

# The Rambler

Vol.59, No.12, DECEMBER, 1982



# Wasatch Mountain Club

Persons wishing to become members of the Wasatch Mountain Club should request, either in writing or by telephone, an application form from the Membership Director. Perspective members will receive two free consecutive issues of the Rambler which includes a schedule of activities and an application form. Applicants must participate in two club activities (excluding socials) verified by the date and signature of the trip leader on the application form. Participants must sign a liability release form on all club activities. Dues are as follows: \$10.00 Single, \$15.00 Couple, and a \$5.00 initiation/re-instatement fee.

## DIRECTORS

President	Mike Treshow	467-8814
Secretary	Sam Allen	942-3149
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Entertainment	Pat Peebles	266-7257
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Lodge	Alexis Kelner	359-5387
Mountaineering	Lew Hitchner	583-2439
Ski Touring	Andy White	484-5158
Kayaking	Debbie Carlson	583-5039
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	and Torrie Duncan	272-4930

## COORDINATORS

Bicycling	Trudy Bach	485-8337
Volleyball	Norm Fish	487-0937
Canoeing	Steve Summers	484-9022

## TRUSTEES

Karin Caldwell	942-6065
O'Dell Peterson	355-7216
Stewart Ogden	359-2221
Bob Everson	487-0029

## *The Rambler*

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## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

This publication is not forwarded by the Post Office. Change of address and any direct correspondence regarding the mailing of THE RAMBLER should be directed to the Membership Director.

Deadline for THE RAMBLER is the 15th of each month.

TYPE (double space) your articles and schedules, indicate your name and phone number on your articles, prints, etc., and mail to (or drop by):

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB  
ATTN: RAMBLER EDITOR  
3155 Highland Drive  
Salt Lake City, UT 84106

Allen Olsen and Torrie Duncan, Managing Editors.

Thanks to Dale Green

# CLUB ACTIVITIES -

## DECEMBER 1982

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Sat. Dec 4	TRIKE. DAYS FORK. Rating 6.0/MOD. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:30. Leader, Walter Hass, 534-1262.
Sun. Dec 5	TOUR. SILVER FORK TO MINE. Rating NTD. Leader, Harry Kimbrough will assist and instruct those new skiers who would like some words of wisdom. Register with Harry, 263-2937.
Sun. Dec 5	TWIN LAKES PASS SNOWSHOE TRIP. Meet your favorite leader, Elmer Boyd (969-7814) at the geology sign at 9:00 AM.
Tues. Dec 7	VOLLEYBALL. South High - 1575 South State - 7PM to 9PM, 2nd floor, south end, girl's gym. \$1.00 per night. Coordinator, Norm Fish, 539-5565.
Sat. Dec 11	TRIKE. ALBION BASIN. Rating 3.0/NTD. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 9:00. Leader, Mike Hendricksen, 942-1476.
Sat. Dec 12	DAYS FORK SNOWSHOE TOUR. Meet at geology sign at 9 AM. Leader to be announced. (Call 277-5433 for information.)
Sun. Dec 12	TRIKE. BUTLER FORK. Rating 6.0/MOD. This tour may require portage of equipment. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 9:00. Leader, Peter Hansen, 581-3551.
Sun. Dec 12	TRIKE. DESOLATION LAKE. Rating 4.0/NTD. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 8:30. Leader Al Wickham, 272-7996.
Tues. Dec 14	VOLLEYBALL. South High - 1575 South State - 7PM to 9PM, 2nd floor, south end, girl's gym. \$1.00 per night. Coordinator, Norm Fish, 539-5565.
Sat. Dec 18	BROADS FORK SNOWSHOE TOUR. If there is not enough snow for this one yet, your leader, George Healy (943-2290) has another one in mind that will be equally as good. Meet at geology sign at 9 AM.
Sat. Dec 18	TOUR. WILLOW LAKE. Rating NTD. Leader needed. Call Norm Fish, 539-5565.
Sat. Dec 18	TRIKE. MILL D NORTH - DOG LAKE - BIG WATER - DOWN MILLCREEK. Rating 6.0/MOD. This trip may require portage of skis if we have a warm fall. Leader needed. Call Norm Fish, 539-5565.

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Cover: Cross Country Skiing across Silver Lake, Brighton. Photo by Art Whitehead



Sat. Dec 18



Twas the week before Christmas on a Saturday night--  
The WMC opened its Lodge to give holiday delight--  
To Members and Friends in the best of all Seasons--  
For friendship and sharing, now what a better reason!!!

The Lodge in Brighton will open its doors to Members and their guests for a potluck dinner (assigned below) 6:30 Happy Hour -- 7:30 Potluck -- 9:00 Live Music. Yuletide spirit will be available at cost. \$3.00 to be collected at the door.

In the spirit of the season -- please bring a \$1.00 wrapped gift. There will be lots of fun and if we have been good club members, there might even be a special visit from that cute little fat man who dresses in red.

A-G Main Course

H-K Potato Chips and Dip or Hors D'oeuvre or Bread and Butter

L-R Salad

S-Z Dessert

Anyone interested in staying overnight or for more information, please contact Pat Peebles, 266-7257.



Sun. Dec 19

TRIKE. GRIZZLEY GULCH. Rating 2.5/NTD. This is the last TRIKE of the season. Meet leader Norm Fish at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 9:00. Leader, Norm Fish, 539-5565.

Tues. Dec 21

VOLLEYBALL. South High - 1575 South State - 7PM to 9PM, 2nd floor, south end, girl's gym. \$1.00 per night. Coordinator, Norm Fish, 539-5565.

Sun. Dec 26

DESOLATION LAKE SNOWSHOE TOUR. Work off your Christmas dinner on this 4 mile (one-way) tour. Meet Mark Jones (485-5812) at 9 AM at the geology sign.

Tues. Dec 28

VOLLEYBALL. South High - 1575 South State - 7PM to 9PM, 2nd floor, south end, girl's gym. \$1.00 per night. Coordinator, Norm Fish, 539-5565.

- Fri. Dec 31      NEW YEARS EVE AT THE LODGE. This will not be a white tie and tails affair but we will have more fun. Happy Hour will start at 7 PM, Potluck Dinner will start at 8 PM, there will be dancing to records and tapes so bring what you want to dance to. BYOB. \$2.00 per person. Now where can you go on New Years Eve for that price?? Bring your sleeping bags so you don't have to drive down that canyon and something to share for a Saturday brunch. Call Pat Peebles for more info, 266-7257.
- Christmas Week  
thru New Years      The Entertainment committee has the Club reserved from December 24 through January 2nd. Anyone interested in hosting a night or two at the lodge, please contact Pat Peebles, 266-7257.
- Sat. Jan 1  
New Years Day      GREEN BASIN SNOWSHOE TOUR. Work off your previous night's hangover and then come to Ann's house for another one. Meet at the geology sign at 10 AM. (Participants in all New Years Day's tours welcome afterwards. No others, please, as the house is not large enough.) Ann McDonald, 277-5433.
- Sun. Jan 10      SILVER FORK SNOWSHOE TOUR. Meet leader, Vickie Stone (who has never been on snowshoes before) at the geology sign at 9 AM (355-6025).

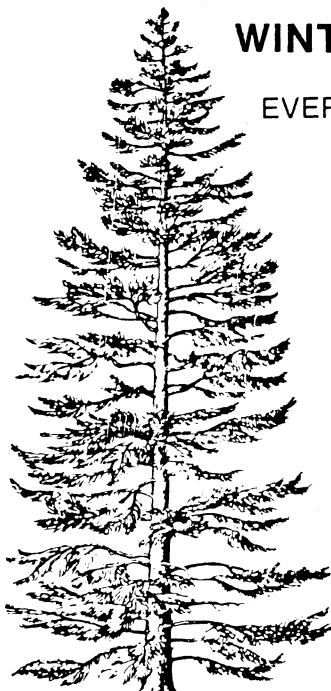
### FROM THE HIKING DIRECTOR

The early snow has put a sudden end to an otherwise successful season. The strong and varied hiking schedule of the past year was the result of efforts by many members of the club. Thanks are due to all who helped.

The hiking committee met monthly to set the schedule and the members took turns with the time consuming job of calling for trip leaders. The committee members this year were Norm Fish, Carol Kalm, Lyman Lewis, Hank Winawer, Elmer Boyd, Cathleen Flanagan, and Dale Green. Dale also was responsible for coordinating the extremely popular Thursday Night Hikes.

Of course, the trip leaders were essential to the success of all the hikes and backpacks. Thanks go to all the leaders who were willing to commit their time. Special thanks goes to those who called to volunteer to lead favorite trips. When someone calls or writes that they will lead a particular trip this saves much work for those doing the scheduling. Hopefully, more will volunteer to lead trips, especially backpacks, in the future. The hamburger cooks who were listed in last month's Rambler were a big help during July and August when the crowds were so large.

Thanks again to all who helped make the past season so rewarding. Now, it's time to enjoy the snow!



## WINTER SOCIALS

EVERY TWO WEEKS, JAN. THRU MAR.

THERE HAVE BEEN NO VOLUNTEERS

LET US KNOW IF YOU ARE WILLING  
TO HOST ONE EVENING THIS WINTER.

CALL PAT 266-7257

PLEASE, HELP US MAKE THIS WINTER  
A WARM AND HEART-RENDERING  
TIME TO REMEMBER.



THURSDAY NIGHT HIKE - WEST ELBOW FORK

Upcoming  
Christmas  
Party

WMC Lodge  
7:00 potluck  
9:00 live  
music

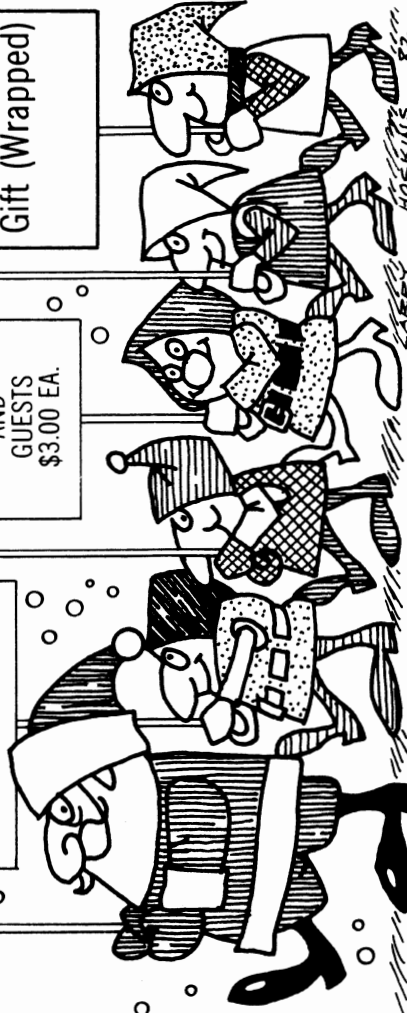
yule-tide  
spirits  
at cost

Everybody  
Bring a \$1.00  
Gift (Wrapped)

MEMBERS  
AND  
GUESTS  
\$3.00 EA.

Dec 18, 1982

CALL  
PAT PEEBLES  
FOR  
MORE INFO  
266-7257



***May there come to You at this Holiday Season  
an abundance of the precious things of life;  
Health, Happiness and Enduring Friendships...***

***from WMC***



## WMC BULLETIN BOARD

### LOST AND FOUND

Sometime this summer an orange tent was left in my car. Call, John Veranth, 278-5826 to claim.

**NOMINATION BANQUET** will be held first part of February. This will be a dinner and dance affair. More details in next Rambler. This nomination committee has been appointed, these people will be in contact with various people for board positions -- please accept the nomination if you are asked.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE (Especially New Members!)

Our membership year is from March 1st to February 28th, not the calendar year. About February 15th you will be mailed a membership renewal notice by First Class mail. **DO NOT SEND IN YOUR DUES UNTIL THEN.** A completely filled-in renewal notice must accompany your dues payment or your payment will be sent back. Please note that the **REINSTATEMENT APPLICATION** at the back of the Rambler is not the same as a **RENEWAL** notice and must not be used for renewals. (It will cost you an unnecessary \$5.00 extra if you do!!)

### CORRECTION

In the article "Wasatch Mountain Club Member to Go on American Men and Women on Everest 1983 Expedition" (Rambler, November '82), the claim is made that this expedition, if successful, "will place the first married couple of any nationality on Everest." This is not in fact true, as Gerhard and Hannelore Schmatz of West Germany reached the summit of Everest on October 1 and 2, 1979, in an expedition led by the former (see the American Alpine Journal, 1980). The expedition was tragic in that Hannelore Schmatz and American Ray Genet died after an exposed bivouac at 27,560 feet. Ferdinand de Souza





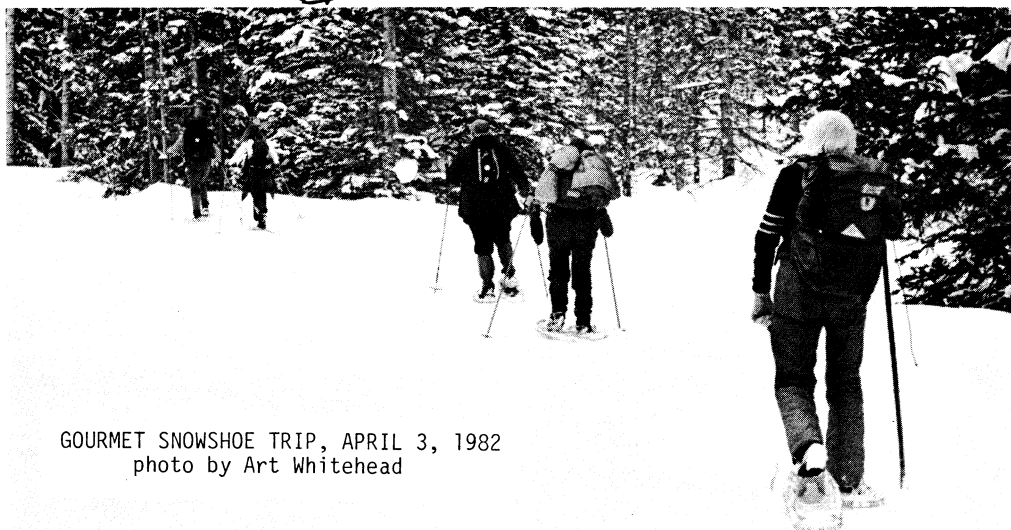
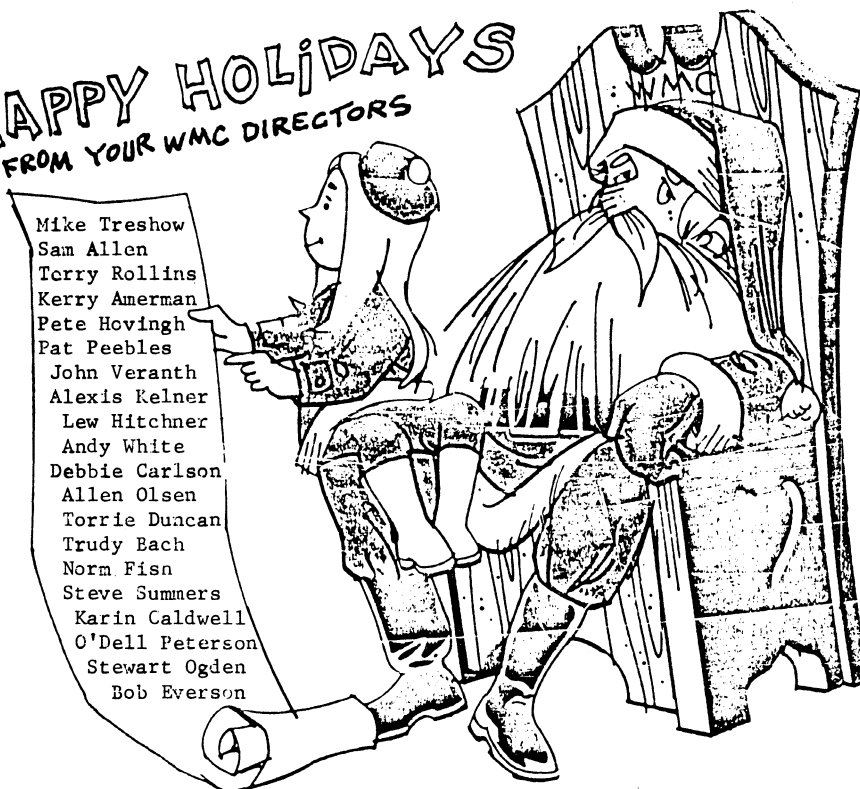
SCENES FROM WMC HALLOWEEN LODGE PARTY  
photos by Larry Hardebeck



# HAPPY HOLIDAYS

FROM YOUR WMC DIRECTORS

Mike Treshow  
 Sam Allen  
 Terry Rollins  
 Kerry Amerman  
 Pete Hovingh  
 Pat Peebles  
 John Veranth  
 Alexis Kelner  
 Lew Hitchner  
 Andy White  
 Debbie Carlson  
 Allen Olsen  
 Torrie Duncan  
 Trudy Bach  
 Norm Fism  
 Steve Summers  
 Karin Caldwell  
 O'Dell Peterson  
 Stewart Ogden  
 Bob Everson



GOURMET SNOWSHOE TRIP, APRIL 3, 1982  
 photo by Art Whitehead

# TRIP Talk talk talk talk

## **Yellowstone Backcountry/Teton Wilderness Trip (Sept. 2-7, 1982)**

by Connie Chard and Mike Roundy

Participants Marylin Earle, Connie Chard, Mary Capps, and Mike Roundy jumped in a couple of cars and followed leader, Sam Allan, on a liesurely ride to Cabin Creek on the Snake River below Jackson for the first nite's lodging. Following breakfast in Jackson at Sam's favorite dive, we headed for West Thumb area, which we missed and found ourselves at Old Faithful. Said leader Sam, "Sorry, I was asleep." We backtracked to Bay Bridge where we hired a boat for a trip across mirror calm, algae coated Yellowstone Lake to Beaver Creek on the southeast arm.

After a strenuous quarter mile hike, Sam declared, "This is the place." After settling in, Mike took an old mouth harp out of a dirty red bandanna and rendered a few toe tappers - bad notes he blamed on Cherrios and Corn Flakes deposited by his kids. A bright green Egyptian type tent (everyone should have one) was erected bringing a sudden sense of security upon the group which was proved the next morning as the occupants cowered back in fear as a large moose grazed just outside the entrance.

Following a day through beautiful meadows along the Yellowstone where Sam ferried the girls across several streams while Mike bitterly complained of being stuck with their packs (to which Sam replied, "I'm the leader."), we bathed, fished, and camped at Monument Creek, which Sam renamed Mermaid Creek due to inspiration by certain bathers. Mike later disclosed he was unaware of the bathing going on upstream, but had wondered why the fish were swimming past his lure going rapidly upstream. Bear tracks and dung were noted on Mermaid Creek to which Sam produced a tiny vile of mace. Here Connie found a set of Royal Stag elk antlers with weight reduction performed by rodents who had nibbled it down to two point size. Uncle Sam christened it "Charlie" and graciously consented to carry it for the remaining forty miles.

Another beautiful day's hiking through open meadows following the meanderings of the Yellowstone took us to Bridger Lake just across the southern boundary of Yellowstone Park. We are now in the Teton Wilderness. Here we utilized a wonderful hunting camp and burned up all their wood and tent poles. A clear night rendered a beautiful display of the northern lights.

Marylin Earle, Sam Allan, Connie Chard, Mike Roundy, (l to r) somewhere in the Yellowstone back country



Wow, another great day! And a great opportunity to introduce Mary Capps to bushwhacking - that is following a trail you can't see through willow swamps that don't look like swamps. Poor Mary couldn't see over the willows nor through them. After several miles the exercise ended so Mary fell off a log into Atlantic Creek. Oh yes, back there in the willows is a nice white sweater - ripped from her pack by invisible fingers.

A beautiful hike up Atlantic Creek as well as more fishing brought us to Two Ocean Pass and the "parting of the waters" on Two Ocean Creek. Over the pass and down Pacific Creek a few miles found us at our next camp found and christened by Marylin who declared "This is the place, I will go no further." Back and foot massages followed deliciously prepared cutthroat trout and Amareto laced beverages.

The fifth day, another beauty and planned to be our last, but little did we know of what was to come. Sam forgot Charlie at a rest stop and had to jog back several miles to get him, but that's easy for Sam 'cause he runs marathons. Next, half the group hiked several hours in the wrong direction. Horse riders set them straight so backtracking into a sinking sun brought them to the rest of the group and Pacific Creek again. The creek was much wider than when we left it and required several gym shoe crossings within a quarter mile. Mary, tired of stripping clothes at all these crossings finally just paraded on in lacy drawers which she had apparently had when she was a larger person. We were tired and hungry by nightfall and still many miles from the trailhead - but all except Marylin had no more vacation. Oh no!

The next day dawned as the others and Sam was up early eager to get an early start. Being his thoughtful self and the girls declining a river piggy back ride so early he decided to warm up Mary's shoes one of which contained her glasses. Sam didn't see them, he didn't have his glasses



Sam Allan carrying Mary Capps across a creek - while the others wait. Notice no packs. Mike Roundy got to carry the packs across while Sam carried the girls.

on. Temple pieces don't burn, by the way. Leading blind Mary along we were out by noon lining up at the Ranger's phone to call off the search parties and see if we still had jobs - except Marylin who laughed alot and couldn't think of a better way to spend her extra vacation day.

#### **Lodore Canyon Raft Run by Scott and Maggie Hansen**

Nine of us, fearless river rats all, departed from Salt Lake City in the early afternoon of August 28, under gray, cloudy skies. Two of the group claimed little or no previous river running experience, but they were as eager as the other seven and so were soon made to feel knowledgeable and part of the team. Brad Yates, the lucky permit holder, held the distinction of being our leader.

Bill Solgis, undaunted by the rain, darkness and an unknown, unmarked country road, drove the van and trailer. His experience was to increase on this "scenic" route. It was amazing how Bill was able to take directions from his colleagues to go up and back down the same road in the rain and dark of night. Such skill! Such nerve!

It was remarkable how quickly we all seemed like old friends as the lightening flashed all about us and prayers went up for sunshine and clear skies.

When at last we arrived at the Lodore Ranger Station, everyone used their flashlights to set up tents. Gayle Campbell was very happy that she had invested in a tent before leaving. She surely needed it before morning.

Mike Flynn was absent until nearly noon on Sunday. We found out he had driven the van back toward Split Mountain to meet the shuttle driver but ran out of gas. He slept during the night in the van and thumbed his way back the next morning. Some nice tourists helped him and his full gas can back. We did appreciate Mike's efforts.

By one p.m. our rafts were ready. The rangers' cat came aboard but refused to boat with us. After a few miles of being on the river those of us with no experience at paddling quickly learned. Bill had his own oar rig and gave Sharon Zens and Arlene Johnson a "tourist" ride the first morning. Brad Yates was our paddle boat captain and his brother Greg was our paddle leader.

The canyons were spectacular and awesome. The water level had risen through the night and was at the highest level the rangers had seen during the summer. The previous night's storm may have helped too. Of course the water level added to the quality and thrill of the rapids that we conquered in the next two days. We only had two rapid casualties: Mike and Greg.

Sunday night we camped and had a Mediterranean Cuisine prepared by Gayle. We had great sleeping sites. The group plotted against our camping neighbors and when our eyes were almost closed a big bear roar rang through the trees. Who could it have been - our troupe or the enemy?

After a sensational omelette breakfast, we had another wonderful day of paddling and running the rapids. Arlene (our ecology engineer) was placed in charge of sanitation, and none too soon either, because the Green River turned a muddy brown that day from the run off.

The Monday night feast was the Yates brothers' responsibility and they have promised to provide us with all the recipes (without the cayenne)!

This night we were daring and only Gayle pitched a tent. We formulated plans A and B in case of rain. About three a.m., when enough moisture came from one cloud to bring everyone to attention, a flashlight went on in Gayle's tent, and everyone figured the other person had beat him to her tent, so they initiated plan B. By dawn, everyone's bag was covered with either a tarp or a tent and Gayle had miraculously escaped all of us.

The beautiful sun showed through the clouds on Tuesday and the muddy river started to clear. We headed out after a pancake breakfast. Our neighbors were always first on the water, though, waving for all they were worth.

Gayle resembled an island princess (in spite of her Mae West life preserver) as she sat up front on Bill's oar rig with nothing to do but watch for floating ducks. Boy, were we paddlers envious!

We paddled hard on Tuesday for the sake of time. Once or twice the crew threatened mutiny when pit stops were curtailed, but the petroglyphs alone were worth the stop. Beer began to look and taste better, especially after the entire crew had sipped from the same can under

the warm sun. The supply lasted the entire trip.

The attractive young female forest ranger had just painted the park tables and benches when we arrived at Rainbow. It was the cleanest campsite on the trip. We even had a chance to show her where she had missed a piece of furniture.

We assured the leaders that the remaining rapids were of no significance. Actually, Schoolboy Rapid almost dumped Sharon Zen. All the rapids were very exciting in that high water. Sharon's injured shin at the boat ramp was what really made her see stars.

That van was a true test of faith on the return trip and the climb up Parley's Canyon summit became our next "Hell's Half Mile!"

All in all, everyone had a super time with the best company and we all want to raft again soon.

### **Zion Narrows Backpack by Michael Budig**

Eight Wasatch Mountain Clubbers cautiously approached Zion Park for a planned Columbus Weekend excursion through the Narrows.

I had forewarned of a 53° F water temperature. But I was wrong. The Park Service Technician told us to anticipate a 46° F temperature and also noted that a deep pool mandated swimming through the canyon near the Orderville Canyon junction two weeks earlier.

As Steve Negler and I relayed this information to the rest of the group, we met skepticism. They could see the gleam in our eyes and the sadistic smiles on our faces and could not believe we were serious.

However, we were serious. Although I was the outing leader, I was very reluctant to go forth with this backpack.

Fortunately, the canyon-experienced Noel Nevers and June Viavant urged us on and eventually guided us through the canyon. Others on the trip were Cassie Badowsky, Jim Baker, Cathy Cook and Joann Miller.

Soon after putting on our backpacks we were in water for the first time. The water was as cold as forewarned. But after a couple of minutes, this was no longer a problem. The feet were as numb as they were going to get.

Frequently during the day we crossed the river as we followed its course down the canyon. The walls become increasingly intimidating and often dark and oppressive, blocking out nearly all skylight.

The deeper into the canyon we journeyed, the more isolated I felt. Never before have I felt so insignificant and helpless as on this Zion narrows backpack. Through overwhelming, there was also a unique and reassuring intimacy with the canyon

The further we ventured, the more it became evident that there would be no turning back. We would continue to be part of the river for the next day - and hopefully the river would then free us to return to our hurried city time.

But the first day's hiking was slow and arduous, as we continuously crossed and hiked with the river. Steve Negler counted 108 crossings the first day.

The slow pace was such that we covered a mere six miles in seven and one-half hours. We barely reached our campsite before darkness settled into the canyon.

The next morning, the cold rudely greeted us as we slipped on our wet boots. Our feet were again numb within minutes and with a possible swim looming ahead of us, the fear of hypothermia was real.

But eventually we reached the Orderville Canyon junction, which told us that the forewarned pool was either behind us or gone - probably a victim of a recent

severe flash flood. Our fears were behind us; the rest of the hike would be fairly routine.

We exited from the canyon limping. The cold had disguised our blisters and assorted injuries inflicted by the unsteady footing of the river. Damages included Jim Baker's sprained ankle, Joann Miller's sprained knee and my sprained hand and strained ankle.

But we were beaming as we emerged. This canyon which overwhelmed us also inspired and rejuvenated us.

And now I am equally overwhelmed as I try to use mere words to describe the Zion Canyon experience.

#### **Westwater Canyon Raft/Kayak Trip (Sept. 25-26)**

**by Carli Dixon**

They say the richness of any experience is inversely proportional to its speed. The Westwater weekend led by Chuck Reichmuth proved that all wrong. It was a fast trip but rich in superlatives.

After the usual drive-half-the-night, sack-out, rise-with-the-dawn scenario, 23 of us crawled out of our various sleeping arrangements to greet a soft, gray drizzle. (We heard it was pouring in Salt Lake City.)

We were comforted by the magical appearance of a thoroughly civilized breakfast: flaky croissants, bagels with cream cheese and Tabasco-heavy Bloody Marys.

Soon we'd revved up, cleaned up, pumped up, and put in to the benignly brown Colorado somewhere near the ranger station. It still drizzled, but an occasional shaft of sun lit up the amethyst and peach sandstone cliffs.

Things were calm until after lunch at Little Dolores. Then the kayakers set off to face an exciting stretch, darting

through the foam like hummingbirds. Intrepid paddlers included Doyle Dow, Larry Hardebeck, Dave Hart, Barbara Hendron, Kira Kilmer, John Mason, Al Palumbos and Bob Spier.

The rest of us bobbed along on three rafts, with Paul Siegel and Bill Adams manning an oar rig. As it turned out, quick thinking and action by these two may have averted a dangerous situation. After a few skirmishes with impressive waves, our raft suddenly lurched into the air and flopped over on its back, dumping the occupants along the way. I soon learned why Chuck had all cautioned us to wear a good helmet as we merrily sailed over Funnel Falls and other assorted rapids sans boat. Angela Tan and Denise Basse tried to hand on but gave up in favor of survival.

Chuck himself found the current so strong it whipped off both his helmet and his glasses at once, even though the latter had been tied on with an elastic band. Chuck later floated by his helmet, and with unusual presence of mind, reached out and clapped it back on his head. Ken Workman managed to get to the rocky shore, where he had a long hike ahead of him.

Meanwhile, Paul and Bill were the true heroes of the day. It soon became apparent that we were all headed for the notorious Skull Rapid, still in boatless condition, and it was a very fast trip. Bill rowed like a madman through the waves while Paul scooped up the bodies, soon aided by the expert grabbing skills of Irene Schilling. I was the last Scoopee, and I must admit it was not my finest hour. Then Bill had to figure out how to keep us all from going over Skull in the next sixty seconds. He rowed against the river, trying to hold us back near the rocks where we scrambled for something to hang onto. At last a rope caught and we crawled onto the canyon cliffs, somewhat subdued.

Soon Kira Kilmer and Barbara Hendron tackled Skull in their kayaks, attempting

the trip upside down, for the most part. As the next boat went over Skull, captained by Gary Tomlinson (who swam at a later rapid), a large wave washed out Mary Aa. Fred Frey handed her a paddle, Mary hung on, and took the complete tour from that position. She almost became a sandwich between raft and wall, but Gary expertly turned the boat and Fred hauled her back in.

Later as our battered vessel faced Skull, we decided not to go for the hole. Somehow we did anyway. And even though our boat was perpendicular in the air we all refused to get dumped again.

Later back at camp, we told war stories, compared injuries, dined on Paul's cantaloupe in creme de menthe and sirloin shis-kabobs roasted over the charcoal grill. Finally we overdosed on bourbon brownies furnished by Angela Tan, a fitting end to an unforgettable day.

Other participants included Eric Reichmuth, who ran shuttle on the first day, Tom Dickeson, Kathy Keck, Richard Middleton, and Michelle Perkins.

Sunday morning, after a ham and omelet breakfast prepared by Doyle Dow and Barbara Hendron under a cloudy sky, the rafts were launched without Mary Aa and Carleen Dixon. One of the kayakers, Barbara with a wrenched shoulder from Saturday, took a seat with Chuck Reichmuth's crew of Irene Shilling, Tom Dickeson, Ken Workman and Michell Perkins.

Gary Tomlinson's crew consisted of Fred Frey, Kathy Keck, Eric Reichmuth, Denise Basse, Angela Tan and myself. Bill Adams and Paul Siegel were the floating bartenders on the oar raft.

From the fast quiet waters to the head of the first plunging white water, we shared the day with a gray overcast. When the thrills began, the sun evaporated the clouds and honored us with blissful warmth.

The kayakers on this trip who were readily available for search and rescue: Doyle Dow, Larry Hardebeck, Dave Hart, Barbara Hendron, Kira Kilmer, John Mason, Al Palumbos, Bob Spier, Kathy Keck, and Richard Middleton.

### **We Dare The Skull** **by Richard Middleton**

You hear the roar and crash  
of thundering pounding waves.

A smooth sheeting  
fast water humping and jumping  
over shelves of rock,  
down the tongue to lap and roll,  
beckoning you  
to try to break through.

The raft bucks and jumps and twists  
like a live thing.  
But with a firm brace  
you ride the swells with hip swinging ease

Paddling to the lip  
and leaning forward  
the rush of the drop, yelling with  
excitement,  
the chill water drenching  
as at the last second, you grab the  
chicken line  
and holding your paddle high in your  
clenched fist  
you're ready  
to stab into the back of the wave as we  
burst through.

We dare the "Skull"  
as she laughs with booming good nature.  
She opens wide  
inviting us in,  
and we tease her as delicate morsels,  
sliding with breath taking speed,  
shouting with pure joy,  
we shoot across and up  
and  
as we stall.  
on the frothing foam of her down river  
lip,  
we push and jump forward



thrusting our bodies  
we escape down and away  
from her disappointed maw.

We paddle like Hell  
and skirt the "Room of Doom"  
to the back eddy across the way  
throwing gestures of exalation and  
triumph  
at our daring

of but a moment.



### SKI TOURING SCHEDULE

Because the ski touring schedule was not received by the editors until after the deadline, and after the Rambler had been assembled and typed, it is not included in the Schedule of Activities this month - Editors

- Sat. December 26      GREEN'S BASIN (NTD). Leader needed; call Norm Fish at 359-5565.
- Sat. December 26      PARK WEST TO RED PINE LAKE AND PASS (MoD). Leader needed;  
call Norm Fish at 359-5565.
- Sat. January 1      SNAKE CREEK PASS FROM BRIGHTON (NTD). Meet leader Don Gray  
(485-5170) at 10 A.M. at the Geology Sign. Bring your  
camera for a fine shot of Timp.
- Sun. January 2      WHITE PINE CANYON (MoD). Leader needed; call Norm Fish at  
359-5565.
- Sun. January 2      WOLVERINE PEAK VIA TWIN LAKES PASS (MsD). Meet leader  
Dave Morris (359-6274) at 9 A.M. at the mouth of Big  
Cottonwood<sup>d</sup> Canyon. Pieps and shovels are required.
- Sun. January 9      DOG LAKE FROM BRIGHTON (NTD). Marilyn Tueller will greet you  
at the mouth of Big Cottonwood at 10 A.M.
- Sun. January 9      STRAWBERRY PEAK (MoD). This tour starts from Daniel's Pass  
near Heber. Meet at parking lot east of Wendy's on 13th East  
and Simpson Avenue, 7 A.M. Leader, Ferdinand de Souza  
(582-6260).



Remember - The Rambler deadline is the  
15th of each month!



# Wasatch Mountain Club

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP/REINSTATEMENT and RAMBLER SUBSCRIPTION QUALIFICATION FORM

①  
PLEASE  
PRINT  
PLAINLY

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ PARTNER'S NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(Only if he/she desires membership)  
STREET ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_ APT.#: \_\_\_\_\_ TEL: \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ STATE: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_  
(No ZIP, No Rambler)  
OCCUPATION: (Optional) \_\_\_\_\_

The Wasatch Mountain Club's membership year is March 1 to February 28. Those joining in January and February are granted a leeway to join for the next membership year beginning in March. Those joining from Sept. to Dec., join for 1/2 year. REINSTATEMENTS (for former members): Unless all back dues are paid, a \$5.00 reinstatement fee must be paid instead of the entrance fee. The dues listed below apply.

②  
CHECK ONE ☐ I hereby apply for ☐ NEW MEMBERSHIP ☐ REINSTATEMENT in the Wasatch Mountain Club.

INSERT YEAR ☐ For the membership year \_\_\_\_\_, enclosed are my dues as follows:  
(Checks ONLY: cash NOT accepted. Your cancelled check is your receipt.)

If joining from January to August, inclusive (full year's dues):

☐ Single Membership: \$15.00, of which \$6.00 is for a year's subscription to the Rambler and \$5.00 is the entrance/reinstatement fee.  
☐ Couple Membership: \$20.00, of which \$6.00 is for a year's subscription to the Rambler, \$5.00 is partner dues (non-subscribing), and \$5.00 is the entrance/reinstatement fee.

If joining from September to December, inclusive (half year's dues):

☐ Single Membership: \$10.00, of which \$3.00 is for a half-year subscription to the Rambler and \$5.00 is the entrance/reinstatement fee.  
☐ Couple Membership: \$12.50, of which \$3.00 is for a half-year subscription to the Rambler, \$2.50 is partner dues (non-subscribing), and \$5.00 is the entrance/reinstatement fee.

⑤  
CHECK ONE ☐ I ☐ DO ☐ DO NOT wish to receive the Rambler. Subscriptions are not deductible from the dues. I am 18 years of age or older.

⑥  
NEW MEMBERS: QUALIFYING ACTIVITIES:

(Valid for 1 year) Signature of  
Recommending

APPLICATION NOT VALID UNLESS THESE ARE COMPLETED! 1. \_\_\_\_\_ DATE: \_\_\_\_\_ LEADER: \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_ DATE: \_\_\_\_\_ LEADER: \_\_\_\_\_

I agree to abide by the Wasatch Mountain Club rules and regulations as specified in the Constitution and Bylaws and as determined by the Governing Board.

NOT VALID  
UNLESS  
SIGNED

Applicant's Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Return Form WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB  
and Dues 3155 Highland Drive  
Check to: Salt Lake City, UT 84106

I am willing to serve the Wasatch Mountain Club in the following areas:

\_\_\_\_\_ Conservation; \_\_\_\_\_ Writing/editing; \_\_\_\_\_ Photography; \_\_\_\_\_ Lodge Work;

\_\_\_\_\_ Organizing social activities; \_\_\_\_\_ Typing; \_\_\_\_\_ Producing the Rambler;

\_\_\_\_\_ Trail clearing; \_\_\_\_\_ Other \_\_\_\_\_

LEAVE BLANK:

Receipt #: \_\_\_\_\_ Date Received \_\_\_\_\_ Amount rec'd \_\_\_\_\_  
(Less entr./reinst.)

Board Approved \_\_\_\_\_ 19



WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB  
3155 HIGHLAND DRIVE  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84106



SECOND CLASS  
POSTAGE PAID  
AT SALT LAKE  
CITY, UTAH.  
(NO. 053410)

