



The Rambler

Official Publication of

THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

Salt Lake City, Utah

March, 1968

CLUB ACTIVITIES FOR MARCH 1968

- Feb 28
Wed. ELECTION MEETING -- At the Utah Power & Light Bldg at 6th S. between 6th and 7th E. EVERYONE come and elect the people who will run your club next year. (In the event of a major storm, check with Ann McDonald, 277-0816, as to place of meeting. UPL uses this hall as an emergency room.)
- Mar 2
Sat. ALTA TO SNAKE CREEK -- An intermediate ski tour. Routing is from the Albion lift via Dry Fork of American Fork and Bonner Hollow, to the end of the road in Snake Creek. This is a little-used route, although you sometimes do find tracks on it. It very closely parallels the proposed tramway from the State Park in Snake Creek to Albion Basin. Climbers, lunch, and water will be needed. We will leave from the bottom of Albion lift at 9:30 am. Register by 5:30 pm Thurs., Feb 29, as we will have to make arrangements to shuttle cars. Leader: Gerry Horton, 486-0852.
- Mar 2
Sat. MT. SUPERIOR VIA THE SOUTH FACE -- This snow climb of 2600 ft (avg 40° face) will be done only if the snow is hard and no avalanche danger exists. We shall start at 4:00 am. from Alta. Contact Dave Allen (278-0230) by Feb. 29 for details and to register.
- Mar 3
Sun. WHITE PINE - MAYBIRD GULCH VIA RED PINE An advanced ski tour. Bring skins, food and water. Vertical climb is about 2500 feet, with a 3200 foot descent. Distance covered is about 5.5 miles. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 7:30 am. Register by 5:30 pm Sat., Mar 2. Leader: Chas. Hall (277-1555).
- Mar 3
Sun. WINTER SOCIAL -- At Tom and Dottie Bintz's, 1926 Charleston Lane (west off Highland Dr. at 5880 S.)
- Mar 9
Sat. ALTA TO LAKE BLANCHE -- An advanced ski tour. This is a relatively long tour, so bring two lunches, water, climbers, and additional warm clothes. Meet at mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 7:00 am. to shuttle cars. Register by 5:30 pm. Fri., Mar. 8. Leader: Alexis Kelner (359-5387)
- Mar 10
Sun. MINERAL FORK -- Beginners tour for both ski and snow shoe participants. We will go up Mineral Fork. The tour will be tailored to suit the participants. Skiers bring climbers. The return to the road should be easy. Bring lunch and water. Register by 5:30 Sat. Mar. 9. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 9:00 am. Leader: Fred Bruenger (485-2639)
- Mar 16
Sat. DROMEDARY PEAK VIA TANNERS GULCH -- This snow climb of 3700 feet (avg slope of 30°) can only be done if the snow is hard and there is no avalanche danger. We shall start at 3:00 am. from the Tanners Flat Area. Contact Dave Allen (278-0230) by Mar. 14 for details and to register.

COVER PHOTO: Lunch-stop view in Wolverine Basin, by Pat King

Mar 16
Sat.

ALTA TO WHITE PINE CANYON -- An advanced ski tour. In recent years this tour has generally been made via American Fork Twins but may be run this time by staying high in Gad Valley and crossing low on the north arm of American Fork Twins. Bring food, water, and climbers. Meet at mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 am. to spot cars. Register by 5:30 pm. Fri. Mar. 15. Leader: Milt Hollander (466-7567)

Mar 17
Sun.

ALTA TO MAJOR EVANS GULCH -- An advanced ski tour. The tour involves climbing American Fork Twins, descending a steep bowl into Major Evans Gulch, and then on into American Fork Canyon. Bring climbers, several lunches, and water. It will be necessary to shuttle cars for this tour so please register. Contact leader Bruce Christenson (278-9308) for particulars including meeting place and meeting time. Register by 5:30 pm. Sat. Mar. 16.

Mar 17
Sun.

AFTER SKI SOCIAL -- at Fred and Evelyn Bruenger's, 2590 Yerma Ave. (485-2639).

Mar 23
Sat.

OPEN SKI TOUR -- Another opportunity for someone who has previously been unable to lead a tour, or would like to lead something different, or a tour previously cancelled. Those wishing to participate, register at Headquarters by 5:30 pm. Fri. March 22.

Mar 24
Sun.

ALTA TO AMERICAN FORK CANYON -- An intermediate ski tour which will be routed via Mary Ellen Gulch. There is a long run out on a relatively flat slope for the last few miles. Bring climbers, lunch, and water. It will be necessary to shuttle cars for this tour so register for everyone's convenience. Register by 5:30 p.m. Sat. Mar. 23. Contact leader John MacDuff (484-1634) for meeting place and meeting time.

Mar 30
Sat.

ALTA TO CATHERINE PASS AND WOLVERINE PEAK -- A beginner and intermediate ski tour. For those who want only a beginner's tour, the trip goes to Catherine Pass and return, from the Albion Lift. The intermediate tour continues from Catherine Pass up the ridge to Tuscarora and Wolverine Peaks, and then down Grizzly Gulch to Alta. Meet at Snow Pine Lodge at 9:30 am. Bring lunch, water and climbers. Register by 5:30 Fri, Mar. 29, Leader: Mike King (486-9705).

Mar 31
Sun.

ALTA TO DAYS FORK -- An intermediate ski tour. The tour involves a climb immediately above the Alta Ranger Station. The initial descent is down into a moderate-sized cirque east of Flagstaff Peak. Bring skins, lunch, and water. It will be necessary to shuttle cars. Meet at mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 a.m. Register by 5:30 Sat. March 30. Leader: Pete Hovingh.

Mar 31
Sun.

AFTER SKI SOCIAL -- Steve and Norma Macdonald, 3600 Millcreek Road (277-0426).

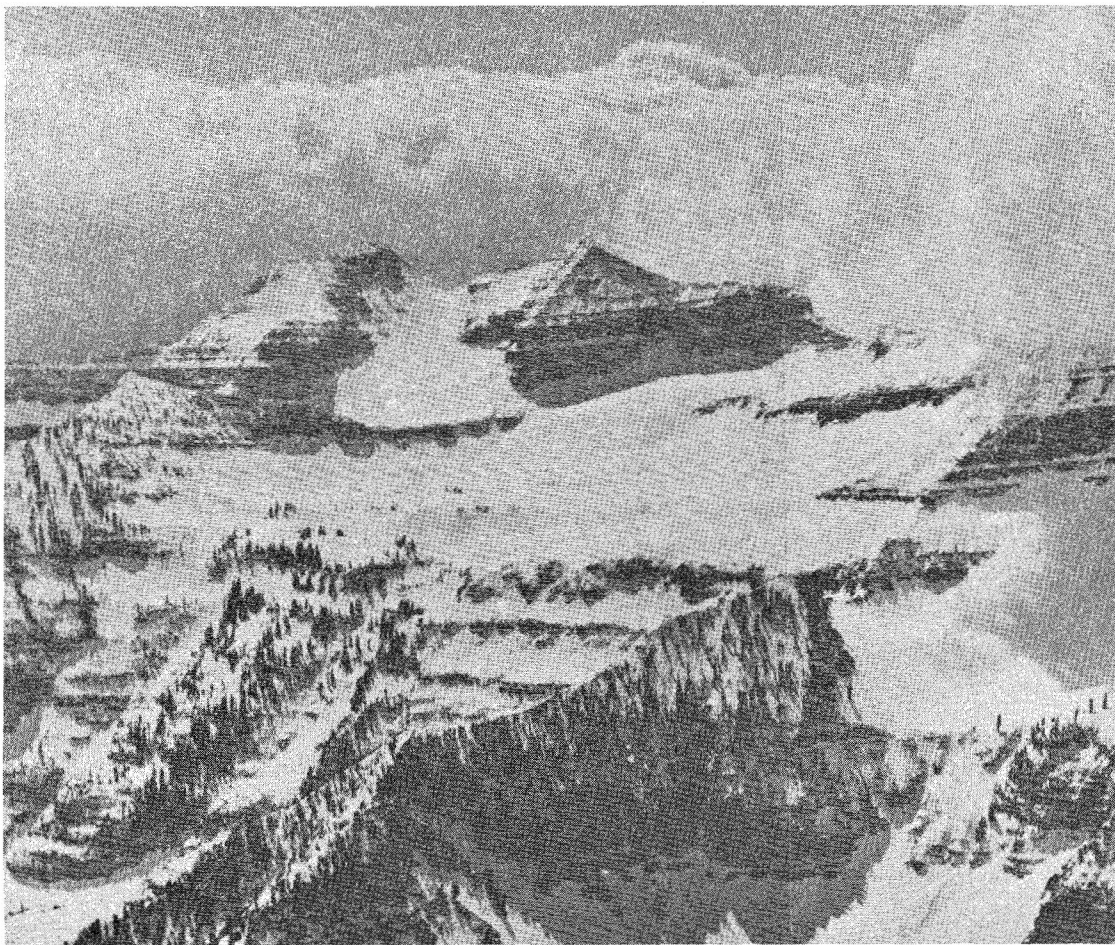
IF YOU WANT CLUB NEWS -- SEND IN YOUR DUES

Apr 6
Sat.

LONE PEAK TO BELLS CANYON -- An advanced tour. The tour involves hiking up the ridge out of Draper leading to Lone Peak and then skirting south of Lone Peak at about the 10,000 foot elevation. Unless snow conditions improve considerably after this writing a large portion of this tour will be on foot carrying skis. Bring skins, two lunches, water, and additional clothes. It will be necessary to shuttle cars. Register by 5:30 p.m. Fri., April 5. Endurance is required so be in shape. Contact leader Alexis Kelner (359-5387).

Apr 7
Sun.

GOURMET'S TOUR -- A tour open to beginners on up, toothed and toothless. Register at Headquarters by 5:30 p.m. Sat. April 6. Bring any palatable delicacies that you may wish or a soulful look and a toothpick, but as in past years packs should be limited to 70 pounds. The "Tour" is tentatively set for Albion Basin. A tour leader will be needed to guide the hungry participants to a likely roosting place.



Mt. Timpanogos, East Face, from the Air

Denis Norton photo

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

by Tom Stevenson

The club has really grown during this last year. Our present membership is over 370. This is due in part to the personal efforts of many members finding prospective members, and advertising the club to others. The personal touch counts!

The club is solvent. We have about \$1120 in the coffers, even after buying a \$2000 bus. This is a result of a year of fiscal prudence during 1966 and successful boating and bus trips last year, plus continuing prudence.

There were many people who donated time and effort to our cooperative organization. At the head of the list is George H. Smith, whose extra efforts enabled the club to obtain a good used bus and to dispose of (at a profit) old Tortuga. A constant thanks must be given to Vivian Higginbotham for her untiring labor to get The Rambler addressed and mailed to you each month. Bud and Fern Reid have worked hard in many areas this year; to name a few, they hosted the Christmas party and assisted Del Weins with the boating program. Our new indoor "johns" are due mostly to the heroic efforts of Dave Cook, who should perhaps have the title, "Honorary Sanitary Engineer." Carl Schwenk and Bud Reid put in more than a few hours investigating and repairing the lodge furnace.

The above are but a few of those who have worked for the club. It is a cooperative club; everyone needs to pitch in occasionally. The Board of Directors thanks these hard workers; you, the general membership, should also be thankful...

THE NOMINATION BANQUET was a huge success. The social hour was pleasant, the meal was excellent, and we breezed through the business-part of the evening quickly. Special guests at the '68

banquet were Mr. and Mrs. George Tourtillott and Mr. and Mrs. Ames Harrison. Mr. Tourtillott is Supervisor of the Wasatch National Forest, and Mr. Harrison is District Ranger.

George H. Smith was presented with the Pa Perry Outstanding Service Award trophy. Certainly no one deserved it more. Congratulations, George.

The following nominees for 1968 Board of Directors were presented by the nominating committee or nominated from the floor:

<u>President:</u>	JACK McLELLAN DALE GREEN
<u>Vice President:</u>	GEORGE H. SMITH
<u>Secretary:</u>	BARBARA BROWN BARBARA EVANS
<u>Treasurer:</u>	MAX TYLER
<u>Mountaineering:</u>	DAVE ALLEN
<u>Boating:</u>	DEL WIENS
<u>Membership:</u>	JUNE VIAVANT
<u>Ski Touring:</u>	DENNIS CALDWELL
<u>Hiking:</u>	MILT HOLLANDER
<u>Lodge:</u>	PETE HOVINGH
<u>Publications:</u>	PAT DOW
<u>Transportation:</u>	ED COOK
<u>Conservation:</u>	CAL GIDDINGS
<u>Entertainment and Recreation:</u>	ANN McDONALD
<u>Publicity:</u>	ALEXIS KELNER

Further nominations can be made at the election meeting on Wed., Feb 28, at Utah Power & Light Bldg (see list of activities). Remember, just thinking that "old what's his name or what's her name" is best for the job won't get him or her elected.... Only your mark on your ballot at the election meeting will do it. Come and vote!

MOUNTAINEERING RAMBLINGS

by Dave Allen

The '68 climbing season is about to begin, and, as in past seasons, a full schedule of activities is being planned. The crux of the schedule is the Thurs. evening sessions. Formally, we shall begin this April 4, at Pete's Rock, about 5600 S. on Wasatch Blvd. However, some diehards are liable to be out any Thurs, weather permitting.

Scheduled Trips: This year, in spite of the weather, and perhaps to insure good skiing, we are scheduling snow climbs (see list of activities). If conditions are not perfect, these climbs are much to hazardous. To promote communications, registration is mandatory. Equipment required for these trips includes an ice axe, crampons, and avalanche cord. Although local, they are reasonably big intermediate snow climbs. If conditions cause cancellation, the two climbs will be re-scheduled.

Hikers Climbing Class: Max Townsend is planning the repeat of past years informative sessions on hiking and climbing. The schedule, to be published in April, will cover Thurs. evening sessions. This is a great chance to learn a little about climbing, as well as preparing for those occasional scrambles that are involved on the tougher hikes. Thus, it is a most valuable course.

Registration will be at the 1st session. Fee will be \$1.00. Money collected will be used to purchase club climbing equipment and teaching aids. Subject matter covered will include:

- Essentials to take on a hike.
- Hiking in rough terrain.
- Fundamentals of rock scrambling.
- Basic fundamentals of roped climbing.

We hope to see all trail stompers and meadow mashers who can possibly make it.



Winter Mountaineering A. Kelner photo

HIGH MOUNTAIN SHEEP DAM ENDANGERS HELLS CANYON

THE HELLS CANYON STORY

(From Hells Canyon Preservation Council)

Hells Canyon, or the Grand Canyon of the Snake River, lies astride the border of Idaho and Oregon. It is the deepest gorge known in North America, plunging 6500 feet from one point of the canyon rim down to the river. This is wild, rugged country, rarely visited and hardly known to people outside the Pacific Northwest. In addition to spectacular geology, the canyon provides some of the country's most interesting wildlife.

It would be nice to think that this canyon would always be there for those who might like to visit and experience its wildness. Unfortunately, Hells Canyon is due to be drowned soon by the proposed High Mountain Sheep Dam unless enough people raise their voices to prevent this unnecessary desecration. This dam is proposed for construction above the confluence of the Salmon and Snake Rivers and would back water into and through Hells Canyon, all the way to the existing Low Hells Canyon Dam.

In June of this year the U.S. Supreme Court reviewed the case of public vs. private power interests in the construction of the High Mountain Sheep Dam. The point in question before the Court was not whether the dam was to be built, but which interest would be permitted to build the dam. This question was not resolved during the review. Instead the Supreme Court questioned the wisdom of building any dam in this area.

Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas stated, in the Court's review of this case, "The test is whether the project will be in the public interest, and that determination can be made only after an exploration of all issues relevant to the public interest." He

went on to say that these include future power demands and supply in the area, alternate sources of power, and "...the public interest in preserving reaches of wild rivers and wilderness areas, the preservation of anadromous fish for commercial and recreational purposes, and the protection of wildlife."

Nuclear power is surely one of the alternate sources of power that Chief Douglas refers to in his statement. The main purpose for constructing High Mountain Sheep Dam is to provide electricity. However, a recent study done for Bonneville Power Administration showed that nuclear power in this region is presently economically competitive with hydroelectric power costs. Justice Douglas provided many of us here in Idaho, who had thought Hells Canyon lost to the dam builders, with some ammunition to reopen the whole case of the High Mountain Sheep Dam.

A Hells Canyon Preservation Council (HCPC) was formed to present the public's interests in the High Mountain Sheep Dam controversy. In September, several members of the HCPC, along with field representatives of the Sierra Club and the Wilderness Society, made a boat-hiking trip into the deepest part of the canyon and were overwhelmed by the many forms of beauty the Canyon had to offer.

Fishing in Hells Canyon is excellent. On the trip numerous smallmouth bass, catfish, rainbow trout, carp, and sturgeon were caught. Two of these giant sturgeon were six and eight feet long, with the larger one estimated at 250 pounds. This section of the Snake River is, in fact, the last stronghold

of the rare white sturgeon, the largest freshwater fish in North America. Catches of this incredible fish of extremely ancient ancestry have included specimens up to twelve feet long and weighing well over a thousand pounds. Any dam built in this portion of the Snake River would spell the doom of the white sturgeon since these fish cannot spawn productively in slack water reservoirs. Also, silt settling behind the dam would cover the food supply of the bottom feeding sturgeon.

A significant step toward saving Hells Canyon took place on September 28th when the Federal Power Commission ruled that in future hearings concerning the High Mountain Sheep Dam, "preservation" would be considered a legitimately vested interest. When the Federal Power Commission holds its May, 1968 hearings on the controversy, we must be prepared to present arguments and evidence to show why the dam should not be built. We must present a positive proposal for the protection of the area and develop a plan that will enable us to arouse the people of the nation.

We have much to do to protect Hells Canyon and ask your help. Particularly, we welcome your ideas, opinions, experience, suggestions, contacts, and money to help defray the costs of printing and mailing a periodic newsletter. We welcome you as a member of the Hells Canyon Preservation Council. Please give it some thought and let us hear from you. (To become a member, send name and address to Hells Canyon Preservation Council, P. O. Box 691, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401. Include \$1.00 for student and junior member, or \$2.00 for regular member.)

WILDERNESS ACT FACES TWO MAJOR TESTS

Hooker Dam, conservationists believe, poses a threat not only to the nation's first established wilderness area, the Gila Wilderness in New Mexico, but to the entire National Wilderness Preservation System. Hooker Reservoir, associated politically with the Central Arizona Project but not really a part of it, would intrude a minimum of 4 miles into dedicated Wilderness on the Gila River and thus become the first invasion of the Wilderness System. Hooker's main purpose is to obtain 18,000 acre-feet per year for New Mexico for municipal, industrial and temporary agricultural use. Hooker opponents claim that the same purpose could be accomplished at the alternative Conner damsite, without any invasion of the wilderness area. Section 4(d)(4) of the Wilderness Act authorizes the President to establish "facilities needed in the public interest...upon his determination that such use or uses in the specific area will better serve the interests of the United States and the people thereof than will its denial." Is Hooker Dam, essentially intended to serve a city of 8,000 people, such a facility?

The San Rafael Wilderness bill (S. 889) is believed to be a major test of the Wilderness Act of 1964, particularly those portions of the Act pertaining to Congressional review of wilderness proposals. While commending the Forest Service's willingness to expand the 75,000-acre Primitive Area to a 143,000-acre wilderness, citizen conservationists are sharply critical of what they call "stubborn and unbending" opposition of the Forest Service to a House-approved 2,000-acre addition, thus delaying the bill's passage and Presidential signature. Efforts are reportedly underway to persuade the House to reject the House-Senate Conference report which many feel drops the 2,000-acre addition only because of unusual pressure from an administrative agency.

ALBION SKI TOUR.

By Carl Bauer

February 5th, which began as a day of uncomplicated serenity, was speedily rationalized by a glimpse of the line at the Albion Lift. This the stalwarts "Short-circuited" by beginning their trek from Snow Pine, where they vanished into the upended hinterland; and ultimately reappeared as our welcoming committee at Catherine Pass.

The weather also promised excitement for the photographers, but soon lowered a pall of mist that held them scoreless.

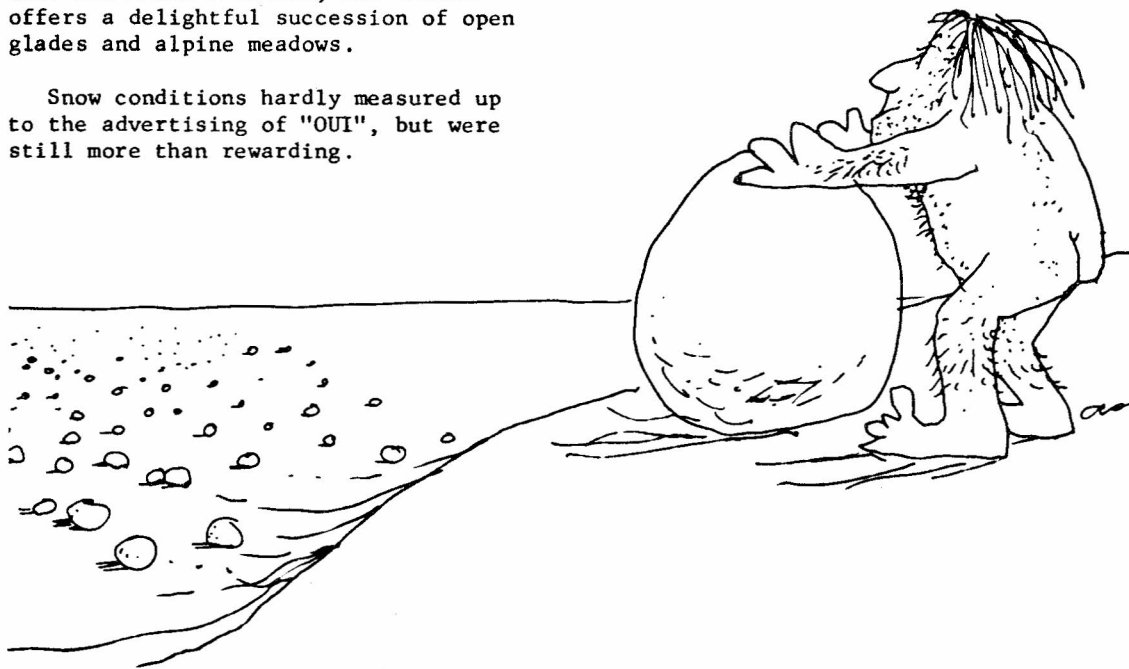
After a nutritious sojourn at the hut on the Albion Rim, the majority, becoming impatient with the protracted take-off, set out on a direct line for the lower basin, a route which to all appearances, consists of a series of steep wooded slopes; while, with a short traverse south to the headwall near the Devil's Castle, the return offers a delightful succession of open glades and alpine meadows.

Snow conditions hardly measured up to the advertising of "OUI", but were still more than rewarding.

Participants: Phyllis Snyder, Ann McDonald, Dale Green, Jim Baggett, John Riley, Karil Froboese, Bob Froboese, Janice Bowman, Roy Keir, Lyman Lewis, Miriam Jones, June Wickham, Allen Wickham, Frank Lewis, and Carl Bauer.

MOONSHINING IS STILL BIG BUSINESS

According to the Licensed Beverage Industries, production of illicit spirits ran to about 50 million gallons last year. You can understand why moonshining persists when you consider that the retailer's profit on a \$5.94 bottle of legitimate whiskey is about 41¢, while the profit on a \$4.00 bottle of moonshine is about \$3.74.





Over the Top, the Hard Way

A. Kelner photo

TRANSPORTATION RUMBLINGS

by Dick Snyder

We are still trying to collect funds to match those chipped in by an interested member, for a facelifting on our "new" bus. Any size contribution will be accepted, cheerfully. A paint job now will save money later on!

F O R T H E B I R D S

(From "Heloise" column of Seattle Times, via Howdy's Happenings, of Good Outdoor Manners Assoc.)

Dear Heloise,

Save all your fat drippings, heat them and pour into an empty tin can about one-sixth full. Then fill with wild bird seed.

Mix the seed into the fat to be sure all the seeds are saturated, then push a double string down the center of the can to the bottom. Place this in your refrigerator until cool and hard.

Remove the bottom of can with a can opener and push the bird seed chunk out. It is then ready to hang on a tree.

I also made smaller seed balls to place on my window sill. I filled an empty egg shell the same way and just peeled the shell off when the fat was hardened.

Your sink doesn't appreciate fat drippings -- but the birds sure do!

Esther...



Anybody recognize this historic event in mountaineering? (Try the library!)

LETTER TO CONGRESS (From The Wall Street Journal)

I hear you fellows can't agree on what our national flower should be-- Some for the rose do staunchly hold, while others want the marigold.

And yet, dear sirs, the answer's clear - along our highways far and near. So do, my friends, please end the issue.

Our national flower? The facial tissue!

-- Laura Arlon

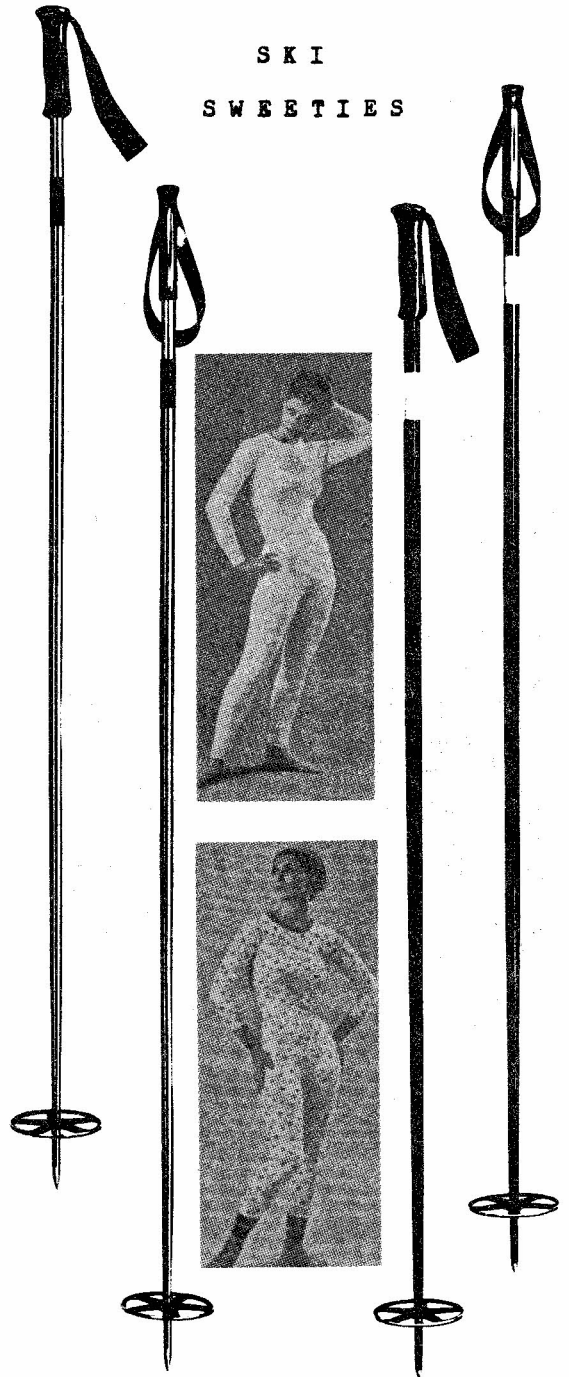
SKI
SWEETIES



Alright Goodro, forget the
tight stretch pants --- you're
headed for a tree!
(Shuttlebugles)



I always wondered what
they meant by "white-out"
(Shuttlebugles)



K I L I M A N J A R O

By Dale Green

A last! After several near-disasters with visas, airlines, customs, hotels and a holiday, I was actually on my way to Kilimanjaro. My company had sent me to South West Africa on business and on the way back I wanted to stop in Nairobi, Kenya. The fellow I was working with had worked in Nairobi and in the eventual course of conversation he mentioned that his supervisor there was a climber and had been up Kilimanjaro. The seed of desire was planted and a letter written. "Yes," he replied, "The climb is possible in December - it takes seven days, five to climb and two for travel." This was just fine as seven days was all my plane reservations would allow this close to Christmas. After a much delayed visa arrival, a near miss on a wait list for an airline ride to Johannesburg, a 3½ hour wait in line at an overtaxed customs in Nairobi, a lost hotel reservation at 2:30 a.m., and about 4 hours sleep, I arose to find I had arrived in Kenya on the day of their biggest national holiday. I managed to get my friend's friend on the phone, but as everything was closed, there was nothing to be done that day. I got a few more hours sleep and then went to see the Nairobi National Game Park just outside the city.

The next morning I was picked up at the Hotel and after several phone calls I was assigned a uniformed chauffeur who drove me around to get all the essentials. By 11:30 a.m., I was on my way in a little V.W. with a right hand drive (they drive on the wrong side, too). The beautiful green grassy plains surrounding Nairobi soon gave way to sparse woodlands dominated by unusual flat-topped trees. Every few miles I would see a flock of sheep with its proud Masai herder, spear in hand, watching for the mighty simba. Most of them waved and smiled as I putted by. It was just like a National Geographic picture.

Though Kilimanjaro is visible from Nairobi on a clear day, I couldn't see any sign of it until I nearly reached Tanzania. The top was covered with clouds and it didn't look very big. However, I didn't realize until later that I was still 60 miles away. Kilimanjaro is probably the world's second largest single mountain mass after Mt. McKinley. Soon other mountains appeared. The road skirts around the east and south of a beautiful volcano named Meru. I had to stop for pictures and look at the map. Meru was 14,978' high. I drove nearly 3 more hours before my objective began to really look big. With the last rays of the sun, the clouds suddenly disappeared, as they were to do every night, and I caught my first glimpse of the summit and the now rosy red snows of Kilimanjaro.

I arrived at the Marangu Hotel after an 8-hour drive. After eating I was given a few folders about the trip. I was to get a good night's sleep and lay out all of my equipment on the bed for inspection the next morning. The safari wouldn't start until 11 or 12 because the first day is only a 4-5 hour walk to the first hut and there is nothing to do when we get there. My equipment (climbing) was inspected by a young girl (a real doll!) All I had besides light clothing were my boots and a rain coat. She gave me several sweaters, a thin windbreaker coat which must have weighed 5 pounds and a pair of OD trousers which were also abnormally heavy. Besides, they were so tight I couldn't button the top two buttons. Long johns, a knitted hood, gloves, scarf, etc, were also thrown into a sack and tied up along with my boots. I decided to wear my "hush-puppies" until the last summit dash.

Next, a middle aged lady - one of three whom apparently run the Hotel explained the trip to me. I was to have a guide and four porters. We

would spend a night in each of three huts, the last at 15,000 feet. On the fourth day, the guide and I would get up early and climb the peak, then go down to the 2nd hut, coming back to the hotel on the 5th day. Because I had lost a day I would have to return all the way to the first hut on the 4th day so I would make the return to the hotel early enough to drive back to Nairobi.

She next called in Alexi, my African guide. Alexi was my height but slimmer. He wore the kaiki shorts and coat of the "White hunter" variety, and though clean, were quite ragged. Both of his eyes appeared clouded and they looked in different directions. I saw this same condition several times later. Alexi soon distinguished himself by smoking a cigarette shorter than anyone I have ever seen before. After he couldn't hold the butt by his fingernails he could hold it with his lips until it was only a quarter-inch long then he would spit it out. Alexi knew only a little English and I didn't know any Swahili so I guess we were even.

The Marangu Hotel is at 4500 feet elevation and about 10 miles away from the first hut, the Mandara, at 9000 feet. There is a road all the way, but it has been severely washed out in places. We started out at 11:30. Two of the porters carried green wooden boxes the size of small foot lockers. Another had my bedroll with the sack of clothing inside - an immense package. The last had a gunny sack full of pots and pans. All of this was carried on their heads in the traditional safari fashion. I soon learned my first Swahili word - "Jambo". It means "Hello" and every African child who sees you says it.

The first few miles is on paved road through small coffee and banana farms. The road soon becomes much rougher and suitable only for jeeps (or Land Rovers as they say over there). This

part was a true rain forest - impenetrable, dark and very rainy. The road was awash with rain flowing in gullies up to 4 feet deep. I arrived at the Mandara hut soaking wet and very cold. There I met seven hikers from the other hotel. We all agreed that a 7 a.m. start and a long afternoon wait to miss the rain would be better than a short wait while soaked to the skin. My hut companions consisted of 3 Swiss, 2 men and a woman, who were teaching school in Dar-es-Salaam; an American teaching school in Capetown; a French road engineer on his way home from Brazzaville; an American Peace Corps girl and an American Catholic girl missionary, both working locally. We all hit it off immediately and had several amusing and interesting hours together. The porters finally lit a fire and we warmed up and dried out. Dinner was a surprising feast and far more than I could eat.

I was awakened at 7 the next morning by a porter with a cup of hot tea which you are supposed to drink in bed. I did. Breakfast was excellent and again more than I could eat. I hope none of the food went to waste because most of the porters appeared to be definitely undernourished. One of the younger boys had legs as skinny as my 14 year old niece's.

After a half-hour steep hike we broke out of the jungle and into grassy highlands. Though the clouds had already started to settle, I could see enough to get an idea of what the mountain was like. Kilimanjaro has two main peaks, Mawenzi at 16,890 on the west and Kibo, 19,342' about 7 miles to the east. Yesterday I had come up the south-west slope of Mawenzi and today I was going east to end up somewhere between the two peaks. The porters said the hike today was 12 miles. By 9:30 the clouds obscured everything but it didn't rain until after we reached the second hut at

1:30. This hut, the Horombo, is at 12,335 feet and is quite a bit more primitive. There was no fire place for warmth, and one simply went to bed. I was again served a large dinner complete with table cloth and a china tea cup and saucer. Though very cold outside (freezing at 8 p.m.) the porter who served me was still bare-footed. His clothing, especially his coat, was all rags and he shivered so hard that he had to steady his right forearm with his left hand to pour the tea. As usual the clouds dissipated soon after the sun went down and we were treated to a beautiful moonlight view of Kibo and its snows. This was the highest I had ever slept in my life but I had no trouble getting a full night's rest, awakening at 7 for tea.

The morning air was crisp and cool, just right for hiking. The 10 mile trail heads north to a large, wide saddle between the peaks and then east to the Kibo hut on the steep slope of the volcano. The clouds came in earlier than usual and I never did get to see my objective until later that night. Crossing the saddle, which is about 14,500 feet high, we were treated to some spectacular views of Mawenzi as the clouds partially cleared from its jagged peaks.

The Kibo hut is at 15,530 feet and I arrived only slightly feeling the altitude because of the very gradual trail and the slow pace. After the usual large meal, Alexi pointed to one O'clock on my watch and said "Get up". The sun had just set and all the clouds were gone. Mawenzi presented a stark black outline but I was too close to Kibo to really see what it was like. With one last glance about I saw the full moon just above the horizon and I knew I was finally in the right place at the right time.

I wish I could say my forty winks of sleep consisted of at least forty

minutes but I can't. I didn't sleep at all despite a sleeping pill. If I wasn't kept awake by my own wheezing someone else's did the job. My usual problem of worrying about not sleeping kept me awake too. The porter came in at 1 a.m. with an oil lamp and a cup of tea. I declined the tea as my stomach didn't feel very good but I did eat the huge bowl of oatmeal that followed. I dressed rapidly and went to the porter's hut for Alexi. My watch said 1:30.

Alexi's pace exactly suited mine which at this altitude was very slow. The temperature was 20°-25° F. Directly overhead the full moon lit up the landrock. Then I noticed the rock was covered with frost because each step that Alexi took before me left a black bottomless hole. For the first time since I had been in Africa I could see the Southern Cross. Across the way the outline of Mawenzi was so sharp and black that I couldn't judge its distance. Kibo had a long filamentary cloud over its summit that looked as if someone had laid some Christmas tree angel's hair over it. The cloud was brightly illuminated by the moon and I watched fascinated as the wind whipped off small filaments that gradually disappeared in the sky. Despite the altitude I could still take a deep breath and as I filled my lungs that strange exhilarating "second wind" feeling seemed to lift me effortlessly up the trail.

We kept this same pace for 2 hours until we came to a large cave under a rock where Alexi gave me a mug of very sour, hot lemonade. Our rest was much too long for me. I really didn't feel that tired and I cooled off to the point of shivering. Finally Alexi started again. From here to the edge of the crater was scree. This scree is supposed to be so loose that the Hotel gives you a metal tipped staff to help. In my opinion, the scree on this particular morning was just fine. It

was easy to get a foothold in and I rarely slipped more than a few inches. The moon had now gone behind the peak but the thin sliver of blue white on pale pink in the east would soon provide light. What I thought would be a half hour turned out to be two hours. The altitude was telling and Alexi was stopping very often. I thought at times he might be stopping for me but he usually dropped to his knees and I didn't know quite what to say even if we could communicate. The wind picked up and the temperature seemed to drop drastically until I was forced to put on everything I had. At 6 a.m. it was getting quite light and though Alexi was going noticeably slower, he wasn't stopping anymore. I was though, and Alexi would get as much as a 100 feet ahead and have to wait. At 6:25 the sun popped up and I stopped to take a picture. When I turned around I saw my guide only 50 feet ahead signaling that he was "on top".

My first view of the Kibo crater was very dramatic. I have often thought that reaching the summit of some mountains is anticlimatic and that the real impact is coming over a ridge and suddenly being exposed to the other half of the world so to speak. Kibo crater was another world. The north side was covered with huge ice cliffs and the floor was heavily cravassed, all lit with the red morning sun. Looking out I could see the surrounding landscape, the browns and greens of plains and jungles, for the first time.

Where the trail first breaks over the rim is called "Gilmans Point" at 18,635 feet high. As far as the Kilimanjaro Mountain Club and the hotels are concerned you have climbed the mountain if you reach "Gilmans". However, the true summit is about 1½ miles away and 700 feet higher. After signing the Sierra Club register (my God, are they everywhere?) I explained as best I could that I wanted to go on. Alexi looked so surprised that I thought

I might have to go by myself. I later found out his surprise was because very few really go on despite much talk. His whole attitude suddenly changed and in relatively good English, to my astonishment, he described the route. The first 1/2 mile has little total elevation gain but with many ups and downs. Then we started to climb. My conditioning was really telling. Alexi would have to wait as much as ten minutes for me. Finally he let out a yell "Uhuru" and pointed. I could just see some objects on a small rise but it spurred me on. Alexi arrived about 50 paces in front of me and prostrated himself. As I approached he jumped up and clasped my hand. I told him this was the greatest moment in my mountain climbing career and he followed with a 2 minute discourse in English and Swahili during which he looked at my watch and called me "Simba" a few times. He must have known I'm one guy flattery really works on.

Standing on this summit is no anticlimax. At 19,342 feet "Uhuru" (Swahili for "Freedom") is the highest point on the continent of Africa. I even thought that at this moment we may be the highest people in all the world. The view was superb. Looking east far past Meru were the fabled Serengeti Plains with its tremendous herds of animals. Kenya was to the north and I was disappointed in not seeing Mt. Kenya about 200 miles away at 17,000 feet. Mawenzi seemed far below me and in the 2 hour old sun had changed from jet black to an ugly brown-black. To the west, a cloud line 100 miles away marked the Indian Ocean. We took pictures and tried to sign another Sierra Club register but someone had taken it. I left the Wasatch Mountain Club's name on a small slip of paper.

I left the summit with wobbly knees and a dizzy head. I felt suffocated and knew I should get down soon. Dropping 700 feet didn't help at all. That last half mile with the up-down-up-

down-up-down-up was one of the hardest things I have ever done. I climbed the last 30 feet out of the crater with a curse on my lips for all those who told me that Kilimanjaro was easy because there was a trail all the way to the top. After the last of the sour lemonade we made the trip down the scree to the hut in an hour where the porters were waiting with tea and lunch. My stomach was very upset and I couldn't eat anything but some pear halves. I'm sure the sour lemonade was the main cause. I felt so upset and exhausted that my shaking hands and knees made it difficult to change shoes. I couldn't let this bother me though because I still had 22 miles and 6500 feet to descend to make up for the lost day. Alexi set a very brisk pace and we arrived at the Mandara hut 7½ hours later.

In addition to the regular hotel customers the hut had been taken over by three American families, who were working locally, with several teenage children. I felt lucky to find a bunk. After dinner, which I could eat, I went to bed. The children got ready for bed also but first gathered their parents around the fire place and sang Silent Night in Swahili to show how much they knew of their new language. There were only 6 days until Christmas and I was already homesick and completely numbed from fatigue. There singing hit me emotionally like the proverbial ton of bricks. Then the walls caved in and I didn't move a muscle for 11 hours.

The porter gently aroused me at 6 with a hot cup of tea in a china cup. (I have to keep mentioning this because all the others had plastic cups). The walk out was sunny and beautiful but otherwise uneventful. I gave Alexi my climbing boots, rationalizing I needed the space for souvenirs. I knew he would like them but the sincere display of thanks I got will remain with me longer than many of the other events of the trip.

The porters were also very happy for miscellaneous socks and shirts. I made my plane with 3½ hours to spare.

Costs:

Lodging and food for one night at the Marangu Hotel ----- 55 shillings

Five day trip including 1 guide, 4 porters, food, lodging ---435 shillings

Tips ----- 80 shillings
470 shillings

@ 14¢/shilling = \$79.80 American money.

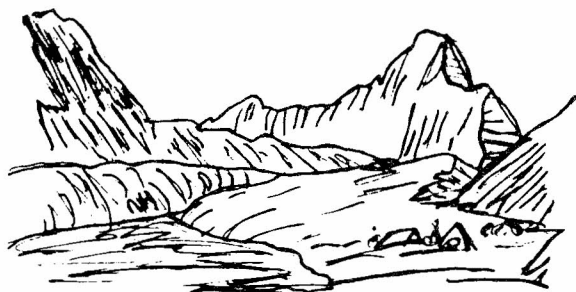
G A D V A L L E Y *** J A N U A R Y 7

by Clarice Caywood

If you're looking for a thoroughly enjoyable half day of ski touring with the upward struggle not outweighing the long downhill run--Gad Valley is for you. The run is enough to test the skill of any skier. Our group consisted of Pete Hovingh, Ann Wennhold, Allen James, Milt Hollander, Jack Keuffel, Bill Olson, Barbara and Howard Ross, Paul Moslander, Pat and Clarice Caywood, and was led by Charlie and Emily Hall. We ascended the Germania tow at about 10:00 a.m. and took approximately two hours to reach Gad Valley. The sun compensated for the low temperature and the winds. The view was fabulous. If you say Gad Valley is too popular; that it's all skied out--do as we did--explore off the beaten route to the East side. Initially there was wind slab and crust from Germania to Gad Valley Ridge, but after this the snow became light, fluffy powder which inspired our group to display their very finest style (with a few minor spills). Traffic was a bit heavy for a while. We encountered Dennis, Alexis, Rolph and Perla heading for American Fork Twin Peaks and points South. At lunch break we had visitors -- Dave Hall and a friend. I think all present would agree that the trip was exceptionally good.

Three years and 37 issues -- a lot of effort, but a lot of fun, too. This issue is my last one. I must thank everyone who has contributed to The Rambler; those who have given of their time to help prepare it, and those who have written articles and provided photos and drawings. The need for contributions by members will continue, as long as The Rambler exists -- or put another way, The Rambler cannot exist without contributions of both effort, articles, drawings, and photographs. Keep them coming... to the new Publications Director!

Thanks, everybody, for your kind words and support the last three years. I only hope you enjoyed reading our magazine as much as I enjoyed preparing it.



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APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

To Board of Directors:

I hereby apply for membership in the Wasatch Mountain Club. I enclose \$2.00 entrance fee and \$6.00 dues (spouse \$3.00). The club event I have attended is: _____ on: _____ (date). I agree to abide by all rules and regulations of the club as specified in the constitution and by-laws and as determined by the Board of Directors.

Name (printed) _____

Recommended by ---

Signature _____

Member:

(If spouse membership, please include name of spouse (printed) _____

and signature _____.)

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(Effective 1 Jan 68
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