

The Rambler

Official Publication of
THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

Salt Lake City, Utah

October, 1968



CLUB ACTIVITIES FOR OCTOBER 1968

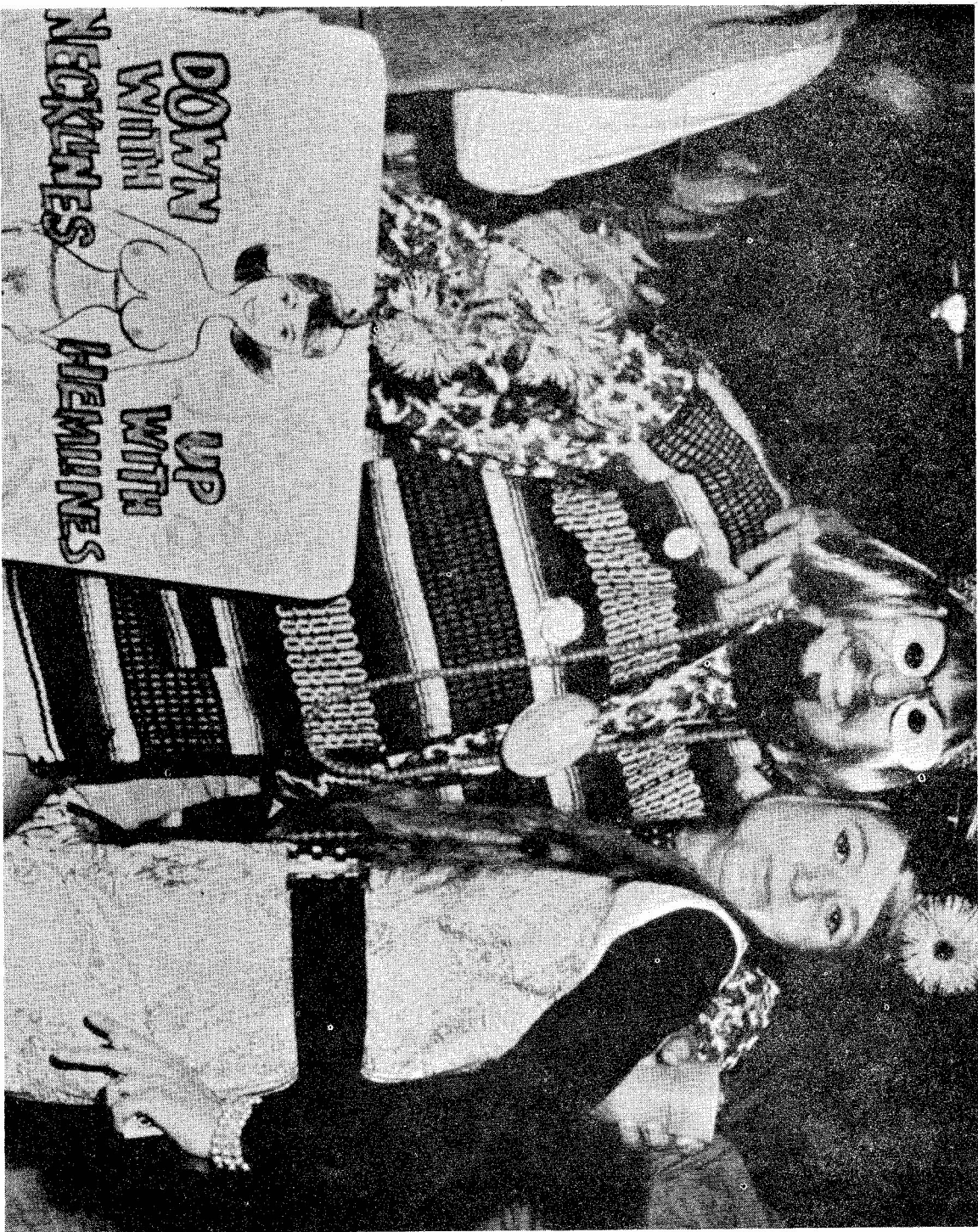
Register for all club activities at Club Headquarters
(363-7150)

NOTE: Children are welcome on hikes rated 5.0 and under

- Oct 3
Thurs EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK -- Socializing afterward. These are great sessions to practice up on technical difficulties with a stout upper belay. Also, it is a great time to introduce a neophyte to climbing; the experienced climbers now have time to give some detailed attention to others' problems.
- Oct 5, 6
Sat., Sun. SILVERTON - NARROW GAUGE RAILROAD -- The train leaves Durango, Colorado, at 8:30 a.m. and arrives at Silverton at noon. It returns at 5:30, having left Silverton at 2:05. The trip costs \$6.50 (\$4.50 for children under 11). Youngsters would enjoy the trip through the wilderness, accessible only by the train, which inches along the roadbed above the river. We could either go in private cars or charter a bus. Durango has campgrounds as well as motels and charmingly restored hotels. We could leave the train at Silverton if cars, or the bus, could be shuttled there. The trip home from there passes through Ouray; it goes close to Telluride, through the magnificent mountains. If we choose to return to Durango (and we get a different view from the other side of the train) on the return trip, there would still be all day Sunday to get home via Mesa Verde or back over the Million Dollar highway to Ouray. Leaders: Carl Bauer (355-6036) and Helen Bander (29503200).
- Oct 6
Sun. LODGE WOOD - GATHERING PARTY -- The annual wood-gathering party is scheduled for this weekend, along with odd jobs that always need to be done around the lodge. Lunch, pop, and beer will be furnished. Bring your muscles and smiles.
- Oct 10
Thurs EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK -- About 5600 South on Wasatch Blvd) Come relax, talk, climb, hike --all in the name of fun.
- Oct 12
Sat. BRIGHTON - SILVER FORK -- An easy, good conditioning hike for those who have limited their activities these past few months and want to be ready for the coming ski season. The routing, too, will reveal the type of terrain we ski-tour. Bring lunch and water. Meet at the Silver Fork Lodge at 8:00 a.m. No registration is required. Leader: John MacDuff (48401634).
- Oct 13
Sun. SUNDAY BRUNCH AT THE LODGE -- New members are especially invited! Bring the makings for an exotic breakfast and come enjoy a crisp fall morning at the lodge. Bring the family, friends, and prospective members. 9:00 a.m. on. Hosts will be Tom and Mimi Stevenson (486-8612). Remember the 50-cent lodge fee.

- Oct 13
Sun. OQUIRRH MOUNTAINS -- South end. Butterfield, Lowe, and Lewiston peaks. A short to very long hike. These peaks encircle a very large canyon, so anytime you get tired, it's a simple matter to drop back to the cars. If you've never hiked in the Oquirrh's, here's your chance. Guestimate ratings for the peaks are 6, 12, and 16, respectively. Meet at the Prudential parking lot, 33rd and State, at 7:00 a.m. Leader: Dale Green (277-6417).
- Oct 17
Thurs EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK -- Bring your climbing togs, your keep-warm togs (or a girl friend, boy friend, or big, shaggy dog). Enjoy a pleasant fall evening outdoors.
- Oct 19, 20
Sat., Sun. ESCALANTE -- A weekend in the canyons of the Escalante River and its tributaries. We plan to take two separate hikes. One will be the regular 6-1/2-mile excursion down Hurricane Wash and Coyote Creek to Jacob Hamblin Arch. This arch and the associated canyon overhangs are quite spectacular and worth a visit. We also plan an exploratory trip down one of the other tributaries of the Escalante - probably Davis Gulch. This exploratory trip will be limited to those who are in good backpacking condition and who realize that we do not know the terrain. Since the rejuvenation of the bus is indefinite, we will have to travel by private car and meet at the point where Hob-in-the-Rock road crosses Hurricane Wash on Saturday, October 19th, by 8:00 a.m. Register by 5:30 p.m. Wednesday, October 16. Leaders: Nick Strickland (363-1568) and June Viavant (364-9684). If you can get the time for a possible 4-day trip, call June Viavant.
- Oct 19 - Oct 27 HUNTING SEASON - HIKERS BEWARE!
- Oct 20
Sun. BELL'S CANYON TRAIL CLEARING -- Bring your own tools and meet at 8:00 a.m. at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon.
- Oct 24
Thurs EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK -- Upper belayed climbing of all difficulties, from F3 to Fgoogol. Come watch, laugh, etc.
- Oct 26
Sat. HAPPY HIPPIY HALLOWEEN HAPPENING -- is happening again. Here's a chance to break out of the dull routine. If you'd like to DROPOUT - drop in at the WMC lodge at 8:00 p.m. in your grooviest hippy attire. Prizes-- snacks-- bar service (do not BYOB). Hosts are the Jim Jacobsons. \$1.50 for members plus drinks; \$2.00 for nonmembers. Please register by 6:00 p.m. Friday, Oct 25.
- Oct 31
Thurs EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK -- will continue until the freeze sets in.

ON THE COVER: WHEELER PEAK, shot by Pat King.



1967 HIPPIES OF THE YEAR 111111 1968 7777777

Nov 2, 3
Sat., Sun.

SAN RAPHAEL SWELL - BUCKHORN WASH --
A pleasant drive among various sections of San Raphael Swell. Some hiking is planned in the San Raphael Canyon to Buckhorn Wash on Saturday. A half-day hike is scheduled for the Dirty Devil narrows on Sunday morning. Some will be camping at the Wedge Overlook on Friday night. For more details, consult Pete Hovingh (322-1565, ext. 245) for transportation and meeting time.

Nov 3
Sun.

PFEIFFERHORN VIA RED PINE LAKE -- Elev, 11,326; rating, 10.0. This hike was scheduled in August but was canceled then because of inclement weather. Snow in August! If the ski season has not opened by this time, the leader will be Harold Goodro (277-1247). Bring food, water, and warm clothing. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 7:30 a.m.

Nov 7
Thurs

EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK

Nov 10
Sun.

FERGUSON CANYON TO STORM MOUNTAIN --
Rating, 9.0; elevation, 9,524. This is another wonderful conditioning hike for the coming ski season. However, it requires intermediate ability. Some brush will be encountered so wear adequate clothing. Bring lunch and water and meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 a.m. Leader: John Riley (485-2567).

TIMBERLINE SPORTS_{INC}

KELTY

SIERRA DESIGNS

MILLET

RICH-MOOR

2959 highland dr
m-f 12-6, sat 10-6
466-2101

Dinwoody Glacier: Wind Rivers

Jack McLellan

We could use Ron Perla's Nissan Patrol, but we had to put the top on it - Until Monday, July 22, the up-coming Wind River trip was an exciting thought, nothing more. Then came the hard, cold, wet facts as Dail Ogden, Ron Perla, and I struggled to put a 5000-pound, armor-plated top on a Japanese over-designed jeep at Alta in the middle of a rain-storm. (For raingear, Ron had on a poncho and bedroom slippers.)

Our group consisted of Dail and Scott Ogden, Tom Stevenson, and myself, trip leader, in the Nissan Patrol; Alexis Kelner took Hafty Hafterson, Dick Leining, Nick Strickland, and Ken Martin in his jeep wagon.

Dail, Scott, Tom, and I stopped for the night in a little picnic ground near the intersection of US 287 and US 26. (Good spot. Turn right onto US 26 about a mile, then turn left. Drive across diversion dam and immediately turn right into the picnic ground.) Early next morning we approached Burris - and Alexis' jeep, hood up, squatting before the village (one building in the village). Alexis' jeep was so overloaded that when viewed from the rear, it resembled a bear squatting in the woods. Trouble was diagnosed as a burned-out generator. That crew headed for Dubois and a junkyard (not to leave the jeep in, but to find a generator).

Off across the Indian reservation! Past the gates! Past the house! Through the shower of arrows and tomahawks! Arriving at the Springs, we began to work. The trail is rather a strenuous one, long, and well-eroded at first. It climbs about 1800 feet to somewhere between 11,400 and 11,800 feet, depending on which book or map you last looked at, at Scenic Pass on Horse Ridge. Then it

drops past the Ink Wells (lakes) to a bridge across Gannett Creek, losing all that elevation, which, of course, must be regained to approach Dinwoody Glacier and the peaks.

Near the bridge, we met and talked with a fisherman, who informed us that a climber was overdue in returning from a solo trip into the Dinwoody area. We kept our eyes open for signs of him, but all we saw was a heavy tent, collapsed, which contained some gear. It seemed likely that it was a packer's tent or something left by a larger group. But there was indeed a climber up there - dead. After the trip, I received a clipping from the Grand Junction, Colorado, newspaper which described the search and recovery of the body. (See reprint of the clipping elsewhere in this issue.)

Near the upper end of Floyd Wilson Meadows, we were enveloped in a fair-to-middlin' rainstorm. We abandoned all ideas of gaining a higher camp and settled down to supper and sleep.

The rest of the crew joined us the next morning, having camped further down; and we established a new camp closer to the peaks. Some took off for Elsie Col; some practiced snow technique. Tom and I walked up into the Dinwoody Glacier moraine, half planning on climbing the Sphinx. But we were too late; the usual afternoon rainstorm came early and drove us all back to camp.

A while later, someone shouted, "Hey --here comes Hillary and his sherpas!" But it was only T. Q. Stevenson, carrying about 100 pounds of firewood, that prompted the comment. All he needed to qualify for the International Union of

High-Altitude Knicker-Packers was a tumbledown and bare feet.

The next day was great. Nick Strickland, Dick Leining, Ken Martin, and I went up Gannett via one of the Gooseneck Route variations; namely, staying on rock as much as possible. The snow was soft and tiresome in many places. A small crevasse added some excitement to the long plod. My ice ax went into the snow too easily and my left foot went numb as the snow dropped out from under it. I gently backed off, and we did an end run (slowly) to the nearby rock of the Gooseneck. The summit snowfield was in great shape, and we plodded up it in fair time. The descent went well, with a lot of plunge-stepping, some good glissading, and much rock hopping.

Hafty, Tom, and Alexis had climbed the Sphinx that morning and were taking pictures of us as we hit the Gannett summit snowfield. Coming down from the Sphinx, these fearless three found that jumping the bergshrund, several feet across and several feet from upper to lower lip, was the only way out. Going

around it would be too dangerous and time consuming. So, after studying the situation (otherwise known as "screwing up one's courage"), these musketeer-mountaineers threw caution to the wind (or was it each other over the edge?) and landed safely between the lower 'shrund lip and a crevasse just below it. So coursing was the adrenalin within their veins that they turned right around and climbed Mt. Woodrow Wilson via a snow-filled gully. Alexis displayed his tenacity by carting 40 pounds of camera gear with him and eating only a couple of cookies for breakfast as his only food for the entire climb. He had packed nearly 80 pounds into camp. (That is dedication. I wish I could pack that much weight - and then not do it.)

Dail and Scott Ogden, meanwhile, had climbed one of the "Bosoms," rather suggestive summits when viewed from the glacier. They had a good climb and explored a seldom-seen part of the Gannett-Dinwoody area.

Saturday was the most beautiful day of all. Clouds formed in the blue sky,



Alexis Kelner photo
Upper Part of Gannett (13,785 ft) with Gooseneck at lower right



rushed over the peaks, and dissipated in the country beyond. A few showers fell here and there, but nothing to worry about. My tender-as-a-baby feet, curse them, had gotten progressively worse. Blisters formed on blisters. They hurt. That morning pain shot up my leg as I forced on a boot, and I thought Ho-boy, infection. Then a grin spread on my dirty, bewhiskered face as I thought of myself being carried out on the shoulders of my kind companions.

Background for next scene: Some 10 years ago, Tom and Alexis were climbing in the Tetons with a comely lass aptly named Pat Purdy. These two mountaineers and a mountaineeress were, if I remember correctly, climbing Mt. Owen and suffered the never expected but often occurring bivouac. Three in a huddle with only a can of kippered herring to eat....

Next scene: By the law of something or other, Pat Purdy (now Pat Smith) had to show up in the Dinwoody area, which she did, along with her husband, Jan. From Pittsburg, they had come to spend a climbing vacation in the Wind Rivers. Several evenings were spent exchanging past and present experiences.

Back to Saturday morning. Alexis returned to Woodrow Wildon for photographs, accompanied by Dick and Ken. Nick and Hafty scrambled up Dinwoody, and Tom and Jan Smith left early for Mt. Warren and the Triple Traverse. Dail, Scott, Pat, and I enjoyed the luxury of camp, boots off.

Tom and Jan had a long, tough day. They climbed Warren, traversed to Doublet past the slender, slightly spooky Les Dames Anglaises, climbed Doublet, and then climbed Dinwoody directly, which involved two exhilarating rock pitches. A once-every-few-seasons classic, according to Tom.

Steve and Larry Swanson strolled through camp that morning in their customary 6-mph-up-or-down stride on the

way to Gannett. We didn't see Pete Hovingh and his friend, also Gannett bound. (Some of our group were met at their camp later, we heard, with slender glasses of wine.) These four were doing the Gannett trip in three days.

About noon, Pat, Scott, and I re-bandaged feet, forced same feet into still-wet boots, screamed great obscenities at tender feet, and started off down the trail. Dail, no blisters at all, ambled along with us. Those few miles to Echo Lake were bad. Almost as painful as the final stage the next morning.

Nick and Hafty passed our camp at Echo Lake on the way to the Ink Wells, where they camped. Tom and Jan joined us later, and Alexis, Ken, and Dick camped near the bridge.

The view early next morning from Horse Ridge was easily full payment for the toils of the trip. I took a long break there, shot my last two frames of film, and provided breakfast for many friendly little beasties before staggering down to the jeeps. After hasty clothes changes, packing packs, and stuffing bodies into jeeps, off we went. Jan and Pat had walked in via Glacier Trail and walked out with us, so we portaged them around to their VW bus. Later, we all got together in Dubois for dinner. I'm sure the townspeople at first thought they had been chosen as a new hippy haven, but they were convinced later, I think, that we were only a small carnival troupe passing through - convinced by the antics of Alexis and Dick as they displayed remarkable adeptness at using camera, wire, battery, and pie plate to entertain the natives and interrupt the dinners of starving mountaineers.



Alexis KELLNER snapped the center spread of, from left, Mt Woodrow Wilson, Dinwoody Basin Glacier Area, and Petzolt's Pinnacle Ridge.

Mt Timpanogos via Timpoooneke Trail

by Ann Jacobson

Due to the late arrival of Nick Strickland, my husband (Jim), and I, it was almost 6:30 when a caravan of about 12 cars left Pioneer Monument and headed for Timpoooneke Ranger Station. Amongst energetic preparations for the hike, Dale Green announced that it would definitely rain if he didn't put the top on his convertible. After the task was completed, we were ready to leave under the direction of Fred Bruenger.

It was a beautiful day and Dale's pessimistic note about rain and static on his radio indicating lightning seemed far from reality. The 9-mile hike up was shortened as we cut up over a talus slope, which meant steeper going for awhile, but cut off about a mile. It was at this point that we left a few members of the group behind, remarking as they stopped to rest, "we'll catch up with you later."

The going was a little easier as we reached the trail again and we were able to enjoy the beautiful scenery. The wild flowers were lush, and I carefully noted the names of many of them as Nick and Jim (expert botanists) tried to identify them.

The group decided to make a short stop for water on the ridge, but Nick, Jim, and I decided to continue. Nick, by this time, was well ahead of us; as we reached the saddle, Sarah Weller overtook and passed us while we indulged in some quick energy - a hershey bar. We hadn't remembered Sarah as one of the members of our original group and came to find out later that she and Ron Perla had started an hour later than everyone else.

The majority of the group arrived on on top at 10:30 a.m., many of us wondering why we had started so early. We ate our lunches and indulged in conversation including such topics as the Teton trip the following week, the BYU mass assault on Timpanogos, and Harold Goodro's new gold Cougar. Before many of us had had time to finish our first sandwich, Ron Perla was putting on his pack, ready to make the descent. After much static from the group, Ron started down, while the rest of us finished our lunches and relaxed a little.

As we began the downward trek, we met a few members of the group still faithfully hiking toward the summit. In the bottom of the cirque, we came upon Jackie Thomas and friend, eating lunch. They had gotten a late start and could not believe that we were on our way down already. Jim, Nick, and I decided that we were in no hurry, so we stopped at Scout Falls and just barely arrived at the cars as it started to rain. Dale had been right in his prediction. From our vantage point, the mountains looked dismal, and we were glad we weren't among those still on the trail. Evelyn Bruenger reported that it was 6:30 p.m. before all members of the group were off the mountain.

Hikers included Dale Green, Harold Goodro, Karl Anderson, Shelly Hyde, Ron Perla, Gerhard Hentschel, LeRoy Kuehl, Jim Wilderson, Nick Strickland, Charles Mays, Phil Berger, Linda Moeller, Sarah Weller, Jim and Ann Jacobson, Al and June Wickham, Fred and Eveline Bruenger, 4 guests

FOR
SALE

Two used Mountain Master packs for sale (we're getting Keltys!). Large Expedition model - \$31.00;
Large regular model (4 pocket) - \$29.00. Call Kayleen
or George Lowe, 359-0630 or 322-7216 (Geophysics Dept)

FOR
SALE

"Too Much Togetherness"

Harold Goodro

Close your eyes and imagine the following: High on a vertical cliff, forming a part of the regular route up the mountain, lies a wet, slippery, exposed 80-foot chimney, some 3 feet in width and about 12 feet deep. Now place two ropes of three climbers each, one above the other in the chimney, knocking loose stuff down upon one another. Now take a third rope of three faster, more impatient climbers moving right up past the first two ropes and then add interest by adding a fourth rope of three starting to descend the chimney from above. It takes but a few moments to create mass confusion with tangled ropes, lost tempers, and muttered curses in four different languages. From above the chimney and below came added cries of "Hurry up," "Andele," "Vite," and "Schnell" from other groups whose patience was wearing thin. This was not just a bad dream, it actually happened to our little group in August while we were climbing the Gros Zinnen in the Dolomites of northern Italy. Two days later we thought to avoid this sort of thing in the climbing of the Marmelada and got a very early start. It went very well until we started back down. On the rock part of the climb, there were climbers everywhere and on every feasible route. We would practically have to step on heads and hands to descend. We waited quite a while for an opening.

Several days later, during the first hour of snow climbing on Monte Rosa

(Dufourspitze), many groups of fast moving climbers passed us. We had our revenge later on that mountain because pure physical condition paid off. Six hours later, with still yet quite a way to go, we started passing, one after another, the groups who had zipped by us that morning; and we were the second group on top. Then, two days later, the final straw! After getting up at 2:00 a.m. and getting underway at 3:00 a.m., we left the Hornli Hutte in complete darkness, walked about 200 yards to the foot of the Matterhorn ridge, and waited in a long line for more than an hour for our turn to start UP! When there are 40 or 50 climbers above you on a steep, bare, loose, ice-covered ridge, it somehow takes a little joy out of the climb and also gives a person a stiff neck from the eternal watching for the loose rocks kicked down from above.

Of course, the main reason for the large numbers of climbers on every peak in Europe has to be the result of the presence on each high ridge of the huts, actually accommodating a hundred people or more. One can well imagine what the Exum Ridge on the Grand would become if a cable car went to the lower saddle, where there sat a three-story inn with good beds and hot meals. Pray to heaven it never happens in our mountains.

Included in this issue of the Rambler is a newsletter of the Hell's Canyon Preservation Council. They request that you send in your signatures by the 10th of October, so act immediately. The Council needs your support.

TIMPANOGOS II

Karl A. Anderson

The Rambler for August announced that "depending on the heat and the desire of the group, we will hike to the summit or swim in Emerald Lake, or both." This August set record low temperatures, and Mt. Timpanogos was not excluded. The group that started this hike on August 24 was equipped for cool weather. I don't believe that anybody brought a swimming suit; at least no one admitted it.

The start of the hike was fast, but the majority of the hikers didn't continue this pace. The "2 mile" signpost was met with "Ohs." To think that we only had seven more miles to go.

The first of the trail was hard packed, but at times we used the edges to avoid the puddles. A little higher, the frost appeared, and the grasses were bent down from the weight of recent snow. After about 3 miles, we reached very hard ground and then snow, which crunched at each step. I was surprised, although I probably shouldn't have been, that the waterfalls were just as big as they were in July.

Three of our group were outdistancing the remaining four at every step, so the latter decided to bypass a long switchback and take to a rockfield in an attempt to catch up with them. One of them, Bruce Stankowski, was waiting at the top, giving us encouragement. We had not been able to catch Bob Bucher and Tim Triggs.

At the western end of the basin, we decided to go directly to the saddle instead of to Emerald Lake. Five hikers could be seen on the lake route, but none of them looked like our two speedsters. Two hikers we had met going

down had passed them but did not give us a clue as to the direction they took.

We followed the trail of two hikers, at least one of whom was equipped with an ice ax or a sharpened pogo stick. (Editor's note: At this point, a forever nameless, Ked-shod member of this hiking party turned tail and ran, not making the summit) At the saddle, we saw Bob and Tim coming up the slope from the direction of the lake. They met us on the west side of mountain, where we contemplated the last 600 feet. Extra clothing was donned to ward off the wind, which, by this time, was getting cold. The snow had obliterated the trail in many areas, necessitating more caution. Almost to the top, we encountered Ted Thaxton, who, along with Chuck Mays, had come up earlier. Ted announced that it was cold on top and he was getting off. We finally made it and sat down on the few dry spots. No one could escape the wind entirely. We put on more clothes and ate lunch rapidly. Boy, was it cold! We saw two climbers coming up the glacier, and six were going back into the lake hut. Bob mentioned that there were about 15 people in the shack who were rationalizing themselves out of the ascent. The lake appeared to be frozen.

The descent wasn't as enjoyable for me as the ascent. Going up, the weather was crisp; going down, it was warming, softening the snow. Tomorrow morning's trail would be very lumpy.

Those participating were Mary Miller, Bruce Stankowski, Karl Anderson, Bob Bucher, Tim Triggs, Pat Dow, and Jim Strueber. Ted Thaxton and Chuck Mays, as I have mentioned, started earlier. Of their experience, I saw only their footprints.

Ramblerata

by Pat Dow

Since my editorial sins are catching up with me, I'd better try to absolve myself. First of all, to those of you who vainly sought the remaining portion of Dave Allen's article on Sundial in last month's Rambler - my apologies. My garbage can absconded with it. I had been so delighted at having the typed lines come out even on the page that I completely overlooked the insignificant piece of paper with its four or five lines of type - naturally, the rest of the article.

My plea for black and white photographs several issues ago has largely gone unanswered. Please don't be so modest. Share your pictures with the rest of the club.

We've lost Vivian Higgenbotham, our faithful Rambler mailer, to the city of smog. Her husband was transferred there last month. However, Roy Keir took over the horrendous task and mailed all the bulletins last month. He's even recruited some aides: Ellen Catmull and Jean Pilgrim.

BODY OF CLIMBER FOUND ON GLACIER

(From Grand Junction Daily Sentinel, about 5 August 1968)

Dubois, Wyo. (AP) -- The body of a Buffalo, N. Y., industrial arts teacher, Albert Schibetta, 28, was found in the middle of Dinwoody Glacier 40 miles south of here Saturday. He had been missing since July 14.

He was last seen on that date when he left his motel, telling the owners that he was going to climb Gannett Peak, the highest in Wyoming at 13,785 feet.

Searchers who found his body said he had fallen, but not from Gannett Peak. He was climbing a nearby unnamed peak when he fell about 100 feet into a pile of rocks, a spokesman for the rescue group said.

R A M B L I N G S

by Dale Green

After 14 years and 100,000 telephone calls, Pete and Pinky have asked the Board to change the location of Club/Headquarters. No hard feelings are involved; they just want to give someone else the chance to have as much fun as they have had. We have tentative plans for a new headquarters, but there will be some definite changes in our registration procedures.

First, registration for all bus and boat trips will be done by sending your deposit or full trip fee directly to the leader. This should eliminate many of the problems of the past.

Second, registration will not be required for local, one-day hikes. Pete says that less than half of the leaders call him to get the registration now, and I know from personal experience that as many as half of those on some hikes don't register either. Obviously, all that is needed is a time and location to meet.

(from Jack Mciellan)

The searchers said he was apparently killed instantly and slid 150 yards down the glacier. It was estimated that he had been dead five to seven days.

Contrary to earlier reports, relatives said Schibetta was an experienced mountain climber, having climbed the major peaks in Europe and many of the peaks in Grand Teton National Park.

The climber's body was found after a week's search by the Rocky Mountain Rescue Group from Boulder, Colo., the Wyoming Rescue Group of Laramie, and professional climbers from Jackson, Wyoming.

Printed by Graphics Unlimited 7658 South Redwood Road

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

425 South 8th West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84104 Phone: 363-7150

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: _____ (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 _____.) Director: _____

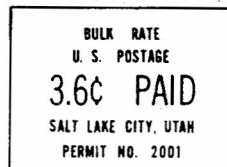
Address _____

City _____ State _____ (Effective 1 Sept

Zip Code _____ Phone _____ through 31 Dec 68)

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB, INC.
425 South 8th West
Salt Lake City, Utah 84104

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED



BOARD OF DIRECTORS

DALE GREEN, President	277-6417
GEORGE H SMITH, Vice President	484-9873
BARBARA BROWN, Secretary	355-9227
MAX TYLER, Treasurer	277-3865
GERRY POWELSON, Boating	1-756-3004
CAL GIDDINGS, Conservation and Trails	359-2588
CAROL WIENS, Entertainment and Recreation	487-2584
MILT HOLLANDER, Hiking	277-1416
PETE HOVINGH, Lodge	
JUNE VIAVANT, Membership	364-9684
DAVE ALLEN, Mountaineering	278-0230
PAT DOW, Publications	322-3807
ALEXIS KELNER, Publicity	359-5387
DENNIS CALDWELL, Ski Mountaineering	278-2100
ED COOK, Transportation	355-5522