

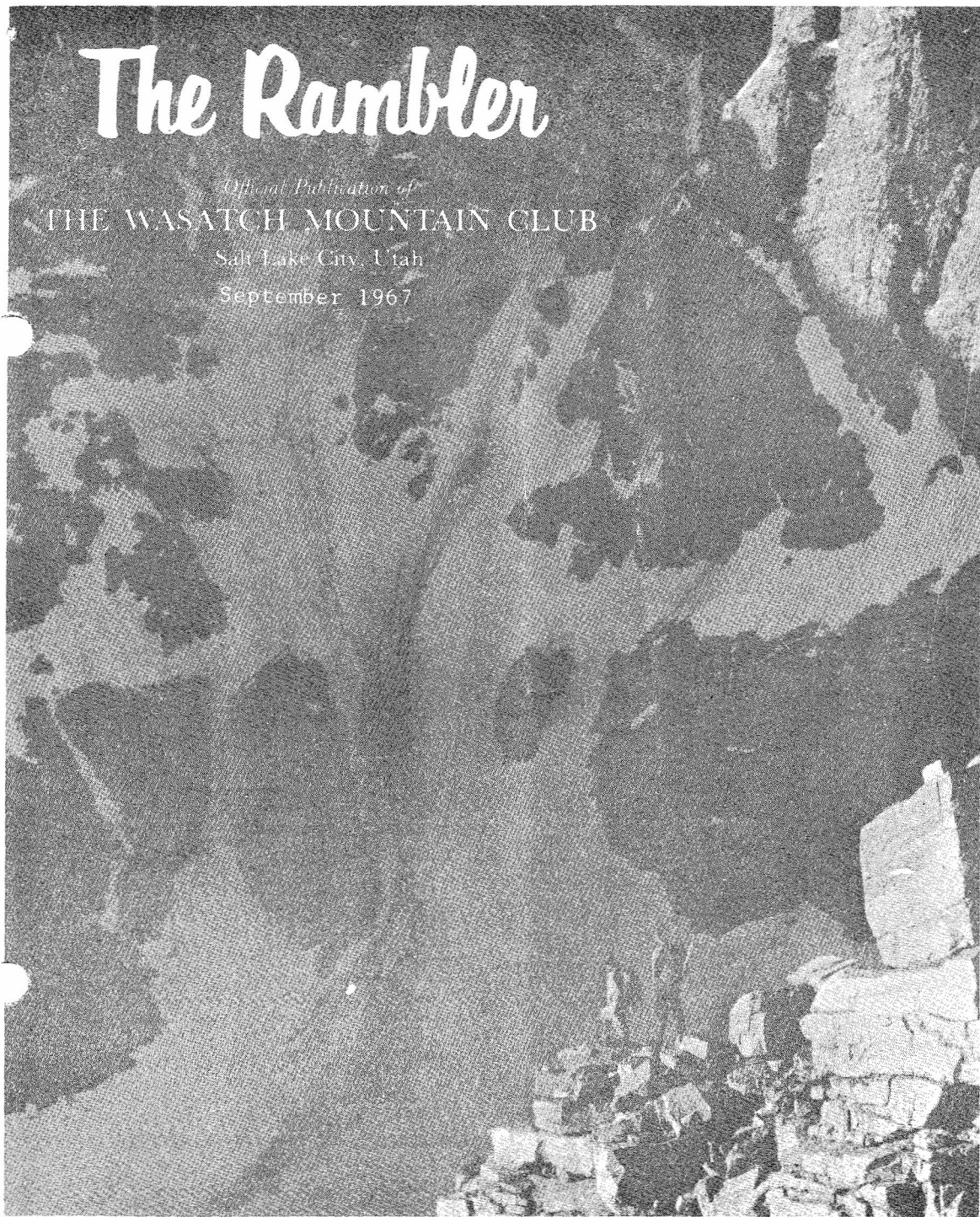
# The Rambler

*Official Publication of*

THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

Salt Lake City, Utah

September 1967



## CLUB ACTIVITIES FOR SEPTEMBER 1967

Please register as indicated in each activity description.

- Sep 2  
Sat. 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  
Sun. 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  
Mon. KESSLER PEAK -- From Mill "D" South -- El. 10,403, rating 4.5. 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  
Thurs. EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN -- Come relax, talk, climb, hike, or ---- you name it!
- Sep 9  
Sat. TIMPOONEKE TRAIL TO BIG HOLE BASIN (rating 6.0) & MT. TIMPANOGOS (rating 12.0, El. 11,750) -- Interest was high on the earlier hike from Alpine Meadows & many members have expressed a desire to take this alternate route -- a long but picturesque trail. Being late in the season, many will stop at the hut in the basin, but some may go to the summit. Carry water & lunch and meet Jack Keuffel (277-5733) at 3900 So. State St., N. E. corner, at 7:00 a.m. Register at Club Headquarters by 5:00 p.m. Fri., Sep. 8.
- Sep 10  
Sun. NATURE WALK FROM THE LODGE -- Flowers were late coming out this year, so come out for a short course in alpine flowers & trees to be ready for next year's early hiking season. If you have been on any hikes or climbs with Earl E. Hansen this summer, you have learned his classification -- little yellow flowers, big blue flowers, medium red flowers; Mike Treshow (467-1022) will teach his system of classification on this leisurely Sunday stroll. Meet at the Lodge at 10:00 a.m. No registration required.

COVER PHOTO of Mike & Pat King on Wheeler Peak by Alexis Kelner

- Sep 9 & 10 HIGH UINTAS - AMETHYST LAKE (11,000') -- A weekend backpacking trip to a delightful lake lying at the head of a rocky cirque - and an opportunity for members to become better acquainted with the heretofore largely neglected High Uintas. The bugs should have quit biting by this time, but hopefully the fish still will be. We will begin the easy nine-mile hike at 10:00 a.m. Saturday from Christmas meadows campground on the Stillwater Fork of the Bear River. Contact leader Dan Clinkenbeard (486-9918) for further information. Transportation will be by private cars, so please register with the leader by 5:00 p.m. Thursday Sept. 9.
- Sep 14 EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN -- The evenings are getting shorter, but the climbing is still good. Come out for the usual in climbing and socializing.
- Sep 16 GALA WESTERN PARTY -- at the Lodge. Come in your best cowboy clothes and gamble the night away with a million dollars of our newly minted currency. Live western music. DO NOT BYOL - our usual bar will be serving with a nominal cost for set ups - and nibbles will be available later in the evening. No dinner - see above. Gambling tables will open at 8:00 p.m. Cost: \$1.50 per person.
- Sep 16 DEVIL'S CASTLE -- El. 10,920, rating 3.5. A short & pleasant walk from Albion Basin -- an excellent hike for prospective members. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 10:00 a.m. No registration necessary. Leader, life member Orson Spencer (485-5044).
- Sep 17 HONEYCOMB CLIFFS from the Lodge -- an intermediate hike past Twin Lakes, now filled with water and more beautiful than in the past few years. Meet at the Lodge at 9:00 a.m. Leader, Mike King. No registration required.
- Sep 21 EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN -- Come do a short climb. We won't be at Storm Mountain much longer this year!
- Sep 23 PFEIFFERHORN VIA RED PINE LAKE -- El. 11,326, rating 10.0. A favorite with the Club and even more spectacular if the leaves have begun to turn. Hiking only to Red Pine Lake would be pleasant but strenuous for a beginner. Leader, Judy Allen (278-0230). Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 7:30 a.m. No registration required.
- Sep 24 MT. RAYMOND -- El. 10,241, Rating 8.5. An annual hike with a rewarding & fun end. Everyone will meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 a.m. & hike from this canyon to the summit of Mt. Raymond and then on to Millcreek Canyon & John & Hellen Mildon's Cabin for enjoyable refreshments & socializing. Register at Club Headquarters by 5:00 p.m. Fri., Sept 22, so we will know the number attending the cabin party. Leader, Boone Newson.
- Sep 28 EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN (?) OR PETE'S ROCK (?) -- Call Dave Allen (278-0230) for information.

Sep 30 LONE PEAK VIA DRAPER TRAIL -- El. 11,253, rating 11.5.  
Sat. A long hike passing through the most impressive cirque in Utah. This route is longer than the Corner Canyon trail but requires very little bushwacking while the other does. Take a hefty lunch & some water. Meet Dick & Phyllis Snyder (322-2310) on the S.E. corner of 19400 So. & 9th E. at 6:00 a.m. sharp. Register at Club Headquarters by 5:00 p.m. Sat., Sept. 16.

Oct 1 BOX ELDER PEAK -- El. 11,101, rating 9.0. An intermediate trip  
Sun. providing alternate routes to & from the summit which lies between Lone Peak & Timp & provides a splendid view of both as well as the Pfeifferhorn. Meet at Pioneer Monument, Point of the Mountain on Highway 89, at 6:00 a.m. Leader, Dick Bell (254-4555). Carry water & lunch for this trip.

Oct 7-8 ZION NARROWS -- This annual Club trip through the Zion Narrows  
Sat. & Sun. of the Virgin River is one of the most impressive trips we undertake. Two days of backpacking begin at Chamberlain's Ranch with the first day spent stream hopping, sometimes on rocks, sometimes getting wet. The night will be spent in a cave hollowed out by Nature for weary travelers. Sunday will be wetter as the canyon narrows to a few feet in places & hikers no longer attempt to stay dry. Since the bus usually fills up early for this trip, you are not registered & you will not have a seat on the bus until your check for full (or partial) payment of trip price of \$12.00 is received at Club Headquarters. Partially-paid members will pay remainder upon boarding bus. Register by 6:00 p.m. Wed., Oct. 4. Leader is Jack McLellan (277-7214). The bus will leave Fri., Oct. 6 at 7:00 p.m. sharp from 5340 S. Cottonwood Lane. Cars can be parked in Ann McDonald's field by her house a short way down the lane on 5340 So., just off Cottonwood Lane. REMEMBER: ONLY CLUB MEMBERS CAN RIDE THE BUS. (If this trip is full & a sufficient number of members are interested, another trip may be scheduled for Nov. 4-5.)

Oct 15 LODGE WORK PARTY -- Woodcutting and all such autumn chores  
Sun. must be completed before the winter. Lunch and refreshing drinks will be served to those who work and register. Register by 12:00 noon Saturday.

Late Oct KOLOB -- another bus trip to Zion Nat'l Park. A relatively un-  
explored area open to even more exploration by a new highway. Every canyon opens new horizons of adventure. Leader, Charlie Keller (487-7137).

Nov 23-26 THANKSGIVING IN THE GRAND CANYON -- a choice of  
Thurs. - two hikes will be possible after arriving at this colorful chasm of northern  
Sun. Arizona. Neither is an easy hike; the second is much more difficult & will require some conditioning.

PHANTOM RANCH from the SOUTH RIM -- recommended for the person who has never hiked in the Grand Canyon. This is the most popular trail in the Park and the best maintained. The trip begins with a rapid descent through limestone and sandstone walls on the Bright Angel Trail to Indian Gardens, then into the Inner Gorge where man suddenly becomes insignificant in relation to the vastness of this large hole. Across the new suspension bridge is an oasis in the desert--Phantom Ranch. The following day will be spent relaxing at the edge of the Colorado River or making one day trips to other points of interest. Ribbon Falls is a magnificent sight if the trail is open. Lunch high above the



base of the falls is a cooling change as the water spills from above and drops a few feet beyond a comfortable ledge. Creer Creek is another beautiful area unknown to most people--very exciting but a long 18 miles as it almost circles Zoroaster's Throne before dropping into a lush green creek bed that is completely foreign to the desert hike preceding it. The return hike to the waiting bus is very steep and will humble the strongest hiker, but the Kaibab Trail is a rewarding experience--when it is over--and the geology signs along the way are an informative history of the canyon.

THE HANCE TRAIL -- RED CANYON returning by way of HORSESHOE MESA & GRANDVIEW POINT -- a hike of intrigue and suspense, full of the true spirit of adventure and exploration. Only for the very experienced and physically prepared hiker -- that does not mean that it is too late to get in shape, but you must be. If you have never experienced the different world of hiking in the Grand Canyon, Phantom Ranch is where you want to go. If you are still excited about going, take a hard hike and come back to read more! The following is from Inner Canyon Hiking: "This is no doubt the most perverse of South Rim trails due to the repeated efforts necessary to relocate the route. If nothing else, the Hance is a fine exercise in close use of the topographic map. The trail, or what remains of it, is characterized by an inability to see what lies ahead, total disappearance of the way every few hundred feet, and a seemingly illogical route of travel. The trail veers to the right, doubles around corners, and plunges abruptly downward in the most unexpected places." As difficult as it may sound, this trail is not dangerous in its self but does require a great amount of caution and alertness to the difficulties of desert hiking by each individual for the safety of the entire group -- only excellent physical conditioning will make this hike enjoyable.

For an exciting weekend plan to hike with one of these groups. Transportation cost will be \$14.00. Payment of all or part of this amount will reserve your seat. Register by 6:00 p.m. Mon., Nov. 20. The bus will leave at 7:00 p.m. sharp on Wed. For more information call Pat King (486-9705). For more information on conditioning hikes, check The Rambler!

*"He who makes two blades  
of grass grow in place of  
one renders a service --"*

*Voltaire*



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## KESSLER PEAK HIKE

by Conrad E. L'Heureux

It has been said that the beginning of the trail up Kessler Peak is hard to find. However, under the leadership of Mike King (who had not been there before), the way was found with ease on July 8. Besides the leader, the group included Jane Daurelle and her sons Dave and Steve, Jerry Worthen, and Conrad L'Heureux.

The secret to finding the way apparently lies in driving far enough up the canyon. We proceeded a couple of miles along the dirt road of Mill "D" South and just before reaching an old cabin turned right onto an elevated area formed by mining debris. As we faced West, the peak was well off to the right. Also on our right, slightly above the tree line, part of a trail was visible. Five or ten minutes of easy bushwacking brought us through the area of moderately heavy vegetation and we followed the intermittent trail, generally angling to the right as we moved uphill. Having reached a saddle, we were not sure whether to go right or left. The peak turned out to be on the left.

Rather than going down the same way, we continued South on the ridge coming off the peak, inspecting mining ruins on the way. A few places on the ridge required cautious movement, though there was by no means any difficult maneuvering.

Having reached a point where the ridge dropped into the valley where our cars were parked, we found a series of couloirs and gullies with enough snow for glissading. The rapid descent was spearheaded by Steven and Dave Daurelle in an agile display of glissading finesse.

As we drove back towards the highway, a brief stop at Donut Falls gave those new to the spot a chance to see it. An invigorating hike had put us in fine spirits for the Keg Party at the lodge that evening.

In conclusion it needs to be said that the Kessler Peak hike is an easy and interesting climb which is certainly suitable for beginners. One can only wonder why it isn't more popular, and hope that in the future more Club trips with more participants will visit the Peak.



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## PROVO WHITEWATER

by Janet Yergensen

Running the Provo River hasn't the romance of voyaging the wilderness rivers of Canada but it is a beginning and a pleasant clear stream.

On the banks of the river, July 16, Cal Giddings gathered members of the five canoes and five kayaks for a briefing on running rapids, particularly on the Provo. "Stay away from brush on the banks, wear a life preserver, and on very white water wear a hard-hat. Today we don't need hard hats." We don't? The Provo was mild but lack of seasoned river runners high, which made for an exciting wet day.

First off -- a ducking and a floating hat. There seems to be a knack to getting into a kayak. Who would suspect that the end of this trip would see this kayak a disability retirement.

The idea is to go under a bridge without hitting its supports. Paddles are good for fending off when bridges won't move, but this is also a good way to break a paddle, as one canoeist found.

A sudden flip-over of a canoe made two swimmers when the canoe entered Dead Man's Rapid at an angle instead of down the "V". Cal retrieved the bottom-up canoe down the river.

Lunch ashore gave us a chance to look at the railroad tressel. A bend in the river made it a very tricky obstacle - under the tressel a change of direction was required and then a bunch of tree limbs in the current added to the possibility of a ducking or cracking-up. Almost everyone decided to portage this obstacle. The kayak besieged by trouble decided to give it a try. Under the tressel the limbs reached out -- ducking No. 2.

Stay away from bushes on the river bank -- they can give a kayak Eskimo Roll fever. Also, in practicing Eskimo

Rolls, blowing bubbles is the easiest maneuver. The problem is what to do after you run out of bubbles. It also helps to have a kayak that isn't a sieve. After witnessing intentional and accidental eskimo rolls we paddled on.

Our next adventure had movie possibilities when a canoe dumped its occupants. One scrambled up the bank, paddle still in hand, yelling at his wet spouse (she was in the Provo clinging to the bottom of the canoe). "You let go of your paddle", he hollered. "You left the canoe", she yelled back.

Probably the most embarrassed of all was the canoe of three - someone leaned over the side too far and they all had an unexpected bath. The embarrassing part - it was very still water.

Oh yes -- the disability retirement. The kayakist passed the getting out point where the cars were parked and traveled on into a very shallow rock garden river -- result -- only half a kayak went home. A beautiful river to give experience for whiter waters. Watching and listening to Gold Finches almost made us forget to paddle. Even though the largest percentage of future voyagers ended the trip rather wet, a little more knowledge and respect was gained for white water. The company was good and everyone concluded they were anxious for more white water. Cal kept track of everyone but he may be minus a little more hair!

In Canoes: Bud and Fern Reid, Frank and Carol Albee, Jack Corey, Wayne Anderson, Brad Felton, Delbert and Janet Yergensen, Harold and Corinne Lutz.

In Kayaks: Bill Ohlsen, Bill Manwaring, Jeff Metcalf, Cal Evans, Cal Giddings.



White-water Kayaker

by A. Kelner



## MIDDLE FORK OF THE SALMON RIVER

by "Drafted" (with help from the notes of CAROL WIENS and BILL VIAVANT)

FRIDAY evening: Bus loaded, people seated, air pressure up, and we departed fifteen minutes ahead of schedule. One block from the ice plant we heard "clang-bang" -- Del groans "the cowling". We stop, make repairs, and ten minutes later leave Salt Lake City in a cloud of exhaust. Made the usual pie/coffee/potty/gasoline stops, and even grabbed a couple winks of sleep a few miles from Stanley.

SATURDAY: Sourdough pancakes, ham, and the works were devoured in Stanley. Fishing licenses, combs, hats, and sundry items were purchased; mailed our farewell cards to the family; boarded the bus and headed for the water.

At the final "check in" station we learned several boating parties were ahead of us. Arriving at Dagger Falls we were relieved to find we didn't have to wait for other parties to "put in". The newlyweds (Phyllis and Dick Snyder) made known their presence and we were assured of having the bus waiting for us at "take out" point.

Boats pumped, dropped down the steep ramp into the river below Dagger Falls, loaded, and crews assigned. Even though it was past lunch time (1:30) we had to push off - another party was waiting to get in. The boat captains inspected the rock about fifty yards from the "putting in" point. Plans for navigation were made, and with paddles poised - then plunging into the river at the captain's command -- SKULL got into the current, slammed into and onto the rock, paused, took on water, slid off, and gently started her rock-shunting trip down the river. The UNNAMED boat deftly left the shore but a member of the crew had trouble getting aboard. While other crew members helped the "swimmer" in, the boat hit the current and was tossed

upon the rock. Aft some pushing with paddles, rocking, and joggling, UNNAMED dragged off the rock. GROWLER and S.O.B. by-passed the rock as planned.

About half a mile down-river, SKULL couldn't see anyone behind so she pulled ashore -- into a overhanging tree. The captain's shirt was torn, and he received body scratches (mutiny already), but he stayed in the boat. Within ten minutes two more boats were "anchored" ashore. Forty minutes later (after eating our lunch) UNNAMED was still missing. A reconnoiter disclosed UNNAMED about a quarter of a mile upstream on the opposite shore with her "bottom up" getting an estimated four foot tear repaired - the grand and glorious beginning had been disastrous - they took in water at the top and let water in from the bottom.

While waiting for UNNAMED to have all of her surgery completed, the other three boats decided to have a contest going through the rapids just below our lunch stop. The object was to get through the rapids, not get hung up on rocks, and come out dry. Secret plans were made among the crew members with their captains. SKULL came through with flying colors, as did S.O.B. But GROWLER, the big planner, hit rocks, got hung up, and when the captain got out to shove the boat off the rock, the crew left the poor guy standing on the opposite shore....he had his paddle though. Gerry and June laughed so hard that Carol couldn't resist throwing a bucket of water on them after she got ashore. The captain swam to our side of the river while this little by-play went on. Cheers rang off the walls of the canyon when UNNAMED came around the bend. The rest of the day was spent dodging rocks (we gritted our teeth every time a rock would barely scrape the bottom of our boat), and trying to find the deepest water. A likely camp site was spotted, decided upon, and boats tied in.

After the boats were unloaded and flipped over we discovered that S.O.B. needed to

have a small repair job -- otherwise the fleet was in good shape. Upon looking over the maps we found we had made all of two and a half miles our first day.

The first night of community cooking made it rough on those of us to follow: charcoal broiled steaks, fresh salad, rice with chicken broth, French bread, and watermelon. After each person had washed his own dishes, he went his separate way. Some climbed to the top of a hill for a view, others sorted their belongings and repacked, and still others went to bed at 8:00.

A late start SUNDAY morning, as every morning thereafter. The day was spent looking ahead for rocks, whitewater to go through, and getting off of rocks. One incident: Jean Cook stripped to her bikini, and when Gerry Powelson passed the boat she was in he nearly fell in the water -- some reported he tried to walk on the water -- he did lose his paddle.

Inspected a Number 9 rapid, very rocky but all went through without mishap. We were surprised at Velvet Falls, even though we were expecting it. A sharp drop clear across the river, but not difficult to do. More rocks below. Sometime during one of the bailing sessions a rip in GROWLER's floor was discovered. Again we lunched while repairs were made--this time all were together and the chore only took two hours.

Early Sunday afternoon the water started getting deeper, and the commands "okay -- take two" (he meant seconds) became fewer. By late afternoon we were having water fights while going through some of the white water. Stopped at Rapid River for the night. The bachelors were the "community cooks" who fed us very well.

At boat inspection time we decided UNNAMED should have a little patchwork done on her patchwork. This was done MONDAY morning after breakfast, when another crisis arose. One member of

our party cut her shin...no MD in the crowd...much discussion regarding suturing the leg, who should do it, and the taking of the antibiotics...then everyone left the poor gal. Our hero, the cook, made butterfly stitches, and applied first aid to our companion. We departed the camp site at 11:00.

This day was more relaxing than the previous ones--more water. The best rapid was Pistol Creek. People were on the foot bridge high above us taking pictures as we went through. GROWLER hung up on a rock before we even got under the bridge. Careful plans were made as to how many strokes should be paddled on the right and just when we were to paddle full force on the left, etc., thus we would avoid the rock patch on the right side of the river and we would skim along the wall on the left side. One of the stronger paddlers changed positions with a not so strong paddler, we did a little bouncing and away we went -- over to the right side and through the rock patch.

All of us had a hot shower. Some thoughtful soul had placed a hollow log into a hot water spring and piped the spring to the river bank. Many pictures were taken of the event (we were in our swimming suits) -- we had been too busy before to do much shutterbugging.

Beached boats, set up tents, go to happy hour, and relax. One member of our party came to "happy hour" in a DRESS. Orders were to catch fish for fish chowder. Gerry brought in a fantastic two incher-- we made him throw it back, we'd have fish chowder another time. Since this was a luxury camp (after all someone wore a dress) we should have been surprised (but we were) when Del served us "coffee in bed" TUESDAY morning....can't ask for better service than that.

More white water, more water fights and SKULL (not to be outdone) had to have a repair job on a four foot tear. Not much could be done about the poison ivy patch except ignore it -- that's where SKULL had to be repaired. Once again we ate lunch during "boat surgery". Have you every eaten a sandwich made of cold pancakes, onions, dill pickle, and mustard?

A good camp site was found but no "upstream" or "downstream" so we had to use the constructed sanitary facilities. The red handkerchief on the top rung of the fence meant "the admiral is in" and when the place was vacated the handkerchief was moved to the lower rung of the fence. Very handy signal, except visitors from other camps didn't know about our arrangement.

The bachelors used the fence for something else besides "hanging the handkerchief". Gerry leaned against it while talking to a "single" female from the other side of the hill. Dennis sat on the top rung, and while he was conversing with his "doll" the fence very slowly and ever so gently let him down to the ground. Shades of the "Keystone Kops".

WEDNESDAY was a layover day--after all we had been making good time in spite of "ripped bottoms". Some fished, hiked, swam, ate wild raspberries and cherries from an abandoned orchard, and some just plain slept. We were visited by other boaters, rattlesnakes, ticks, butterflies, and other majestic creatures.

THURSDAY, rested, and full of vim, vigor, and vitality, we headed for Tappan Falls. Only one person fell out of a boat going over the falls, and he was rescued by the next boat coming through (traffic was bad some days). We stopped at the Flying B Ranch for a beer. After the beer stop we raced a boat propelled by sweeps.

Our camp site for our second layover day had a wonderful beach, deep pool for swimming and good fishing holes (by this time we had given up on the fish chowder bit). Out tents were so close together one got the feeling of condominium living.

FRIDAY most of the crew headed for the Indian Caves about two miles upstream but found nothing. On their return to camp, five of the crowd were getting to warm, and were tired. They found a big log, put it in the river and floated down to within a hundred yards of camp.

SATURDAY, our last day, was through Impassible Canyon. We were cautioned to tie the strings and buckle the belts of our life jackets, and "don't be ashamed to grab for that chicken line." For the first time during the whole week the sky was overcast and a little foreboding.

Things happened fast as soon as we shoved off. Sometimes the water was smooth, but the grade was steep and we felt as though we were riding in a flume. Other times white water boiled all the way across the river, boats would go through the white water and drop out of sight, only to appear in a few seconds looking much smaller and the passengers were little dots on the silver background. We stopped at least five times to inspect rapids or falls.

The trickiest one seemed to be Hancock Rapid. As before, navigation plans were made, but who knows what really will happen. GROWLER and SKULL got through, but S.O.B. got caught in the wrong part of the current, spun around, went backwards between the two rocks we were to avoid, stopped momentarily (the passenger on the right rear side said at this hesitation she was underneath the waterfall and not a drop of water was hitting her but the water was pouring into the boat), spun around one more time and disappeared. With much concern for our friends we started down the right side of the current prepared to pick up extra passengers. Before we hit the main chute S.O.B. came into sight, right side up, pointed downstream, and all four passengers aboard. The next thing I knew my captain shouted "paddle on the left". I took a hard dig at nothing but thin air -- the water was away below my side of the boat. Stunned from nearly flipping myself out of the boat, I started to take another dig when the gods of the deep, clear, beautiful Middle Fork of the Salmon dumped the whole river over my head. Believe me you can drown setting upright in a boat!

From then on the rapids became fewer and the water fights became more frequent. During a lull in the water fights we

noticed a cabin dead ahead; "not a cabin, it's a trailer house"; "can't be, it is a sheepherder's camp"; "no! it's the bus". We were truly sorry to see the bus because it meant the end of a wonderful journey.

Some of the commands we received from our captains that caused us to hesitate before going into action were: "Okay now--keep her in the water"; "Good--we have a downwind stream"; "We have to go back upstream, we missed a rock back there"; and last but not least "I can sure give the commands that put us right on top of the rocks".

Other happenings on our trip: Community cooking (each couple had to cook only one dinner and one breakfast during the entire trip); happy hour and hors d'oeuvres each day; three of our people fell into the river at one time or another; we saw Western Tanagers, grouse, ducks, and chukars; wild honeybees and butterflys were eating side-by-side on one of the beaches -- no one was stung by the bees; the water was so clear we didn't use our canteens, we just dipped a cup full from the river when we needed a drink (which was frequent); the fish we ate cost about \$2.25 each; and the combination of arid mountains and wooded mountains was fascinating to everyone.

Those attending the tour: Marion Frankel who caught an 18 inch fish but lost it during the netting--all she said was "oh dear" (now there is a real lady); Art Frankel who whipped out his fishing rod to fish even when we stopped to bail; Jean and Brian Cook our friends from England who taught us how to make real English-style tea, and shared their "tea from home" with us; Dennis Stewart who completed his training to be a captain; George Sears took pictures as frequently as Art fished, and he shared his "K" rations with us; Carol Wiens who couldn't stand it when things were peaceful so she'd throw water on June Viavant and the war would be on; Bill Viavant served his famous "Omelet Viavant"; Delbert Yergensen was

disappointed because we didn't receive gold medals for running the Middle Fork of the Salmon; Janet Yergensen's "Just a Trifle" dessert will be talked about for many boat trips to come; Fern Reid can acquire the most outlandish collection of bruises; Bud Reid (UNNAMED's captain) somehow always got the honor of doing the glue work during boat surgery; Al Mathews (captain of S.O.B.) had to repair his shoes with materials from the boat repair kit so he could finish the last two days with something besides socks on his feet; Gerry Powelson (SKULL's captain) was our first aid expert, the recipient of many buckets full of water, and co-Trip-Leader; and last but not least our Trip-Leader-Magnificent, Del Wiens, (GROWLER's captain). Everyone had suggestions to offer Del, or gripes to register, but Del kept things going smoothly with his "Well--now this is how we are going to do it...." A fifteen-paddle salute for Del from all of us.

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#### EDITORAMBLERIZING by Jack McLellan

The new Conservation Committee is formed and working like a horse-afire. The committee at present is composed of Cal Giddings, Austin Wahrhaftig, June Viavant, Bruce Christensen, Noel DeNevers, Gale Dick, and Jack McLellan.

Major projects being undertaken include those concerning Grand Canyon, Wild Rivers, predator control, Wasatch Front projects (Little Cottonwood Canyon, etc.), other Utah areas, and other important national projects.

We will attempt to keep members informed through Rambler articles of what we are working on, why, how the projects are coming, and mostly, what YOU can do to help.

GRAND TETON - JULY 22-24

by "Tension" Annie

Of necessity the description of this trip will have to be rather personal. As I was last both going up and coming down, I didn't really see what anyone else was doing.

The planning started last May at Thursday night beer. Harold, Gary, and three girls were going to climb the Grand via the Exum route on July 4th. They said I might go along, and if I were physically able to hike the distance they would see that I got there as far as the technical climbing was concerned. So I practiced all summer. I slaved up Mount Olympus twice, went on the Pfeifferhorn-Bells Canyon hike, Lone Peak, Mt. St. John and some others.

Every Thursday night from then on people were added and people dropped out. At one time there were Harold, Gary and nine girls. That was too good for many of the good climbers, so they joined, and most of the girls dropped out. When we eventually met at the Jenny Lake Ranger Station on July 22, we didn't really know who would turn up.

The hike up to the saddle was long and arduous. There is a nice graded trail until one reaches the Platforms in Garnet Canyon, but from then on it's straight up. The trail is hardly visible, with scree and boulders and most of the elevation gain to 11,600. I reached the saddle at 5, to find that Kees Kolff, who of course was not tired, and some others had gone to practice climb on the Middle Teton.

The saddle was much wider than I had expected. Lots of room for camping, but quite exposed to the elements, and with a gorgeous view over into Alaska Basin and Idaho. A huge moon and then some thunder and lightening in the night, but it was otherwise warm and comfortable. At 4 am we were awakened by Harold, and after a

hurried breakfast of the best backpacking breakfast ever devised (grape-nuts, coconut, dried milk, instant vanilla breakfast and water) and no coffee, we were off.

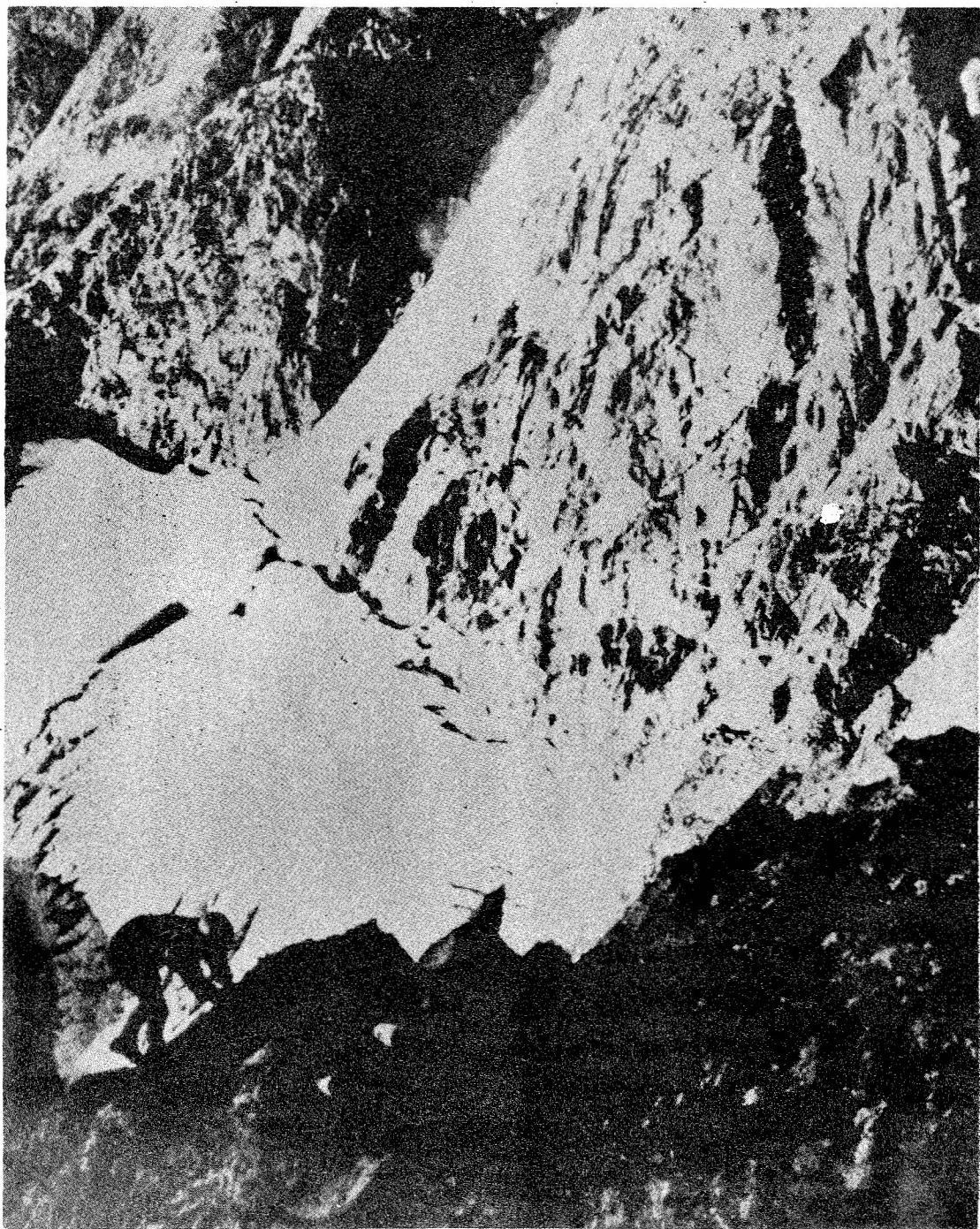
It was fitting and proper that Dale Green, who had bull-whipped me up Mt. Raymond on my first hike five years ago, should belay me up the Grand. Gary was lead man on the rope, and went up virtually without a belay, as to belay him too would have taken too long. Poor Dale pulled, cajoled, soothed, and pulled some more for six hours. My first problem came long before we got to Wall Street on some ordinary rocks which I decided could not be climbed free. Bob Wright belayed me with his swami belt. Then the Belly-roll-almost, which I couldn't squeeze through, so went around out on a ledge over several million feet of exposure. At the boulder at the end of Wall Street Dale wondered if both he and Gary should belay me, but this was decided against. I found myself hanging over another million feet of exposure with no hand holds and no footholds...but somehow the rope held. Then another hundred or so pitches on tension (hence my new name of Tension Annie) to the friction pitch, which it seems I was hauled up. At this point I was exhausted and beginning to feel the altitude. Dale was exhausted too, but for different reasons. But at last the summit, and the great feat of writing my name in the register, and having my picture taken to prove it all.

We ran into Court Richards and Kayleen Lowe coming down as we came to the top. Kayleen was begging everyone not to drop rocks on George, who was climbing the Black Ice Couloir below, as he did not have enough insurance yet.

We made the descent down the Owen-Spaulling route. More belays, and "I can't see where to put my foot" calls. Then the 120 foot rappel, which wasn't bad - in fact it was fun, and the long hike back to the saddle.

(Con't Page 16)





Climbing the Exum Ridge, Above Wall Street

by Jack McLellan



The 120-foot Rappel to the Upper Saddle

by Jack McLellan

I arrived at the saddle well behind everyone else, and was greeted by clapping and three cheers and Harold asking how it felt to have a twenty man expedition organized for the sole purpose of "getting Annie up the Grand". It really did seem as if this were true, because at one time or another most of the group had lent some kind of a helping hand, even if it was only to yell "keep moving, Annie". Dale Green, of course, deserves some kind of an extra medal.

We decided to camp Sunday night at the Platforms, so another long hike with pack. About 50 feet from the end I staggered into Dave George's campground. (He was climbing something else with a friend). He took one look at me and carried my pack the rest of the way, brought over his stove and cooked dinner. Dale produced some needed stimulant (or was it relaxant,) from United Airlines.

Monday, several decided to climb the Dike on the Middle Teton, and after watching them for awhile the rest of us hiked down, and home.

I drank two gin and tonics, three cans of tomato juice, one cup of coffee, one cup of tea, and four glasses of milk. I have now completely fallen apart, and am going to take up knitting and chess (Except I was just looking in Ortenburgers' Climbers Guide to the Tetons, and I see there are all sorts of class two and three routes I can probably climb when I recover. Anyone game?)

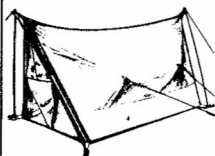
To the top: Harold Goodro (25th ascent) and Gary Larsen, leaders. Earl Hansen, Lois Mansfield, Dale Green, Ann McDonald, Court Richards, Kayleen Lowe, John Mildon, Dick Seville, Pat and Mike King, Ralph Merrill, Henry Treube, Kees Kolff, Bob Wright, Nioma Bitz, Jackie Thomas, Kris Lowe.

To the Saddle: Dail Ogden, Bob Mealiff, Gloria Hess.

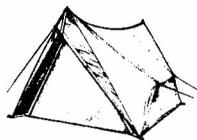
To the Platforms Sunday: Helen Mildon and Noreen Ogden with life saving gear.

## NEW BISHOP TENTS

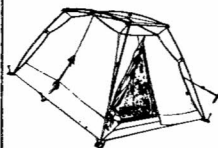
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TETONS - DISAPPOINTMENT, OWEN, TEWINOT  
by Max Townsend

Date: July 22-24, 1967

Climbers: Bill Isherwood (Leader), Peggy Brown, Barbara Frick, Linda Jacobson, Dot Roberts, Sue Thompson, Phil Berger, Jim Byrne, Mike Mackenzie, Leo Miller, Max Townsend.

We established base camp at Amphitheater Lake Saturday afternoon, and then most of the group climbed Disappointment Peak by the lake ledges route. This is an easy climb requiring only about two hours, but is worthwhile since the summit affords a good view of the southeast side of the Grand and several peaks to the south of Garnet Canyon.

On Sunday, the six male members of the party climbed Mount Owen by the Koven route. The ascent took about six hours and consisted of fourth class rock climbing and low grade snow climbing. This climb is a delightful experience; neither the rock nor the snow is particularly difficult, but both are respectable. An impressive view of the Grand is available during all of the climb, and the view to the west from the summit is nearly as spectacular as it is from the Grand. We roped up for several of the rock pitches, but no pitons were required. We also used ropes on some of the snow, and made extensive use of our ice axes.

Peggy, Linda, and Sue joined the ascent team on Monday and we climbed Teewinot by the main southwest couloir. There was some good snow climbing in the lower couloir, and the rest of the route consisted of rock scrambling. The ascent required six hours. Teewinot offers a particularly good view of the north face of the Grand, and its summit is comparable in steepness to the spires on the Temple. We used a rope only for belaying one short pitch on the descent, and glissaded down most of the lower couloir.

RECORD REQUEST

We need to add to our much-depleted and out-dated record collection. We have almost no danceable music at the lodge. Please search your collection and your children's collections and see what you can come up with. We are getting a stereo needle, so we will be able to play both stereo and monoral. PLEASE, though - up to date danceable music. Not stuff that NO ONE would want to listen to.

NEW PARTY POLICY

Due to the much enlarged club membership, and the greater attendance at our parties, the board has decided that in the future we will not be able to serve a full course dinner at our parties (exception - Christmas Party). The Lodge kitchen is not large enough, and the volunteer cooks not strong enough to cook for 150 people. Sooo - from now on plan on eating before a party. We will provide nibbles or sandwiches later in the evening. Hope you will all agree that this is a wise decision.

PLEASE NOTE

Half-year dues are effective 1 September 1967 until 1 January 1968. See application blank on back page for fees and dues.



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WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB, Inc.  
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Salt Lake City, Utah 84104

RETURN REQUESTED



WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB, INC.

Application for Membership

To Board of Directors:

I hereby apply for membership in the Wasatch Mountain Club.  
I enclose \$2.00 entrance fee and \$3.00 dues (spouse, \$1.50).

The club event I have attended is \_\_\_\_\_  
on \_\_\_\_\_ (approx. date). I agree to abide by all  
rules and regulations of the club.

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(Effective 1 September 1967 to 1 January 1968)