



JULY 1996

A Publication of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska, Inc.
Box 102037, Anchorage, Alaska 99510

Volume 39 Issue 07

JULY MEETING

Wednesday

July 17th, 7:30

**Pioneer Schoolhouse, 3rd & Eagle Streets
 Downtown Anchorage**

Picnic: Time again for the summer picnic. The club will have burgers and dogs and drinks. Please bring additional items, such as potato salad, beans, chips, watermelon, etc.

HIKING AND CLIMBING SCHEDULE

- July 14 Homicide Peak
 Hike in from Glen Alps, climb peak, and continue on to Indian. 12 miles. 2500-foot elevation gain.
 Leader: Peter Clifford 338-1729 564-5688w
- 20 - Aug 3 Arctic National Wildlife Refuge
 Peter Schrader Lakes to Hula-Hula River. Mostly backpacking, with possible climb of Mt. Chamberlin if enough climber-types show up. Class C. \$400-450 air charter cost per person. Limit 6 or 9 people.
 Leader: Don Hansen 243-7184, 271-6656
- 27-28 Lynx Peak
 Talkeetnas. Overnight at Reed Lakes. 2500-foot elevation gain. Class C.
 Leader: Mark Flanum 265-4649

- Aug 9-13 Talkeetna Hut and Glacier Traverse
 Visit Snowbird, Bomber, Mint, Moose Huts. Loop starts at Archangel, ends at Sutton. Crampons needed on the glaciers. Last day is the only long one. Limit 7. Class D. Waiting list at this time.
 Leader: Willy Hersman 265-6405
- 17-18 Bird Peak and Penguin Peak
 Crampons, ice axe, stream shoes, bear proof food cache needed. May hike in Friday evening.
 Leader: Scott Bailey 696-7250
- 24 Avalanche and Homicide Peaks
 Bike, hike and climb to these Western Chugach peaks from Glen Alps. Class D.
 Leader: Mark Miraglia 338-0705

Your MCA card shows you signed the waiver. If you can't find it, or don't have one, remove the back page of Scree and fill out the waiver for the trip leader. Thanks.

TRIP REPORTS

Eklutna Traverse Trip

by Chris Riggio



Blue skies, intense sun, and well-covered crevasses - a mountaineer's dream trip! These were the conditions encountered during our four-day trip from Eklutna to Girdwood. Cory and Elena Hinds, Tina Boucher and I began early Saturday, May 4th, with a head start flight to Bold Strip at the end of Eklutna Lake (with a hard three-bounce landing), skied up most of the still-frozen Eklutna River, and ascended the steep icefall at the glacier terminus. The hanging serac amphitheater at the start was a bit scary as intense reflecting heat melted the icy walls around us. A hard first day to Pichler's - boots to skis to boots to crampons to skis to boots to skis. Spectacular view from Pichler's and joined by two Girdwood climbers, Tanya and Greg, who also shared a first trip on the traverse.

Day 2 was a skin across Eklutna Glacier (and the legendary "21 crevasses" which were very well covered and bridged) and up to Whiteout Pass. We eyed a series of fresh tracks crossing the glacier, climbing up and over a steep snowy ridge far to the southeast. Bear? Wolverine? Wolf? A second set of tracks joined these at one point. Lynx? What a crazy sight, we thought. As we neared the pass, we witnessed an odd and rare sight - a falcon chasing a frightened Canada Goose. This falcon was bearing down on the goose with all its might, but broke off the chase at the east end of the glacial valley. It appears this may have been the reported Peregrine Falcon which has been sighted recently in the Girdwood and Anchorage areas.

After a restful lunch at Whiteout Pass with the "best view in the Chugach," we made our way across softening snow toward Hans' Hut, with intense sun and heat - we were "Bakin' Potatoes - Bakin in the Sun," our adopted mantra. At poor old weather-beaten Hans' Hut we dug our way through drifted snow and into the cabin. Amazing tales of cabin-bound travelers waiting out storms for days. And of course we saw the burned therma-rest with Dick Griffith's account on the back (you'll have to see it yourself to hear the rest!) Cory and Elena carved some turns on the hill above the hut while Tina and Chris rested their heavy-pack-weary bodies (why were our packs so much heavier than theirs??)

The third day began with a 6:00 A.M. wake-up with hopes to ascend Whiteout Peak before a descent to Rosie's Roost. But first, Cory and Chris played carpenter and repaired the portion of the roof which was missing sheet metal and tar paper (we noticed all the light holes on the inside the previous day). We felt terrible about waking our kind neighbors sleeping in their tent, but we couldn't leave the hut unprotected from the elements.

We skied across Whiteout, stashed a bunch of excess gear on the glacier, and skinned up the southwest hill with a crampon push, kicking steps up the final hill to the summit. Fabulous view! Then, an interesting first attempt at skiing roped up for Tina and Chris (just a few falls), and back to the cache for lunch. The descent down the middle of the glacier to Eagle was a quad-burner with the pack. Funky way through the middle of the first moraine trail at the lower rocks, and onto the Eagle. A few welcome clouds saved us from another afternoon of scorching sun (too much sun - whine).

The last day, hard to leave this other world. We skinned up the glacier towards the dreaded "Raven Headwall," with a stop to enjoy some turns midway up off the shoulder of the glacier. Steep, hairy headwall descent, inching across the well-covered bergschrund and onto the flats below the headwall cirque. A fantastic ski down the Raven with gaping crevasses peeking through the snow on the left and on the right. Easy ski off the left side of the glacier followed by a Lyons Family Cafe feast - we were a pretty happy team! No crevasse falls - no major injuries - just a few falls attempting to carve turns with a pack. Thanks MCA for a great hut system!

Mt. Natazhat's Northeast Ridge

by Dave Hart

(continued from last month)



Our most entertaining maneuver of the day was probably the au-cheval position Dave employed while leading across a particularly narrow spot. We were all thankful that barely a breath of wind was present on this fine afternoon. "David, I'm sick of carrying this fixed line!" Paul shouted to me from the other end of our rope. It was becoming apparent that our 500 feet of fixed line was nothing more than an anchor slowing us down. Agreeing that we wouldn't need them, Dave and Paul each chopped

a ledge and cached our two bundles of nylon joy. Two days later we would retrieve them on our descent. After nearly six hours and roughly ten pitches of tricky climbing, our nerves were ready to call it a day. Unfortunately, there was no sign of any suitable, or even unsuitable, campsite. Two pitches above us, the ridge steepened considerably for a pitch, then appeared to blend into gentler snow slopes where we might be able to dig in. This final pitch was certainly the crux of the day. The knife-edge angled up at 60 degrees, and at the same time dropped off to either side at an even steeper angle. The exposure was tremendous!

As Harry led through this final steep and narrow pitch, he disappeared over the lip on top. A couple minutes later his head popped back into sight. "Looks good! We should be able to dig in up here!" We all breathed a sigh of relief. Camp 3 turned out to be better than we could have ever expected. Harry had discovered a ready-made crevasse camp, located at 10,600 feet along the extreme left edge of the ridge. After a bit of probing and shoveling, our bomb proof site was ready for habitation. With three walls and a roof, it was just big enough for two Bibler tents. Instead of a fourth wall, our high camp had a tremendous drop out over the massive 5,000 foot east face of Mt. Natazhat. This was certainly no spot for sleep-walking! We were beginning to realize that campsites on this route were very much dictated by the terrain. Fortunately, we had fallen in sync with the mountain, and were not troubled by the distinct lack of plentiful campsites.

"OK guys, time to get up!" Harry's voice reeled us all in from our dreams of sandy beaches and sun-bronzed women. Emerging from our ice encrusted down cocoons was always the worst part of the day. Any movement in our cramped quarters would knock loose a shower of ice feathers perched precariously from the interior tent walls, hanging like bats inside a cave. "Ouch! I can't believe I just did that!" The smell of singed flesh permeated our tent. Over the past two days, lulls in our concentration while cooking with our powerful hanging butane/propane stove had resulted in singed gloves, hats and jackets. On this morning, we added Paul's forehead to our list of casualties.

We left for the summit at 10:15 AM, April 9, under sunny and calm skies. It looked like a great summit day! Although we had hoped that our high camp would open the way to 2,700 feet of easier climbing to the summit, it turned out that a mistake on summit day would prove equally as dire as on the rest of the route. Right out of high camp, we were greeted by three pitches of fifty degree snow and ice.

Our lack of freshly brewed coffee was more than compensated for by the adrenaline of summit morning. Again, we protected ourselves through this initial slope with running belays using ice screws and snow pickets. Above this, two hours of easier terrain interspersed with steeper steps helped us gain some quick altitude. By 1:00 PM, we were traversing yet another improbable looking knife-edge at 11,800 feet.

"Paul, why don't you come on back, and we'll drop down and try to traverse below it!" I shouted. After placing a picket, an ice screw and traversing along a rotten rock ledge, he responded, "I'm almost to easier ground, and I certainly don't want to come back now!" We were encouraged that he was nearly across, although we weren't particularly looking forward to following his traverse. Paul ducked around a corner and disappeared from sight. We kept expecting to see him launching into space after each salvo of rocks that he knocked loose. As I paid out the last of the rope, it came taut and Paul and I began climbing together. Paul had already cleared off most of the rotten snow, ice and rock, so the remaining three of us had an easier time following his lead. A few hundred feet later, a final tip-toe across a rotten rocky crest led to easier snow slopes above. A yellow spot in the snow greeted each of us as soon as we reached these easier slopes. "Paul, it looks like you just barely made it across before peeing your pants!" was the comment from each of us upon reaching this point. After a quick lunch break at 12,000 feet, we began the final 1,300 foot climb to the summit ridge.

Straightforward thirty to fifty degree neve led us to the unclimbed lower eastern summit by 3:45 PM. "Oh, no! What a bummer!" I said to Paul upon joining him on the eastern summit. Our hopes of continuing on to the western summit, a mere fifty feet higher and a quarter mile distant, burst as soon as we looked along our intended route. It was not a welcome sight. What we hoped would be a simple trot along the summit ridge appeared almost impassable. At least three huge gaping crevasses seemed to bar the way. Checking our watches, we found it had taken us five-and-a-half hours to reach this point. With only five hours of daylight remaining, we were beginning to think it might be prudent to turn around now. "Well, we did climb the route," Harry rationalized. Dave and I nodded, resigning ourselves to not making the true summit. We were all disappointed, but not enough to continue on and risk down-climbing back to high camp in the dark. "Come on guys, let's try a bit further. We can spare an hour or so, and still get back before dark." Paul was the lone dissenter urging us to push on. According to the map, it was only a quarter mile to the other peak, even though it looked much further. "OK, half an hour it is," we all agreed. "And



then we turn back for home."

Following Paul's lead, we soon found a route invisible from our last vantage point that turned out to be a cruise. "Welcome to the top of Mt. Natazhat!" was Paul's greeting as I joined him twenty-five minutes later on the higher western summit. Sunny and calm blue skies afforded us clear views all the way from Mts. Logan and Saint Elias to Mts. Blackburn and Sanford, a total distance of nearly 200 miles. All four of us felt that it was perhaps the best weather we had ever experienced on an Alaskan summit. There was no impending doom of an approaching storm, and no wind knocking us from our feet. It was a true joy to celebrate this afternoon among our group of friends, and especially Paul, with whom I have shared many other Alaskan summits. "You know, I think the other peak is higher," Paul offered. Both his altimeter and our visual judgment indicated that the "lower" eastern summit was slightly taller than the "higher" western summit where we now stood.

Was the map wrong? Had we just come from the taller summit? Did we just go out of our way to climb the shorter summit? The 1913 first ascent party reached this "higher" western summit in a white out, and did not continue to the eastern summit. As such, we were the only ones to have ever been able to make this height comparison. That is unfortunate, as it would have been interesting to know their observations on this possible discrepancy with the USGS map. "OK, Paul. Slow and steady on the way down." All too soon, fifteen minutes had passed and we began our descent at 4:30 PM. Four hours later, as the last rays of light began to fade behind Mt. Blackburn, the four of us reached the safety of our high camp. Careful down-climbing and an occasional belay allowed us to make the descent without leaving any gear in place. Although our trip was far from over, we knew that two more days of good weather and more careful down-climbing would find Paul opening his celebratory can of Pringle's back at base camp. "I can't take the heat anymore, Paul. I'm burning up! I have to get out of here!"

We had arrived in base camp the night before after two days of, at times, scary down-climbing. Slowly and steadily, we had carefully retraced our steps down the mountain leaving no fixed gear in place. When we reached our fixed line cached below Camp 3, we found that, unfortunately, the ravens had not yet made off with it. Ravens will eat a lot of things, but apparently fixed line is not one of them. Back into our packs it went. Our first night in base camp was a luxury. We were able to dry out our moisture-thinned and frosty sleeping bags, and sprawl out in our two massive three-man base camp tents.

Now, as the fiery sun tracked across the cloudless sky, it was heating our romper-room tents to the boiling point. Our thermometer registered almost 90 degrees inside! Life could be no better.

During the next two days we had the opportunity to explore nearby ridges as we waited for Claus to return for us. Occasional wolverine, fox and sheep tracks dotted the snow reminding us that we were not entirely alone, even up here. The rich geologic history of the area was fascinating as well. We found localized copper, iron and quartz deposits interspersed among the extensive volcanic features. Later, we were to learn that approximately 1,500 years ago a violent eruption deposited six cubic miles of volcanic material over a 125,000 square mile region in eastern Alaska and southern Yukon Territory. Scientists believe this eruption reached heights of up to 90,000 feet, and left ash deposits as deep as four feet thick. The source of this eruption has been located below the Klutlan Glacier, approximately 15 miles southwest of Mt. Natazhat. Fortunately for us, the local seismic plates were not actively battling during our visit! "A plane! I hear a plane!" Dave and Harry shouted from the other tent on our third morning back at base camp. Due to the last nine days of great weather, Claus had decided to pick us up a day early. We were all anxious to get home before a huge storm rolled in and trapped us here for a week or more.

Claus landed his Piper Super Cub a snowball's throw from our tents. His Beaver had developed a hydraulic fluid leak that would cover the entire windshield in a blurry mist. During our flight into the mountain, this problem was minor. He had been able to reach out the side window and clear off a small corner of the windshield. Crouched behind this clear spot, he had easily brought us to a feather soft landing. Apparently, this problem had worsened while we were on Mt. Natazhat, forcing him to shuttle the four of us back to Chitina in two Super Cub trips. "OK, which one of you two wants to ride in back?" Claus grinned. After loading our gear into the rear of his tiny Cub, and strapping our skis to the wing struts, it was time for Harry and I to load up. I reminded Claus of my air sickness during the flight in, so he assigned me the roomier middle seat. If I were to deliver a repeat performance on this flight, I would need as much space as possible to maneuver the baggie into its critical position. With this said, Harry crooked his neck and contorted himself into the back seat.

Under calm skies I was able to marvel at the scenery that was only a gut-wrenching, nausea filled blur on the way in. Sputter, cough, sputter... Ten minutes from Chitina, my heart skipped a final beat as



the one and only engine powering this 800 pound toy airplane sputtered and almost quit. Less than a second passed before Claus flipped the fuel supply switch to the reserve tank. Life was good again. Our exceptional nine day weather window was quickly closing. The distant coastal Saint Elias Mountains were clouding in during our flight out. By the time Claus returned to Chitina with Paul and Dave three hours later, the coastal range was completely obscured by the impending storm. We were thankful Claus managed to come in a day early, and aid our escape just in time. I had never been on an Alaskan expedition with no storm delays, and probably never will again!

Training, teamwork and skill carry only so much weight in the success of an expedition. Ours was fortunate that great weather and solid snow conditions cooperated to allow us a chance to make the first ascent of Mt. Natazhat's classic Northeast Ridge (Alaska Grade IV-).

Summary of Statistics:

AREA: Alaskan Wrangell Mountains

NEW ROUTE: Northeast Ridge (Alaska Grade IV-), Mount Natazhat, 4,095 meters, 13,435 feet, April 6-11, 1996 (whole party), second ascent of peak.

PERSONNEL: Paul Barry, David Hart, Harry Hunt, Dave Lucey

Mt. Spurr

by Kirk Tower



From Merrill Field on May 29th, Jayhawk Air pilot Tim Karlovich flew us across the Susitna Flats and the lower reaches of the Triumvirate and Capps glaciers (at 500 feet above the ground - a great way to view the country) to a tundra strip on the south side of Crater Peak near the Chakachatna River. After circling the landing site to check surface conditions, wind, and look for bears, we landed at 2300 feet and set out on our climb.

Hiking up the heath lichen tundra (our resident botanist can be more specific if you like) was relatively easy, except for our heavy packs. We saw ample evidence of bears our pilot had warned us about in the form of last fall's droppings, and felt a bit reassured by the 12-gauge shotgun with slugs that we carried.

Locating a campsite about 1000 feet higher on

the southern flank of Crater Peak, we dug into the volcanic scree to level out a platform near a snow melt stream with a wonderful view of the surrounding peaks and glaciers. It was such an attractive campsite, apparently, that one of the locals decided to investigate. A young black bear had been nosing along our trail, but upon hearing our "Hey bear." call, wasted no time proceeding directly to our camp - scrambling up rocks that would make any mountaineer proud. As he moved closer, a warning shot at 10 yards didn't even make him flinch! Fortunately, he was just curious. He slowly passed by our tent amidst the noise of clanging pickets and the general mayhem generated by three climbers entreating a carnivore to make other plans for dinner. With a final pondering glance over his shoulder, he continued over the next ridge and out of sight.

After a somewhat lighter than usual sleep, we woke to excellent weather, broke camp, stashed the shootin' iron, some spare fuel and a few other items, and selected a route that would take us around the west side of the crater. Near the crater rim at about 5500 feet, we found our route to be less than desirable, with poor footing and significant rockfall hazard, so we dropped down a few feet and tried plan B - a traverse along the rim of the east side of the crater. With more snow remaining in the gullies leading to the east rim, this worked much better, and by midnight we had a site dug into the top of Crater Peak (7575 feet), with a panoramic view of our objective and the surrounding glaciers. The crater itself was quite impressive, with sheer thousand-foot walls encircling a steaming sulfurous vent.

Another day of excellent weather on Friday. The sun was out in full force, with hardly a breath of wind - we made a lazy start knowing we would have clear skies and the full moon later on. At about 11:00 we dropped down into the saddle between Crater Peak and Mt. Spurr (11070), then traveled towards the east ridge that had appeared to offer the best route. Using snowshoes to stay on top of the wet, heavy snow, we picked our way around crevasses and over snow bridges that all held, eventually gaining the steeper slopes where we switched to crampons.

Now we chose our route more carefully, weaving our way up the east flank to arrive at the glacial cap approximately 700 feet short of the summit. As clouds of sulfur-smelling smoke passed over us, we traversed to the north side of the peak and located the final snow bridge up to the summit. By 21:00 we exchanged handshakes, photographs, and homemade chocolate chip cookies on the summit, with a sunset glow on the surrounding peaks and intermittent clouds rolling over us.

Bashful

by Cory Hinds

Even with our trail from the ascent, we took about 4 1/2 hours to return to camp. A thin crust had frozen over our tracks which seemed to break every other step - but all of the snow bridges held firm. After eating and re-hydrating by moonlight, we dropped off to sleep around 2:30.

Beautiful weather yet again on Saturday, the trademark of this trip. We sat around eating, drinking, talking, reflecting on our previous day, and writing this trip report. Our crater seemed to generate most of the clouds we have encountered so far, much of it steam from melting snow sliding into the pit and vaporizing. We also noticed that the USGS map of Mt. Spurr is deceptive, showing rock that is obviously well-covered in snow and ice - didn't encounter any rock after leaving Crater Peak.

After a full day of playing cards (he who teaches the game usually wins), building snowmen (actually a snow-man and snow-woman), and tossing snowballs into the crater from a belay on the edge, we finally got to sleep at a decent hour.

Clouds rolled in on our final day, just enough overcast to offer a break from the sunburn, but still fine weather. We quickly rounded the crater rim, and after several short glissades, two rappels, and some good old pumice and ash screeing located the site where we had stashed the firearm. We then proceeded to our first campsite and enjoyed the luxury of a cool beer, wisely cached away on the approach, along with more chocolate chip cookies. A little more than an hour remained before we had to depart for the airstrip, so we had more time to relax, finish this trip report, and look for our friend from the first day. We did notice that a 200-foot waterfall had opened up on the glacier to the west that had not been there on the first day.

We descended the remaining distance to the landing site, and after a brief shuttle to a longer airstrip where all of us and our gear could take off together, we boarded Jayhawk's Cessna 206 and returned home. A good time was had by all and we have the pictures to prove it. (Mike Ohms, Michele Potkin, Kirk Towner)



his summer's quest being to get up some of the B peaks, Jimmy Francis and I headed back toward Bashful from the Eklutna Trailhead last Friday, June 15th on bikes. The washouts didn't slow us down too much and we were at the East Fork in about 70 minutes. It must have been an awesome flood last August that ripped out the bridge. Saw two porcupines and a huge Griz track on the way in the East Fork Trail. There are two "cruxes" on the way to the top of Bashful; the hardest is the approach.

From some limited homework we knew that the approach up to the glacial valley between Bold and Bashful may require a bit of bushwacking; one report mentioned staying to the left of the "major" waterfall. Since we couldn't decide which was the "major" waterfall, we decided to stay to the left of them both and took a left at the first washout. This, as we later figured out was the bottom of the south gully (aka Stiver's gully - the one which Bill Spencer et al. used to get up Bold in an amazing 4.5 hrs from the trailhead).

The tremendous force of the flood raging down this gully had snapped trees off 10 feet above the ground and moved hundreds of tons of rock. We traveled up the gully about 100 yds then followed a goat trail out of the right side of the gully (south) onto the steep hillside to the left of the waterfalls. We traversed right toward the top of the hillside via several ramps. Alders were further avoided by continuing up on the left of a steep (dry) ravine for several hundred more feet. When the ravine ended, we had to enter the jungle, but the dry streambed was quite the highway and we emerged relatively quickly on the northern lateral moraine. Camp was made at about 3000 feet on a small snowfield at the foot of an obvious gully on the north side of Bashful. There is no surface water in this valley; it runs under the rock (and ice in some spots) and only emerges lower at the waterfalls.

The morning was clear and we motored up the gully, side-stepping (French style they call it?) up the snow ramps. Angling left, we gained an obvious saddle at about 5000 feet in about 2 hours. With every step, more of the world came into view; the upper part of Stiver's gully was now visible to the north, leading to the summit of Bold. The long climb up the ridge was an enjoyable, non-technical scramble. Crampons were used several times, particularly on the so-called "chickenshit gully." We reached the



summit (8005 feet) in good weather in another 4 hours; 6 hours from camp. All the B peaks we knew were out; Bold, Baleful, Benign, Bellicose, Beelezebub, Boisterous? Great views of the Upper Eklutna and Whiteout Glaciers, Whiteout Peak, Peril Peak, and all the way over to Marcus Baker. Reading the register, we were shocked to see that Spencer and Co. had bagged Bashful in under 8 hours from the Eklutna parking lot! It is awesome to see what limits can be pushed.

We ate all our food and headed back down. Since we brought a rope, we decided to rap down chickenshit gully, but the rope only got us halfway down (leave the rope at home for this route). We descended the same route except for a small variation at the bottom; 4 hours to get down with frequent breaks to enjoy the views. To our delight, we found a 1000-foot glissade trough (1-2 feet deep) carved out by earlier loose-snow slides. What a bob-sled ride!

Woke the next morning to another fantastic day but found that a marmot had tried to eat my backpack; thank goodness none of the essential straps were tasty. Anyone know a good repair shop? One endo whilst biking out, but otherwise uneventful. Met Jim Sayler while downing a milkshake on the road out from Eklutna; he had climbed the 6005-foot point northeast of Bashful.

Mt. Williwaw Traverse

by David Hart



Five of us, Dave Storkel, Kathy Still, Kirk Towner, Dawn Groth and myself, showed up at the Prospect Heights Trailhead at 8:00 AM, June 15 for our MCA traverse of Mt. Williwaw.

We left the parking lot under cloudy skies and were on top of Near Point within 90 minutes. We easily picked our way through the clouds and down to the North Fork of Campbell Creek without encountering any brush. From there, it was only a few more miles east, up the valley, to Long Lake. We all enjoyed a lunch break here, while consulting the map to decide how to gain Williwaw's north ridge.

About this time, Kathy and Dave found that they had both spent some time growing up in Juneau over twenty years ago. After a few more questions, they discovered that they had been classmates in Mrs. Guildersleeve's 1973 kindergarten class. We had our

own episode of "This Is Your Life" on the slopes of Mt. Williwaw. What a small world.

Easy tundra hiking led to a pass at 4,000 feet, between Koktoya Peak and Mt. Williwaw. From below, Williwaw's north ridge appears very rugged. On closer inspection, however, we found several sheep trails on the east side of the ridge that bypass all of the technical difficulties. An hour-and-a-half later, we scrambled up the final scree slope to the summit. It had taken us seven hours to travel these ten or so miles.

Forty-five minutes later, at 4:15 PM, we began our traverse down the south ridge and west face towards the upper Williwaw Lakes valley. Some scree and talus slopes, and one small snow gully, found us back to pleasant hiking above Williwaw Lakes. To complete our intended circuit hike back to the car, we headed down the Middle Fork of Campbell Creek, past Williwaw Lakes and the hoardes of campers, hikers and backpackers. Our trip was unique in that the only path we had to repeat was a one mile section down by the Prospect Heights Trailhead.

Thirteen hours after leaving the trailhead, at 9:15 PM, we arrived back at our cars. We had hiked twenty miles and climbed over 5,500 feet in elevation. We didn't set any speed records, but we all had an enjoyable day. And to make things even better, we didn't see a single raindrop all day.



MINUTES

JUNE MEETING

There were eight visitors, and total attendance was about 50.

TREASURY REPORT

Money Market:	3918.52
Checking:	2346.83
Petty cash:	<u>62.00</u>
Total in treasury:	\$6326.35

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Hiking & Climbing.

Trip leaders described their up-coming trips. Most of the club trip leaders have led or have a club trip planned this summer - good job!

History.

It was announced that 31 out of 38 years of Screees have been researched. The remaining years are expected to be completed in July.

Parks Advisory.

Chair **Scott Bailey** announced there may be an issue with the Eagle River Greenbelt and possible trails. He also announce the club could pursue a \$15,000 grant for trails. This was deferred to the MCA Executive Committee.

Huts.

Chairperson **Mark Miraglia** requested members visiting huts to take photos showing the condition of the hut. Hut status: Rosie's Roost - need model number of stove. Need volunteers to help with Mint and Dnigi outhouses - contact Mark.

OLD BUSINESS

Willy Hersman expressed a concern that the club is missing four of its six **avalanche beacons** and the club should revisit its equipment loaning process. V.P. Dave Hart agreed and plans to discuss this at the next executive committee meeting.

NEW BUSINESS

None.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Susie Hartigan informed that club of the proposed logging and road building in the **Resurrection Trail** area. She urged members to contact the U.S. Forest Service at (907) 271-2500 and voice their concern.

Dave Hart presented a splendid slide show of two recent climbs: Mt. Natazhat and Mt. Saint Elias. Both mountains were summited, and Dave's slides provided a superb 'how-to' climb these mountains. Great show Dave!

Respectfully Submitted,
Mark Fouts

