

are invited to bring slides from various summer trips for presentation by each member.

Sept, 1963

NAMING CONTEST: Winner Rod Wilson with the name Crow's Nest.

5:11

SCHOOL: Sunday Sept 15, for those who participated in the school on Aug 17.

AID COURSE: Organization meeting Sept 10th, Arctic Health Research Center, Science Room. Contact Dave Duncan, BR 8-5084 for further information.

LATURE MEETING: Vin Hoeman's, 828 A St. Wed Sept 11, 7:30 PM. The people who climbed they thought was Raven Mtn. with me are going to say "we ass rooked," but I had to the name in a hurry when I discovered that name had already been appropriated. News led a climb of the Raven Peaks at the head of Raven Glacier June 28, 1959.

WOLVER-

INE PEAK, Circa 4500' August 4 By Rod Wilson
I climbed this peak on the skyline east of Anchorage by the access described in Scree, December 1962. Above the alder it was steep though easy walking to the north ridge, past a shed, burned, and rusted small plane, and on to the grassy summit. A few signs of us climbers or hunters were on the top. I left a register. Round trip time 4 hours including time watching 5 black bears athwart the route.

ROCK

MOUNTAIN" (see above) 6685' August 24 By Dave Johnston
10 hours Friday night our party of eight-- John Samuelson, Kim Degenhardt, Brad Reed, Todd, Gary Hansen, Hans Van der Laand, Vin Hoeman, and I had assembled in the Crow's Nest as the club cabin is now called. We were off at 0830 next morning beneath high over-cast clouds up onto and along the pond-studded tundra shelf above Crow Pass leading to Raven Glacier. Crampons were donned to cross the bare ice, but ropes weren't needed till we reached the snow-covered upper reaches of the glacier. In rope pairs, we threaded our way up and over crevasses and a bergshund of the NE arm of the glacier to reach the ridge crest at 5200 ft. An easy rock scramble along the typically-Chugach knife ridge led up over the 6450±50' subpoint (where a cairn was found), down 300' to a saddle, up again to the 6685' summit. Finding no evidence of previous human visitation, we constructed a fine five foot cairn that should be visible from Crow Pass. Winds that now blow from the SE with gusts to 75 mph made our rock-toting in this exposed spot rather tiring. A register was placed and a hasty retreat beat just as the clouds rolled in bringing intermittent and, later, not-so-intermittent squalls that dogged us all the way back to the Crow's Nest. Descent was made via the steep north-central arm of Raven Glacier from the saddle previously mentioned. Vin, Kim, Brad, and Gary tromped on out to their cars that dark, rainy night with John and Bill Bousman who had arrived from Eklutna earlier! Hans, Dave, John and I were very content to sack out and listen to the rain and thunder batter at our snug Crow's Nest. After a long sleep and a lazy Sunday morning fast, we too headed (still reluctantly) down.

MARY-

S MOUNTAIN August 10-11 By Marie Lundstrom
The trail up Brush Boulevard was long on Devil's Club and short on easy terrain, but eventually Dickler, Kim Degenhardt, Marge Prescott and I eventually crawled out of the trees and onto the ridge-top to the treeline camp spot about 9:00 AM. Sat Aug. 10. We had left our cars about 5:30. Our going was an easy, swinging, uphill hike for about a third of the way, with pleasant stops for water, flower identification, and decisions about which way the trail went. After a time, though, the pack straps began to cut a little deeper and the legs pulled harder as we swung into phase two; upstairs rather than up hill. Old-

timer Joe was in fine shape for his tenth trip up and Kim's exuberance hadn't been at all diminished by his Carpathian adventures, but Marge and I felt those heavy packs and the upstairs angle of that ridge. We stopped to rest; we stopped for water; we stopped for squirrel food; we stopped to stand upright for a few relief-filled minutes. We stopped and started like a balky car with an inexperienced driver. Near the top, we found mud in the trail and the sobering presence of fresh bear-and cub tracks. Darkness had fallen heavily by the time Joe's cheerful "we stay here." let us collapse.

Next morning, growling shadows circled Marge and me in the tent. We growled back hesitantly and rolled out to greet our water-bringers, Joe and Kim, who had already soaked up an hour of the day on a water hunt. Kim later distinguished himself for ever by taking all our food into a tree on an anti-bear maneuver. Ours was a day of gentle diversion as we strode off for summit glory through alpine meadows flooded with sun and flowers. We met bear hunters--two bearded, smiling men from Palmer, who had left much of their camp gear behind in order to take back their bear skin. We had tragedy-- Marge's telephoto lens slipped and bounded down a slope like all the small rocks you've seen bounce. We had tension-- it's a long way down that enormous slide that you can see from the road, and it's scary right there near the top. We had success! We stood bare foot atop the toppest and looked over at not-so-gentle Pioneer Peak, down at Knik River with its puny bridge, straight down the slide beneath us to cars whipping back and forth on the highway. It was satisfying to look down, knowing that we'd come from below and we'd be returning there, but for one sliver of time we were on top of Mary's Mountain and we'd always have that piece of deliciousness to take out and enjoy again.

After we retrieved Old Chloe, now nearly white, and reestablished her in her monarchical position on the flagpole at the cairn, we retreated down the scree slopes and alpine meadow. From treeline to cars, with packs on, was downstairs jolting and painful then, two days later, and in recollection, but it didn't matter because it was all worth it.

KATMAI NATIONAL MONUMENT OUTLINE

July 21-28

By Marge Prescott

On July 21st two "hardy mountaineers," Carrie Lewis and myself, left Anchorage International Airport for a week at Katmai National Monument. We flew in clouds all the way. Due to the overcast conditions we were delayed in King Salmon. After a couple of hours, we started worrying whether we'd have to spend the week in King Salmon. We'd only found one bar. However, the clouds lifted enough for the float plane to ferry everyone to Brooks Camp on Lake Naknek, and "to land us in the lap of luxury." We were warmly welcomed by Mrs Rokita, an MCA'er who is cooking there.

The sun shone briefly as we pitched the tent, moved garbage cans, and cached food--Brown bear country--tracks on the beach made us wonder when we'd come face-to-face with Mr Bruin, but fortunately we never did. I saw one brown bear at a safe distance, and some of the group saw a lynx peer into the campground, but it quickly darted away.

Sunday night we sleep in the tent. Monday night Mrs Rokita moved us in with her. Tuesday and Wednesday nights we stayed in the Rangers cabin, as he'd gone to King Salmon for two days. Tuesday was rainy so we were grateful for a dry place to stay.

Thursday noon the rest of the group arrived Paul Duncan (Sir Edmund Duncie), Don Stockard, Mike Campbell (Don's Friend), Scott Hamilton, Hope Lighton (Colo Mtn Club), Marie Lundstrom and Pauling Lee, making a total of 9 people.

After getting their gear together, the men took off down the 23 miles of road for the valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. The girls pitched tents at the campground. This was a segregated outing--wait until Bobbie hears about this!

After lunch we hiked up Mt Dumpling, a long ridge near Brooks Camp. Above timberline we had excellent views of Naknek Lake, Brooks Lake and if clear the Mountains in the valley are visible. Further up the ridge King Salmon is visible, but we didn't get that far.

Friday we went, by bus, to the Valley. Arriving at the overlook cabin we were greeted by the fellows. They had not yet started into the valley. It had taken them 10-11 hrs to walk the road.

From the overlook cabin we hiked down a trail through the brush to the Ukak River where there is a bridge. Here the trail ends and we are in the Valley proper. Everyone started off together, however the fellows, being gentlemen, didn't wait for us, and they soon disappeared from sight. After a while the other girls dropped behind, as they didn't camp in the valley, and Marie and I were left alone.

We hiked along spotting many interesting things, in this veritable wasteland. It is quite sandy, very similar to a beach. We would come upon deep chasms, left by now dried stream; extinct fumaroles with their varied colors-pinks, yellows, maroons. We could well imagine the sight that greeted Dr Griggs and party when they first saw the valley. We traversed to the north east side eventually following the Knife River. This river has cut itself a deep gorge in the loose sand and is almost impossible to cross.

Though there is plenty of water in the valley, it isn't drinkable, as it is loaded with sediment. However, water can be found along the mountains bordering the valley.

By evening the clouds descended very low giving the area a most mysterious atmosphere.

Walking along the Knife River we saw broken snow bridges covered with sand. We were the only ones who had walked along the Knife River. Several bears had trod this way, which was not a very comforting feeling. However, we didn't see any.

In the morning the clouds lifted enough for us to see Mt Mageik, Mt Katmai, Broken and Baked Mountains. In the distance we could make out smoke from the few remaining fumaroles. It is a place this would be if the sky were clear!

Two boys hiked about 12 miles into the valley to Baked Mountain. Paul and Mike went on what they thought was Novarupta. They returned to the overlook cabin via the west side of the valley, along the River Lethe, crossing Windy Creek, and coming through the brush. In total they walked about 70 miles.

It was agreed by all that it was an excellent trip, even if the weather had been poor. The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes is well worth visiting. The mountains, Katmai, Mageik, and others should make interesting climbs, maybe not as challenging as some, but mainly rewarding. It would also be worth while to traverse the Valley from the overlook cabin to Shelikof Straits.

which will entitle them to membership until the following 1/1/54
that, if they should...

CLIMBING AND HIKEING SCHEDULE

- SEPT 15: GLACIER SCHOOL, Byron Glacier for those who made the first day of Glacier school on Aug 17. Paul Crews FA 2-3643
- SEPT 21-22 INDEPENDENCE MINE AREA: Talkeetna Mtns. Pinnacle and others. Easy technical to Class 6. Good Granite Rock. Something for everybody. Hikers invited as there is lots of possibilities for things non-technical
- SEPT 28 or 29 BYRES PEAK. Near Palmer. Hikers can go as far as they like.
- OCT 5 or 6 PIONEER PEAK.
- OCT 13 JOHNSON'S PASS: Marie Lundstrom FA 2-4699
- OCT 19 PALMER CREEK - Ridge Running - Marge Prescott BR 6-6943 or SK 3-2211
- OCT 27 FLAT TOP
- JAN - FEB KINGS Mtn
- FEB SKI TOUR INDEPENDENCE MINE TO WILLOW
- FEB - MAR EKLUTNA GLACIER SKI TOUR: experienced skiers.
- JAN-FEB CROSS COUNTRY SKI INSTRUCTION

PLEASE NOTE THESE DATES AND KEEP THIS SCHEDULE POSTED

For information on the hikes and climbs where an individual person is not listed call DAVE DEVOE FE 3-1492 or MARGE PRESCOTT BR 6-6943.

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