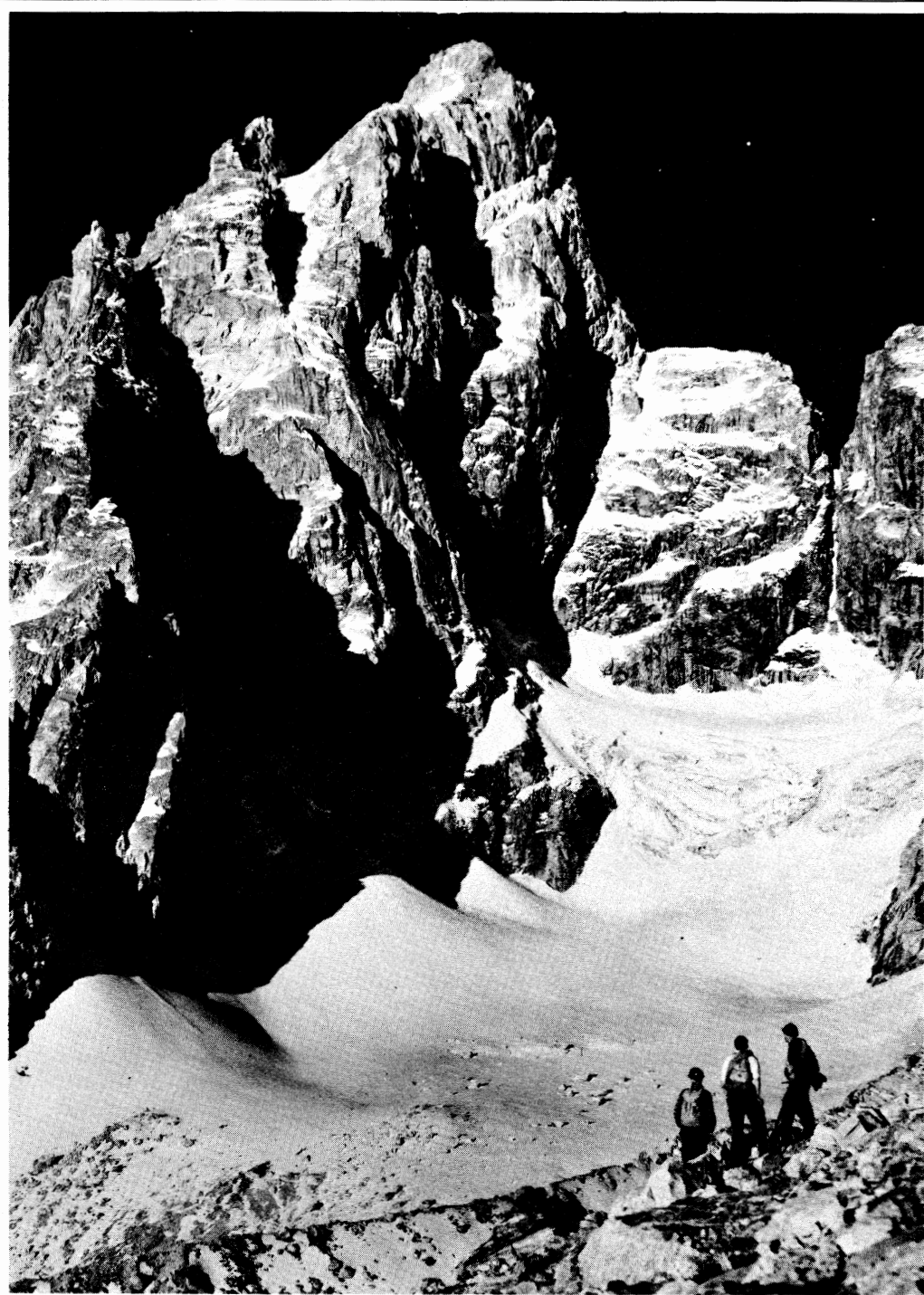


# *The Rambler*

SEPTEMBER 1973



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



Joshua Trees

Phipps, Nev.

Photographer unknown

# Club activities for SEPTEMBER 1973

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 1972. 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.

AUGUST 31 to  
SEPTEMBER 3

CIRQUE OF TOWERS MOUNTAINEERING HIGH CAMP. For details see last month's Rambler or call the leader, Milt Hokanson, at Timberline Sports - 466-2101 - between 6:30 PM and 8:30 PM.

SEPTEMBER 6  
Thursday

EVENING CLIMB AT STORM MOUNTAIN

SEPTEMBER 7  
Friday

ALTA - BRIGHTON MOONLIGHT HIKE. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 6:30 PM. Leader: Marilyn Bateman, 466-3132.

SEPTEMBER 8  
Saturday

MOUNT WOLVERINE HIKE - El. about 10,700 Rating 6.0 Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 AM. Leader: Al Wickham, 328-1972.

SEPTEMBER 8-9  
Sat.-Sun.

EVANSTON TO KAMAS BIKE HIKE. OK all you bikers, here is your chance to do something of real interest. We will drive the bikes to Evanston and head out from there. Hopefully we will be able to get someone to meet us in the evening and bring all the necessary camping gear, so we will not have to carry it on the bikes. Register by Sept. 5th with Don Colman 486-7796 or Bill Rosqvist 295-0458.

SEPTEMBER 9

Sunday

WILDCAT RIDGE HIKE - El. 10,242 Rating 18.0

This is the king of the beat-outs. Register early with the leader as there will be a limit on the number who can go. Hike will begin at 6:00 AM. Leader: Caine Alder, 487-3097.

SEPTEMBER 9

Sunday

LACKWAXEM LAKE. Rating 3 - 4

This is a little done hike to a lake in the vicinity of Guardsman Pass. Bring a small lunch and join us on this easy hike. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 9:00 AM. Leader: Emily Hall, 277-1555.

SEPTEMBER 12-17

Wed. night to

Mon. night

CATARACT CANYON (Advanced) We are adding an extra day to the trip this year to enable us to hike up Dark Canyon (Primitive Area -- and hopefully also hike up the sheep trail from Spanish Bottom to the Doll House). Another possible "added attraction" (??) is sleeping on the boats in the moonlight the first night while we drift down the flat water to the head of Cataract Canyon. (Be prepared to stand a 2-hour watch during the night!) Trip fees and exact plans not yet determined. However, hardy souls who claim to enjoy this kind of nonsense must also be hardy paddlers with prior experience on intermediate or advanced trips. Reservation applications of \$5.00, along with address, phone number and prior river experience should be submitted to the trip leader, June Viavant, 252 Douglas St., Salt Lake City 84102, by September 5th.

SEPTEMBER 13

Thursday

EVENING CLIMB AT STORM MOUNTAIN

SEPTEMBER 14-17

Fri. - Mon.

RUBY MOUNTAINS MOUNTAINEERING HIGH CAMP. We plan to spend a leisurely weekend car camping and peak bagging in these nice mountains near Elko, Nevada. Call the leader, Paul Horton, at 262-4695 for information and registration.

SEPTEMBER 15

Saturday

LODGE WOOD-GATHERING PARTY. Lots of help needed, especially trucks and chain saws, for this annual event where we cut and store the logs for the lodge fireplace. Lunch and cold drinks furnished. Stay overnight after if you want. Please register with Mel Davis at 278-3174. Start at 8:30 AM.

SEPTEMBER 15-16

Sat. - Sun.

OPEN LODGE. Those who wish to stay overnight at the lodge after gathering wood all day long may do so. Wick and March Miller (582-6051) are hosts for this casual open-lodge sleep-in. If you have any questions, or any answers ? to questions please call the Millers.

SEPTEMBER 15  
Saturday  
STORM MOUNTAIN VIA FERGUSON CANYON HIKE - El. 9,524,  
Rating 9.0 - Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood  
Canyon at 8:30 AM. Leader: Elmer Boyd, 298-5537.

SEPTEMBER 15-16  
Sat. - Sun.  
WASATCH OVERNIGHT BACKPACKING. We will try to approach  
from the Park City side and camp somewhere on the ridge.  
Register with the leader by Sept. 12th. Leader: Bill  
Rosqvist, 295-0458.

SEPTEMBER 16  
Sunday  
BOX ELDER PEAK HIKE - El. 11,101 Rating 9.0  
Meet at Prudential Plaza, 33rd South and State, at  
7:00 AM. Leader: John Riley, 485-2567.

SEPTEMBER 19  
Wednesday  
REYNOLDS PEAK HIKE - El. 9,400 Rating 4.5  
Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 9:00 AM.  
Leader: David Parry, 485-3508.

SEPTEMBER 20  
Thursday  
EVENING CLIMB AT STORM MOUNTAIN

SEPTEMBER 22  
Saturday  
LAKE SOLITUDE FROM BRIGHTON HIKE - El. 9,600 Rating 2.0  
Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at  
Leader:

SEPTEMBER 22  
Saturday  
LONE PEAK HIKE - El. 11,253 Rating 11.0  
Meet at 6:30 AM at the Penneys Automotive Parking Lot in  
the Cottonwood Mall. Leader: Milt Hollander, 277-1416.

SEPTEMBER 23  
Sunday  
MOUNT RAYMOND FROM THE TERRACES HIKE - El. 10,241  
Rating 8.5 - Meet at The Movie, 39th South and Wasatch  
Blvd. at 8:30 AM. Leader: Don Colman, 486-7796.

SEPTEMBER 23  
Sunday  
LAKE MARY FAMILY HIKE - El. 9,560 Rating 1.5  
Meet at the WMC Lodge in Brighton at 10:00 AM.  
Leader: Barbara Kuehl, 582-6890.

SEPTEMBER 27  
Thursday  
EVENING CLIMB AT STORM MOUNTAIN

SEPTEMBER 29  
Saturday  
LAKE BLANCHE VIA MINERAL FORK - Rating 8.5  
We will try a different approach to Lake Blanche, this  
time going up Mineral Fork and over the ridge to the  
lake. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at  
8:00 AM. Leader: Peter Pruess, 467-8284.

SEPTEMBER 29  
Saturday  
ANNUAL WESTERN PARTY. Time to get out your spurs and  
Stetson. If you want to have a good time gambling,  
square dancing, eating, drinking at a real Mexican  
Cantina, listening to a Mariachi Band and mingling  
with WMC people, then we just happen to know where you  
can do this - The Western Party! Time: Sept. 29,  
7:30 PM. Place: WMC Lodge. Cost: \$3.00 per person.  
Wear your western type duds and be prepared to have a

good time. For reservations call Jan Anderson, 262-0794 (after 5 PM) or Judy Ching, 262-3800 (after 5:30 PM) or WMC, 363-7150 during the day.

SEPTEMBER 29-30  
Sat. - Sun.

OPEN LODGE. If everything goes as planned, you will be too tired to drive home after the Western Party. So stay at the lodge overnight. Rest, recuperation and cleanup is the agenda for Sunday.

SEPTEMBER 30  
Sunday

MULE HOLLOW WALL EXPERIENCE CLIMB. We will do one of the interesting but not too difficult routes on this big wall. Meet at the parking lot in the mouth of Mule Hollow at 9:30 AM. The leader is Hal Gribble, 484-6923. Please register.

SEPTEMBER 30  
Sunday

RED PINE LAKE AND PFEIFFERHORN HIKE - Rating 5.0, 10.0 respectively. Here is an easy-hard hike combined together. You can do as much or as little as you like. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 7:30 AM. Leader: Charlie Swift, 532-3996.

OCTOBER 4  
Thursday

EVENING CLIMB AT STORM MOUNTAIN

OCTOBER 6  
Saturday

MOUNT AIRE HIKE - El. 8,629 Rating 3.0  
The fall colors should be great on this popular club hike.  
Meet at The Movie at Leader:

OCTOBER 7  
Sunday

MOUNT TIMPANOGOS HIKE - El. 11,750 Rating 10.5  
Meet at the Alpine turnoff of I-15 at 7:00 AM.  
Leader: Fred Bruenger, 485-1423.



Salt Creek--Canyonlands Pictographs

Photo by Pat King

## From the President

By LeRoy Kuehl

During the last week in July, Dennis Caldwell, who served as president of the Mountain Club for the preceding two-and-a-half years, left Salt Lake City to take a position in Uppsala, Sweden. The Board of Directors asked me to assume the presidency for the remainder of the term, an honor which I was pleased to accept.

Dennis and his wife, Karin, have been extraordinarily active and dedicated club members, and their departure will surely be felt. Over the past years, Dennis served as club treasurer, as ski-touring director, as a member of the Lone Peak Wilderness Committee, and as Club President. The Caldwells were among the first to appreciate the dangers of uncontrolled development in the Wasatch Front Canyons and have led the club in its efforts to preserve a portion of these canyons in their natural state.

We wish Dennis and Karin well, we will miss them.

# news and notices

## Rambler Deadline

.....for October RAMBLER is  
Saturday, September 15.  
Please have your articles and  
schedules TYPED and mailed to:  
Attention: RAMBLER Editor  
Wasatch Mountain Club  
3155 Highland Drive  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84106

.....  
IF ANYONE TAKES BLACK & WHITE GLOSSY  
PICTURES ANY MORE, LET'S HAVE 'EM!!!  
.....

PICTURES OF HIKING-----  
PICTURES OF BOATING-----  
PICTURES OF CLIMBING-----  
PICTURES OF PEOPLE DOING WEIRD  
THINGS!

ALSO, ANY CARTOONS, QUOTATIONS,  
OR OTHER PERTINENT THINGS WILL BE  
APPRECIATED!  
SUBMIT YOURS NOW!  
DON'T DELAY!  
DO IT TODAY!

please?

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 next meeting.

# druid arch

JULY 28-29

SOUTHERN UTAH JEEP TRIP

by Arthur Goldberg

We all arrived at the Squaw Flat Campground in the Needles District of Canyonlands National Park at varying times the evening before. Kermit related how he was suddenly awakened by a large cougar crossing the road at 1:30 a.m. while enroute to the campground.

Early Saturday morning we drove our cars down the dirt road to the parking area at the base of Elephant Hill. It was the end of the road for everyone except hikers and owners of 4-wheel drive vehicles. After securing our packs, we proceeded on a foot trail to the left of the Elephant Hill jeep trail. The eleven of us went over a steep hill and discovered the solitude of the desert. Traveling on bare rock over a series of hills and through a large, open valley brought us into the shade of a narrow, cool squeeze-way. We hiked through a section of trail shaded by large pinnacles and narrow passages, and came upon a sign for a cutoff to a viewpoint. We dropped our packs and felt like we were floating up the twisting path which led us inside a large engulfing arch of rock. From this high, cool picture window we had a beautiful view of the valley below, portions of the trail we were still to cover, and the many weird mushroom formations in the distance.

Our packs again on our backs, we followed the trail as it zigzagged and descended. We then began hiking up a dry creekbed, but soon missed Kermit, Marilyn, and Vaughn (Marilyn's brother). Don then backtracked, only to find them caught up with the beautiful views. We then hiked about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile up the creekbed until Don found the spot he was looking for-- a relatively level, shady area which would be our campsite for the evening. Here we shed our packs, satisfied our stomachs and our thirst and then hiked about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles up the creekbed (impassable by jeep) to Druid Arch. I was surprised to see a number of small pools of water along the trail. This water is drinkable if you add halazone tablets to it. There was also a surprisingly large number of tadpoles in some of the pools, along with tiny worm-like creatures which Bobby believed to be mosquito larvae.

Druid Arch was quite spectacular when viewing it from a large, shady overhang. Our viewpoint was so comfortable that soon all of us were asleep except Mike. When I awoke, Don, Larry, and Colin (my 19-month-old son who had a stuffy nose) were having a snoring contest. Mike in the meantime succeeded in climbing to just below the base of Druid Arch.



Back at camp, we quenched our thirst with cold beer and soda, which Don had so thoughtfully packed in. I now feel that beer, soda, and water may be the only items worth packing in on a desert trip. Since we were refreshed and well rested from our afternoon siesta, Don suggested an evening hike into Chesler Park, which started by our going downstream to a trail junction. Leaving the streambed, we climbed through a series of narrow, straight fissures or joints (this is sometimes called the Joint Trail). Kermit spotted some pictographs on the rock slab above us. We searched for more, in vain.

We continued along the trail until it led us to a low point between the pinnacles and spires that completely surround the park. From this point there is a beautiful view overlooking the yellow-green grassy meadows of the valley. Chesler Park is now closed to 4-wheel drive vehicles, and the ugly jeep trails are slowly being overgrown, returning the area to its pristine beauty. Our bushwhacking through Chesler Park was climaxed by a scene of a maze of pinnacles and needles silhouetted against a red sky. A night under the stars and a backpack out in the coolness of the morning ended a beautiful and rewarding desert experience.

Participants: Don Colman (leader), Larry Perkins, Mike Maack, Kermit Earle, Marilyn Batemen, Vaughn Bateman, Bobby Zalut, Clyde Zalut, Kiku, Colin, and Arthur Goldberg.

by ?

## LODGE PARTIES

The poker party at the lodge on June 23rd was quite a congenial affair. After the huge success of the lodge work party (were there five or six present?), we thought poker also was going to be a lost cause. After many hours of wheeling and dealing, Mike O'Mana won 14¢, and Judy Ching lost 25¢. The stakes were high; the beer was good.

Attending (I think) were: Joan Hoffmann, Dennis Tolboe, Mike and Bonnie O'Mana, Hack ?, Charlie McDonauld, John ?, Bill Dickman, Sandy and Pete Hawk, Mike Lundergan, Pete Snow, Linda Nelson, Pat Nelson, Pat and Brent Burton, Harold Stewart and Judy Ching.

Attending the work party were: Kathy Hedberg, Louise Hollander, Bryan Hollander, Clare and Mel Davis, Bonnie and Mike O'Mana, and Judy Ching.

A day late for the work party were John Herbert and Jim Wheeler. (Thank you, John and Jim for cleaning up after the poker party.)

## Wasatch Trails

Please send postpaid \_\_\_\_\_ copies of  
WASATCH TRAILS for which I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_.  
Price \$1.50 each.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

to:

Bill Rosqvist  
281 South 1000 East  
Bountiful, Utah 84010

# news

(CONT'D)

## MOUNTAINEERING RAMBLINGS

By Paul Horton

As the days grow shorter, those who intend to do some climbing at the Thursday evening sessions should plan to come earlier, so as not to be caught by darkness. Also, I wish all of you beer drinkers would put your empties in the garbage sacks for a change.

One of our recent local experience climbs, that on the North Ridge of the Pfeifferhorn, was canceled because of poor weather, but three of us salvaged the day by doing a wet ascent of Schoolroom.

A very sobering note-- Marshall Ralph and Dave Smith (recently Mountaineering Director) were involved in a bad accident in Canada's Glacier National Park. I don't know many details as of this writing (Aug. 15), but apparently they were struck by rockfall while on a climb, and Dave received a severe head injury (they were wearing hard hats). Marshall was able to go for help, apparently an epic hike out, and called a helicopter which lifted Dave out to Banff. As I write this he is in a Calgary hospital. Hopefully by the time you read this, he will be home. We all wish a speedy recovery.

If you have any particular complaints, please write to the Board of Directors, Wasatch Mtn. Club, 3155 Highland Dr., SLC 84109.

REGARDING RIVER RUNNING TRIPS FOR SEPTEMBER: Ye Ed. received only the Cataract Canyon notice. Bob Everson is out of town but as September progresses, he might be reached at 487-0029.

### THANKS TO

- ..... George and Georgia Randall for mailing the September RAMBLER.
- ..... Frank Huff for not only printing the RAMBLER but also for his patience with a new editor.
- ..... Adrian Stevens who did practically the whole thing.

### TERRIBLE MYSTERY!

Somewhere in this blue-eyed world there is an article written about the Yampa-Green River Trip. Let's have it before the next Rambler deadline! Mel Davis has prepared a great layout of pictures and the article was supposed to go with them -- but where is it??

Cover photo--Le Grande Teton  
Photographer unknown

# peak sunset

by James W. Kordig

We met at the lodge on July 8th and started up the trail toward Lake Mary following our deputy leader, Dale Green. Shortly afterwards, we started scrambling up boulders and all of us new members were convinced that the 3.5 rating was a misprint. We followed the trail past Lake Mary and Lake Martha, trying to keep up with the gung-ho types in the lead. The morning was warm and the sky cloudless. Many of us made snow cones to relieve our thirst.

As we approached Catherine Pass, those of us without our "Wasatch Trails" booklet were wondering which was Sunset Peak. We turned left at the pass and were surprised to be walking along the trail on the ridge of the south-facing slope.

We stayed at the summit for slightly over an hour at lunch time. Elmer Boyd distributed his poncho and extra windbreakers to us tenderfeet who were underclothed and chilled by the breeze at the summit of Sunset Peak.

On the way back, our leader Pete Hovingh suggested a shortcut to the trail by Lake Catherine. We rump-glissaded several hundred yards down the north slope at high speed and then dug the snow away from our clothing. Without a doubt, this exhilarating portion of the descent was the highlight of the hike.

Just after we passed Dog Lake, our rock hound Elmer Boyd located an unusual rock specimen. It contained three distinct types of copper crystals: malachite, azurite, and chalcocite.

The hikers were: William, Pete and Margaret Hovingh; Dale Green, Ernie Rotsach, Gerri and Clayton Abrams, Elmer Boyd, Bernie Kaye; Alison, Paula, Carol, and Dell Wiens; Jack Noy, Annette Busby, Doug and Lois Craig, Katie Hedberg, Jim Kordig, Adam and Jean Carside, Joyce Schler.

# maybird lakes

TO THOMAS ISLAND ??

by Reg Swartz      Saturday, July 28

In the tradition of the club, a new leader was recruited to replace the original leader who was out of town. Jackie Thomas was the somewhat intrepid new leader, undaunted by the fact that she had never been on this particular hike before. The group of nine trusting followers met at the fork in the road at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon and started up the Red Pine trail at about 8:30. We progressed to the 8800 foot level where the trail heading westerly toward Maybird Gulch was located. The trail was lost after the creek was crossed, leading to a scramble up to the ridge between Red Pine and Maybird Gulch. On the ridge we re-located

part of the trail, and followed it up Maybird Gulch. After a scramble across a rockfall and up a hillside, we regained the ridge and dropped down to the Maybird Lakes. The first one had dried up, but the other two were very pretty clear lakes. There were no other people in sight, which was a real surprise after seeing the congestion around Red Pine Lake.

There is an island in the upper lake which invited exploration since there was a bridge (disguised as a log) leading to it. In the middle of the island resting between the branches of a tree at eye level was an aspirin bottle containing the shortest register I have ever seen. There was an entry in 1966, 1968, and 1970, totaling about a dozen people. We entered our names in the register, naming it Thomas Island for Jackie Thomas (our somewhat intrepid leader).

We retreated from the island to lounge around on the rocks for an hour and a half in various stages of dress, and leisurely retraced our steps down the canyon to our starting point and thence to Ye Olde Canyon Inn. It was a very pleasant hike, not much harder than the Red Pine Lake hike--most of the participants thought it to be about a 6.0--and much less densely populated, having seen only one other group all day. The leader was Jackie Thomas. Hikers were Joyce Sohler, Ernie Abrams, Gerri Abrams, Jim Wheeler, Charles French, Art French, Clifton Panos, Zelda Bills, and Reg Swartz.

by Paul Horton

Our group of twelve spent the July 24th holiday in the southern Wind Rivers. Some of the cars got stuck on the muddy road to Big Sandy Opening, but eventually we got started on the hike in. Later that evening, camp was set up in a beautiful, park-like meadow between Clear and Deep Lakes. We cooked our dinner in a driving rain-sleet-snow storm.

The weather continued to be changeable for the rest of the trip--one moment bright sunshine, the next lightning and rain. This kept us off any technical routes, with the one unremarkable exception of the Primak Route on Haystack (I F4, done by P. Horton and B. Marden). Instead, we concentrated on bagging peaks by their easy routes. East Temple and Mount Temple were climbed on separate days by different groups, and Haystack and Mount Mitchell were ascended. Some shorter hikes were done, and a number of people caught fish. We spent the evenings cooking and talking and watching the storm clouds spill into the Cirque of Towers.

Like all good trips, this one ended too soon. Five of us were lucky and stayed an extra day; we wished it were an extra week. I was quite impressed with the Temple area; it has fine peaks and nice lakes. Although it is not quite as spectacular as the Cirque of Towers, it is as easy, or easier, to get into and is visited by far fewer climbers.

Participants: Bill Yates, Margo Bosch, Larry Perkins, Mike Hendricks, Ray Daurelle, Bill Marden, Danny Horton, Marty Snyder, Paul Horton, Richard ?, Lin ?, Yang ? (sorry gentlemen, I lost the list of names and couldn't remember yours).

# wind rivers



# Snake River Canyon

by Renu Jalota

Friday midnight, June 29th, eighteen of us gathered and camped in Astoria Hot Springs campground, only to get up early Saturday morning to be in the "Mad River." We drove to Moose to do a 37-mile stretch of the Snake to Astoria Hot Springs. In no time we were floating in three rafts on the Snake, captained by Tom, Karen and Dale. The Tetons loomed large in the north while we floated southward.

In this stretch the Snake flows through ranch lands, much of the way between dikes. Though no rapids were encountered, the swift current and the multiple channels braiding through a thick forest made maneuvering our rafts tricky and exciting. Quite a few times we banged into each other or on fallen tree stumps. Actually we missed the Gros Ventre River merging into the Snake as we were in a different channel. The Teton Range with Rendezvous Peak on the west side and the thick forest on the east looked cool. Mule deer, porcupine, sage grouse, great horned owl, Canada goose and goslings, red squirrel, big-horn sheep and snowshoe hare are the attractive wild life in this area, but we encountered ducks, birds and of course, mosquitoes all the time.

The tricky, swift channels drove Karen's raft crazy and we saw them hanging onto a bunch of tree stumps between two main channels. But before we even had time to laugh at them, we discovered ourselves colliding with them! The impact was great enough to swing our raft into one main channel with knee deep water in the raft and our captain, Dale, shoulder deep in the river. Karen's crew were able to haul Dale into their boat while we floated with less manpower and more weight from water in the raft.

We beached for lunch while still in Teton National Forest, but the ferocious mosquitoes drove us off and we ended up snacking in our rafts. By this time we had viewed the Snow King ski area and soon we passed under Wilson Bridge. The Snake was now swifter and mostly forming a big main channel. More southward we saw the rushing Hoback River. The blue sky with scattered snowball clouds and the ranch and farm country on the river sides were enchanting. Relaxing, dozing and basking in the sun, we reached a camp spot at Astoria Hot Springs. Some of us managed to swim in the Sulphur Hot Springs swimming pool while others sneaked out to Jackson for the bars.

Sunday greeted us with a lovely morning. We had a lazy breakfast, packed up and once again were on the Snake to run the 18-mile stretch of Snake River Canyon (also known as Alpine Canyon and the little Grand Canyon). The canyon cuts through the Teton, Targhee and Bridger national forests with challenging white waters. Roughly 17-18 rapids made our day full of screams, laughter and cries for Odin! At times we banged into each other and went through the rapids together. "Lunch Counter" rapid was really exciting as the river passed through a narrow 30-foot slot between huge rocks on the sides with a 4-foot drop in the river bed. The rapids at this high-water time had 20-25 foot deep holes. In seconds we went through it and one of the rafts was swung around, a paddle was lost and another one was broken--and Angie lost her glasses! Just think of the treasures under that hole! After yet another series of rapids ("Rope Rapids"), we beached and packed off at Sheep Gulch. Some of us had a lot of fun, while others were wondering how they made it. It was a very exciting trip and we recommend it to you all! Thank you Tom Grover, for making this trip

come to life. (It was cancelled at one stage!)

River Leader: Tom Grover.

Boat Captains: Karen Weatherbee, Tom Grover, Dale Green, Terry and Pat Milligan.

Backseat Drivers: Angela Terry, Casey and Gary, Isabelle, Amelda, Lockwood Young, Garry and Jan, Wendy and John, Wendy, Arnie, and Renu Jalota.

# kessler peak

by?

Saturday, June 23

On a clear, warm, June morning, a group of ten people assembled for a hike to Kessler Peak by way of Mill D South Fork. (The Wasatch Trails booklet suggests a route from Mineral Fork but this was not deemed feasible for a group hike.) The leader warned that we might end up in the brush, because he was uncertain of part of the trail.

Because the stream was high and the road somewhat washed out, cars were left at the stream crossing below the Donut Falls turnout. This resulted in bypassing Donut Falls as the group stayed on the road. After turning off at the predetermined spot, the leader lost the trail as predicted and had to bushwhack up a steep brushy slope. At this point, Janelle Rouze dropped one of her contact lenses. She spent some time at the seemingly hopeless task of looking for it, and then turned back.

The trail was soon located and the group took off for the old Carbonate Mine and Kessler Peak. From then on it was a good hike. Naturally, there was a slight deviation in the return route as the trail became confused where it had been bushwhacked on the way up.

Hikers were: Reg Swartz, Janelle Rouze, Larry Miller, Mike Hendrickson, Ann Barr, Mary Jo Sweeney, Sue Smith, Joyce Sohler. John Riley was the leader.

Dorothy Smith started out with the group but chose to continue on up the road toward Cardiff instead of making the Kessler trip.

## Twin Lakes

## to Lake Solitude

By Dave Hanscom

Despite an unfavorable forecast and some ominous clouds in the early morning sky, 10 hikers showed up to accompany the leader on a leisurely tour of Brighton's less-visited lakes. We followed the trail from the store up behind Silver Lake to the top of the Evergreen Lift, then by Twin Lakes and over the pass into Solitude Canyon. After poking around in some old mine dumps, we decided the clouds were thickening and headed home via Lake Solitude.

Intrepid hikers were: Jerac and Mary Steggall, Ed Miller, Bev Knutson, Dan Freeman, Dave McCann, Charlie French, Stewart Ogden, Matt Beebe, and Cliff Panos.

# Westwater

by June Viavant

At the Wednesday night work party, Glorious Leader Dick Snyder announced that the Colorado River was running 16,000 cfm in Westwater Canyon, which some people would consider dangerous river running conditions. Therefore, anyone who preferred to drop out should do so. (Your scribe considered the amount of water the very best reason for going, but then, some people aren't that bright.) When we actually reached the river it was down to 9,000 cfm, and the hole behind Skull Rock was still twice as big as most people's living rooms. But wait till you hear more....

We departed about 7:00 p.m. July 27, and had a jolly time on the bus, what with liquid refreshments, the resultant camaraderie, and Tour Leader Snyder's snide remarks over the intercom system. Came a side trip to Cisco to pick up the Turneses, some hasty unloading in the blackness, and onto the ground for a few winks. Commissary Captain Karil Frohboese and the breakfast crew provided us with a quick but hearty breakfast, while boats were being pumped and gear stowed. We only paddled for a couple of hours, on Saturday, then stopped on a beautiful sand beach above Cougar Creek. Bob Everson swam the river to explore whether there was a better campsite downriver on the opposite side, and returned to report no beach at all. Most people ate lunch and then snoozed in the shade. Some swam, and river reptile Everson crawled up out of the slime and captured fair young maidens, whom he abducted back into the murky deep.

In mid-afternoon, Marty MacKnight, Jim Mason, Joel Bown, and I swam across the river to investigate the side canyon on the other side and ended up going on a four-hour hike that took us to the top of the highest sandstone plateau around, from whence we could see the Manti-LaSal Mountains, the Book Cliffs, and the San Rafael Swell. One of the fun aspects of the hike was climbing through a horizontal tunnel in the sandstone to get from one layer of cliff to the layer above it. Odin yells from these four evoked answering Odin yells from Johnny Walker and Joan Snyder, who were hiking and climbing on the inner plateau across the river. Meanwhile, a very prolonged happy hour was taking place back on the beach. Then out came the kabob ingredients planned by Captain Frohboese, and an equally prolonged dinner hour commenced. Some of the females discovered after dinner that people sitting on the partially deflated boat pontoons could be bounced as on a trampoline, and they enjoyed catapulting the unsuspecting into the air. We went to bed fairly early after a bedtime story about warm fuzzies read by Judy Ching.

Next morning, the BLM River Ranger, Vane Jones, arrived in his kayak, and went on down the river with us in our rafts and Roger Turnes in his C-1 canoe. Well...we arrived at Skull Rapid to scout it, and it was BIG. Just as the Snyder and Ogden boats were about to leave for the first pass through, that grand old World War II veteran boat, "Skull", perceiving the appropriate place to end its magnificent career, blew its bladder and

entered its death throes. Investigation revealed a foot-long hole in the pontoon casing right at the point where the pontoon joins the floor, and a hole in the bladder somewhere more than three feet forward of the split in the casing. (I.E., it was impossible to patch the bladder.) So we planned to patch the casing and hope that the patch would hold at least through the rapids.

Meanwhile, it was decided to send the Everson and the Anderson boats through for the trial run, since the Snyder boat was in drydock. I didn't actually see it, but I hear tell the Everson boat swept in the horrendous hole and flipped as it rode up the wave at the bottom. Bodies spun out all over and floated around the corner. Johnny Walker evidently stayed under the boat the longest, where he eventually saw Bonnie Scotland, his father and mother... Bob Everson got caught in the hydraulics against the cliff wall and couldn't decide whether he was going to die from strangling on the chin strap of his helmet or from lack of air because he was being recycled along the edge of the cliff... Bob also saw his mother... but finally washed out in time to catch up to his boat and go in under to pull Johnny.

The Anderson boat went across and out of the hole in great style, but horror of horrors, washed right up against the cliff at the bottom and flipped magnificently, also in great style, with bodies in life jackets disappearing around the corner. At this point, technically perfect (but also lucky) Mike Omana's boat got dispatched to pick up all the flotsam and jetsam. They swept into the hole and quivered there for a moment while torrents of water poured in over them seemingly from all sides, then staggered groggily out of the hole and thank Odin, made it past the cliff wall and on to their appointed task. As they rounded the corner, Mike saw all those bodies in all those life jackets in the current and in eddies, in ones, twos, and threes. He says his only thought was, "My God, how am I going to pick them all up?!" His boat was half full of water, and each time they hauled in a new person, the boat sank a little lower. No one quite knows how they did it, but they retrieved six people and finally caught up with Larry Long and Jennifer Ford, who had clung to one of the rafts for half a mile through the rapids below Skull. Five others collected themselves, righted a raft and paddled on down to the collecting point. At the end of the rapids they put in to shore to await the last two boats.

Meanwhile, June Viavant was sewing up the rip on Skull and Stew Ogden applied the patch. Then the raft was reinflated and guess what? It popped a couple of new splits in the casing and started giving off bubbles at a monstrous rate. So--nearly all the gear was put on the Ogden boat to lighten the load on Skull. Roger Turnes took his canoe through (magnificently, as did Vane Jones) and walked back up to give extra power on Skull. Marlene Ausin was delegated to man the pump all the way through the doggone rapid (except for the few worst moments) and off they set. They DID IT!! Yay!! Very surprising, considering that the soft boat buckled after the first wave which put the front paddlers flat in the middle of the boat. Then the overloaded Ogden boat took off, swept across the hole, rode up the crest on the far side, hung there a moment, trembled, and rolled back over on itself.



George and I came up under the boat, and when my first two attempts to push myself out from under didn't work, I decided to investigate sources of air under the boat. By tipping my head way back so that my nose was uppermost, I found I could gulp in the stuff; and if I swallowed fast enough and sorted the water gulps from the air gulps fast enough, one really could do O.K. Finally a wave slopped just right so that a shaft of light penetrated to give me my bearings, and I could locate a D-ring to hold onto and pull myself out. All of us in our boat were able to get to the upturned raft and hold on. After going over a small rapid, we cupped our hands against a leg to make a pocket to step into and Stew got up onto the raft, where he proceeded to haul people onto the upturned raft from above while I boosted from below. We no sooner hit the top of the raft than a rapid loomed ahead of us. So we spread-eagled on the bottom of the raft, hooked our feet over one edge as best we could, hung onto D-rings (those of us who could), and while Georgia hung onto our valiant captain with one hand, he calmly paddled us through with the one paddle that Georgia had had the good sense to hang on to. (I mean how melodramatically can one write this thing up?) Dick's boat caught up with us (they had to return Roger to his canoe) and gave our paddles to us (they had collected all of them) and we went through two more good-sized rapids paddling from the top of the bottoms-up boat. It was a real relief to catch up with the waiting boaters and learn that everyone was together again, and that our only problems were a missing boat, a dislocated shoulder for Larry Long (which popped back in fairly easily) and a dislocated knee (from being hit by the pump in the line of duty) for Terry Turnes. This did not pop back in, and caused considerable pain, but fortunately we had a doctor along in the person of Isabel Evenchick, and she did all for Terry that could be done. Terry made a remarkable recovery withing a few days and paddled her own kayak through Lodore two weeks later.

On our way out the canyon a breeze provided us with an opportunity to test our sailing skills. But alas, an upcanyon breeze hindered us last few miles. When we arrived at the river takeout, someone had brought our lost raft in and left it tied there (for which we have many many thanks, river friend, whoever you are---Odin??)

So, all was well that ended well. A lot of people have learned that one CAN swim through Skull Rapid, a few have learned that you CAN hold your breath longer than you think, and there seems to be general agreement with Dick Snyder's theory that the new lightweight boats need a little weight in the very front of the bow to pull the bow over the top of the crest and start it down the other side, instead of allowing it to roll back over itself.

Many accolades to Trip Leader and Boat Captain Dick Snyder, and especial commendations for all the work he put in to guarantee that everyone was able to buy, beg, or borrow the heavyweight life jackets, which served us so admirably in the river. Thanks to Commissary Captain Karil Frohboese, to the other Boat Captains Bob Everson, Bob Anderson, Mike Omana, and Stew Ogden. Other trip participants were Joan Snyder, Jan Anderson, Bonnie Omana, George Randall, Georgia Randall, Judy Ching, Marty MacKnight, Marlene Austin, Larry Long, Jennifer Ford, Jim Mason, June Viavant, Joel Bown, Lockwood Young, Johnny Walker, Isabel Evenchick, Malin Moench, Angie Terry, Dale Terry, Terry Turnes, and canoeist Roger Turnes.

POSTSCRIPT TO WESTWATER.....

by June Viavant

Westwater (Granite) Canyon is proposed for designation as a Wild River by Senator Moss. The commercial outfitters are increasingly adding traffic to the river - some of it in large boats. Permits may be required next year. It is my feeling that BLM, who is employing river rangers for the first time this year, ought to restrict trips per day to 4, number of individuals per trip to 25, and restrict to small boats. There also ought to be some balance between commercial and non-profit trips, and a certain percent of permits should be reserved for spur-of-the-moment trips. My personal feeling is that probably no one should be allowed to spend the night in the canyon. It is only an 18-mile run, and there are very few beaches, which will have to absorb a tremendous amount of impact if overnights are allowed. If camping is permitted, it will have to be restricted severely.

BLM is just getting into the management of rivers, and Mountain Club members are urged to think the question through thoughtfully and then send their comments and recommendations to Acting Director, BLM, Federal Building, SLC 84111. Cheers to Vane Jones, a great guy and a wonderful representative of BLM.



# save our river rats !

# mid-week

## ridge run

By ?

Wednesday, August 8

Starting from Elbow Fork, a group of midweek hikers, led by Mel Davis, spent the day running a somewhat intermittent and bushy trail on the ridge line between Parley's and Millcreek Canyons.

The trail showed very few signs of human use, except for some "NO TRESPASSING" signs on the Parley's side, and a machete which our leader managed to find.

After a lunch--spiced with Greek cucumbers--and some more hiking, one of our members inadvertently stood right next to a big ugly (or beautiful) tan-colored rattlesnake with big black diamonds on his back. Our hiker is still wondering why it didn't strike.

On the lower leg of the run, above Chuch Fork, the group split, each taking an alternate trail, where we re-assembled for a cool drink from a hidden spring.

Our collective thanks to our leader, Mel Davis, and let all hope the club continues to schedule more activities for us mid-week week-enders.

Participants were: Mel Davis, leader; Dave Parry, Yenta Kaufman, Joyce Sohler, Garf Bai.

# american fork~twin peaks

by Renu Jalota

Sunday, June 24

Four expert mountaineers with all the gear and a novice with some doubts started for their day's hike to American Fork Twins at the bottom of Devil's Castle. The mountaineers said "Ha! Ha! Ha!" and the novice said "Mm Mm!" and gazed around. We set forth on snow piled up on the rocks, melting at places to form little fresh water pools and streams. The green grass and the trees in company of pretty flowers - yellow, violet and red - were scattered among the snow-covered rocks. We climbed up on Devil's Elbow and below the Sugarloaf Ski Lift, saw all kinds of "ski trash" and wondered if most of it came from the ski accidents or the ski patrol (especially beer cans)! Soon we were at the ridge between Devil's Castle and the Baldy peaks. We visited the Wasatch Mountain cabin, saw some chipmunks making merry and decided it could use a little hectic cleanup!

Our first ridge climb to Baldy was short and smooth. The Baldy Shoots, Ballroom, Germania, Wildcat and Peruvian Gulch stretched right below Baldy from east to west and the view of the Wasatch peaks from Baldy added to the freshness of our canned snack stop. After Goodro took a good look at his own property (Baldy Peak), we started on the ridge to Hidden Peak. Some of the Snowbird tramway riders must have scratched their heads looking down at us, while we made chaotic steps in the snow to climb up to Hidden Peak. We caught our breath and set forth on the

ridge for American Fork Twin Peaks. This ridge topped two steep bowls with Gad Valley below on the northeast side, and it was quite "edgy." Plenty of sharp rocks toothed up through the snow in most of the stretch. Though the going was rough to the American Fork Twin (AFT) peaks, we made it gradually with ease. The top of the peak was the top of the world for us; the Wasatch and Timpanogos peaks, and the Uintas way in the east formed a spectacular view. Heber City waved at us from way below in the southeast corner, while we tried to wave at the hikers getting down from the south side of the west peak of AFT. We had a short snack stop and once again were on the move and on the west peak of the AFT peaks. We explored the WMC mailbox and discovered the other four hikers who had just been there.

We started our descent homeward by hiking up over Red Baldy with a view of White Pine Lake. Milt and Mike decided to glissade down the snow while the rest walked and slid down to the top of Gad Valley. Then we all had fun sledging, glissading and skating downhill until we hit the meadows. The sun was blazing hot by this time we had wet feet, boots and bottoms which stabilized our body temperatures. Of course Milt was the first one to get down to the stream and dig out the cold beer - needless to say, it tasted super (thank you Milt!). While Mike hauled Milt to Albion, the rest enjoyed Snowbird Plaza. For the experts it was fun; for the novice it was a hectic but intoxicating day!

Participants: Harold Goodro, Milt Hokanson, Mike and Karen Bogart, and Renu Jalota.

# grandeur peak

by ?

Sunday, May 27

Twenty-two hikers showed up for this, the second or third club trip up Grandeur Peak this year. The day was cool and the sky was bright and clear. A perfect day for the ever-pleasant Church Fork trail and Grandeur Peak itself. Nineteen of the hikers made the top, but we'll never tell who the unlucky three were. The hikers were: Lois & Doug Craig, Greta Reed, Reg Swartz, Gerry Powelson, Ruta Dreijmanis, Walt Boyce, Ray Olson, Charley F-- (Sorry, Charley, couldn't read the squiggles), John Mellin, Glen Getz, Elmer W. Boyd, Carolyn Andree, Dave Moore, Sophia Davis, Pat Frisby, Barry D. Evans, Joyce Sohler, Paula Mickle, Sue Boutin, Betty Hendricks; C. L. Keller, Leader.



# pfeifferhorn

by Reg Swartz

On the morning of July 21st, about 7:20, the main group of sixteen hikers began up the Red Pine trail, a group of 3 having already left a half hour earlier. The scheduled starting time of 8:00 a.m. was abandoned (don't forget to register with your leader!) to avoid the afternoon heat on the return trip, a threat which never materialized. The group stayed in a relatively compact mass past Red Pine and up to the ridge, at which point everyone got strung out along the ridge. The crossing of the last bit of exposure was made, and most of the group was on the summit by 11:00 a.m., or thereabouts.

On top, we were treated to one of the most dramatic scenes I have seen in the Wasatch. Wispy white clouds began gathering in the mouth of the canyon, blowing up the canyon, swirling around the base of the mountains, in stark contrast to the intense blue sky--it was something I had never seen before and that I would not soon forget.

About 11:30, Sam Allan and some half a dozen hikers decided to return down on the beat-out route. The wispy white clouds kept getting higher and higher, and about 12:00 the rest of the group started down. Pfeifferhorn is no place to be in a storm! Coming down was uneventful except for about a dozen rain drops which fell upon our heads. There were several rest stops made on the return, which is a nice way to come down. The usual post mortem of the hike was held at the Canyon Inn. The only bad part of the hike was that the register on top was filled (but completely), leaving no place to record this accomplishment.

The leader was Anne Goss; hikers included Sam Allan, John Agee, Lem Boren, Tom Brogan, DeVerl Humphreys, Frank West, Clint Lewis, Mary Jo Sweeney, Susan Smith, Bob Galbraith, Clifton Panos, Alan Taye, Lawrence Vanderplas, Joyce Sohler, Ed Gosling, Margaret Mosley, Ari Ferro, and Reg Swartz.

# *Liberation through Lodore*

by June Viavant

Six of the women who floated through Lodore and Split Mountain Canyons on August 11, 12, and 13th continued to float (on air) in and around Salt Lake City for at least the following week. The reason was that they had set a Wasatch Mountain Club first: The first all-female boat to run a tough canyon at high water.

Trip Leader Danny Thomas brought the U-Haul trailer down to the Wednesday night work party, and all of the boat gear got loaded then. The two fifteen-passenger vans appeared on Friday night. People seemed reluctant to ride the van with trailer behind it, so they overcrowded the other van. (It didn't matter much--those were the toughest seats to sleep in that I've been in for a long time.) Having made up my mind that I needed sleep more than coffee, food, or restrooms, I capitalized on every stop to lie flat on the seat for a few winks and cannot tell you what went on at most stops, but I hear tell they had magnificent pie a la mode at one stop, and that they had to wake someone up to gas at another. We arrived at the Gates of Lodore at 5:00 a.m., and this old successful lobbyist succeeded in getting a majority vote for a couple hours' sleep instead of starting to pump up the boats right away.

By 7:00 a.m., people were starting to straggle up out of their sleeping bags, and soon boat-pumping and loading were going on simultaneously with sweet-roll eating and watery-coffee drinking. (The watery-coffee was my mistake!!) We were on the river before any of the other parties loading. The river ranger told us that this was the highest the river had been all summer, and the rapids ought to be just great. (That's what I was afraid of--they were HUGE!)

Upper Disaster occurs immediately after a right-hand bend of the river, and required some tricky maneuvering to avoid several rocks and several holes. Then there is a short stretch of river with a lot of little garbage-y rocks, and Lower Disaster required maneuvering primarily to catch a tongue just right and whiz past a huge rock. We scouted and discussed, then sent the boats through two at a time in order to get pictures and to allow two of the captains the chance to watch the first boats through. It was a very special thrill to watch our canoists and kayakers skim through that big water with terrific skill. We all came through that tricky one in fine style, with the Women's Lib boat (the only one) going through the biggest hole. Right in the middle of Lower Disaster, Lib Captain June Viavant got pitched out of the boat backwards because she didn't know enough to tuck her foot under the seat, but she was out of the boat such a short time that most of her crew didn't know she was out. Marty Mac-Knight had already been delegated assistant captain, but she never got to use her authority.

We camped at Pot Creek, at a site that had been completely burned over, due to the negligence of an earlier camper. Ken McCarty, Marlene Austin, Lynn Gayler, Dave Hart, Marty MacKnight, and June Viavant went on a hike. The first three stayed with the group only to the top of a rocky inner prominence from which we could see the tops of the magnificent cliffs in all directions. The latter three continued on to the very top of the canyon wall to where we could look down on Harp and Hell's Half-Mile downstream and Upper and Lower "Destruction" (as Dave called them) upstream. One could also see a meadowy park west of us on top of the plateau, and pine forests to the north of us. We returned to camp just barely by dark, where the supper crew had saved a terrific dinner for us consisting of ham (yum) salad, rice-a-roni, applesauce, etc. There was great hilarity from the after dinner crowd down on the boats and a beautiful moonrise on the high, stair-step fractured rock cliff walls.

Next morning's breakfast crew served us the most fabulous breakfast of sausages, blueberry pancakes, grape juice, and coffee. Best of all, they had more fun doing it than you can possibly imagine!! Onward to Harp Rapid, which I frankly can't even remember, and then Triplet Falls, which I will never forget, because it was almost our undoing. The river has a rock-garden entrance to Triplet Falls, then takes a turn, narrow, and runs into a cliff. At the bottom the boat must go between a couple of small submerged rocks and avoid a huge rock on the right behind which the main current is just pounding the water. The first three boats made it through just fine, one bounding slightly on the submerged rocks because it was too far left, and the kayakers and canoists, those zany, talented, gutsy people--including women's lib kayaker Terry Turnes--also came through in fine style. Our boat was positioned roughly correctly for the trip over the "falls", but we were not headed across the river and lost time at the crucial moment, changing the direction of the boat. We know we were in trouble, with all the power of the river sweeping us against that rock on the left; but bless those gals, not a one even thought of the chicken line--they "paddled like hell" all the way through, and a last minute back pry is all that saved us from cracking into that blessed rock. I will never forget watching our right bumper skim inches past that rock, and looking down the face of the rock extending three or four feet below the boat--the right bumper was that far up in the air? The jubilant welcome afforded us by all the other boaters was terrific.

Then on the Hell's Half-Mile, which was even BIGGER. In fact, there was a monstrous hole in the middle, with successive holes below it, and the only way at all to get through was right through the middle of that hole. It also required some tricky maneuvering at the top, to start from the left. Danny Thomas and Jim Mason (who was on his first C-1 big-river trip) decided to portage this one rapid because of the enormity of the holes. Roger and Terry Turnes came through first (brave hardy souls). Part way through Roger flipped, and in spite of the tempestuous water he nearly righted himself three separate times. Then his paddle was torn out of his hands, and for only the third time in his entire canoeing career he had to leave his canoe and float through the rest of the rapids. Terry followed the liberation theme of the trip and paddled herself through all of that churning river, right through the middle of everything. Lynn Gayler brought his kayak through in great style also--but not quite through the middle

of some of the holes that Terry took. The four boats successively maneuvered the big water in good shape. My boat, at least, was under orders to grab the chicken line when we went into the big hole. (Gayle Campbell says she would have floated out had she not grabbed the chicken line, but Lois Lowe wishes I hadn't told her to do so; she lunged for the line, missed and piled up ignominiously in the bottom of the boat. Those on shore noted that we came out of the hole with only five lifejackets showing.)

With the big stuff behind us, you had better believe that we had some terrific water fights and a wild happy hour at Jones Hole. The only two people on the Liberation boat who didn't want to water fight--wouldn't even paddle to help us overtake the other boats--were Gayle and Judy Davis. So when we got into the thick of things and Dale Terry boarded our boat, guess who got thrown overboard into the cold water??? Judy Davis!!! The Sciolli Machine, brought by Marlene or Marty (?) came into its own at Jones Hole. Gone were all thoughts of a hike. We all had Happiness. The Lib boat had retrieved a brand new oar, which was returned to its rightful owners at Jones Hole. Quote Gayle Campbell: "I just want you to know that it was an all-female boat that retrieved your oar." Quote the owner: "That's all right; I just want you to know that it was an all-male boat that lost the oar."

Next morning there was another good breakfast, culminating in a granola fight between Judy Ching and Dan Thomas. Declared Judy: "It's hard to be a hero in a granola fight." It was tough to realize that the trip was almost over, but we made some good runs through Whirlpool Canyon and lots of people tried out the kayaks and C-1 canoes at Island Park. We enjoyed the little rapids of Split Mountain (the Green River went down three feet during the second night, and the Yampa had hardly any water in it), had a magnificent water fight near the end of the trip, and finally reached our takeout point.

On the third attempt to throw the trip leader into the river, about fifteen women finally succeeded in getting Danny Thomas almost all the way to the water. They slipped in the mud, and the most horrendous mud-in-your-eye fracas ensued! Finally Jean Torreyson put her old noodle to work and carried a bucket of water up to dump on Danny, thereby satisfying our goal (as well as possible).

On the way home, Danny called ahead to reserve 27 places at a restaurant, and we had the nicest final meal of any trip I have ever been on. The vans do not lend themselves to partying quite the way a bus does, so people snoozed or visited with those in their own seats.

Congratulations to Danny Thomas, the first trip leader to successfully invite a woman to be a captain (Dick Snyder tried); to the gallant gals who entrusted their lives to each other because they knew they could do it; to all the men on the trip who quietly helped the gals make a success of it (especially Ken, Mike, Jim, Stew, and Roger); and special gratitude to that wonderfully impossible thing called the Wasatch Mountain Club that somehow enables us to become more than we already are.



Rafters: Captains Ken McCarty, Stew Ogden, Mike Omana, June Viavant;  
crew members Jim Kordig, Jean Garside, Jean Torreyson, Judy Davis, Pat Beebe,  
Angie Terry, Dale Terry, Bonnie Omana, Marlene Qustin, Dave Hart, Marty Mac-  
Knight, Judy Ching, Karil Frohboese, Gayle Campbell, Dennis Webb, Lois Lowe,  
and George Lowe.

Kayakers: Lynn Gayler, Terry Turnes, Dan Thomas.

Canoers: Jim Mason, Roger Turnes.

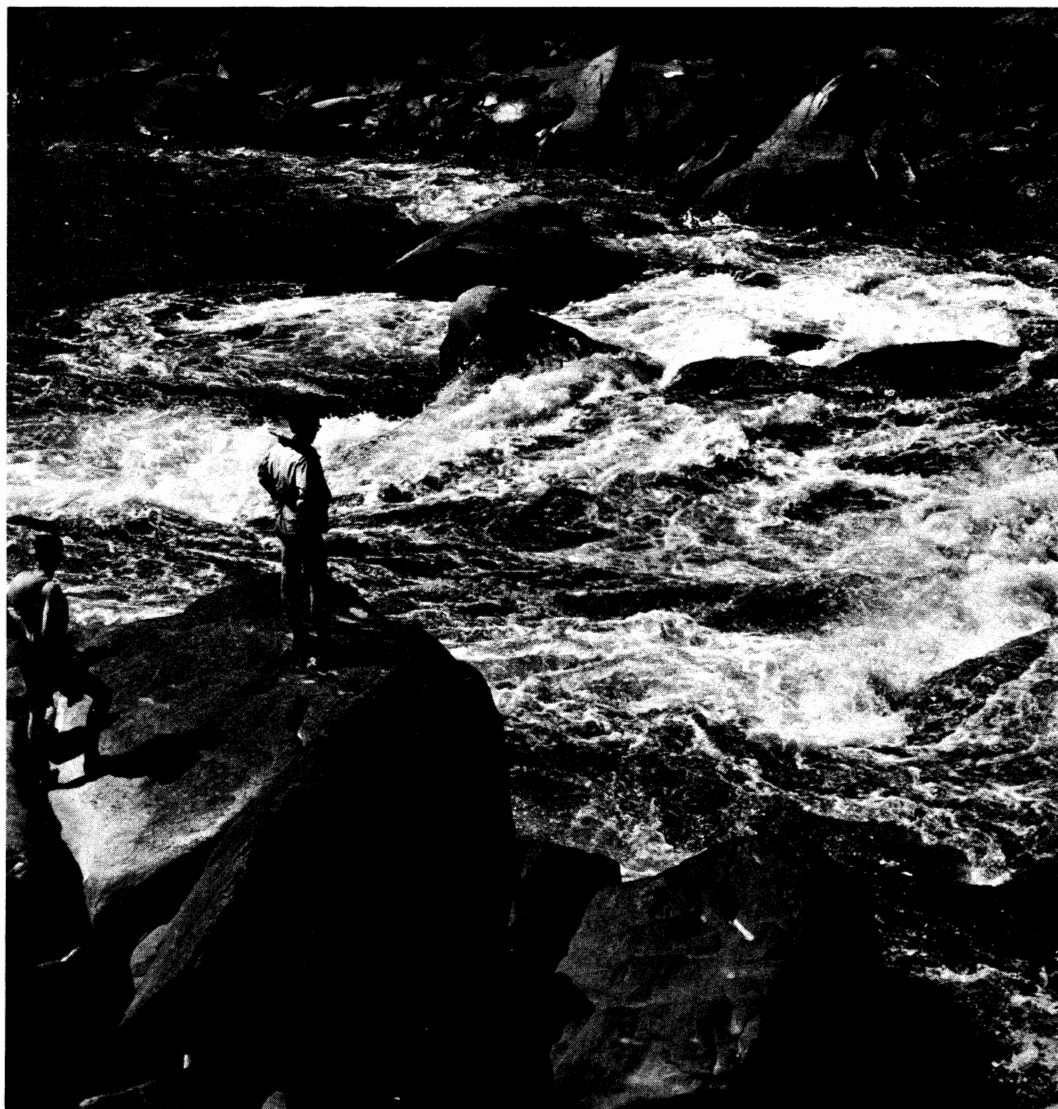


Photo by Alexis Kelner

A P P L I C A T I O N   F O R   M E M B E R S H I P

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB  
3155 Highland Drive  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84106  
Phone: 363-7150

NAME (Print) \_\_\_\_\_ TELEPHONE \_\_\_\_\_

Name of spouse (only if spouse wants membership also) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation (Optional) \_\_\_\_\_

I hereby apply for membership in the Wasatch Mountain Club. I have attended two Club activities as required for membership, such as, hikes, ski tours, cave trips, camping trips, rock-hound trips, or work parties; and I am genuinely interested in the outdoors. Social events such as lodge parties, ski socials, etc. are not included in the definition of club activities qualifying for membership. I agree to abide by all the rules and regulations of the Club as specified in the Constitution and By-laws as determined by the Board of Directors.

I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ dues and \$4.00 entrance fee. (Please note - from January through August the dues are \$6.00--spouse \$3.00--plus \$4.00 entrance fee. From September through December, the dues are \$3.00--spouse \$1.50--plus \$4.00 entrance fee.)

I am specifically interested in the items checked below:

Hiking\_\_ Ski Touring\_\_ Boating\_\_ Mountaineering\_\_ Caving\_\_  
Cycling\_\_ Conservation\_\_ Writing and editing\_\_ Organizing social  
activities\_\_ Lodge\_\_ Photography\_\_ Other \_\_\_\_\_

CLUB ACTIVITIES ATTENDED:

1. \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

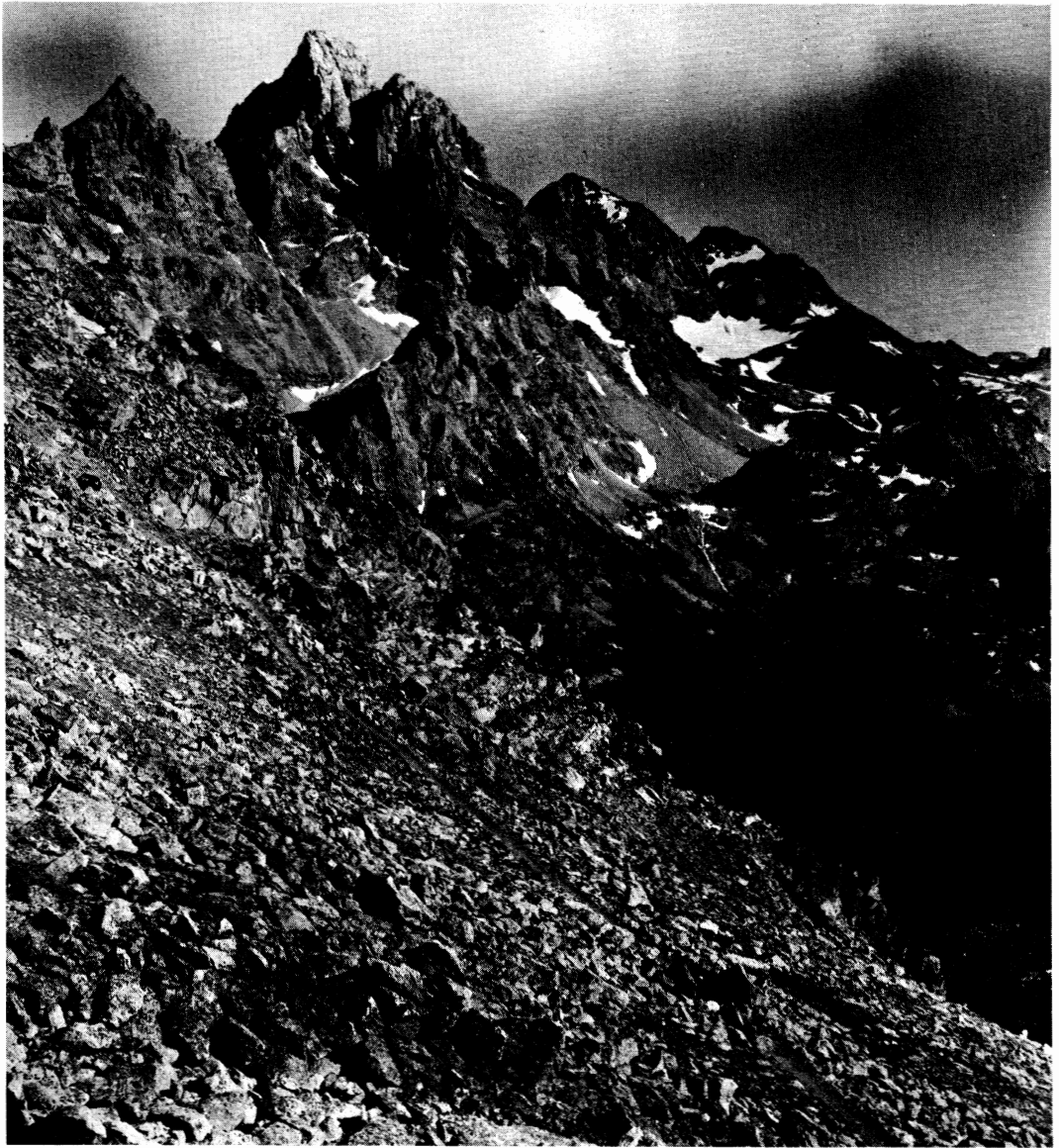
2. \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

RECOMMENDED BY: \_\_\_\_\_ Member \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: \_\_\_\_\_ Director \_\_\_\_\_

When applying for membership,  
the activities you attend must  
have been within 12 months  
prior to the date of application  
to the Club.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Signature of Applicant



Grand Teton seen from Paintbrush trail

Photographer unknown

*WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB, INC.*

*3155 Highland Drive/Salt Lake City/Utah 84106*

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