of those who went would agree that it was an illuminating and interesting five days.

Saturday, March 18: The Flight of the Grey Ghost--Twenty-one clean, bright-eyed, bushy-tailed individuals assembled with their waterproof packs, ammunition cases, duffle bags, and various mixtures of thirst quenching goodies. While transportation was provided by Gloria Hess, Doug Bean, and Bill Viavant, we will concentrate on the flight of the Grey Ghost.

Eleven good people participated in that flight. Some played bridge, others talked or knitted, and others merely held on, knowing that if they survived this part of the trip, the rest would be easy. And so she--we use the term "she" convinced that only a ghost of the female gender could be that erratic and whimsical in setting a course--took off only an hour behind schedule, swooping and slaloming her way at 70 mph down the road to Las Vegas.

At Las Vegas, some of the Viavant group could be seen trekking into the Sands where they would sample the wares at the Oyster Bar. The most memorable part of this expedition, however, was the sight of these 8 blue-jeaned, booted or sneakered waifs ogling 2 mini-miniskirted young lovelies at the entrance to the establishment. Later, with full tummies, the intrepid voyageurs settled down once more in the rollicking rollercoaster till they arrived at Hoover Dam.

The Wasatch group was met by the Western River Expedition's people, and a Continental Trailways bus. Gear was transferred,

and off we went on our way to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. The bus soon caught the Wasatch spirit and -- broke a torsion bar. This caused only one problem--the bus couldn't turn anymore. So, it headed straight for Kingman, Arizona, where we slept until a replacement bus arrived. After gear and people were transferred, we were once more on our way to the Rim.

Sunday, March 19: "Hike My Canyon, Love My Mules"--We arrived at the South Rim at 8:30, had breakfast (some people for the second time), and started the hike down the Kaibab Trail, assured that our gear had already been dispatched via mules. The group was informed that the mules had some mystical quality which caused them to "spook" for what frequently appeared to be no apparant reason--throwing mule and gear over the side of the nearest convenient cliff. This information had a pleasing effect (from a mule's point of view) upon the hikers.

Whenever a mule was sighted, the fact was whispered back along the trail and everyone would leap aside--hanging over cliffs and hiding behind rocks until the noble critters would pass. Hikers hurried, between mule episodes, to reach the bottom of the canyon by noon, the supposed departure time. The crafty beasts, however, still in command, didn't deposit their last burden until after 4:30 that afternoon.

When not dodging mules or the many backpackers on the trail, the seven mile hike was most interesting. Trail signs marked the various strata as the trail descended the outer canyon, into the inner gorge, and finally switch-backed its way down the last few hundred feet to the Colorado. Not as muddy as in previous years, the river was a deep translucent green except for a few turbulent spots identified by their silt-brown color. Usually higher due to Spring runoff, the river was running at about 10,000 cu. ft./sec. Both the color and the flow are largely

due to the stabilizing influence of the Glen Canyon Dam.

While waiting for lagging hikers and the mules to appear, some of the group walked to Phantom Ranch. Washed out buildings and trails and up-rooted trees offered evidence of the flash-floods of last Fall. Other members of the group loafed or inspected the boats on which they would be spending the next few days. The Wasatch people, plus a few others would have two boats:

The "G" rig, which is approximately 18 x 33 feet, had an 18-horse outboard in the middle section anchored to a wood platform on a metal frame. Most of the luggage was carried on this boat lashed down along the outside pontoons or bundled in the middle. The boats were bottomless and therefore would need no bailing. Each section of the "G" was an elongated doughnut with a tube lashed over the elongated center opening. Each tube and doughnut consisted of many compartments, therefore if torn, only the damaged compartment lost air. The "G" gave a more placid ride, but was somewhat wetter, as water frequently came up through the spaces between the tubes.

The "J" rig, which is approximately 15 x 30 feet had been made from 5 pontoons or tubes, tapered at both ends. The motor was like that of the "G". The center tube was cut out in the middle to hold a large wood box in a metal frame. This box held the generator and vacuum necessary to inflate the compartments. On either side of this box were lashed two other boxes which held food and cooking gear. The "J" gave a relatively exciting ride. To those observing, it seemed bouncy but is actually more stable in the holes and waves of the largest rapids. Contrary to the opinions of some, it gave a dryer ride than did the "G". While approximately the same size as the "G", the "J" rig appeared to be much smaller. Both boats carried extra outboards, and at one point before we reached Diamond Creed, only one out of the 4 was functioning.

Sunday afternoon, at about 5:30, the last of the gear was lashed on to the boats and off we went. There were 4 "J" rigs and 2 "G" rigs, holding 100 people. Although we had hoped to leave the other 4 boats behind, this didn't usually materialize until we stopped for the night.

Shortly after leaving, we went thru a few rapids, and then came to our first #10 rapid; Horn Creed Rapid. The procedure at this rapid was the same as was used at all of the major rapids on the trip. All boats would stop for a survey of the best route, and then proceed one by one. Jack Currey, the owner of the Western River Expeditions, would frequently go first, and then act as a pick-up boat in case anyone got dumped. After sitting around all afternoon waiting to get started, it was exhilarating to go booming thru the high waves. Everyone got wet despite the colorful rain gear they wore, but most important, everyone finally realized the float trip had actually started. As we continued on down the river, Zoroaster's Throne disappeared behind us with the last rays of the sun sliding off it.

About 7:00, we stopped on a high, white beach to camp for the night. The more comfort-minded of the group ran to establish a territory for themselves while the others helped form a chain to take necessary food and gear from the boats to the beach. There was barely enough time to dry off and have a sip of something tasty before a meal of steak and salad. The air was warm and pleasant and soon a 3/4 moon came over the canyon rim to shine down on the dark canyons and the river flowing silently by.

Monday, March 30: A Big Day--Everyone was up early, and after a breakfast of bacon, eggs, and fruit, most people had time to walk up a narrow and delightful little side canyon to explore before we finally left at about nine.

This was the day of the big rapids; Granite, Hermit, Boucher, and Crystal. Many were again dressed in brilliantly

colored rain suits--which held water wonderfully once it got inside. Some wore batman ponchos, and a few others met the elements head-on---counting on a beneficent sun to dry them.

The rapids were all approached in the same manner as we used with Horn Creek Rapids. Granite Rapids, the first one we came to at mile 93, was a long riffle with no deep holes, but plenty of white water and enough problems to rate it as a #10 along with all the others mentioned above. Hermit Creek, at mile 96, had deep holes, high waves, and much excitement.

Some of us were left behind at Hermit and had to catch a ride on another "J", but we met some people who exuded a really genuine Brooklyn hospitality and they let us hang on to their boat--with one hand, and from the outside!

Crystal Rapid was especially interesting, as it had been modified greatly by the flash-flood of last September. Large boulders and frayed trees were strewn solidly over the entire entrance to the side canyon. The rapid did not appear to be too vicious, except for one horrendous rock at the bottom. So, with a friendly admonition to hold on like mad in case we hit it, our boatman took us thru in good style. The lead "G" had ripped two or three compartments at the rear of one of its side sections, so we spent the rest of the afternoon taking a 3-hour lunch break while the boatmen cut away the torn compartments, sealed the ends, and lashed them together.

At 4:00, we were off again with only a few small rapids in Granite Gorge serving to get everyone moderately damp before stopping for the night at Elve's Chasm. Although somewhat inaccessible, Elve's Chasm had a delightful waterfall situated in a narrow side canyon. The fall had mossy green vegetation growing under it, producing a vivid contrast in colors. After hotdogs and beans, we retired to our various camp spots.

Tuesday, March 21: Dave's Day at Deubendorf--The bright rain suits were a little tattered looking today, and not quite as waterproof as they had been. However, no one contemplated getting wet anyway. Two of our more intrepid rowdies, Carol Wiens and June Viavant, were playing "ride 'em cowboy" on the "J" rig pontoons. As we approached Deubendorf Rapids at about 11:30, one of the other boatmen yelled "watch for the rock at the bottom". This was listed as a #7 rapid, but was not considered worthy of speculation by this hard crew. As we approached, we saw not a long rapid, but one which had a sharp hook to the right, and sure enough, there was a big rock with some high waves. About 3/4 of the way down, everything stopped with a jar!

The next 2 hours afforded a real study in human nature! When the boat hit the rock, it stopped with such a jolt that our boatman, Dave MacKay, was thrown forward onto Fred Brunger, who was also thrown forward. The outcome for Fred was a nasty bruise under his chin from hitting a wooden seat. For Dave, it was even worse as he was knocked unconscious when his head hit the same seat! It took less than 45 seconds for Del Wiens to get the outboard started again, and by this time, the "J" had finished running the rapid, so Del steered the boat to shore. In the meantime, shouts of "Dave's knocked out" were soon translated into "man overboard" and 2 or 3 people were standing over Dave while they were looking for him in the water. It's situations like this that deny the progress than man is supposed to have made. 10 people shouting 10 different things, pointing to the water, yelling "help, help!" What fun.

We stopped on the beach and after about 5 minutes, Dave regained consciousness. A doctor on one of the other boats decided he was all right, and so we had lunch while giving him a chance to rest. During lunch various

versions of the incident were related, but Dave walked quietly up and down the beach with no comment, and obviously very put out with himself!

This may be a good opportunity to write a few words about our 2 boatmen; Amil Quayle, and Dave MacKay. There were other helpers and apprentice boatmen along who were friendly and entertaining, but Amil and Dave were very special people. Quiet and unassuming, these two young men had the horrendous responsibility of guiding the two boats, making all meals, packing and unpacking the boats, and keeping them in repair. Although they had help from some people in the Wasatch group besides their own helpers, they seldom worked fewer than 14-16 hours a day. They also had to contend with the advice which increased in volume every day. And yet, Dave and Amil always maintained their dignity and their friendly manner. By the end of the trip, they had a great number of steadfast admirers who were really sorry to have to leave them.

After the incident at Deubendor Rapid, Dave rested for most of the rest of the afternoon--until we arrived at Upset Rapid. Last year, Amil had taken a boat thru which was composed of one section of a "G" rig. The motor was nonfunctioning at the time, and oars have little effect on a boat of that size so--the boat flipped after it hit a big hole sideways. As you might guess, his attitude now was somewhat less than enthusiastic. Anyway, we were all anxious to see this rapid.

It was getting late in the afternoon when we arrived at Upset. The sun had slipped behind the cliffs and only one giant shaft still shone on the rapid. The lighting was quite effective, as it illuminated the spray against the dark cliffs. After the usual inspection, all boats proceeded. Amil's "G" rig went over in good form, and with Dave back at the helm, our "J" skimmed over with hardly a drop of spray coming over the top.

Photography was often difficult on this trip, especially when trying to catch the upper cliffs and the lower canyon walls. The variance in lighting tended to either wash out the colors of the exposed walls or darken those of the lower walls. I found that by using a half F stop higher than the exposure meter indicated provided the best lighting. Detail shots were always available either in the numerous wild flowers--mostly desert plume and evening primrose--the barrel cactus, yucca, and prickly pear--or the many small animal tracks (if you could get to the beach ahead of the stampede).

Tuesday night we camped on a small beach. There was little room for imagination in choosing a spot here, so we lined up like picket pins for the night. The rule "ladies downstream and men upstream" was a little difficult to follow here as "downstream" was a series of giant slabs which were a little more slow and tedious to cross than the situation warranted. Some of the ladies braved the evil eye of the men to go upstream which proved to be much more satisfactory.

After a dinner of spaghetti, green beans and rolls, there was much interesting talk around the fire covering the usual subjects. Among the more rowdy members, there was quite a bit of speculation as to what uses could be made of a small tent which was set up in the middle of the beach by the DeNevers. We all went to sleep early despite the bright moon.

Wednesday, March 22: The Last Big Rapids: Lava Falls--Wednesday AM was very sunny. Usually, the sun didn't touch us until nearly lunch time, as it took that long for it to rise above the cliff walls. Today was different--- the moon had followed the canyon almost all night long, and now the sun was visible shortly after breakfast.

The morning was spent in anticipation of Lava Falls at mile 179. We slid thru some interesting scenery which was marred only by the noise of the outboards. Sculptured schist provided some good picture material, as did the "Mayan Reliefs" we passed a little later. Finally, we arrived at Vulcan's Throne--Lava Falls was just around the next bend. The river channel here cut thru some large beds of lava, much of it columnar.

Lava was easily the most impressive rapid of the trip. The waves seemed higher, the holes deeper, the rocks bigger and the current stronger. A large outcropping of lava at the bottom on the right appeared to be difficult to avoid --if a boat tried to turn to miss it, the current could sweep the boat sideways into one of the large holes! The first boat over, a "G" rig, started at the upper right side and didn't try to miss the outcrop, sliding off it and continuing on. This boat lost only lost one person, who was quickly pulled back on. The second "G" also caught on the outcrop, sliding off it and seemed to hang there for a few seconds while its passengers were washed over and over. The "J" slid thru beautifully, and Dave looked somewhat relieved to be over that one.

A good boatman makes a rapid seem much easier than it actually is, just as a good skier or climber makes his activity seem effortless. Therefore, it is a real tribute to our boatmen that many of the group decided that these rapids were so easy that they could come back and do them alone, faring just as well. Good luck!

Wednesday afternoon was fun-and-games time. Jump rope, pontoon hopping, and water fights occupied the time with moderate casualties. Some fared worse than than they had all during any of the rapids. The only real casualty was the trumpet player on one of the other boats--he still had his trumpet at the end of the melee.

Wednesday evening we stopped on a huge beach with many lovely flowers and campsites. Some people had a bath and changed clothes, but most of us figured two more days of being grubby wouldn't made any difference. Beef stew for dinner and a big fire after.

Thursday, March 23: Donkeys, Diamonds and Motors That Don't Work--The sun was up early today, and the AM proved to be very hot. We went thru some fun little rapids, and many lava flows. Saw several burros, all very handsome fellows. Yucca were blooming on the river banks here and there. The "G" rig was having trouble with its outboard, so our group got behind the other boats. We stopped our motor, waiting for the "G" to catch up, and it was very peaceful to float along without the racket. We finally stopped on a lovely promontory to wait for Amil to catch up. It was covered with evening primrose in bloom, and some people found small bits of chalcedony among the large boulders.

Finally transferred the motor to the "G", and the "J" rig was abandoned by all passengers so that Dave and Art could row it. After several hours of this, we arrived at Diamond Creek. Diamond Creek was the first place we had touched upon in several days that bore the mark of civilization. Paper, beer cans, and other debris were to be found everywhere among the tamarisk. Some of our group, in a fit of ennui, played charades, while others read or wandered about amongst the broken glass.

Dave left us at Diamond Creek and went with some of the other boatmen to bring the trucks down from Marble Gorge to Temple Bar. After our motors were fixed--we now had 3 for the 2 boats--we started off again. This was our last afternoon on the river, and although there were a few interesting

rapids, we passed the last riffle at mile 239. We were now approaching the lake, and though there was still a current, the river was a good red Colorado muddy color. We didn't stop until dark, and would still have over 60 miles to cover the next day.

We camped in a small but delightful spot on our last night out. The tamarisk in bloom gave everyone the sniffles, but a dinner of chili beans soon made everyone forget about that! After dinner some of the group climbed over the rock to sit by the fire and play games while others finished off the drinkable goodies they had brought. Thinking of drinking makes me remember the concern that everyone felt about drinking the river water at the beginning of the trip. Canteens were usually filled at a stream or those who had their canteens filled with more potent brews would wait for the thirst-quenching lemonade we always made at lunch. It took about 2 or 3 days for most people to realize where the water for the lemonade was coming from! There didn't seem to be any ill effects though.

Friday, March 24: A Long Morning, A Longer Afternoon, An Even Longer Evening, and You Wouldn't Believe That Night.-- Our last morning to wake up on the Colorado River was not very bright. A cloud cover extended over most of the visible sky above the canyon walls. After 5 bright sunny days, no one minded, as it would probably help make the trip across the lake a little less hot. The river had gone down during the night, leaving a mud flat in front of our camp. Marie especially noted this after she was dumped into it by Amil--a very brave fellow.

With no rapids left, and very little current in the river, our little group manufactured more fun-and-games to occupy the time. Today's game of Find the Channel proved to be especially challenging. Each boat now had several captains, all eager to give directions. Simultaneous shouts of "left", "right", "straight", and "stop" however, did not prevent the

inevitable--we were grounded from time to time. The game then changed to Let's Push the Boat and Not Get Left Behind. The loser was, of course, helped back into the boat after he could prove that the water really was too deep to stand in.

Finally, after passing Pierce's Ferry, we got into Lake Mead proper and could set a relatively straight course past Sandy Point to Temple Bar. Dinner Friday night consisted of leftovers from lunch. Both were eaten on the boat. Crossing the lake in the moonlight was beautiful for those on the "J" rig until the limits of human endurance were reached. This was solved by the ladies retiring to the front of the boat, and the gentlemen to the rear. After this brief moment of giving in to human frailty, everyone could relax, enjoy the moonlight on the water, and have a sip of something very tasty from the Coles' canteen. This was passed several times, and was found to have amazing healing powers.

At about 9:00, we sighted the lights of Temple Bar, and at 9:30, we were there. The other boat fared less well in crossing the lake. It got behind, because it went slower and also because Amil was humane enough to let people stop for whatever reasons people have to stop after being on a boat for 10 hours. They eventually arrived at Temple Bar, two hours later. The small craft warnings were up, and they had been plowing thru some spirited waves.

The most bedraggled passengers to get off the "G" were Marie and Gerry. Unable to control herself, Marie in a fit of compassion, tried to cover the bare spot on the top of Gerry's head with whipped cream--so that it wouldn't get cold. Gerry misunderstood and thought she was being funny, so--the end came only when the aerosol cans were empty!

And so our journey ended. It was back to the Grey Ghost and home again. Before leaving all those lovely people, there are those among them who deserve mention:

Bill Viavant, because he always got to the water first at the rapids so that he could take movies of the boats going thru ----and therefore is in the middle of most of my pictures.

Del Wiens, because he identified many wild flowers for us, set the group straight on mountain goats, and was the first to spot a mountain "mule". He was also the shipboard "fun-and-games" director.

June Viavant and Carol Wiens are mentioned together as they tied for the honor of being the rowdiest members of the group.

Bill and Joan Coles, because Joan provided us with interesting observations on geology and Bill provided us with his bottomless canteen when we most needed it.

Gerry Powelson, because he had the best sense of humour despite numerous

dunkings and whipped cream attacks.

Fred and Evelyn Brunger, because they were undoubtedly the cleanest people in the whole group at the end of the trip.

Vivian Higginbotham--undisputed good sport despite bumped head and rowdy companions.

Marie Shields--helped the crew more than most and got muddier than most.

Doug and El Bean--their Farmer Brown suits alone made them a delight, although El held the singular distinction of being the only person to get wet on Thursday as she fell off a cliff late in the evening.

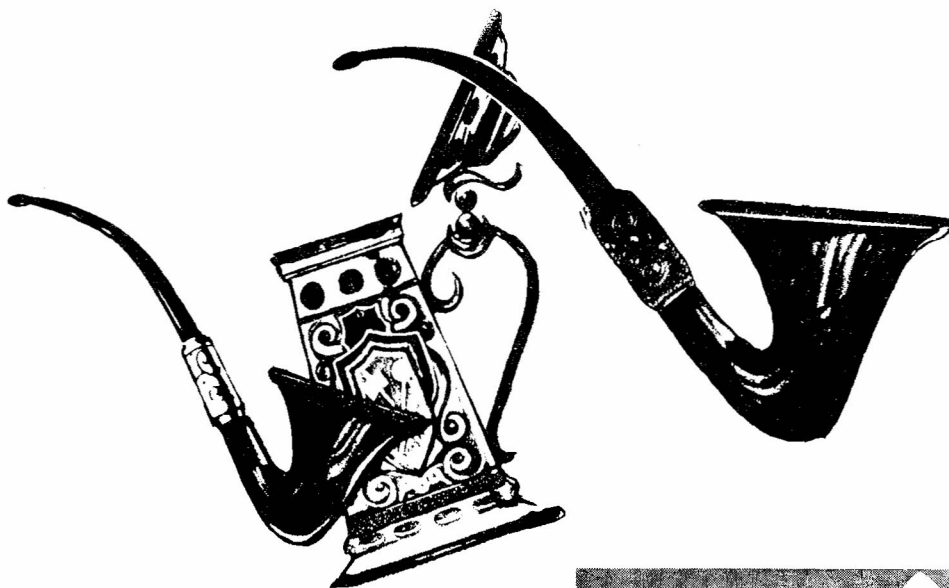
Yento Kaufman--a candidate for the Guinness Book of World Records for being the first female to go down the Colorado in white gloves.

Those who are not mentioned need not feel slighted, as it is a sure sign that they were gentle folk, quiet and unassuming.



Upset Rapid, 10 Miles Up From Havasu on the Colorado

by Fred Bruenger



WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES, 1968

The Board of Directors has approved an affiliation of the WMC with the Federation of Utah Sports Clubs to allow club members to enjoy benefits offered by the Federation. The Federation is a non-profit organization, chartered in July 1967 for the express purpose of enabling members of its affiliated clubs to participate economically as spectators at various athletic events at home and abroad.

The first major trip planned by the Federation is to the Winter Games at Grenoble, France, during Feb 1968. Present plans are to have a chartered jet flight originating in SLC. The trip is to include a stopover in Paris and about one week of skiing in Switzerland after the Games. Negotiations with airline companies are underway, and it appears that the round trip air fare will be about \$300.00.

As more details become available, they will be reported in future issues of The Rambler. If you are particularly interested in this trip, you can get the latest information and names and numbers of Federation officials by calling C. L. Keller at 487-7137.



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GRANDEUR PEAK

by George H. Smith

The hike from Church Fork in Millcreek Canyon to the summit of Grandeur Peak on May 6, was made in approximately 2.5 hours. Weather conditions were almost perfect; no rain or snow, and just enough sun to make the air temperature comfortable. The last 800 or 900 feet of the hike was made through snow (waist deep occasionally), which added a bit of variety to a very scenic and enjoyable outing. Participants were: Elmer Boyd; Barbara Heath; Gebhart Hentschel; John Riley; Jerry Worthen; and George Smith, Leader.

"A POME" by JEMc

The bear went over the mountain
To see what he could see;

But---

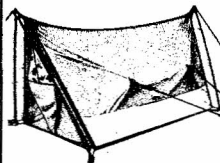
20,432 beer cans,
8,423 broken bottles,
12,287 paper bags of garbage,
11,226 piles of garbage not

In paper bags,
9,865 candy and gum wrappers,
426 abandoned fires, and
374 Tote-Gotes

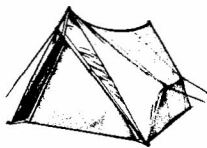
Was all that he could see....

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