



The Rambler

Official Publication of
THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB
Salt Lake City, Utah
September 1968

CLUB ACTIVITIES FOR SEPTEMBER 1968

Register for all activities at Club Headquarters, 363-7150

NOTE: Children are welcome on hikes rated 5.0 and under

- Sept 5
Thurs EVENING CLIMBING AND HIKING AT STORM MT. -- Advanced seminar at Gate Rocks. As usual (with the weather's cooperation), we shall regroup at dusk at Storm Mt. for refreshments.
- Sept 7
Sat. MOONLIGHT HIKE UP MT. TIMPANOGOS -- This hike has been scheduled twice before this season, but not in the moonlight. The 12.0 rating for this hike should be modified downward since the use of gentler grade has been made available. However, the hike is still fairly long; you would do well to bring along warm clothing, a hot beverage, water, and food for several meals (lunches?). The moonlight exposure at the higher elevations should be exceptional. Meet at 5:30 p.m. at the Pioneer Monument, Point of the Mountain. Register by 5:30 p.m. Friday, September 6. Leader: Dick Bell (254-4555)
- Sept 8
Sun. LONE PEAK VIA CORNER CANYON -- Rating, 11.5; elevation, 11,250 ft. This is a long but not difficult hike for the conditioned hiker into the impressive Lone Peak cirque. Some bushwhacking may be necessary in the lower elevations. The last 300 or 400 feet to the summit is more precipitous. Bring food, water, and warm clothing. Lone Peak is notable for its changeable weather, so a poncho or some other shield against rain or snow could prove worth packing. Meet at the N. E. corner of 33rd South and State Street (Prudential Federal parking lot) at 6:00 a.m. Register by 5:30 p.m. Saturday, September 7. Leader: Dick Leining (364-8982)
- Sept 12
Thurs EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MT. -- This will be our last session at Storm Mt. With shorter days, we'll return to Pete's Rock. You nonclimbers are welcome to come for socializing and refreshments.
- Sept 12 - 15
Thurs - Sun. CATARACT CANYON -- Advanced river trip. We'll leave the iceplant Wednesday, September 11, at 7:00 p.m. sharp! We'll start the trip on the Colorado at Moab Thursday morning, getting off at Hite Marina on Lake Powell. Because of the breakdown of the bus, the cost is pending at this time. Call leader Jerry Powelson (1-756-3004) for further details.
- Sept 14
Sat. CARDIFF FORK FROM ALTA -- An easy, intermediate hike starting at the Alta parking lot, going over Cardiff Pass into Mill D. Evidence of the effects of mining are plainly visible along this route. Bring lunch and water. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 a.m. Register by 5:30 p.m. Friday, September 13. Leader: Frank Steinhardt (277-4756)

Sept 14 - 22
Sat. - Sun.

HIKING AND CLIMBING TRIP TO THE
NORTH CASCADES -- Call Dave Allen, leader, for
complete details (278-0230).

Sept 14, 15
Sat., Sun.

LODGE WORK PARTY -- This party will consist of a
massive clean-up campaign. Some of the summer's work projects
will be completed, such as the painting of the roof, the
paneling of the men's dormitory, and the chinking of the logs.
Lunch, pop, and beer will be furnished, along with a night's
lodging. Breakfast will be furnished for a mere dollar (all
you can eat) by registering at club headquarters by 5:30 p.m.
Friday, September 13.

Sept 15
Sun.

DEVIL'S CASTLE -- Rating: 3.5. A picturesque, easy,
intermediate hike starting from Albion Basin. While admiring
the view along the way, one might observe how well developed
one of the valley's popular recreational areas has become.
Register by 5:30 p.m. Saturday, September 14. Meet at the
mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 a.m. Leader: Boone
Newson (277-5783)

Sept 19
Thurs

CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK -- Come to climb,
socialize, and watch others climbing.

Sept 21
Sat.

BOX ELDER PEAK -- Elevation, 11,101; rating, 9.0.
This is an intermediate hike which provides an excellent view
of Lone Peak and Timp from its summit, as it lies between them.
The fall colors should be ready to burst on this the last day
of summer. Fortunately, the aspens don't conform rigidly to
our calendar. Meet at the Pioneer Monument, Point of the
Mountain, on Highway 89, at 6:00 a.m. Bring lunch and water.
Register by 5:30 p.m. Friday, September 20. Leader: Dick
Bell(254-4555)

Sept 21
Sat.

WESTERN PARTY -- The Mel Davises and Barry Quinns will
host this lively evening at the lodge. Come and win your
fortune at the gambling tables. DO NOT BYOL. DO COME IN
WESTERN ATTIRE. Snacks will be served. Please register by
6:00 p.m. Friday, September 20. \$1.50 per member plus drinks.
\$2.00 for nonmembers. 8:00 will be the starting time.

Sept 22
Sun.

LAKE BLANCHE -- Rating: 5.0. This is an easy
intermediate hike. For those not familiar with Lake Blanche,
it is located below the north face of Sundial, whose silhouette
appears on the WMC emblem. More challenging vistas are plenti-
ful above the lake. The lake, however, is the planned destina-
tion unless someone acquainted with the higher elevations offers
to lead from there. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood
Canyon at 8:00 a.m. Carry water and lunch. Register by 5:30 p.m.
Saturday, September 21. Leader: Gerhard Hentschel (355-1667)

Sept 26
Thurs

CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK -- Come for another
session of climbing on the rock and socializing. Afterwards,
perhaps meet at the Hacienda?

Sept 28
Sat.

M T. RAYMOND VIA BUTLER -- Elevation, 10,241; rating, 8.5. This hike starts at Butler Fork in Big Cottonwood Canyon, then continues past Hidden Falls to Mt. Raymond. For the past several years, John and Helen Mildon have hosted hikers at their cabin in Millcreek Canyon at the end of this hike. To once again enjoy the Mildon's hospitality, hikers should register at headquarters by noon Friday, September 27. Bring food, water, and warm clothing. Leaders: Dan and Barbara Lovejoy (278-1002)

Sept 28, 29
Sat., Sun.

Z I O N N A R R O W S -- It's time again for our yearly trek through the Narrows, a WMC Classic. Starting in an unimposing meadow 18 miles from Zion Park, one may treat himself to the extraordinary effect of following the Virgin River's creative course through the sandstone climaxed by 1000-foot cliffs in places only a few dozen feet apart.

Most of the group will take 2 days, camping Saturday night in a safe section of the narrows. Bring a pack, food, and camping gear, along with a pair of boots suitable for water-logging. There will also be a contingent going through in 1 day. The buss fee will be \$12 and full (or partial) payment by check must be received at club headquarters by 5:30 p.m. Tuesday, September 24 (and last day for registration). Partially paid members will pay the remainder upon boarding the bus. Call Dennis Caldwell (278-2100) if you have any questions. The bus will leave Friday, September 27, at 7:00 p.m. sharp from 5340 So. Cottonwood Lane. Ann McDonald has graciously agreed to let us park cars in the field adjoining her house a short way down the lane on 5340 So., just off Cottonwood Lane.

Sept 29
Sun.

C A S C A D E M O U N T A I N -- This is the next peak south of Mt. Timpanogos, across Provo Canyon. An exploratory traverse of the peak is planned, beginning at Rock Canyon C G N. E. of Provo and ending in Bunnell's Fork above Vivian Park. Topographical maps and aerial photos indicate that the traverse is possible, but bring an extra sandwich and water. Elevation, 10,908; estimated rating, 11.5. Meet at 5:00 a.m. at the Prudential Federal parking lot (N. E. corner of State Street and 33rd South). Car shuttling will be necessary, so please register at headquarters or with leader Harold Hafterson (Orem, 225-6929) by 5:30 p.m. Saturday, September 28.

Oct 3
Thurs

C L I M B I N G A T P E T E ' S R O C K

Oct 5, 6
Sat., Sun.

S I L V E R T O N - N A R R O W G A U G E R A I L R O A D -- 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, as it inches along the roadbed above the river. We could either go in private cars or take the bus. Durango has campgrounds as well as motels and charmingly restored hotels. We could leave the train at Silverton if cars,

Oct 5, 6 - Cont or the bus, could be shuttled there. The trip home from there is 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. To set up the trip, we need to know the wishes of those interested. Call Carl Bauer (355-6036) or Helen Bander (295-3200) and express your ideas.

Oct 5, 6 LODGE WOOD - GATHERING PARTY -- The annual
Sat., Sun. 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 13 SUNDAY BRUNCH AT THE LODGE

Oct 26 HAPPY HIPPIY HALLOWEEN HAPPENING



COVER PHOTO: Pat King took this masterful shot of the rugged Pfeifferhorn

RAMBLINGS -- Dale Green

Have you ever been a member of a cooperative club?.....

Do you understand how a cooperative club functions?.....

Are you willing to participate in regular club work trips?.....

Are you willing to serve on a work detail while on club outings?.....

Would you serve as a leader on trips and outings?.....

Why are you interested in becoming a member of the Wasatch Mountain Club?..

The above questions were copied verbatim from an application for membership used in the earlier years of the club. Several people advocate that we go back to it. These people are former and present members who have been on the Board responsible for getting the members to share the work of making our club function. We are definitely still a cooperative club, but after 10 years on the board, it seems to me that a much larger percentage of our members are failing to "cooperate." I say this because the number of people doing the work hasn't increased materially although our membership has increased

four fold. We seem to get four times as many out for the activities, however.

The problem isn't new; in fact, it's as old as the club. It's the origin of the above questions, I'm sure. When I first joined the club, certain individuals were trying to solve it by writing nasty letters to the Rambler, trying to shame people into participating. As I recall, the results were distinctly negative; i.e., two men, a woman, and two children showed up for the next log-gathering party. Others advocate raising the dues, although it has never been clear to me just how this solves the problem. What we need are warm, willing bodies, not money.

I'll admit that some of the work that we do is distasteful. However, it is twice as distasteful to the member who has to do your share of the work. Actually, these work parties are a lot of fun, no matter what the work is if we get a good turnout. No club can function without the willing support of its members.

Brighton Ridge Run

by Karl Anderson

Eight hikers left the lodge at 8:45 a.m., the 28th of July, to do a ridge hike and make the summit of seven peaks that border the three lakes south of the lodge. Adjacent to the lodge's back door, half of the party halted while Dale Green went back for his tam (a kind of beret). The hike then proceeded smoothly until a short cut had us maneuvering to keep out of some very wet ground. At the first sign of litter, June Viavant pulled out two plastic bags. They were to become full.

After the wet marshes, the trail went up through the cool, wooded area north of hill 10315, where we were joined by Al Wickham. Conversation was light but sometimes menacing when we passed over the ruts in the trails left by the trail bikes.

At the pass before the first peak we stopped and took in the view to the south. Further up the trail we came to the ruins of a burned hut, had a discussion about who the probable culprits were, and continued to the top of the first peak. A short stop there and then it was downhill and then up again to the next peak: hill 10321. The group then went directly to Pioneer Peak but without two of the ladies - Louise Hollander who was suffering from results of new boots, and Michael Ann McCarroll who had returned to the lodge. On the way we came to an interesting outcropping of copper ore. This caused most to stop to examine the find more closely. Harold refused to be tempted but kept his eyes open for patio decoration.

We found out that his findings would have required much toil and sweat to remove.

The hike up to Sunset Peak was steep and hot. On the south side we settled down next to a small patch of snow for lunch. This made Sandy happy since she had evidently been wondering if this crew planned on eating. The snow field offered a good place to cool the water in the canteens and also the canned fruit that Dale and Harold were packing. June's dog found that it made a good resting place after the hot trail up. Starting again was slow because of a small flower that needed indentifying and to Harold's day-dreaming about Europe.

Whereas the route to the top of Sunset was direct, this writer led a lost spiral route. Al Wickham, who knew the right way, had reached the top before us. At this point we were able to see the remaining three peaks and again admire the view which was interrupted by the amplified noise of three trail bikes down by Lake Catherine.

The route down to Catherine Pass went first to the left of the ridge and then to the right, where the brush became too thick. A small bit of rock climbing got us on the trail to the saddle. Next, a very small hump and then the pass came quickly. Harold and Dale made their exit at this point, where June's son with a number of friends arrived from the Albion Basin direction.

The route up to Mt. Tuscarora was rocky and virtually trailless, but attended by the remaining five. The short hop to Mt. Wolverine was about the same. Before the top we

stashed a large piece of plastic which someone had left rigged for a shelter. It looked like it would have to be used since storm clouds were forming to the west.

We signed the register at Mt. Wolverine and made haste to the base of Mt. Millicent. Since the clouds seemed to be going away from us, we decided to hurry to the top. A short stop and then we were going down for the last time. The long boulder field finally gave out and we were in the trail area being bothered a great deal by the mos-

quitos. We arrived back at the lodge in time for the clouds to finally open up and unleash some very large rain drops.

For me, the ups and downs of the ridge run were enjoyable: just enough to try the uphill blisters while giving the downhill ones a rest.

Hikers were leader June Viavant, Michael Ann McCarroll, Sandy Westrom, Elmer Boyd, Harold Goodro, Louise Hollander, Al Wickham, Dale Green, and Karl Anderson.



SNAKE RIVER FAMILY TRIP

by Ilene Thompson

On Saturday, June 15, at 9:15 a.m. 12 adults and nine children set out for a fun-filled trip down the Snake River. By 9:35, we had reached the Snake River Access at Pacific Creek after spending the night at Colter Bay Campground. Before we could get underway, the three boats Skull, Growler, and Upset had to be pumped up and cars had to be driven into Moose to await our arrival.

At 11:30 we were on our way down the river with blue sky and white clouds overhead. The river was high and running at a fairly fast rate. While not having any rapids, the river did have cross currents taking skill and strength in maneuvering the boat. Before leaving, we were instructed that the lunch stop would be on the left side of the river.

At 1 p.m. we docked on the right side of the river for lunch and a quiet (?) rest with the ear-shattering voice of Stu Harvey yelling "Boys, upstream; girls downstream!" Camera

bugs came to life when a moose was spotted across the stream.

After lunch, most of the excitement began. Diane Ohlsen fell out of Growler and into a swamp when hit broadside by Skull. Not long afterwards, Jack Harris was thrown into the river when pushing Upset away from the shore. The 40° water was so cold that Jack wasn't able to get a breath until he was back in the boat. By 6 p.m. we had reached Moose with everyone happy and contented despite the sunburns and fatigue. The day ended at Colter Bay with everyone gathered around a campfire.

Members of the Growler crew were:

*Bill & Ruth Ohlsen, Patty, Lynne, & Diane Ohlsen, Susan Michelson, Jim Wilkerson, and Jim Wilkerson, Jr.

Members of the Skull crew were:

*Dean Withrow, Ann & Linda Withrow, A. D. Sellars, Sherry & Derrick Sellars, Mary & Jean Merrell.

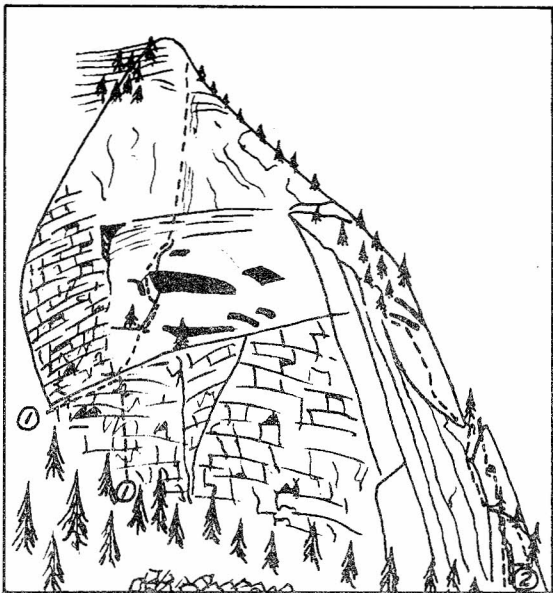
EAST BUTTRESS OF COALPIT GULCH

by Dave Allen

Very little climbing has been done on the south side of Little Cottonwood Canyon. One exception is the East Buttress of Coalpit Gulch; the "Pentapitch" route is repeated many times every year. The best approach starts from the small power house about 1 mile above the closure gate. Cross the bridge and go up the dirt road past the mouth of Coalpit to a sideroad which leads to the boulder cone, at the base of the buttress. One note of caution—the property is privately owned and posted. While the owners have not objected to discrete passage in the past, this could change.

1. Direct North Face; III F7 A2

First ascent by George Lowe and Mark McQuarrie in 1965. This route ascends the buttress due north of of the point (or summit), thereby passing the band of roofs on the left. Easy climbing (F4) with some routefinding reaches the prominent horizontal crack and ledge band that crosses the face (or, scramble up the east couloir until it is possible to scramble west on this ledge). Climb 150 feet up to a large ledge. From a comfortable belay in this ledge, traverse right around the corner and ascend the left edge of the slab (a dihedral) below the overhang to a vertical crack leading to the right side of the small coffin-shaped overhang above. Nail the crack right of this overhang up and over the lip of the larger overhang. Climb up and slightly west to the crack system splitting the slabs above. This crack system (F6 easing to F5) is followed for four or five leads until it is possible to scramble to the summit.



North Face of East Buttress of Coalpit Gulch

Descend by scrambling down the ridge to the top of Pentapitch, then rappelling Pentapitch (150-foot rappels).

2. Pentapitch II F6 A1

First ascent by Rick Reese, Dick Ream, and Lloyd Arneson on August 17, 1963. Pentapitch goes up the slabs on the north west corner of the buttress. Except for the last few feet, the rock is excellent. The difficulty is continuous, making it an excellent climb in its class. While a number of variations on the first two leads are possible, only two are given.

The climbing starts in a dihedral about 50 feet east of the

corner of the buttress. About 80 feet up, the dihedral flattens out; climb cracks and flakes on the left (an old rusty leeper is solidly in place) up to a large ledge (F6). A variation on this lead starting 50 feet out consists of traversing right for 20 feet to a large fir, then doing a high angle bushwhack up and left to the belay ledge (F5). From the fir on the belay ledge, climb up until it is possible to step right into a second crack (at the dead snag). Climb this crack, pass the overhang on the left, and climb up to the large dead snag (F6). A variation consists of traversing left from the belay to a dihedral--this and the cracks above are followed to the large ledge (long, 150-foot F6 lead). Scramble to the

base of the slab. The upper face is climbed via a crack that splits the face up to the overhang. This 200-foot section has three belay possibilities as noted. Scramble 30 feet up to the ledge, then climb flakes and a jam 30 feet up and left to a small bush (F5, belay). Traverse right five feet, and nail up 25 feet to a narrow ledge (A1, belay). Climb the crack up to the bush below the overhang (F7 or A1), then traverse left over the loose flakes (F6) to a small fir and the end of the climb.

Descend by rappelling 150 feet, then either by rappelling the lower two pitches or by down-climbing the gully to the west (loose rock in upper section, F3).



GRAND TETON

by John Riley

The 1968 WMC assault on the Grant Teton via the Exum route took place on the weekend of July 6-7.

Assembly began on Friday when three groups left Salt Lake City at various times to meet Saturday at Jenny Lake Ranger Station. Two of the parties enjoyed a substantial breakfast at the Highland. After breakfast, the entire group of 11 people assembled at the Ranger Station and were eventually signed out. Ten people planned to go to the summit, the 11th only to the saddle.

The party took off from Lupine Meadows at 10:30. Well-wishers on hand to see us off included Dail and Noreen Ogden and Boone Newson's family.

The saddle was reached about 6 p.m. The weather looked somewhat threatening and several people without tents were relieved when Ranger Ted Wilson, who had joined us soon after we reached the saddle, opened the Exum Hut and invited the group to the shelter within if the weather turned bad. Ted planned to go to the summit to replace the C. & G. Survey marker which had disappeared.

Ted Wilson wanted to leave for the summit at 2:30 a.m. as opposed to Leader Gary Larson's plan of starting at 5:00 a.m. Because of the threatening weather, it was agreed that Ted and Gary would confer at the earlier time on the weather conditions and whether Ted would accompany us at the later time or we would go with him earlier.

Sometime in the middle of the night two men, reportedly Swiss visitors, arrived in camp. At 2:30, the weather had cleared and looked good for the ascent. The Swiss left with Ted Wilson, and the rest of us slept on until 4:00 a.m., when Gary aroused everyone, not too gently.

The ascent started off at 5 o'clock as scheduled. Still dark, but the sky was clear and the weather mild. The first snow field was encountered before Wall Street, and the party roped up.

It seemed we used the ropes most of the morning as there were many snow-filled chutes to cross or ascend. We negotiated the friction pitch and reached the summit about 10:30.

The scenery briefly glimpsed during the ascent had been spectacular, but the summit was breathtaking in its grandeur as the world stretched below us in all directions.

The register was signed, a brief lunch eaten, then the call to get on with the business of the descent.

We approached a long rappel with some trepidation, but everyone successfully negotiated it and we were practically down.

Back on the saddle once again and the wineskin brought for the occasion was passed around in celebration. There were two strange climbers on the saddle when we returned. It seems that they had reached the 120-foot

rappel to the Upper Saddle about 8-9 o'clock on Saturday. One of the men started down only to find that his rope was not long enough to reach the bottom. He spent the night at the end of the rope while his partner kept vigil above. When Ted Wilson and his companions reached the summit on Sunday morning, they heard a call from the man on top and hurried down to lend assistance. A longer rope was lowered, the man transferred over, and made it to the ledge. Ted informed us later that he had not placed the marker and would have to return to finish his job.

Duffle bags were packed, snacks eaten, and the party took off for the valley. We were delayed at the steep high snowfield just under the saddle because several members of the party did not have ice axes. However, all finally negotiated the snowfields and the last of the party-me-arrived at Lupine Meadows about 7:30 Sunday evening. Some sort of a medal is due to Phyllis and Dick Snyder who back-tracked a way to help the stragglers.

The able leader of the climb was Gary Larsen. Climbers to the summit were: Phyllis Snyder, Dick Snyder, Bob Wright, Charles Brooks (a friend of Bob Wright from Phoenix) Mike King, Boone Newson, Dick Bell, Sarah Weller, and John Riley. Oscar Robinson hiked to the saddle and back with us.

GATES OF LODORE - SPLIT MOUNTAIN
TRIP July 27-28, 1968

by Tricia Swift

"Some people have trouble; some borrow trouble; but only we rent trouble."

So said Roy Keir at Current Creek three hours after we left Salt Lake City. The cause? We 30 Lodore trippers were stranded when our Lewis Brothers stage, substituting for the Wasatch Cannonball, broke down so irrevocably that Lewis Brothers had to send out a new bus. But the cafe was warm and had plenty of good food and drink and the Mountain Clubbers along were inured to bus trouble. Much to our driver Mitty's surprise, we happily made ourselves at home in the cafe while the trouble was inspected, and the decision made to call for a new bus. Then between midnight and 3 a.m. we curled up with blankets and pillows on the bus for a little shut-eye. Some hardies followed Sarah Weller's example and stretched out on the ground.

There was only a muffled cheer when the new bus rolled in and all gear and bodies had to be transferred. Then we were off again. For many who managed to sleep soundly, a stop at Vernal to pick up Al Matthews (who had driven the truck and gear ahead to Brown's Park) was only hearsay, and the next vision was the rolling grassy country as we came into Brown's Park at 8:30 a.m.

Phyllis Snyder's breakfast crew turned out stacks of pancakes while the stalwarts pumped and packed boats. All the while Mitty stood by, still bewildered by the general abundance of good cheer. At Gerry Powelson's urging, he joined

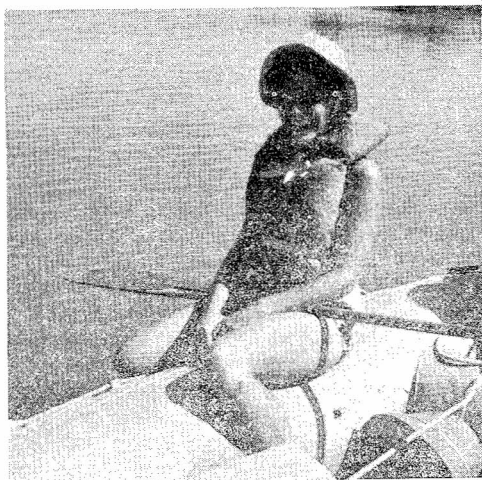
us for breakfast and promptly declared his desire to join the Club.

Ten a.m. found us at last paddling down the depths of the Gates of Lodore to the strains of Ann Collin's and Gerry Powelson's "Viking Song," full of confidence and expectation of an exciting and beautiful day.

We were not disappointed. After a few little rapids we came to Disaster Falls, which, we discovered, was aptly named. In fact we had much the same experience there as did Powell's 1869 expedition. We scouted the rapids, exchanged a few words that later proved to be of the "famous last" variety, and decided that they'd provide a good ride. Al Matthews, being the official movie taker on this trip, went first, anticipating that he'd be able to land and shoot as the rest of us went by.

Al's boat went around the bend, and after a few minutes Gerry Powelson's boat set out, prepared to give Al a good show. All was fine--there were two from Al's boat sitting on the rocks in the left side of the river taking pictures (or so we thought). Then WHAM! BANG! We went into a very deep hole, the current sweeping the stern around so we were broadside to the back wave. The stern struck with force and the two paddlers on the stern, Tricia Swift and Roy Keir, were washed overboard. In seconds, however, both were returned to the boat as it spun down through middle Disaster in a semi-out-of-control

fashion. But then--what was that ahead of us? A boat thoroughly out of control, with only two in it, and a life jacket holding up one black-haired head, all careening down through lower Disaster. Gerry cracked the whip and we all bent to the task of catching the last of them. Fortunately, there was a quiet pool below all the Disasters, where Al and Sally Nelson were able to beach Big Drop and where Gerry's boat soon caught up. As Gerry beached, Al was already giving a hand to a thoroughly exhausted Karen Hancock, who had gone through $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of cold, rocky rapids in her life jacket. Though shaken and cold, Karen recovered her smile and color in jig time -- more power to her!!!



by Jerry Powelson

Just wear a smile and...

The story was soon clear: Al's boat also went into the hole, and the entire crew was washed overboard. Al was first to get back into his boat, and he was able to pull Sally Nelson in, but not before Sally had scraped her knee and hand over the

rocks. John Wallace and Norma Richardson had landed on rocks where Gerry's boat had seen them, and they stayed there until they saw every other boat go into the hole and lose at least one person. Captains overboard: Dick Snyder, John MacDuff; others: Evelyn Brunsenger and Bob Frohboese. Seeing no one stop for them, John and Norma jumped back into the drink and swam from their perches to shore.

All regrouped on the bank where Al and Gerry had landed for bailing recuperation, lunch, and boat repairs to Big Drop. Powell notes that after Disaster, he portaged the big rapids in lodore. None of that for Powelson's 1968 Expedition.

It was, however, a somewhat more sober and cautious group that set off after lunch to run Harp, Triplet Falls, and Hell's Half Mile. Harp afforded us a glorious rock-free ride. Triplet was made more exciting when Gary Holtmeyer's and Al Matthew's boats went through a 10' wide chute between two rocks instead of through the wider place they'd aimed for. (Gary's went backwards, no less!)

To hear the Veterans talk, one would think that Hell's Half Mile was a disappointment. Or perhaps it was that after our experience at Disaster everything seemed wild!

At 6 p.m., when we were still several miles from Echo Park and not far from exhaustion, we ditched hopes to reach Jones Hole for camp. Instead, we found a fine sandy beach, delightfully unimproved and after Dick Snyder, John MacDuff, and Stu Harvey had swum the little rapids just upstream, proceeded with the happy hour -- a very happy hour (kudos to Gary and Roy for Mai-Tai's). In fact, some were so happy by the hour that dinner was forgone. Others, however,



by Tricia Swift

Morning always comes early on the river

enjoyed traditional first-night-out steaks. A scorpion was spotted in the sand before night-fall, but the idea of meeting with another one didn't dampen the revelry or lighten sleep. How sweet it was to stretch out!

Sunday morning, MacDuff was kind enough to wait until there was some movement in camp to let out his revelry yell, and then it didn't take long to breakfast and embark. We paddled steadily, some nourishing the hope that we'd have enough time at Jones Hole to walk up the canyon to see the pictographs, but no luck. We lunched at Jones Hole and made like trout in the clear stream from the canyon, but then had to push off in order to be sure of taking out and getting home at a reasonable hour.

We continued to paddle steadily--throughout Island Park, which produced some complaints of boredom and reluctant muscles. All was not tedium, however, for there were several water fights. MacDuff and

another male member of his crew manned a boarding party against Phil Nelson's boat, and managed to "persuade" him overboard.

To cure Barbie Quinn's boredom, Gary Holtmeyer threw her overboard, whereupon she threatened to lose her pants. Now that cured a whole lot of boredom for awhile!

In the back eddy by Moonshine Rapids we paused for a breather and energy food in preparation for Split Mountain. That is, some paused. Dick Snyder and MacDuff ran upstream and proceeded to swim Moonshine. They were soon followed by Charley Swift, Phil Nelson, Bob Frohboese, Roy Keir, and Barbie Quinn.

All too soon we came around the final bend and saw Mitty and our "stage" waiting for us. We beached at approximately 4 p.m. and were all loaded into the truck and bus in record time. Appropriately sunburned and hungry, we headed off to Vernal for dinner. There being 30 of us and limited accommodations in Vernal, we unfortunately had to split up for the feast. Nevertheless, all returned to the bus in the same condition: well-fed and sleepy. Mitty closed the doors at 8:30, coaxed the bus to better-not-think-what speeds to get us back to the iceplant shortly after midnight. Thanks again to a total effort, coordinated by our commander, Gerry Powelson, the truck was unloaded in the incredible time of 20 minutes. Being down to the dregs of the trip, we had to call it a weekend and head home, there to look forward to the next trip: Cataract.

A sentiment heard frequently and expressed most loudly, especially by Desolation veterans was that there be communal cooking on all boat trips regardless of how short they might be.

Many thanks to Al Matthews for driving the truck out to Browns Park, and to Loyd McMahon for driving it back to Salt Lake City.

Lodore Trippers: Gerry Powellson, Fred & Evelyn Bruenger, Ann Collins, Sarah Weller, Charlie & Tricia Swift, Al Mathews, Norma Richardson, Neal & Marla Natoli, Dick & Phyllis Snyder, Phil & Sally Nelson, Bob & Karil Frohboese, John MacDuff, Stu & Eunice Harvey, John Wallace, Gary Holtmeyer, Roy Keir, Barbie Quinn, George & Linda Rathbun, Gene & Dorte Woodruff, Loyd

WMC in the AUSTRIAN AIPS

München May, 1968

by Ann Dick

In early May, six Club members (Chaunce & Em Hall, Ric & Dori Bradley, Gale & Ann Dick) joined forces for a ski tour in the Stubai Alps near Innsbruck. In addition to a great tour, we got some insight information on the cult of touring "as she is done" hereabouts.

It's an enormously popular sport. Guide books and detailed maps are available for a huge variety of tours ranging from easy to expert, from 1- or 2-day trips to the famous 14-day Haube Roubé. The huts, which are to be found in profusion all over the Alps-some perched in very precarious places-are really simple hotels, providing beds of a sort, good meals and cold beer after a hot day on the glaciers. There were between 50 and 70 skiers at each of the huts we visited, each reached by 1 or 2 hour's climbing and supplied by freight lifts. It's interesting to note that the majority of the hut guests were, we guessed, 45 or older.

One gets up at 4:30 or 5, chokes down as much dry brown bread and jam as feasible, buckles on skis, and starts the long slog up toward the day's peak. Perhaps 40 people did the Zackerhüttl the day we did-and the walk was dotted with what Em called fences, groups marching in close step up the switch-backs and across the glacier. A fixed rope helped secure the way over a rocky pitch, though the "Lawinenhund" bounding up and down checking on us added considerably to the hazards. A bit of chocolate on the ridge and then on to the summit where we sat with our feet dangling into an Italian abyss. The dolomites were distantly visible as row upon row of glacier-covered peaks. Cameras clicked and we shook hands all around. (N.B. Above timberline it is permissible, we found, to use the "du" familiar form even to strangers). Still no lunch. It's customary to descend to the hut for a hot lunch, but WMC stomachs not being used to this schedule, we settled down to bread, cheese and oranges in defiance of custom. Since we weren't attired in the uniform blue knickers, red socks and red sweater, we were out of the pale anyway. Some of us didn't even have proper touring bindings, and it was pointed out to the offender that it's impossible to tour in downhill bindings-this while resting on the summit after a 5-hour climb!

It was generally agreed that the snow quality was class II on the well-known 1-10 scale. I never did so many kick-turns in my life. Some people took off their skis and walked down. The cold beer tasted great and we lolled in the sun, took pictures, napped and read until supper. More energetic types were practicing rock climbing, and rappels with lots of

shouting and yodeling. We ordered the full dinner, a fairly luxurious and filling meal, but many people bought a plate of soup and supplemented it with bread, cheese and sausage out of their knapsacks. We were waited on by girls in dirndls - a different dirndle each evening! No one paid much attention to the odd group of Americans. In fact, aside from scolding us about the bindings, scarcely anyone spoke to us at all. On the whole, not very "genuinlich."

Next day we did a short tour in bad weather and worse snow. Our numbers were much reduced due to a mysterious malady which laid four of our group low for a couple of days. The last day was a long one. An intermediary hut being closed, we did the 25-km trip to the final hut in one day, ascending two passes and 6,000 meters total enroute. The final 3-hour slog almost finished me off, in spite of the inspiration furnished by magnificent glaciers and peaks all around us. Again, we insisted to our guide (yes, blush, we hired a guide on the advice of Austrian friends worried about crevasses and bad weather), that a lunch stop was

imperative. He seemed quite taken by this novel idea, but allowed it would never take hold among the old timers.

The snow softened enough to allow the possibility of turning, but by then my legs were like spaghetti-back to kick turns. The long descent took us past a huge ice fall still holding the bodies of three guides killed by falling ice while training ten years before, in and out of crevassy-looking spots, down a couple of magnificent bowls, and finally out a long valley with willows fast budding out and chamois grazing on the hillsides. We stumbled into the hut quite exhausted and feeling like heroes, but no one asked us where we'd been or even said "Grüss Gott".

We agreed that though the Alps are beautiful, the huts comfortable, and the tours of endless variety, we all prefer the anarchy of the WMC tours, the lunch on the windy ridge, breaking one's own track down White Pine, startling a snow-shoe rabbit in Gad Valley, and the Major Evans route quite innocent of "fences" marching in step up that last steep slope.

LAKE SOLITUDE July 20, 1968

by Dale Green

Thirty-seven men, women, and children and two dogs assembled at the Brighton store for one of the more pleasant walks in Brighton. To keep track of the crowd, George Smith led the group while I stayed about two-thirds of the way back. However, before we got everybody across the plank over Silver Lake's outlet, two impatient teenage boys took off for heaven knows where and weren't seen until 2 p.m. two hours

after everyone else got back. The comments I could make about this are so obvious that I don't have to repeat them here. After waiting ten minutes at Twin Lakes for some stragglers who apparently got lost, we headed for the pass and down the road to Lake Solitude. The kids caught salamanders and frogs (toads?) while the rest of us ate lunch and talked. Someone mentioned that there were no less than four librarians on the trip, and they felt this was a record. A nice, level walk through a pine forest brought us back to the cars.

WMC RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. The Wasatch Mountain Club is not responsible for accidents or loss of personal belongings.
2. No person shall be permitted to carry or use firearms.
3. All persons will refrain from needless destruction of plant and animal life.
4. No short-cutting on trails is allowed.
5. The trip leader is in full charge and all persons will be governed by his decisions.
6. No person shall be allowed to participate in a trip if, in the opinion of the leader, he is not qualified and adequately equipped to successfully complete the trip.
7. Camps and trails must be left in the same or better condition than found. All nonburnable trash (cans, glass, foil, etc.) must be carried back out.
8. Unless stated otherwise in the announcement for the function, all trip participants must register either at club headquarters or with the trip leader.
9. Obnoxious indulgence in alcoholic beverages will not be tolerated in connection with club functions.

LODGE REGULATIONS

1. Respect club property at all times.
2. Fires built must not be left unattended.
3. Positively no smoking in the upstairs dormitories.
4. Sleeping downstairs is not permitted.
5. The lodge, when unoccupied, must be kept locked. This applies to lodge weekends, when all members may be away for certain periods of time.
6. Liquor is allowed only on designated occasions.
7. Before leaving, review checkout list posted on the bulletin board near the kitchen.

REGULARLY SCHEDULED LODGE FUNCTIONS

1. Persons attending regularly scheduled lodge functions shall register by telephone at club headquarters, 363-7150, or with the leader.
2. Leaders shall obtain keys from the lodge director or a designated person and return them within two days after the lodge activity.

LODGE FEES

The charge for using the lodge per day with all facilities shall be \$4 minimum or \$0.50 per person, whichever is greater. Nonmember guest fee shall be \$1.25 per person or \$30, whichever is greater, for overnight. (See the lodge director if you wish to work instead of paying the fee.)

NONMEMBER LODGE RENTAL

The lodge is available many times during the year for rental to approved non-member groups at reasonable rates. Contact the lodge director for details.

CHILDREN

1. Children are allowed at the lodge during the day and for dinner at regularly scheduled wood gathering and work parties.
2. Children are not allowed in the lodge on the evening of, or overnight on, a regularly scheduled club function unless permission is expressly given in the announcement for that function.
3. Children are generally allowed on shorter local hikes (unless otherwise stated in the Rambler), but only if parents are both willing and able to take full responsibility for them and can assure that the children will not interfere with the pleasure of adult members. On longer hikes, such as Twin Peaks, Lone Peak, etc., and on trips requiring overnight camping or long automobile rides, permission must always be obtained in advance from the leader. The leader should grant permission only if he is certain parents will assume full responsibility and children will not interfere with the pleasure of adult members.
4. On occasions not covered by the above; such as when the lodge is open informally, the board or leader shall announce whether or not children may attend.

CLUB HEADQUARTERS TELEPHONE

The club maintains a telephone at O'Dell's Shoe Repair Shop, 425 South 8th West. Life member "Pete" (O'Dell) Peterson and his wife "Pinky" (Edith) have volunteered to answer the phone to handle trip registrations and inquiries about the club. You may call Monday through Saturday, except Wednesdays after 1 p. m., 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. You are encouraged to use the phone for club business but please consider the following:

1. Pete and Pinky make their living repairing shoes, not answering the telephone. Please make up your mind whether or not you are going on a trip, then call and register. Don't call and talk for half an hour trying to decide.
2. Pete and Pinky generally do not know any more about a trip than the writeup in the Rambler. If you need more information, call the TRIP LEADER.
3. Club policies and regulations are established by the Board of Directors. It is useless and senseless to call headquarters and argue about bringing guests or children on an event if the Rambler said no. Complain to the Board of Directors.

HIKING DOWN TO MT. OLYMPUS

by Chuck Mays

The group, led by John MacDuff, started up Neff's Canyon about 7:20 a.m. on Saturday, June 22, 1968. Rebecca Price and Barbara Heath enjoyed the beauty of the trail, while the rest of the party pressed up the Boy Scout-laden trail, until they reached a small log cabin. At this point, the three ridge runners, to be described later, forged ahead, while John MacDuff, Max Tyler, and John Roos (sp?), with his wife Nada, son Jim and daughter Jody, followed at a more sensible pace. We adults were much impressed with the stamina and hiking skill of young Jim and Jody.

Unfortunately, the ridge runners had turned south too soon and had to bushwhack several ravines to the east to regain Neff's Canyon proper. The Roos family turned back about half way up a ridge, while MacDuff and Tyler climbed to the crest of "no-name" peak (11 a.m.), from which they looked down upon the lowly Mt. Olympus. They returned down a rock slab, rejoining the Roos family on the trail and reaching their cars about 1:15 p.m.

Now for the ridge runners. There were two expert climbers (Dick Bell and John Riley) and an amateur (Chuck Mays). From the head of Neff's Canyon they leisurely picked their way up and down Wildcat Ridge, reaching the Mt. Olympus flag about 5 p.m. The last half of the ridge run was mainly rock scrambling—not difficult, but time consuming. Plenty of water was available in the form of snow remnants on the north edge of the ridge, but most of the hiking was on rock, not snow. The snow was very slushy and provided insecure footing. Hiking over rock seemed much easier than the earlier hike (June 2) from Mt. Raymond to Olympus, which was mainly on snow.

Except for the smog-filled Salt Lake valley, the view was tremendous especially of the mountains to the south. Most enjoyable was the rock scrambling; least enjoyable, the dusty descent down the west face of Mt. Olympus into the hot afternoon sun. We reached Pete's Rock at 7:10 p.m. By staying in Neff's Canyon, we could have shortened the trip to 11 hours. It was a long hike—more a test of endurance than skill.

Note to the next hikers to Mt. Olympus: a new ledger book for the mailbox is needed and would be much appreciated.

SUNDIAL

by Dave Allen

The second scheduled climb of the year, and the first local one, and only two people show up. To a hike leader, this would be discouraging, but large parties are an anathema to climbers. It is still early when Hafty and I take off—cool and pleasant. We arrive at Lake Blanche, after

passing the now-normal assorted rubbish on the trail in quick enough time to justify a break. We glass the peak and decide that the corner between the north and west faces looks feasible. Closer inspection from the base bears this out.

would not have been that much harder than many of the moves on the traverse (hindsight) and above-sight)-maybe F7-but with lots of nice exposure. Most pins that we placed were sound- however, good cracks required some searching. Some nuts would have been useful because some of the cracks would take nuts better than pitons. The rock is sound quartzite for the most part-while some flakes expanded under piton placement, they were secure for climbing. Loose rock required care, but never constituted a hazard. In summary, it was a delightful climb.

After scrambling 100 feet up on the west side, we gain an open book that leads up to the corner. The first lead goes up the book, mostly on the left side, passing several small overhangs and bulges (F6) for a full 150 feet.

Above, the book is capped by an overhanging wall. However, face climbing left leads to the corner and a short chimney which exits above the wall. Now we see the problem - a four foot overhang capping the north face. It's Hafty's lead - he chickens out. If we are to do it, I must lead it. I chicken out. So, we traverse right. I climb a short overhanging wall, using a pin for aid (F6 AI) and get back onto the west face. From here, I traverse 150 feet (belay midway) to a large, easy chimney (F5). Clucking like a whole flock of happy chickens, I scramble up. Due to loose rock, I belay Hafty to a protective chockstone, then finish the climb on fun, moderate fifth class holds.

We scramble to the north summit and lunch, rationalizing our cowardice. In this case, the ridge

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COFFIN BUTTRESS

by Dave Allen

This is the first of the major buttresses on the north side of Little Cottonwood Canyon. The distinguished characteristic is the coffin-shaped overhang on the east side. Approach is via game trails.

1. The Great Chockstone: (Rating unknown)

First ascent by Larry Evans, Dick Ream, and Rich Ream, April 7, 1965. This route ascends the couloir (or large chimney) west of the buttress. Climb 100 feet up the chimney to a large chockstone and pass under it. Pass the next overhang on the left, and ascend the dihedral on the right (east). Climb the crack above to the end of the climb. Descend the gully west of the buttress.

2. Crescent Crack; I F 7

First ascent unknown. The major south face of the buttress has a prominent crack that soars gracefully from the lower left to the middle right side of the buttress. A number of variants are possible on the first lead; only one is described. Ascend the large chimney due south of the base of the base of Crescent Crack (F4) flakes above to a belay in some bushes. Ascend blocks to the right-slanting chimney, then up the chimney to a belay on a good stance 30 feet above the chimney. The upper lip of the F9 chimney has good handholds. Also a bolt has been placed on the right wall of the deep crack about 10 feet above the chimney section. Climb the crack (F6) to a down-sloping ramp, which is followed to a good ledge (belay). Traverse right on the ledge to an obvious

chimney, which is climbed to the end of the climb (F5) (also the start of the Coffin).

2.1 Variation; F8

Instead of descending the ramp, follow the Crescent Crack up to the corner of the face.

3. Bock Bulge: (Rating Unknown)

First ascent by Ted Wilson, Rick Reese, and Milt Hokanson, June 23, 1963. This route ascends the right side of the "Crescent Crack" face. Further details are unknown in sufficient detail to be reported here.

4. The Coffin; I F8 or I F5A2

First ascent by Ted Wilson and Jim Gully Thanksgiving day, 1963; First free ascent by George Lowe and Mark McQuarrie.

Climb (F8) or nail (A1) the 120 foot crack leading up to the right side of the Coffin, and belay in slings. Traverse left (F8 or A1) around the corner and follow the obvious cracks to the end of the climb (F8 or F5A2). An intermediate belay may be desired to reduce rope drag. Also the 120 foot crack takes primarily angles-3/4 to 1 1/2 inch mixed selection. The aid above requires a balanced selection of pins.

4.1 Variation, The Coffin; A2

From the belay in slings, traverse left and nail the only crack in the roof and the face above. An intermediate belay will allow free climbing above the roof.

EXPERIENCE CLIMBS -- SUNDIAL and PFEIFFERHORN

by Dave Allen

The Sundial has long been a favorite club climb. From Lake Blanche, the steep north and west faces join to form an impressive line shooting up to the summit ridge. This ridge was the target of our experience climb. Unfortunately, I chickened out near the top and traversed onto easier ground; however, both Hafty and I had an enjoyable outing.

Sundial, North-West Corner; II F6 First ascent unknown.

Hike around the east shore of Lake Blanche and up to the corner formed by the north and west faces. Fifty feet from the corner on the west face a prominent open book leads up to the corner. Scramble up to near the base of the corner (F3). Climb two pitches up the book; near the top, climb the left side to the ridge crest (F6) which is followed to a huge belay ledge. From this ledge ascend the north face for about 30 feet, then traverse up and west 20 feet around the corner, thereby bypassing the overhangs. Delicate face climbing on small holds up over a bulge leads to the ridge crest - beware of loose rock on the exit moves. This last lead may be F7, particularly if the route is lost.

Coward's Escape Variation

From the big ledge, climb up and west to the corner. A slightly overhanging stem may require aid (F7 or A1). Traverse right and ascend an obvious book (F6) (120 feet from ledge) or 40 feet further right to a large chimney (F4, loose rock).

West Face

Almost unlimited possibilities exist on the west face. Generally the climbing gets easier and the rock looser as you go south. The direct west face leads to the book in the variation above (F5) and the chimney (above) lower extension may also be climbed. Loose rock on ledges.

PFEIFFERHORN-North Ridge-Experience Climb

Eight climbers ascended this ridge on August 10 under threatening skies. The group decided to dash for the summit, and did so, ascending the ridge in four hours - a good time for a party this large. As we reached the summit, the clouds separated, allowing us such good things as basking in the sun, summit views, etc.

This climb is always an experience because it affords one the opportunity to climb on much loose rock. Once again, a party member demonstrated the value of a hard hat by deftly catching a 10 lb. rock with his head - no damage, fortunately. Also, the threatening weather forced decision making by all members on whether to press on - we did, accepting the risk of inclement weather and were rewarded. Party members included:

Dave Allen, Joe Broschinsky, Paul Horton, Steve MacDonald, Craig Olsen, John Riley, Marty Snyder, Ted Thatcher.

For Pfeifferhorn route descriptions, see the January, 1967, Rambler, pages 14-15.

GLISSADE OF THE CENTURY

-- Jack Keuffel

On June 23, a group of 14 club members and four guests set out to climb Twin Peaks. It wasn't long after starting up the trail that we could hear the roaring of the Broads Fork torrent. Everyone thought about the problem of getting across, which might have been quite difficult if it hadn't been for the fact that our leader, by some sixth sense, went on 100 yards above the usual crossing and found a nice new bridge. The trip up to the Twin-Peak-Dromedary-Sunrise-Peak cirque was pleasant and cool. When we emerged into the cirque, it was obvious that we were in for some interesting snow. The snow on the climb up to the saddle between Twin Peaks and Dromedary was soft enough for kicking footsteps but firm enough for good walking. Twin Peaks is a beautiful but long hike, spanning a wide variety of alpine scenery. When we got to the top we found it occupied by a convention of ladybugs. Why the ladybugs congregate there at this time was a mystery to us all. The scenery on top of Twin Peaks is especially good for its view into the valley as well as its sweep of the ridge from Lone Peak back to Baldy. After a leisurely lunch, we set out to

return, knowing that some interesting glissading was in store for us, and not knowing for sure just how much we would need to rely on the few ice axes in the party. However, the snow conditions turned out to be ideal, soft enough for easy control. We descended in a long series of easy glissades, which turned out, on looking at the map, to cover a vertical descent of over 1500 feet. Everyone got soaked and frozen, but soon thawed out "at the bottom," and it was great fun. Those members making the trip were Boone Newson (the leader), Jack Kueffel, John and Helen Mildon, Gerhardt Hentschel, John Podlesny, Ron Perla, Dick Merkle, Lois Mansfield, Charles and Tricia Swift (and Freia Swift, their dog), Harold Goodro, and Phyllis Snyder; guests were Jack Harpster, Ronn and Nancy Carpenter, and Jim Wixom.

Left behind on the peak was a very nice orange wind-breaker, which was carried down by the last party leaving the top. The owner may claim it from Ronn Carpenter, A329 University Village (322-0003). And Boone Newson reports finding a good pair of sunglasses along the trail on his return trip.

REYNOLD'S PEAK, May 18 by Mary Thomas

Ten club members went on the hike up past Dog Lake to Reynolds Peak. We hiked in snow most of the way, and as long as we had a good trail maker, it wasn't too hard walking. After enjoying the tremendous view from the peak and a rest, we started down. The sun had been shining on the way up, but it clouded up and began to snow lightly on our descent. We missed the trail

in the snow but followed the stream bed down Butler Fork. It was a pleasantly warm day, and we came down feeling as if we'd gotten some fresh air into our lungs for a change. This was Maryke Unk's last outing with the club before her return to her home in the Netherlands. Club members present were: Carl Anderson, Wesley Dru, Dale Green, Lois Mansfield, Chuck Mays, John Podlesny, Norma Richardson, Mary Thomas, Maryke Unk, and Carol Wiens, leader.

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WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB, INC.
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 \$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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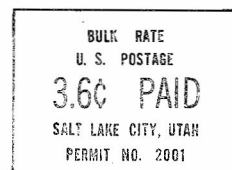
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