

The Rambler

OCTOBER 1972



Official publication of THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB Salt Lake City, Utah

club activities for Oct 1972

REGISTRATION INFORMATION: Registration is generally not required for members participating in easy or intermediate hiking (Rating below 7.0). Unless specifically stated, advanced hikes (Rating above 7.0) require registration

with the leader. Adequate equipment is an absolute must. You cannot participate in these events if you have not shown your ability on other hiking activities and if you do not have adequate and well broken in boots with good Vibram type soles and suitable protective clothing. Special equipment like an ice axe etc. may also be specified and you are required to be able to handle such equipment. Remember that these restrictions are set for your own safety and that of your fellow members. For rules regarding participation of children consult the May Rambler. Register for bus trips with the leader only by sending a deposit to the address listed. Leaders cannot register anyone without a deposit.

For bus trip cancellations less than a week prior to the trip, the Club must retain a \$5.00 registration fee.

Oct. 1 PFEIFFERHORN - Elevation 11,326 Rating 10. The Pfeifferhorn
Sunday is located in one of the most scenic spots in the Wasatch. A lot of distance is covered on a high ridge, so come prepared in case of harsh weather. There is some exposure and mild scrambling. The route leads past Red Pine Lake, where the less ambitious can stop and enjoy themselves while the hardy persons go to the peak. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 7:00 a.m. Leader: Burt Janis. Phone: 278-7291.

Oct. 5 EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK
Thurs.

Oct. 7 WINE-TASTING PARTY - The Keirs will again host this event.
Sat. Bring a bottle of your favorite wine, 50¢ to cover snacks and a wine glass if you don't like plastic cups. Bring your friends too! We'll begin around 8:00 p.m.

Oct. 7 IRON MOUNTAIN - Elevation 11,040 - Rating: Difficult.
Sat. This difficult-looking peak just west of Mt. Superior is not a usual club hike, so some exploring may be necessary. Unless somebody knows a better way, the route will run the ridge from Superior. There is considerable exposure and may even be some roped climbing, so only experienced hikers,

please. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood at 7:00 a.m.
Register with Paul Horton at 262-4695 by October 6th.

- Oct. 8 GRANDEUR PEAK - Elevation 8,299 - Rating 5. Another repeat
Sun. of this excellent hike. With luck, the fall colors will
 put on a good show. Meet at The Movie at 9:00 a.m.
 Leader: Elmer Boyd, 298-5537.
- Oct. ESCALANTE - This backpacking trip to beautiful Escalante will
6-7-8 leave Friday evening and return Sunday, but if you have the
Fri-Sun. time you can naturally stay longer. We will go into the
 Coyote Wash area via Hurricane Wash. This is sandstone
 country at its best. Please register by Thursday, Oct. 5th.
 Leader: Kermit Earle, 299-0526
- Oct. 11 GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING - Harold Goodrow will show slides
Wed. and talk about his climbing trip to Peru. Meeting at 7:30
 at the Zion Luthern Church, 1070 Foothill Blvd.
- Oct. 12 EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK
Thurs.
- Oct. 14 LOOKOUT PEAK - Elevation 8,954 - Rating about 5. This hike
Sat. proved to be a good one in the spring, so let's see what its
 like with fall coloring. This area, upper Emigration Canyon,
 is very scenic and surprisingly wild. Meet at the Hogle Zoo
 Parking lot at 9:00 a.m. Leader: John Gottman, 328-8066.
- Oct. 15 MOUNT OLYMPUS - NORTH FACE - Elevation 9026 - Rating 8.
Sun. This face looks like an Eigerwand from the valley, but it
 turns out to be only a hike. There is some exposure. The
 views of the city are spectacular. Meet at The Movie.
 Time 8:00 a.m. Leader: Marge Yerbery, 355-3797.
- Oct. DESERT ROCK HUNTING TRIP - Elmer Boyd knows where all the
14-15 pretty rocks are in the west desert, and he will show them
Sat-Sun to you around Dugway Pass and possibly the Topaz Mountain
 area. For details and registration call Elmer at 398-5537
 by the 13th.
- Oct. 15 FALL BOAT WORK PARTY - With the termination of the boating
Sun. season it is necessary to prepare the boats and gear for
 the long winters nap and to take an inventory of our equip-
 ment. For those of you who have run the rivers and used
 the equipment it is a foregone conclusion that we will ex-
 pect your help. For those of you who are inexperienced and
 who plan to run rivers next season this is a chance to
 familiarize yourselves with the equipment and listen to the
 tales of the "old timers." Refreshments will be on hand.
 While a conflict of schedules with other activities is not
 anticipated, please call Bob Everson, 487-0029, for verifi-
 cation of this date. Location: Union Pacific Ice Plant,
 430 West 2nd North, 1:00 p.m.

Oct. 19 EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK
Thurs.

Oct. 21 NOTCH PEAK - Elevation 9655 - Rating 6 - With deer hunting
Sat. upon us, its better to stay out of the woods. Notch Peak,
near Delta, is a great place to escape to. Although not
very high, this is one of Utah's most spectacular peaks.
The view down the 2700 foot north face is incredible. The
hike up is easy and interesting and we may find some
Bristlecone Pines. Meet at Albertson's shopping center,
4816 Redwood Road. Time: 6:30 a.m. Please register with
the leader: Carl Bauer, 355-6036.

Oct. 20, CANYONLANDS - The itinerary of this trip will not be settled
21, 22 until some idea is formed of how many four-wheel drive
Fri-Sun. vehicles will be available. The general idea is jeeping,
sightseeing, and hiking. The trip departs Friday evening,
those with available time can of course stay beyond Sunday.
Please register early, especially if you have a four-wheel
drive, so that the leader can arrange riders. Leader: Glen
Getz, 278-4272. Register no later than Wednesday the 18th.

Oct. 23 SIERRA CLUB CHAPTER MEETING - Monday, October 23, 8:00 p.m.
Mon. 569 South 13th East. Our speaker will be Mr. Howard Leatham
of the Utah State Department of Highways. He will discuss
the programs and procedures which are being used by the High-
way Department to protect environmental values which may be
threatened by highway construction. This will be a good
opportunity to learn about the structure and the methods
used by one of our government agencies which has received a
great deal of attention in recent years. We hope that this
meeting will mark the beginning of a constructive dialogue
between our organization and the Highway Department.

Oct. 26 EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK
Thurs.

Oct. 28 HALLOWEEN PARTY - You are invited to attend a costume
Sat. Halloween party at the Lodge beginning at 7:30 p.m. Food,
dancing and drinks. For reservations, call Marian Nelson
262-7748

Oct. 29 STANSBURY ISLAND - rating intermediate - This hike provides
Sun. a different view of the lake and surrounding mountains. Hope-
fully there will be no deer hunters. Be sure to bring water.
Meet at Pete's Shoe Shop at 8:00 a.m. Leader Dick Bell,
254-4555.

Oct. 29 EARLY BIRD SKI TOUR - C'mon out if you've got the itch to
Sat. stretch out those unused muscles. We'll meet at the mouth
of Big Cottonwood at 8:30 a.m. and head for where ever the
snow is best. The tour will be suitable for all. Call Milt
Hollander, 277-1416, if you need confirmation.

- Nov. 4 MOUNT AIRE - Elevation 8620 - Rating 3 - A popular hike that
Sat. is well suited for families. It gets cold on mountain tops
in November, so come prepared. Meet at 9:00 a.m. at The
Movie. Leader: Lauren Williams, 466-9734.
- Nov. 5 BIG BEACON - Elevation 7100 - Rating 3 - Here is a chance to
Sun. hike up and examine that strange new thing that has appeared
near the summit. Meet at Hogle Zoo at 9:00 a.m. Leader:
Marty Snyder, 262-4695.
- Nov. 11 LODGE SKI DAY - An afternoon of ski touring, instruction, dis-
Sat. cussion, equipment swap, movies, socializing, food, drink,
and whatever else turns you on. Details will appear in the
November RAMBLER.
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tokewanna

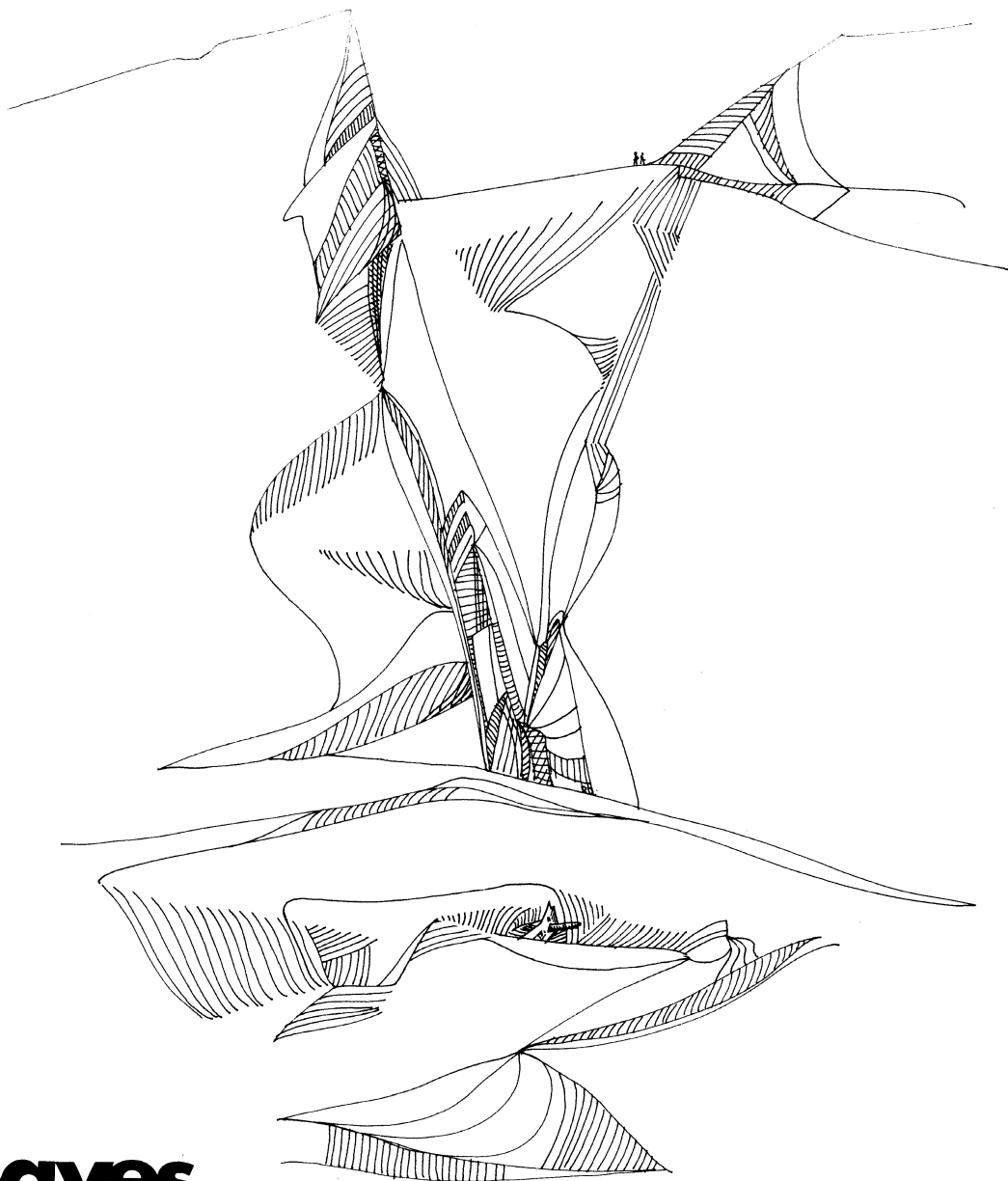
by Lauren Williams

Sunday morning, the 27th of August, Dale Green picked up four early morning risers, and with threatening skies looming overhead, we headed for the Uintas. The further east we drove, the better looking the sky became. About a mile after turning off the main paved highway onto a wet muddy road, that took us over to Black Canyon, we passed an encouraging sign that said "Impassable when wet." Fortunately, the road was in very good passable condition. By the time we got into the west fork of Black Canyon and found the rest of our group who had made an over-nighter out of the trip, the sky had become beautifully clear. While those of us who weren't hurrying to finish breakfast, wandered around and enjoyed the scenery for about a half hour. Dale then cramed ten bodies into his

Toyota Land-Rover and we continued on up the road and through the stream to the 9,600 foot contour level line on the map, where much to everyone's relief, we were able to get out of the cramped quarters of the Land-Rover. As we started our hike up Tokewanna, we all stayed together while Dale led us through the swamp. Once through the swamp, we all resorted to club type and promptly became strung out all over the ridge leading to the summit of Tokewanna. After reaching the summit, without incident, everyone ate their lunch, signed the register, took pictures and enjoyed the excellent view of the Uinta Mountain range.

With the cumulus clouds increasing in quantity, we made our exit from the top of Tokewanna for the trip down. With the exception of one short rest stop just before we entered the trees, the trip down to the 4-wheel drive Land-Rover was non-stop. Dale then stuffed all ten of us back into the Land-Rover for the return trip.

Participants were: Dale Green (leader), Alan Taye, Kernit Earle, LeRoy Keuhl, Perry Walters, Mary Jo Sweeney, Pat King, Peter Goss, Anne Goss, and Lauren Williams.



leaves from the old wasatch

THE SECRET OF HOGUM FORK

At 3:27 a.m. on Tuesday, December 15, 1936, Western Air Express trip number 6, flying from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City with an intermediate stop at Las Vegas, reported in over Delta, Utah. The Boeing 247, carrying a crew of three and four passengers, droned on toward Salt Lake City through stormy skies, low overcast and very poor visibility. It was never heard from again.

After daybreak, Western Air Express pilots made an air search for the missing airliner, but were hampered by poor visibility. A ground search brought back reports from Alpine, Utah, residents of an airplane over that community around 4 o'clock that fateful morning, so the search was centered in Alpine Canyon and on the south slopes of Lone Peak. As many as 200 Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) men were called from Draper and Alpine to assist in the search. On Wednesday, a Forest Service supervisor and a CCC enrollee reported seeing freshly disturbed gravel and a newly broken juniper near Lone Peak, but deep snow kept them away from the spot. Flights over the peak disclosed nothing but patches of brush that appeared to be gravel from a distance. By Friday, new reports of an airplane over Eureka after 4:00 a.m. Tuesday, and reports of flares in the mountains northwest of Fairfield, shifted the search toward the west. By the weekend, over 1,000 U. S. Army and CCC men were searching the desert and mountain areas of western Utah, and on Monday, the search headquarters was moved from Salt Lake City to Milford. But nothing was found. Western Air Express offered a \$1,000 reward for discovery of the wreckage, but even money didn't help. As the winter snows got deeper and all hope of finding survivors vanished, the search teams returned home. It seemed that WAE trip No. 6 had flown into oblivion.

While the world forgot about the missing airliner and concentrated on its daily affairs, a few Alpine men couldn't forget either the airplane or the reward. Winter turned into Spring, and Spring was well on its way into Summer before Will Healey and Frank Bateman discovered some air mail letters blowing around in Alpine Canyon. The day was Sunday, May 30. The location of the wreck was still a secret, but a clue had been given. The search was renewed in Alpine Canyon. More letters were found, but another week passed before Alpine residents, Emery Andrews, Melvin Devey, Rex Moyle and Reed Carter climbed to the ridge near Thunder Mountain, then known as Chipman's Peak, and discovered small bits of wreckage. As they stared down over the cliffs into the snow fields in Hogum Fork, they knew the airplane had hit the ridge and catapulted over the cliffs, and at that moment was buried in the deep snows below. It was later speculated that the accident itself triggered an avalanche which covered the wreckage immediately, thereby hiding it from the early air searches. All winter Hogum Fork kept her secret well, but now it was out. All they had to do was to get down there and find the wreck.

While the search party climbed down over the cliffs for their daily searches, others explored routes into Hogum Fork from Little Cottonwood Canyon so the wreckage and bodies could be brought out. But nothing satisfactory was found and the favored route to the wreck continued to be up Alpine Canyon and down over the cliffs. Those same cliffs kept dropping rock and small avalanches to hamper the workers, and at mid-week a large avalanche covered that wreckage that had been exposed. Further rescue work was called off for several weeks until the snows melted farther.

As June gave way to July, the snow had settled and melted enough to

resume operations. The first body, that of one of the passengers, was found on July 3. It was hoisted to the top of the cliffs and taken down to Alpine. As if reluctant to give away its entire secret, Hogum Fork gave back the bodies of the victims one at a time. It was the twelfth of August, almost eight full months after the accident, before the last body, that of the co-pilot, was found. As a final rite, an inquiry was held. The accident was attributed to the poor atmospheric conditions, causing so much static that the pilot was unable to identify the Salt Lake radio beam. Due to the remote location and difficulty of access to the accident site, the wreckage was left in place where it was already nearly buried by the huge boulders that make up the bottom of Hogum Fork.

Today, few people remember the accident of December, 1936. Some years Hogum Fork, as it rearranges itself, exposes to the view of hikers on the ridge small bits of wreckage, giving them a hint of its former secret, a suggestion of past disaster, a Leaf From Old Wasatch.

american fork twins

by Paul Horton

We had a different kind of hike on August 5, a hike through dead mountains. We started amongst the crowds in Albion Basin and followed the hordes to Secret Lake, which is about as secret as the location of New York. Then up the road to the end of the lift on the pass, and shortly thereafter we submitted on often-climbed Baldy.

A quick rest and then on to Hidden Peak. Hidden Peak? I always thought that hidden meant not visible, out of sight, but that awful tram tower on the peak is visible from almost anywhere in the Wasatch. Anyhow, on we went, over a bit of ridge scrambling, up some steep scree, and finally to the top of A. F. Twins. The Summit is still a nice place, except for the view.

We ate lunch watching people getting off the tram. Afterwards, a short walk led us over to Haystack. From there, a long steep slope dropped us into White Pine Canyon. We followed the motorcycle road out to the end of the hike.

It depressed me--all that area in upper Little Cottonwood. I felt it has been conquered by man. The romance, or whatever it is that makes a mountain a mountain, is gone. Now they are just big piles of dirt and rocks covered by construction. We still saw some nice things; the flowers in Albion Basin, the little pond in White Pine, but at least in me, that good feeling brought on by mountains, was missing. I wonder how many other climbers and hikers share my wish that the big anxious glaciers would return?

Hikers: Elmer Boyd, Bob Weatherbee, John Snow, Fred and Eveline Bruenger, Danny Horton, Marty Snyder, John Riley, Rob Snyder, and Paul Horton.

lodge use

by Mel Davis

As new members come into the club and as situations change, I feel that from time to time it is appropriate to publish information about the

lodge, its use, and availability to members and also non-members.

The lodge was built by club members as a social and recreation center and a home for the club. As time changed, transportation and finances became easier for members to do other things away from the lodge; so its use wasn't required every week-end. Also, cost of maintenance rose. Members belonging to other groups wanted use of the lodge for these groups. This brought about the renting of the lodge for non-club activities.

The present lodge policy is as follows:

1. Two week-ends each month are reserved for club activities at which there is no lodge charge for a member or his guest. If there is a party, there may be a charge for food or entertainment.

2. Other week-ends are open for rent to either member or non-member groups. Rental rates are:

- a) Two dollars per person per night with a minimum rental of \$25.00. A deposit of \$10.00 additional is required to guarantee clean-up and pay for any damage.

- b) A maximum of \$75.00 is charged per night where more than 38 people will use the lodge. A deposit of \$25.00 additional is required for clean-up and damage guarantee. Deposits are refundable after inspection of the lodge.

3. Members may use the lodge anytime there is no club activity or rental scheduled. There is no charge for this use. Also, a guest may be invited at no charge within these limits--one member, one guest; or one member family, one guest family. A deposit of \$10.00 is required for this member use to guarantee clean-

up and damage repair.

Lodge expense and maintenance runs about \$1200 a year. Rental fees will come close to covering it, with the balance coming out of the club's general fund.

Rentals from any reliable groups are welcome and needed. All lodge use is scheduled through the lodge Director.

white pine lake

July 29, 1972

by Marty Snyder

We crossed the foot bridge and hiked up the jeep road in White Pine Canyon at a leisurely pace. I was astounded by the debris from the avalanche that I had heard about but not seen before. On the way up, we were molested by only two motorcyclists and no jeeps--I felt lucky in that respect. The Lake is blue and inviting, but two minutes in only knee deep water left us breathless. We lunched and acquainted ourselves with each other around the lake for nearly two hours, a pleasant way to spend what I suspect will be recorded the hottest day of the year--it was 104° at the airport that afternoon at 4:00 p.m.

Participants: John Riley, Pat Nelson, Martin Zwick, Ann McDonald, Jack Noy, Stewart Ogden, Linda Ream, Phyllis Robison, Dorothy Smith, Roxanne McElroy, Pat Mahoney, Monica Karlson, Martha Velick, Robert Miller, Margaret Miller, Greta Reed, Sylvia Weber, Ernie and Gerri Abrams, and leader, Marty Snyder.



Ascent on HUASCARAN by Dixon Smith

peru expedition '72

While most of Utah's outdoor types were enjoying meadow flowers, warm granite, or pine needle trails, a small bank of Silver Fox's followers headed south and revisited winter in Peru for a month's climbing in the Cordillera Blanca. Harold Goodro, Steve Adamson, Jackie Thomas, Dixon Smith and Marge Yerbury climbed in the Uta Region. Larry Swanson climbed in the Quebrada Santa Cruz.

santa cruz

by Larry Swanson

Every major expedition has a distinctive flavor. Often this comes about by some occurrence relatively unrelated to the actual purpose of the expedition, but nevertheless setting the style and tempo for the entire effort. The Santa Cruz Group was muddling along, pulling loose ends together in Huaraz. Even though we were talking seriously about technique and acclimatization, while drinking pisco sours, there was no cohesive element. This all changed at the precise moment that Roger Weigand came crashing through the roof of the Monterey Hotel. From that moment we knew that if Roger could escape from that unbelayed leader fall, we collectively could put up a few worthwhile tracks someplace.

The two day trek in was enjoyable with light packs. Somebody ought to open a burro concession for the local beat-out hikers.

We split the group of 15 in half. A group of eight to try Kittirraju and scout a possible new west face route on Alpamayo. Seven of us started to haul equipment and recon camp sites for Artesonraju. We found a lovely sheltered spot with

running water and blue flowers at 16,000 feet for camp I and a relatively flat topped col for the 18,000 foot camp. An involved plan of signals and mandatory retreat times from the high camp spurred "Yours truly" and Dean Smith into a slightly snowy and stormy climb. Alkaline batteries and later a full moon under clearing skies eased the route finding, as daytime with its ghostly mishappen ice seracs in the semi-whiteout eased into darkness about 6:00 p.m. (short days and long nights down there). A quiet summit at 9:15 p.m. with ice crystals condensing in the air was actually rather pretty. It was too bloody cold for me to bivouac so the down climb stretched on into a 5:00 a.m. return to camp - just in time to wish bon voyage to Art and Brent huddled over the sputtering Optimus. They had retreated early in the previous day's deteriorating weather.

Artesonraju is really a splendid introduction to the Cordillera Blanca. It contains all aspects of more difficult routes without being too tough. The ridge traverses to the peak and starts out with a belay from your tent door over some asthetic, if not difficult, crevasses in the butt end of a snow dome on the ridge. Up a short and sharp edged 45 degree corner to an overhanging, easy, but delicate cornice ridge.

The feeling of inadvertently poking your mitten through a cornice several feet down from the top, peering through the hold and finding your entire body overhanging the steep south face provides a good wake-up on a sleepy morning. The less consolidated snow of a southeast ridge puts a little sting into the step kicking. You quickly learn how judgment and technical ability sometimes deteriorates even faster than physical ability. A couple of thousand feet takes on a new time frame in your mind. Above all it's your

first summit in the Andes and it's neat.

Descent to base camp was made in two days. "Early to bed and late to rise helps dirty ole men acclimatize" as Leo our bard would philosophize. The total effort of getting seven men to the summit and getting everything hauled back down took seven days. We were a bit sparing of porter help, preferring to stretch the muscles a bit for the weeks to come.

The "Great Eight" has not fared so well. Ole, the Group Leader, had a deep-seated cough and sounded bad although still charging ahead. Pat, a reputed tiger, was running a 102 degree temp and looked like she had the plague. Don Schaefer was having trouble acclimating and Roger and Sylvia were fighting stir craziness by running up rock peaks in the vicinity while the advance scouts struggled upward. The "route" finally culminated on an ice serac on a razor edged ridge. Bernard had chopped a minimal (spelled tiny) tent platform on top of the serac. The snow bridges crossed to gain this lofty perch were rotten and falling. The next move would be a rapal 500-700 feet down a 75 degree plus slope, pushing on was not impossible, but seemed illogical in light of the logistics problems and the unlikelihood of ultimate success. The project was abandoned. Later in base camp discussion ranged far into the night on what to do next. Disappointment was tempered a little by a gigantic fresh trout dinner supplied by the porters from a nearby lake. We all ate as much as we possibly could, but there were still some for breakfast.

Bernard and I set off with light packs to see if we could find a route over the crevasse ridden Taulliraju glacier. Other than the unpleasantness of putting in a track through snow up to your knees, the route thro-

ugh the maze of crevasses and seracs seemed to unfold in front of us. The blocks were emerald blue-green and seemed to glow in the sun. The sharp col we expected proved to be simply a gate to a flat glacier at 18,000 feet. You could easily operate a plane from the glacier; it was so flat and large. Three sides of the glacier were rimmed with blade-like peaks and sawtoothed ridges. The fourth side fell away to the Amazon drainages. Absolutely magnificent! Three days later ten people in a neat cluster of five tents huddled at the foot of Rinrihurca. The north ridge looked promising, but Bernard and I each had our hearts set on a classic looking set of snow flutes (shallow avalanche gullies) that ascended directly in a gracefully steepening curve to a little left of the summit. Up at 4:00 a.m., gobble a little breakfast, move a few hundred yards in the starlight, lose breakfast (the Andes quickstep had settled in solidly for the duration), and head up. Route finding the rolling glacier to the base of the flutes was fortunately easy as we had had no recon. In our enthusiasm of first light, we continuously climbed until the angle got to about 60 degrees. Both Bernard and I had filed our crampons, axes, and chounard hammers to a razor's edge. It felt good. The snow was hard, just short of ice, and perfect for front pointing. Progress was steady and fairly rapid until the last lead. It didn't look hard, but the snow had deteriorated to honeycombed rotten ice that showered down on poor Bernard. A section of solid ice provided a welcome home for a long salewa. It took about an hour of inept struggling to gain the again overhanging cornice ridge. In the short traverse to the summit, Bernard disappeared right through this cornice but emerged grinning within minutes. The summit was a big solid snow cornice that overhung on three sides. Signing the register consisted of stretching out with the point of the

ice axe and lightly scrawling one's initials near the crest. The down climb of the north ridge contained only two problem sections. The upper contained about 70 feet of rotten honeycomb ice. Technique consisted of taking aid from icicles and hand holds from the honeycomb structure. The bottom section was fairly steep, but the snow was perfect for crampons, axes and hammers. Brent, Tom and Art eased by, moving steadily after a late start up the north ridge. They summited quite late and arrived back in camp around 5:00 p.m. A very successful day. Amidst all the activity on Rinrihurca, Dean Smith and Stuart struggled through deep snow to essentially get nowhere on an approach to a difficult looking rib of Pukahirca Central. Stuart, Bernard and I tried a different approach to the same rib later with no better results. One sunny afternoon was spent lizarding in the sun watching Dean and Bill climb the north ridge of Rinrihurca.

Time is going fast now, only a few days left and the weather is steadily deteriorating. Our ambitious party had dwindled to five. The east face of Taulliraju looks tough and splits rock and ice all day. Terray, of France, has climbed this bugger, but no one else since. Bernard, Dean and I decided to have a go at the south-east ridge in hopes of finding something easier. We weaved in and out of the crevasses and struggle up over the bergshroud. A traverse and some gibbs ascender action put us in a flute that intersects the ridge. The going is slow, culminating in a late lunch on the narrow cornice. This route would go! It would require a bit of fixed rope to circumvent the seracs and possibly a bivouac or so, even from a new camp. The weather closed in on the last sandwich. It soon was dark, foggy and snowing. The circuitous easy approach route was not to be found. It was a tired and damp threesome that inched into camp about 10:00 p.m.

The quiet persuasion of a white-out the next morning produced an easy unanimous decision to call it quits. Too Bad! But there just wasn't time to do Taluraju even if it cleared. Back down out of the arctic zone into the hal-a-zone. The sun broke out just long enough to give me a twinge of snow blindness that lasted about 36 hours. Fortunately, it was steadily raining so there was nothing to do anyhow. Ole and John Sellers had braved 60 plus mph winds on Artesonraju to finish up the expedition with a flourish.

It's hard to pinpoint the most memorable event - the moonlight song fest with a bunch of Indian kids, the tiny blue flowers at 18,000 feet that fold up at night when it freezes, or the last lead on Rinrihurca. It all makes you even forget the 30 days of canned Peruvian pork and the trots.



Ascent on HUASCARAN
by Steve Adamson

a day in base camp

by Harold Goodro

A strange noise awakened me. After a few moments lying in the warm sleeping bag and having decided it was someone snoring in the next tent, I focused my eyes on my watch and said to myself, "It's 6:30 and I should be stirring." I knew the porters would have hot cereal and tea ready for the early risers, so I pried myself into my heavy clothing and crawled out of my small tent. I glanced around in the early morning light as if to count the many other tents pitched in this grassy meadow we had found at 13,200 feet in the Peruvian Andes. I breathed deeply of the thin air and glanced upward. The pink glow of morning bathed the tops of 20,000 foot Contrahierbas and Ulta peaks. What a fantastic sight to welcome the day! Some of us has already spent a week placing camps 1 and 2 on "Contra" at 15,000 and 17,500 feet and were back at base camp for a well-earned day of rest. Soon others were emerging from their tents and forming a chow line at the main tent. Breakfast wasn't too attractive that morning as some well meaning person decided to add two kinds of canned meat to the oatmeal to give it body but it all disappeared never-the-less.

After some camp chores and a little laundry washed in ice cold water in a rushing stream, four of the "Wasatch" contingent became restless and soon set out on a "Quicky" hike to a 5,000 foot

pass in the distance. Not far from camp we soon entered another world, one of the past. Parts of the trail in this isolated, flower filled valley had been built by the Incas, part later by the Indians. Now many parts had crumbled and fallen because of the earthquake of two years ago. As we strolled higher, evidences of early mining were intermingled with old foundations and rock terraces where the laborers had lived while working as slaves to the Spanish. Near the pass the trail had been carved from solid rock on the sides of the cliffs and we made mental notes of the tremendous task of building this trail, now no longer used by anyone except a few hikers.

The view from the pass was breathtaking - with snow covered peaks, cascading ice falls, glaciers on all sides and multi-colored lakes below in the valley. Our walk back to camp was enlivened by a dive-bombing group of giant condors, which we had interrupted at their feast on a dead steer. It was as eerie feeling as they swooped over us repeatedly, sometimes only ten feet away, turning their heads as if to size us up, wondering how we would taste. Cameras snapped hurriedly as nervous fingers kept taking pictures.

On arriving back at camp, we found that we had missed the main feast put out by the porters. They had killed a sheep and cooked it in a bed of hot rocks. Some meat had been saved for us and we tore into it in a manner that denied all table etiquette. Grease oozed through our fingers as we each gnawed on the large bones. It was so good after all the canned meat we had eaten. To top it off, the porters had brought in some bottled Cervesa (beer to you) and we talked late around a large camp fire before turning in for another long night in the sleeping bags.

So ended one of the few days we were to spend in the grassy dry base camp, far removed in comfort from the many days and nights we were to spend camped on the glaciers.

huascaran

by Stephen Adamson

What's exciting about mountains? It's many different things to different people and in the case of Huascaran you can be sure it's more than just elevation.

At this time a year ago to four of us, Marge Yerbury, Jackie Thomas, Dixon Smith and myself the Cordillera Blanca was just the name of a range of mountains on the map a long way from home. At that point we had no way of comprehending what was involved in climbing to above 20,000 feet. However, as the weeks passed and stories of the area were told by our leader, Harold Goodro, the Cordillera came alive.

And then all at once, or at least it seemed, we were there, not only there but on our way out of the Uta area where we had spent two weeks with the Iowa Mountaineers. Things had not gone as well as hoped for in the Uta with only minor peaks up to 16,500 feet being accended. Bad weather, inaccessibility to good routes and plain bad luck had sabotaged our efforts on 20,000 foot Contraherbas and 20,850 foot Chopicalqui. Concern was obvious when we discussed our next objective.



On the summit of HUASCARAN
by Steve Adamson

It's amazing what one days rest at a real hotel and eating food you didn't cook yourself can do for body and mind. Spirits were once again high as we left the Monterey Hotel in the back of a truck at 8:00 am August 3rd. The group had been reduced from about 37 to 17 due to sickness or other commitments. Jackie also left us in order to do some sightseeing. Trail head was reached about 11:30 am and the burros were loaded. Climbers loads were heavy averaging about 45-50 pounds as there were not enough burros and porters to handle all the necessities.

Between 12:00 and 5:00 pm a distance of approximately ten miles and an elevation gain of over 5,000 feet (9600 - 15,000) was covered by the Salt Lake contingent along with Ron Fear, expedition guide on Huascaran. While waiting for the remainder of our party we had the opportunity of watching the most beautiful sunset of the trip. The orange and red reflection in the clouds looking out over the costal range toward the ocean was fantastic. The last of the group arrived by 7:00 pm. At this point we began to worry as the burros and porters had not arrived yet. Their loads included all of the food and many of the tents. We were preparing ourselves for the worst when a light came over the hill in the hand of Ron Fear. Ron had gone back in search of the supplies. The burros were within 400 yards. After several short portages we were back in business.

Early in the morning camp gear that was to go with us was broken down and packed. We then broke out crampons, climbing ropes, axes and started picking a route through the lower ice fall in order to gain the main glacier. Many breath taking views were seen this day. Huge ice blocks, deep crevasses and in the distance our goal, the south peak of Huascaran. Camp I was established

in the midafternoon on a flat bordered on two sides by crevasses. Elevation of the camp was about 17,500 feet. Above, but out of line, one could view a large couloir, previously dubbed the garbage shoot by other expeditions. As the name implies, this is a somewhat tricky area due to chance of ice fall and avalanches. We thought this would be our major problem for the next day. So far, progress had been good. Base camp had been moved higher than normal the first day and today we were in the area where camp II was normally placed with our camp I. With renewed hope for the next few days we went to sleep to the sound of the glacier cracking beneath us.

Up early again the next morning we were soon on our way under mostly cloudy skies. Getting to the garbage shoot turned out to be a little more difficult than anticipated. Several large crevasses interrupted a direct attack and caused lengthy detours. When the shoot was reached a 55° ice wall and much high angle snow was overcome with relative ease. We then ascended a snow wall to gain a knife edge ridge with much exposure. From this point on the climb became harder. The recent snow had turned bad and would not hold well. Many difficult crevasses had to be crossed along a not too obvious route. At one point one had to cross a very unsecure snow bridge over a deep crevasse, step up on to a high angle snow field of rotten snow and traverse around a corner 20 feet above a huge crevasse that looked about 150 feet deep. How breath taking can it be! All this time the weather was deteriorating. The site of Camp II was finally reached just about dark in a snow and wind storm. We dug in, had some hot jello and collapsed.

Although the next day dawned clear, it was decided to take a break. Some were sick and many very tired. The day was spent

mainly eating and sleeping. Ron Fear scouted the route to be used, hopefully the next day, weather permitting. His report stated, possible, but difficult, due to wind crust which you broke through 9-10 inches with every step. Ron didn't mention another problem we were to see the next morning. With this we retired at 19,400 feet to a sleepless night partially due to excitement, partially due to altitude. Tomorrow was to be our summit day and everyone was excited.

Our luck held. August 7th was a duplicate of the day before, clear and crisp. On our way by 6:30 am we soon gained the Carguantia, the huge saddle between the North and South peak at 19,800 feet. The problem we were not aware of was at that point was obvious. The couloir that had been partially scouted the day prior by fear had avalanched in the night. While this made the couloir easier to climb we could look beyond and see other areas of possible danger. The concern stayed with us all day. At this point the mountain started to take it's toll. The elevation was having it's effect and hitting some of the climbers hard. It was a day of fantastically mixed pain and pleasure. Huge ice blocks hanging on ice walls ready to fall were seen. Giant crevasses with walls deep in blue green color were enjoyed. At last after several regroupings and ten hours on the mountain the ninth climber made the summit. The ninth was the last to make it out of 17 in the original group. Successful climbers were: Harold Goodro, Steve Adamson, Kim Malville, Harold Walton, Jim Ebert, Elain Robson, Ron Fear, Stu Jones, Gil Harder. What was the summit like? So unreal as to be indescribable by words alone. In the distance, probably ten miles although you felt you could touch them with your finger tips, stood Contraherbas and Chopicalqui. These two mountains had defeated

us but we had our prize. Pictures were taken, congratulations were made and then a hasty retreat was started. Only a hour and a half of light remained in which we had to pass the most difficult part of the route. We arrived in high camp two hours after dark exhausted but happy. Although not everyone made the summit, most had climbed to above 20,000, almost 21,500 in fact.

The next day was uneventful compared to what had already been done. We descended 10,000 feet in approximately 18-20 miles with once again, heavy loads. Then a truck ride to Hotel Monterey for a bath, food and rest.

Was it exciting? Was it worth it? Let me answer this way. We have already started to plan the next expedition and will be leaving July, 1975.



Advance preparations
for the 1975 Expedition
by Larry Swanson

sunset peak via lake catherine

by Jeni Jackson

Sunday morning was rather threatening for hiking. That didn't stop us though. We didn't mind a few clouds. The mosquitoes didn't stop us either but they sure did bug us. One person did turn back though, while the rest of us borrowed some insect repellent that really worked. But by the time we got to Lake Mary, we had left the mosquitoes far behind.

Then it started to sort of rain and snow. The ridge was dry through. On the ridge was where we started to get separated and where four more hikers turned back. When the last of us reached the peak, a flash of lightening and a roar of thunder greeted us and we answered by getting off the peak as fast as possible. We did get a hurried look at the fantastic view surrounding the peak though. We stopped to eat at a protected spot and then the sun came out. We decided to go down by a different route rather than following the ridge so with various techniques, we glissaded down the ice field. Some people went all the way down on their feet but almost everyone fell on the steep part. We got wetter than we did in the rain but it was fun and it made up for the bad weather.

Leader: Kermit Earle. Hikers: Ernest Abrams, Gerri Abrams, Jennifer Winder, Karen Winder, Brad Earlewine, Dan Finner, John Vivian,

Joni, Roger, and Jeanne Jackson, Tom and Ruth Gallagher, Nick and Mary Katsanevas, Elmer Boyd, Mike Hauck, Chuck Mays, George, Greg, and David Smith, Carolyn Herey, and Joyce Sadler.

news from the board

by Carol Greenlee

I hope you all would like to hear some of the interesting news that the Board comes across in our meetings. So, starting this month, I will fill you in with some of the choicer items. By-the-way, you'al missed a real intimate meeting with Wayne Owens last month. It had to be intimate -- there were only six present; four of us and two of him (he had staff). The Board has spent many merry hours talking about the bus and last meeting voted to sell our sentimental liability. Sigh! There have been several major improvements at the lodge this summer. There will be heat in the kitchen (yeah!) and a stereo, loudspeaker system for parties and lectures has been installed. In fact, Mel has done so well renting the lodge that the Board is trying a policy of no fees for future lodge parties. The WMC is going in for conservation on a different front. The director of the Pine Canyon Boys Ranch, which has a program for delinquent teen-age boys, has requested help in running a river trip for their boys. With the help of Dick Snyder, so far, Bob Everson ran

this trip for the boys through West-water the second week in September. More news next month.

hayden peak

Monday, September 4, 1972

Thirteen hikers showed up at the K-Mart parking lot in the pre-dawn darkness; an exceptional turn-out since the Hayden Peak climb had not been announced in the August Rambler, and the September Rambler was delivered to most people on Saturday, only two days before. After a pleasant drive through the dawn, the hikers regrouped at the Skyline Trailhead, not far from Mirror Lake. When the route to the peak was pointed out, the hikers looked up at the couloir leading to the ridge with disbelief. From that angle, it does appear to be vertical and absolutely impossible to ascend, but the two who had been on the peak before started across the frost-covered meadow and through the narrow forest to the base of the boulder field. There, the hikers broke up into three groups - not intentionally, but rather as a result of individual hiking speeds. It worked out very well as each group reached the ridge by the time the one behind it was entering the narrowest part of the couloir, thereby minimizing the danger from dislodged rocks.

The party regrouped on the peak, all thirteen, arriving there in time for an early lunch. The sun complemented the cool air, and a generous

scattering of clouds provided good photographic background. As usual, the view from the peak was superb. After an hour or more of the finest relaxation Hayden Peak can offer, the group headed back down. There had been some discussion about descending into the basin to the east and making a tour of the lakes down there, but it was finally decided to leave that trip to a later date. All got down off the mountain without incident, but after arriving back at the cars, many a face was seen to turn toward the mountain with an expression alternating between utter disbelief and personal pride. Probably the most unbelievable event of the trip was June Viavant's dog, Pookie, climbing a short chimney, both up and down, just below the peak. All hikers were in agreement that the Hayden Peak trip is under-rated at 5.

Members of the group were:

Marlene Austin, John Blakely, Clint and Carol Bowman, Ruta Dreijmanis, Betty Hendricks, Charles Keller, Michael Maack, Jerry Powelson, Julie Rigby, Stewart Roberts, Martha Velick and June Viavant.

snake river

FAMILY TRIP

by Jean Sunderland

Now we know why the grass is greener in Wyoming, for it was a somewhat damp bunch of assorted sizes of potential river rats that sought shelter in the Swan Valley Cafe. However, after some time spent in rounding up various misplaced members of the group, we finally pushed off for the first day's run. Some

complaints of boredom were soon dispelled by all the crew of one boat taking an early bath when they were upset on a snag in the river. Peter H. kept his cool and his feet pointed downstream, and was soon pulled out by Peter S. diving to the rescue. The boat was soon put back right side up, but unfortunately, all the bathers being warmly dressed against the cold, the purpose was entirely defeated, and several people were not overly enthusiastic at this cold initiation into the thrills of river-running.

Compensation soon came at the sight of a mother moose and baby, a nesting eagle, and the splendour of the Tetons unfolding to our view.

The following morning, we awoke to blue skies and warmer temperatures. However, our party had dwindled to but three boat crews, and Odin weeded out still more by sending down a pelting storm of hail. Those stalwarts who manned the remaining two boats were rewarded with a cessation of 'Pennies from Heaven' two minutes after embarking, and this happy condition continued until five minutes after the boats were deflated.

The younger kids were thrilled by some minor "Rapids" as Justine called them. I shall never cease to marvel at the patience and kindness shown by most of the adults on family river trips. Our thanks to a noble leader for making it enjoyable enough for the youngsters to want to try it again.

Participants: Bob Anderson; Gilbert, Eva, Lisa and Ellen Clark; Kathy Clement; Janet and Melissa Goodwin; Hafty, Sally, Mark and Shauna Hafterson; Chris Hammond; Jim, Marilyn, Shelly, Jim and Peter Hathaway; John Henry; Jan Jennings, Lance, Todd, Heather and Cabot; Buzz, Dottie, Bill and Todd Marden; Kay Millar; Gordy, Sally, Shauna, Linda, Jamey, and Monty Olsen; Franz and Alan Steinhart; Jean and Peter Sunderland; Hans, Sara, Henrietta, Charlotta and Justine Zwart.

green river

FAMILY RIVER FLOAT

by Carol Edison

Four vehicles holding four families proceeded from Lodge Pole campground early August 26. We unloaded at the ramp just below Flaming Gorge Dam, shuffled cars and readied the rafts. We were well on our way by noon, enjoying beautiful weather, a good current, and just enough white water. The day ended with a real grown-up type rapid, Red Creek, which I would rate about 4. Children sat in the middle of the rafts for that one-maybe next year, kids. The night was spent at Red Creek campground, and we arrived at Brown's Park all too soon on Sunday. All ages had a fine time. Dave and Carma picked a good run and organized the weekend beautifully.

Trip Leaders: Dave and Carma Crowther.

Captains: Dave Crowther, Roy Keir, George Edison. Enthusiastic crews: Carma Crowther, Joe and David Norberg, Cindy Crowther, Carol, Arthur and Paul Edison, Kathleen Keir, John Jackson, and Joni, Rose Ann and Roger.

advanced teenage rivertrip

AUGUST 5-6

by Carol Snyder & Shauna Clark

This was the second teenage river trip this summer. The port of entry was Split Mt. campgrounds on the

Green River.

Our departing time from the ice plant was scheduled to be somewhere between 6:30 and 7:00. We were finally on the move, in typical Mountain Club fashion, at 9:30, crammed tight into a fifteen passenger van, U-Haul truck that held all the gear and three people, and a Cougar holding four people. Of course, we made the usual few stops along the way. Somewhere around 2:00 a.m., we arrived at Split Mt. campgrounds. Most of us got a good four hours sleep before we awakened bright and early to pack, change and wait for the bus. The bus arrived at about 8:30 on which we ate breakfast and sang all the way to Echo Park.

We got there about 12:00 and put in on the cold, windy river, of which the first day consisted of riffles almost continuously. Even though the conditions for a water fight weren't too good, we started one with the first expedition's boats we saw. We stopped for lunch about a half an hour from when we put in, on a beautiful smooth, sandy beach. We wound up eating the beach because of the wind. We were on our way again and, by this time, it had started to clear up a little.

We took out at Jones Hole about 4:00, and of course by then the weather was beautiful and stayed that way the rest of the trip. Most of us went for the half mile hike to the falls that we never found, but some of us did find the petroglyphs. We returned back to camp and with some macaroni and cheese, and leftovers from the Hatch Expedition which consisted of barbecued beef. After our meal everyone did whatever they felt like doing, until we all zonked out.

We rose and shown to hash browns and corned beef. This day continued with plenty of waterfights. For lunch we all tied together and floated on down the river. Suddenly we were attacked by rivals from the day before, which ended some lunches abruptly. A few

minutes later, they were stopped and this gave us a good reason to stop, cool them off, and all the rest of us to even out on buckets. Then came the biggest waterfight yet--just a little ways before the rapids. Everyone was falling, jumping and getting thrown every which way out of the boats. This proved successful for Mike's boat because they were able to take over Dan's boat by throwing the left-over people overboard. Believe it or not, the boat that snuck by was Bob Everson's. After everyone was in the right boats, we continued on to the best part of the trip--Split Mountain, and the rest of the big rapids even though the water was lower than usual. The one last thing we did before we took out was jumping of some cliffs.

Then the grand finale was one big so-called water fight with a few buckets of mud added in. It ended when we pulled out and loaded up and were on our way home.

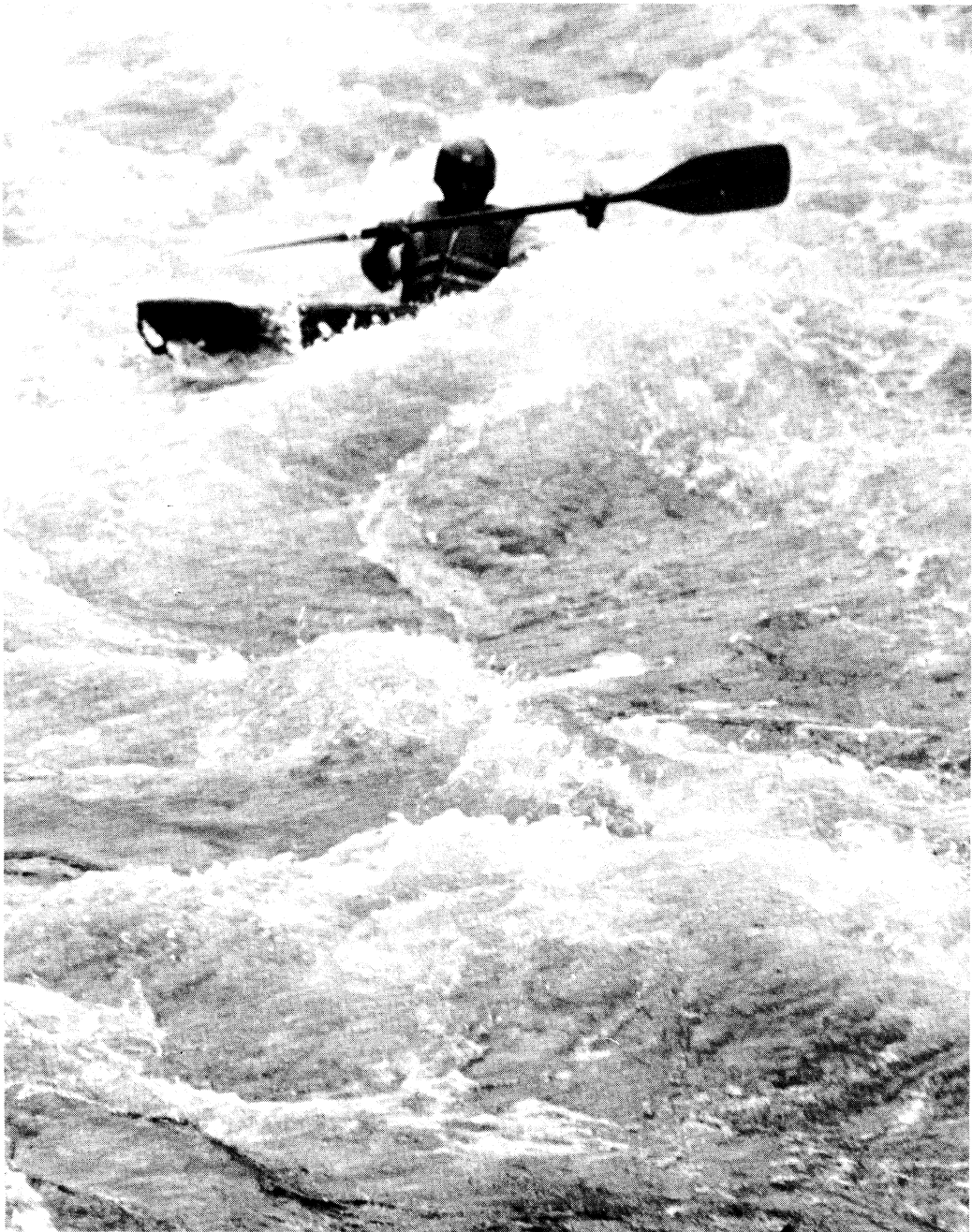
For supper we stopped in Vernal. Full and content, we were on our way again. It was just getting dark and all of us were just dosing off when, with our luck, we found we had a flat tire. Of course we had an expert on the subject with us and we had it fixed in a jiff. We arrived at the ice plant at about 12:00, unloaded the gear, and piled in cars to go home.

We're sure everyone will agree, all-in-all, it was a great trip.

With special thanks to the leaders and the shaparones: Jim Byrne, Bob Everson, Carol Jensen, Mike Kessler, John Linstrum, Kay Millar, Dan Thomas, and Karen Weatherbee.

From the participants: Rory Andrus, Mike and Robin Burger, Linda and Shauna Clark, Lance and Todd Evanoff, Russ Greenly, Carol Snyder, Kim and Jeff Stevens, Stanton Stevens, Melonie Sunderland and Pat Wright.

Bye for now, fellow river rats.



ALPINE CANYON by Dotty and Jim Byrne

snake kayak and canoe trip

August 18-22

by Dotty Byrne

To avoid confusion, this trip was formerly billed as the Desolation Canyon Trip, later changed to the North Fork of the Clearwater River Trip, and now known as the Snake River Kayak and Canoe trip. It called out most of the club's avid kayakers and canoers.

Not even the soggy Friday evening nor drizzly downpour Saturday morning at East Table Creek campground, dampened spirits, and the rumor floating around camp immediately was "Let's get on the river!" Some of the group ventured on to the Moose Ranger station to view the inclement weather. But many hardy souls stayed to run Alpine Canyon - dismal weather or not! Since I was not one of the hardy set, I cannot report on the river run of the day - but oh, the tales told 'round the campfire that night! Told as only a kayaker can.....embellish!

Sunday morning held promise for a beautiful day, and a large crew assembled at the river for take off. The whirl and the suck of the eddies and boils and the heaving toss of the waves made the run delightful and super challenging. For those who made it through each rapid safely the first time, there was the fun of playing until finally gobbled up, and indeed there was lots of swimming!

Sunday's first run was the "best day everyone had had on the river" so many of the group decided to run it a second time. On this run, Lee Rhodes, a complete novice in kayaking, made it through with only one upset. A lot of the gang had to return to SLC Sunday evening, and the campfire was much quieter with our entertainment provided by Terrie Turnes cooking hamburgers over and into the fire and telling her infamous shuttle stories.

Monday the remaining group, Cal, Sue, and Steve, the Turnes crew, Jim, Dotty, Lee, and Pat headed for Jackson Lake for a leisurely float down the Snake through scenic Oxbow Bend and on to Pacific Creek.

Tuesday Lee and Jim spent the entire morning rigging a waterproof movie camera on Roger's C-2 to film the day's trip down Alpine Canyon. It was such an ingenious contraption - only to be washed overboard after the first major riffle - a sad moment for the film crew. But the water was still fine and the run itself was otherwise perfect. In fact, most people on the trip would probably agree Alpine Canyon is a splendid river run.

Trippers: Cal (leader) and Steve Giddings, Sue Gregor, Terrie and Roger Turnes and family, Jim, Dotty, and Beeper Byrne, Dan Thomas, J. and Alice Dewell and family, Ruth Henson, Dee and Sam Crouch and family, Jerry Kolc, Hafty Hafterson, John Herbst, Lynn and Gail Gayler, Lee Rhodes, and Patty McCrocklin.

ski touring in '72-73

by Dave Hanscom

It's time to think snow again (for some of us diehards, that is) and prepare for the rapidly encroaching ski season. We hope to have a safe and enjoyable touring program this year, but it must be emphasized that its success will depend upon your cooperation. The first thing we need is ideas, but soon the search for trip leaders will begin. No tours will be scheduled unless a leader has been found, so please give a day or two of your time this year if you're asked to help.

Today we need answers to questions and suggestions on how the WMC Touring Program can best serve the participants. Should there be more beginner, advanced, nordic, etc. tours? Is there a need for instruction like the mountaineering courses? Are our safety precautions suitable? Should we try to arrange for a source of information on snow/avalanche conditions to be available to all ski tourers?

An issue that was discussed after last year's Cardiff avalanche is that of probes. I would like to make them mandatory for each participant on tours where avalanche danger is particularly high. The tour leader would decide on whether to require probes, and the RAMBLER write-up would include that information. I am presently building one that is inexpensive and compact that WMC members will be able to buy for the cost of the materials. The club will also have some for rent at Timberline Sports.

Your ideas on this year's touring

program are solicited. A meeting will be held at my house (3132 Teton Drive) on October 17 at 7:30 p.m. for anyone interested in participating in discussion, decisions, consumption of liquid refreshment, and certainly a careful observation of the avalanche film.

news and notices

ENVIRONMENTAL AWARENESS COURSE

A thought provoking course dealing with population growth and its related social, economic, and environmental problems is being offered as part of the Y.M.C.A. fall quarter adult classes.

The class, entitled "Environmental Awareness", will draw on members of local environmental and population control groups, as well as other informed citizens, to provide up-to-date lectures and films on population growth; energy and natural resource consumption; the world food supply; the economics of growth; Utah's air and water problems; land use; and recycling.

The ten week course, which began September 25, is open to any interested person for a \$5 registration fee. The class will meet once a week on Monday evenings, 7:30 to 9:00 p.m., in the North Club Room at the Y.W.C.A.

Pamela Thompson 485-9963

THANKS

A big vote of thanks can finally

be given to three life members who have just completed the installing and sealing of the log railing on the lodge porch. Stan Murdock, Tom Degles, and Carl Bauer started the project two years ago and it is finished in September this year.

A large tree was selected and cut from the hillside above the lodge. Attempts to move it to the lodge by hand proved futile, so a 4-wheel drive jeep was obtained to deposit it in front of the porch. Lifting the log onto the porch and setting it into place was quite an effort and somewhere along the way Tom injured his back.

The entire project took several days of work for the three men. When asked about the two year interval, one said, "This type of project requires the proper aging of the log and also the members involved."

HITCHED

Alice Tassainer and J Dewell were married in September.

MOVED

...Oscar and Phyllis Robison and family have moved to Coos Bay, Oregon. W.M.C. will surely miss them!

THANKS

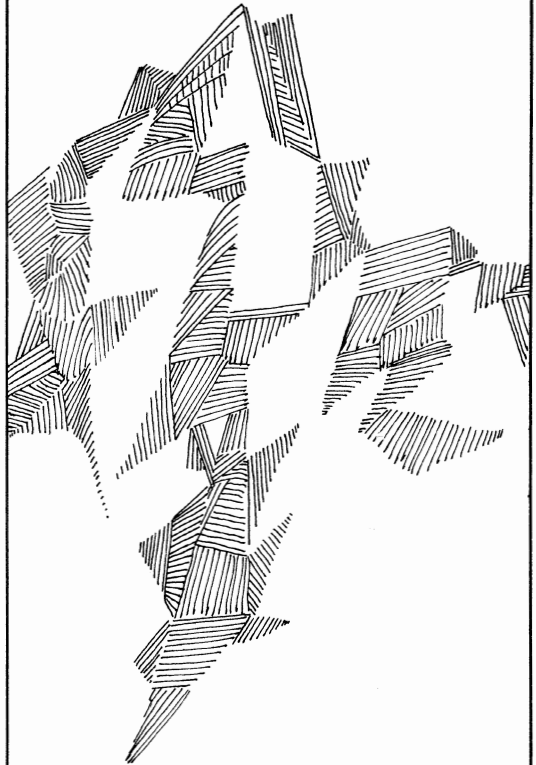
to Rose Morrison, Betty Hendricks, LeRae Cederholm, Linda Stevens, Sandy Koncher for typing this months RAMBLER.

...to Monica Karlson and Jean Smith for mailing the September RAMBLER.

DEADLINE

...for the November RAMBLER is October 15th. Please have your articles and schedules TYPED and mailed or delivered to Ruta Dreijmanis, 1941 Woodside Drive, #A, Salt Lake City, 84117.

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yampa kayak trip

by Jim Byrne

Through a long Friday night WMC kayakers trickled into the Plug Hat Campground at Dinosaur with the last "pathfinders" arriving after sign-out with the Rangers had put us on the way to Deerlodge Park. The event which brought out 20 boaters was the first club kayak trip down the Yampa River. When we arrived at Deerlodge and peering over the bank at the little stream flowing by, an immediate "can you top this" resulted with cries of "when I was last here, the water was clear up to here" etc. The river rose considerably, however, when we launched our 17 kayaks, one canoe, and raft. Those who had floated the Yampa before at high water had to get used to the more leisurely pace of the river and had more time to enjoy the beauty of the canyon. An early camp at Teepee left plenty of time for playing up an appetite in Teepee Rapid.

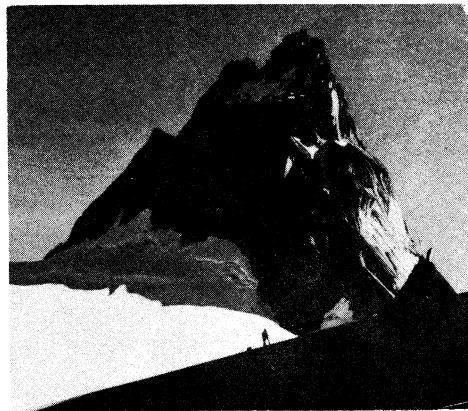
A long day of paddling on Sunday brought us to Harding Hole for our second happy hour. Along the way we found Big Joe a bit shallow and rocky. There was no clear path through the rocks big enough for the raft.

Monday afternoon brought us to the terrible Warm Springs which, alas, the low flow had reduced to one fast shute and a lot of big rocks to dodge. It was interesting to see the three large boulders which form the famous Warm Springs hole at high water. As we ended our Yampa float at Echo Park, we paddled out into the 15 degree colder Green River, and beat a hasty retreat for shore.

Our trip members: Roger, Terrie, Cal, Sue, Steve, Jerry, Dick, Hafty, John, Dee, Sam, Me, Dot, J., Alice, John, Mark, Lynn, Gail, and Ruth.

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COVER PHOTO:
A winters morn in the
Cordillera Blanca
by Larry Swanson

Wasatch Mountain Club business is conducted only on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. At that time, and only at that time, is the mail opened, new membership applications voted on, dues payments recorded, address changes made, and all other business requiring board action conducted. All board members cannot attend all board meetings and although an effort is made to fill in during a member's absence, some business is held for action until the next meeting.

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB
3155 Highland Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106 Phone: 362-7150

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

To the Board of Directors:

I hereby apply for membership in the Wasatch Mountain Club. I enclose the \$4.00 entrance fee and \$3.00 dues (spouse \$1.50). I have attended 2 outings (hikes, ski tours, cave trips, camping trips, rock-hound trips, work parties) and am genuinely interested in the out-of-doors. (Please note that social events (lodge parties, ski socials, etc.) are not included in the definition of outings.) I agree to abide by all the rules and regulations of the Club as specified in the Constitution and By-laws and as determined by the Board of Directors.

Name (print) _____	Outings attended: _____ Date _____
_____	1. _____
Signature _____	2. _____
(If spouse membership please print name of spouse) _____	Recommended by: _____
Address _____	Member: _____
City _____ State _____	Director: _____
Zip _____ Phone _____	(Please note: you must have above signatures before your application can be presented to the Board of Directors.)
	(Effective September 1 to January 1, 1973)

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