

SCREE



MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF ALASKA

BOX 2037

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA 99510

SEPTEMBER 1975

VOLUME XVIII, No. 9

SEPTEMBER MEETING

SPECTACULAR slide show of the Second Ascent of Mt. Deborah in May 1975! Presented by Brian Okonek. "UNREAL! SPLENDIFEROUS!" are just a few of the descriptive words you will find in Mr. Okonek's article following the hiking and climbing schedules in this issue of SCREE. Read his account of the ascent, and then see if you can stay away! PLUS, there will be nominations for officers for the October election.

Meeting time and place: Wednesday, September 17, 1975, 8 PM, Pioneer Schoolhouse at Third and Eagle.

BOARD MEETING

Tuesday, October 6, 1975, at 8 PM at 2106 West Northern Lights Boulevard.

CLIMBING SCHEDULE

Saturday
September 20 BYRON PEAK, 4750'. A late season attempt on the right skyline ridge route. Bring Crampons and ice axe. Leader needed. Call Fritz Rieger at 277-8979. Leave Valu-Mart parking lot at 5:30 AM.

Saturday
September 27 HIGHER SPIRE, 6135'. Via Snowbird Mine and Aura Glacier. Another early start. Leave Valu-Mart parking lot at 5:30 AM. Leader needed.

Saturday
October 4 O'MALLEY PEAK, 5150'. Cross the south fork of Campbell Creek and get on the ridge right away. Run the entire ridge! Leave Valu-Mart parking lot at 7 AM. Leader, Fritz Rieger.

Saturday
October 11 PTARMIGAN PEAK. The double-peaked high points on the ridge extending back from Flattop. Ski or hike to the northeast skyline ridge, then up the ridge. Leader needed.

HIKING SCHEDULE

September 13 THUNDERBIRD FALLS--MT. EKLUTNA. Leader, Eiven Brudie, 344-2261.

September 21
Sunday CHESTER CREEK HEADWATERS PLATEAU via Wilson Route. For information call Dona Agosti, 279-2901.

September 27
Saturday GULL ROCK via new Forest Service Trail, if completed. For information call Dona Agosti, 279-2901.

1975 DEBORAH ICE FOLKES
 DEBORAH (12,339'), SECOND ASCENT via NEW ROUTE
 April 2 - May 17, 1975
 by Brian Okonek

beckey, Harrer, and Meybohm, when they stepped onto the summit of Deborah twenty-one years ago, called it "the most sensational ice climb anyone of us had ever undertaken." With this thought in mind, Pat Condran, Mark Hotman, Brian Okonek, Dave Petigrew, Pat Stuart, and Toby Wheeler left on April 2 for their walk to the preeminent Mt. Deborah. Leaving the Anchorage-Fairbanks Highway at mile 229, we followed the Yanert Fork on the sixty mile slog to base camp. We had all our gear on our backs, in little "red sleds," and the rest in Dennis Kogl's and Ford Reeve's dog sleds. By the twelfth we were all set at base camp, 6,400', on the Yanert Glacier with thirty days of food and plenty of enthusiasm. From here it was up, up, always up!

From a distance Deborah's South Ridge appears as a silhouette of a whale. The south summit, 11,700', its blow hole, the middle summit, 12,000', its dorsal fin, and the north summit, 12,339', the top of its tail. Our route would be the entire South Ridge. To gain the "blow hole" we would use the most southerly of two westerly spur ridges that intersect the south ridge. From the "blow hole" there would be only one way to the summit two miles to the north, the crest of the South Ridge.

We spent the next six days under the grip of wind and snow storms trying to force a route to the site of Camp I at 8,500'. The deep snows we tunneled through on all but the steepest slopes contributed to our snail's pace. As the snow got deeper, the sluff avalanches more frequent, and the wind stronger, we were finally forced to spend two days confined to the interior of our tents. We started kidding each other on how this was "the most sensational snow slog anyone of us had ever undertaken." Finally the weather cleared and we swam and jumared our way up the slopes to Camp I.

For five days the weather remained perfect. (This was the longest stretch of good weather we had on Deborah.) Taking advantage of our good luck, we beat a trail to Camp II at 10,200'. The snow remained deep, though, and in one place it took two hours to break 300 feet of trail through armpit deep, wind crusted snow. It was absurd! To our delight, the deep snow ended just above Camp II on the wind-exposed ridge, enabling us to get the route fixed through to the middle summit, site of our high camp. Things were beginning to look good, but before we could move to Camp III we once again were grounded by storm, this time for three days.

The ridge walk between the "blow hole" and the "dorsal fin" is one of the most fantastic anywhere. It only gains 300 feet in a mile, with no hard climbing; so you can enjoy the grand views with almost all your concentration. Where it narrows, you look down through rime, heavy flutings curled in on each other, to the West Fork Glacier 5,000 feet below. And when you gain the middle summit, you get your first good look at Deborah's summit ridge with her unbelievable cornices. That first view takes your breath away. Unreal! Splendiferous!

On the 28th, during a short break in the storm (not long enough to move to Camp III) we moved to Camp III. First thing on the agenda when getting there was to dig in. That night three slept in an unfinished snow cave and three tried to sleep in a wind-battered tent. The next night we are all moved into the cave, our home for the next twelve days.

From our high camp we had an easy walk down to a saddle at an altitude of 11,300'. From here the real climbing began on the half-mile ridge that swooped to the summit. We had voted earlier, after first seeing the ridge, to fix the basil

1975 DEBORAH ICE FOLLIES continued.

cornices before heading for the summit. They looked slow and proved to be so when it took two days to fix 600 feet of rope along the 70 degree west face that had to be climbed straight across. With this section fixed we had a fast, safe start to the top. We tried for the summit several times in what appeared like stable weather, but ended up returning to the cave as snow-encrusted basket cases. Eating half rats to stretch our food supply, we lay around the cave bored stiff, going out only for the most vital operations.

Late the 7th the weather began to break. Once again we prepared for the summit. Somehow we knew this was it--it had to be, for our food supply was dwindling fast. Leaving in groups of two at two hour intervals between 2:30 AM and 7 AM, so as not to get congested on the ridge, we headed for the summit. We decided we should all try to reach the summit at about the same time. The ridge was spectacular! Huge rimmed cornices overhung the east face as much as 20 feet, blue ice on the west side, mushrooms, and flutings. It was a little nerve-wracking knowing we weren't really attached to anything very stable. But once we got used to the idea it was only a little wierd! Using snowflukes, pickets, and screws for protection, we worked our way toward the summit mushroom. Wheeler and I caught the others three pitches below the summit where overhanging mushroom cornices had forced the front runners onto the relentless ice of the southwest face. For three hours we sat in our airy niches cut atop a cornice surveying our magnificent setting while the others worked the last few feet to the summit. The ridge we had come up was not only of corniced snow and ice, but of great sculptured imagination--something we had only seen in pictures of the Andes. We were floating in a world of snow, ice, and air. The time went quickly, and soon we were jumaring up the rope Stuart had fixed. Up the face, through the ice gargoyles that guarded the top, and, presto, at 5:00 PM we were all on the summit of Deborah! I don't think any of us could really believe we were there, but we were! A dream come true! Slowly the reality of it struck us and we took the normal summit pictures.

Clouds had moved in on us during the day threatening storm so we moved down to camp with a purpose. I usually dislike descents off of hard summits, but I found the descent off of Deborah very pleasant. The clouds had engulfed us before long. It was eerie seeing the cornices floating in the mist, hearing voices but not seeing the person who was speaking. By 11:30 PM, in a full-fledged storm, we were all back in the cave eating a dinner and a half for our victory ceremony. Ah, the comforts of home!

The storm only lasted 24 hours, but was violent with winds up around 100 mph. Toward the end of the blow we were afraid our snow cave would erode away! Not a very pleasant thought.

On the 11th, in one long day, we descended to the comparative warmth of base camp. That day the sun was out in all her glory. Reorganizing gear for the trip out took most of the next day, and it wasn't until late in the afternoon that we left for our six day walk to the road. The snow conditions were perfect and we made easy time. This easy going ended the following day when we ran out of snow at lower elevations. This also ended our easy sled pulling, and they, along with their payloads, had to be strapped to our backs. It was so fantastic to walk into summer that our heavy loads didn't bother much. The grandeur of seeing green things and animals, of smelling spring, and of wandering where one felt uninhibited by a rope was splendid. After 45 days we stepped out of the woods onto the highway. Civilization. Future shock. But we would survive, we had been to the top of Deborah!

PRESIDENT'S REM

I've always left things go until the last minute, and now with only a month before we elect a new president, we really must hurry to clean things up.

The most important thing is to roust up some new officers, and I'll simply make a plea for generosity of your time and energy. With the population pressure we are feeling in Alaska, many of us may be inclined to shy away from involvement in formal organization. But, as people interested in the mountains and wilderness values in general, we need the MCA now more than ever. In any event, the MCA has never been much more than a group of friends who go into the mountains together.

We also need some help in planning and organizing club climbs. To this end, let's have a party to form a climbing committee. If you're interested, come to 2106 West Northern Lights Boulevard at 8 PM on Wednesday, September 24.

A basic winter mountaineering and snow travel school is a necessity for this fall also. Self arrest, avalanche avoidance and rescue, frostbite, hypothermia, equipment, etc. should be covered. This would probably involve a classroom session and one or two practice sessions. Organizer and teachers needed!

We have received a request from Rod Wilson for the MCA to endorse to the American Alpine Club the Alaskan-Nepal 1977 Expedition to climb Tilichho Peak, 23,457', and trek in the Annapurna Himal. Four of the expedition team are well-known and liked MCA members, Messrs. S. Hackett, R. Wilson, J. Gardey, and K. Bittlin maier. Two MCA members, Messrs. Meacham and Spuer have objected to the Club's endorsement of private trips which are not open to the general membership. The Executive Board, in its September 2 meeting, had no problem with the endorsement, and since no policy has been established on this matter, we will go ahead with the endorsement. The request does, however, raise questions about the MCA's role in endorsing, sponsoring, or organizing trips.

ALASKA RESCUE GROUP MEETING

There will be a meeting of the Alaska Rescue Group (ARG) at 8 PM, Thursday, September 18, in the basement of the old City Gym at the corner of 6th and G, Room 101.

The ARG is in need of manpower to continue to operate as a Mountain Rescue Group in Alaska. If the membership does not increase in the near future, the ARG will probably fold. Membership is open to all persons, male or female, over the age of 18.

If you have an interest, or even if you think you have, please attend this meeting or contact Gil Todd, 272-6414 or 279-7794.

MT. FORAKER

Part II - The Southeast Ridge

March 6-17, 1975

by Gary Tandy

I would like to make a correction on the Foraker article in the May issue of SCREE. It was noted that Steve and I assaulted the Southeast ridge Alpine style without relaying equipment. Actually we used expedition tactics but on a small and relatively light two-man scale.

MT. FORAKER continued.

Larry Tedrick's article on Mt. Foraker's South Ridge attempt (SCREE, April 1975) left Steve and I on the Southeast Ridge hoping for good luck with the weather, which we were fortunate indeed to receive.

On March 6, from our 6,500' iglooplex base camp on the West fork of the Kahiltna Glacier, Steve and I repacked for a more rapid ascent of the slightly easier Southeast Ridge. We decided to take the following items: 16 days of food, 1 Himalayan tent, 500' of 5/16" fixed line, 3 gallons of gas, 1 transceiver, a small collection of drugs and dressings from the group kit, 1 MSR stove and pot, short ice shovel and snow saw, 1 climbing rope, small bundle of wands (which we never used), small selection of snow pickets (short and long), deadmen, ice pitons and screws, not to mention our own down clothing and personal equipment.

Before the other members of our group flew back to Talkeetna, they helped us relay food and equipment part way up the beginning of the Southeast Ridge. Fifteen minutes from what was to become Camp I at 8500' we took a break to watch Cliff Hudson land at our base camp. Camp I was constructed where the snow-ice ridge merged into a predominate broken rock ridge. A platform was chopped for the tent and before supper was started we gathered up scrap plastic sheeting, cans, and food packages left by previous expeditions and burned what we could. Mt. Hunter was our immediate neighbor, but we wanted to look down on it for a change instead of across as we had been doing off and on for the previous 22 days while on Foraker. The weather was clear, calm, and slightly above zero while the sun was up.

Day 2 was spent relaying cached equipment from 800' below Camp I to 1000' above where the snow-covered rock ridge was consumed by a half-hanging glacier. Several hundred feet of old partially or completely exposed fixed line (left in place by previous expeditions) was used solely for balance. Another relatively warm, dry, pleasant evening was spent at Camp I.

The next day we packed up camp, leaving only some food and fuel behind, and moved up to Day 2's high cache. Old fixed line left in the glacial ice at this point had become twisted around and pulled tight like a guitar string. I couldn't resist strumming a simple one note tune on this often silent environment. As we moved up the glacier, angular snow climbing was interspersed with two short steep ice walls which Steve lead with a now fully loaded frame. At each of these mini-cruxes old fixed line was visible and partially useable although most of it was disappearing in the ice. At one place I stepped across a small opening in the snow and two feet down were two parallel fixed lines running through it. As the day progressed so did an unwanted change in the weather. Halfway up a 200' 45 degree hard-snow wall I ran out of front pointing leg power. Our fatigue was mutual and it was obvious that the wind, clouds, and blowing snow were doing anything but becoming worn out. We backed down and off the left side 100' to a partially drifted in bergschrund where mother nature convinced us to dig in. While digging we kept a snow cave fixed line strung across our end of the schrund with everything clipped in. To our relief no "sudden holes" were discovered. After dark and very near exhaustion Camp II at 10,800' was completed. With our frames crammed in the entrance, fine snow still managed to drift in heavily.

All through the next day wind-driven snow and clouds maintained near white-out conditions. Although we welcomed a well-timed rest day, this storm should not last long if we are to reach the summit and get back down to base camp on our remaining twelve days of food. That evening was the best display of Northern Lights on the whole trip. Large shimmering waves of light were seen brightest behind a silhouette of Mt. Hunter. The show was often interspersed with blackouts (at least for us) as dark, windstorm clouds could be seen rising up the west side of Hunter,

MT. FORAKER continued.

come rushing across the kahiltna, sweep down and around us enveloping everything in darkness and stinging snow particles.

Day 5 to our complete satisfaction found the brief storm in its waning hours, and sunshine appeared. As usual, it was time to break trail, find a good route, and relay equipment. We headed directly for the main ridge crest of the Southeast Ridge. Upon reaching it, we discovered, or rather realized, it would be easier and safer to hike across the middle of the glacier which was low angle snow rather than traverse the top of this narrow, corniced, icy, exposed ridge. So we rappelled down a full pitch of 45 degree ice-snow and proceeded on. We hiked to within 300' of the main ridge crest where it was necessary to fix this 45 degree section for relaying and final descent usage. The ridge became easier and wider the higher we went with the exception of a steep ice pitch cruxed by a 5' vertical snow wall. 50' above this obstacle we made our cache. Evening again at Camp II; the weather continued its good behavior.

Day 6 personal gear was moved to the high cache at 13,200' where it was decided Camp III should be founded in preparation for tomorrow's summit bid. Camp III, another cave because of our exposed location, took a good two hours to dig because of hard snow with a little ice. We were moved in, repacked for the summit push and had supper before another beautiful sunset. Clear skies with light breezes remained even though the lowlands were sometimes partly or completely overcast.

March 13 dawned clear, calm, and inspiring. After 29 days on and around Foraker, we were finally, truly headed for the summit 4,200' above us and two miles distant. The last of the narrow, corniced ridge was between 13,300' and 14,000' when it turned into a large rounded hard-snow ridge and finally slope. Right below the summit area we crossed into a light wind zone which was very cold on the face and hands even while climbing. On the summit, despite the numbing effects, we enjoyed a super fantastic 360 degree, 3-dimensional panorama. It was approximately 30 degrees below zero with a light to gusty (10-20 mph) breeze which held Steve's Alaskan flag out tight from his axe, but also created an effective wind/chill factor of -80 degrees. The double summits of Denali dominated the surrounding scenery even though we looked more across at it rather than just up at it. Every snow-covered direction we looked it was clear. Pictures were taken as we wandered around the flat summit peering off different sides to get a better view. The South Ridge looked incredibly long and knife-edged. After thirty minutes on top and before our feet got too cold we began the first part of our 11,000' descent. The next 2 1/2 days were extremely demanding of concentration and physical effort. Our legs had almost turned to rubber by the time we skied into base camp. A bottle of kijafa did wonders for our tensed-up heads. Unfortunately, ravens had gotten into the food cache left outside the iglooplex. It took half a day to clean up that mess. (Later Cliff said that the birds weren't usually in the area this early in the year.) Two days later, after basking in the continuing sunshine on the glacier, Cliff flew in and was as happy to see us as we were to see him. It had only been 33 days. Before flying out he showed us an aerial view at almost too close range of the 6,500' North Face of Mt. Hunter. Wow!!

So ends another St. Patrick's day.

ARRIGETCHI PEAKS WILDERNESS
August 2-16, 1975
by Bill Brant

Kevin Apgar, Steve and Sandy Passmore, Ann Widmer, Gerry Schriever, Clyde Helms, and I journeyed to the Central Brooks Range for a look at the spectacular and

ARRIGETCH PEAKS WILDERNESS continued.

increasingly popular Arrigetch Peaks. Wein took us to Bettles where a float plane begrudgingly shuttled us to shallow and small Circle Lake in the Alatna Valley. The relative ease of getting there detracted somewhat from the realization of our remoteness. However, four days of mortal combat with alders, fearsome tussocks, and mosquitoes while we shuttled loads to our base camp at the junction of Arrigetch and Aquarius Creeks made us feel we had paid the price for being there. Being timid climbers and lacking in equipment, time, and experience, we climbed some lesser peaks and stood in awe of rather than attempting to climb the spectacular ones. Five ascents were made, all probable firsts, but all characterized by their spectacular views rather than spectacular climbing. (See map on page 40 of the 1975 American Alpine Journal for orientation.) Two peaks on the ridge north of Arrigetch Creek were climbed on August 7, all by fun but long Class 3 routes: Termination Peak, 6500+', complete with the first snow of "winter" by the northeast ridge (Apgar, Steve and Sandy Passmore) and by the southwest ridge (Helms and Brant); and No-Name Peak 6000+', from the south (Widmer and Schriever). Both peaks provided incredible views of the entire Arrigetch with its knife-edge facades of granite and the endless peaks of the surrounding Brooks Range. Turkey Bluff, 4750+', an impressive granite face at the division of Aquarius Creek, was ascended from the backside by way of massive boulders. The first of four towers on the ridge east of Aquarius Creek was climbed and provided awesome views of the near vertical faces of the Maidens, Camel, and Disneyland. We called it Belligerence Ridge after a "discussion" as to who would lead a 5th class pitch. Attempts were made on Elephant's Tooth and Parabola, but difficult climbing and the melting of frozen 4th class dirt ("vegetable-4") made turning back a relief.

Fantastic weather, long Arctic days, and a hearty menu made our climbing and exploring a joy. Wildlife signs were abundant: wolf and bear tracks, sheep trails, moose and caribou antlers; but four Dall sheep and playful squirrels were the only live animals we saw. We packed out across the pass between Arrigetch and 4662 Creek and climbed the 5000+' peak south of the pass for a view of Shot Tower, Arthur Emmons, Battleship, and Independence Pass. A tiny hot spring along 4662 Creek provided a welcome bath for dropouts from the filthiness contest. As we bathed in hot sunlight and the relatively warm waters of Takahula Lake awaiting our flight out, we all felt a bit of sadness at leaving a special place. The real memory of Arrigetch is not described in technical details. There is a special aura about the place that eases the mind and body into timelessness and tranquility. Many previous visitors have mentioned it in their writings. It seems to arise from overwhelming quiet, a minuteness of being in a world of massive dimension, the beauty of deep aqua lakes and lush multicolor lichen growth on huge boulders in mystical Aquarius Valley, and the peaks themselves, jagged facades of rock ever changing in the play of sun and clouds. The aura is far easier experienced than described, but leaves a mellowness unlike any I have experienced before.

But the aura may be destroyed by the area's increasing popularity. The rugged terrain and remoteness make airdrops desirable, which in turn are beginning to make trash a problem. We carried out four two-pound metal boxes left by a thoughtless previous party. I echo the plea of Tom Meacham in last year's SCREE for more Alaskans to visit this special place before its specialness vanishes to the crowding of civilization.

PETERS HILLS
August 9-10, 1975
by Charles A. Kibler

John Evin, Jim and Judy Reid and I left Valu-Mart at 7:30 AM, arrived at the tractor trail (well used--can't miss it) at 12:00, ate lunch, left at 1:00, and set up our tents at Lake 3350 at 6:00 PM. The sky was clear, except between us and Mt. McKinley, so we waited until Sunday to go to Long Point, when it was worse. John and I navigated through clouds and fog to Long Point (to sign the register?). As we waited for the sky to clear, litter disappeared and the cairn grew to six feet--now you can't miss it! There were signs of Jeep and/or tractor tracks all the way to the top. Finally, we left through clouds.

As for the mysterious "New Route" (SCREE, July 1975): John tried a route on a line between Lake 2545 (which actually drains southeast) and a bridge in Section 7. Verdict: Brush. I tried a route going southwest from the first and largest lake straight toward Point 3510 across Peters Creek, aiming at a small ridge projecting into the valley. Verdict: Grass. Walking through three to four feet of grass and ferns is not difficult going downhill; time from lake to road was 15 minutes. This route is one mile shorter, but the tractor trail is easier going up as the grass is beaten down by tractors. Dinner at 9:00 PM was made more pleasant by a view of Mt. McKinley out the kitchen window.

MULTI-ATTEMPTS ON PERIL PEAK
August 10, 1975
by Garnet Roehm and Jeff Babcock

Our plan was to make an attempt up Peril Peak, the mountain that has its own abrupt way of dividing the two forks of Eklutna Glacier. John Dillman with us on this attempt, we foolishly chose the route that was done by V. Hoeman and B. Babcock in 1968 via a gully off the southeast fork. This route is not recommended. There was lots of rock from the lead man as well as those inadvertently tossed down by "Father Peril." After 300 feet, much effort, plenty of rock dodging, and a ridiculous amount of time, we courageously and rapidly descended to the safety of the glacier below.

Back resting at the A-frame, we were sure we would never attempt that route again. (Attention insane climbers--you could probably kick steps up most of this gully in winter or early spring, but you'd best be into a deathwish trip!) We tried to make some sense out of the other successful route written up in the Perches' Log Book. There was a "detailed" account which "described" what is now the classic route to the summit. After having done this route successfully, our aim in this article is to "instructionally" alter last year's writeup in the log book. We consider it facetious and therefore dangerous to unwary climbers. If "scrambling over knife edge" "easily" climbing the 70-foot face and "walk up" to summit terminology makes Peril sound like an easy mountain to climb, it isn't!

Garnet Roehm, Steve Agee, and Jeff Babcock left early one morning and easily reached the south ridge via the southwest glacier, kicking steps up a 400-foot snow slope to gain the ridge. It was indeed a ridgewalk, but a very short one. Next there was a 300-foot knife-edge which terminated at a 70-foot face after which I assume the peak was named. This portion of the route was delicately climbed by Garnet and Jeff as Steve had chosen to wait on the ridge. Exposure was quite severe, and we reached the face only after an hour or so because of the continual need to safeguard ourselves. As rather ominous storm clouds moved in on us we looked at each other and the rock face and regretfully retreated using the leap-frog technique.

PERIL PEAK continued.

We were both somewhat disappointed and depressed about our lack of success of the traverse and Peril. Neither of us have a heavy ego hangup about gaining summits, but after trying several times you do get into that obsession thing.

Our next attempt followed the same route as two days earlier. Jeff lead with "moderate difficulty" and I followed experiencing "more moderate difficulty." The wall happens to shoot right up from a knife edge which makes for a rather hairy rappel!

Once over the treacherous part of the wall Jeff anchored into the rather weathered rappel anchor which apparently had been used on the previous four ascents. From there on the route, according to the log book, was supposed to present a "gentle walkup" to the summit. Untrue! Though not as difficult as the knife edge and face, it was two and one-half hours later when we finally reached the summit. A small snow cornice stretched across to the peak, and there we found a small glass jar in which four small note-pad sheets were crumpled.

There had been four previous successful assaults. In total, twenty or so people had reached its summit. Of those people, Vin Hoeman, Grace Hoeman, and Hans Vanderlaan have since died in climbing accidents. It is our hope that this article will facilitate safe climbing on Peril Peak.

LOST LAKE
August 16-17, 1975
by Terry Rees

Two cars containing Dona Agosti, Kathy Farkas, John Moses Nevin, and myself headed south from Valu-Mart at about 8 AM on a Saturday morning in search of Lost Lake. After an uneventful 2 1/2 hour trip, we left one car at mile 5, our intended finish point, and backtracked to the Primrose Landing Campground at mile 17.5 in Dona's car. After looking in vain for our trailhead in the campground, we were finally steered in the right direction by local residents, and we were off and running by 11 AM. The trail is actually what remains of an old transportation route that linked Primrose Landing with Seward by way of Lost Lake during the old mining days.

Hoping to explore the Primrose Mine on the way, we arrived at the map location only to find a sheer cliff and beautiful waterfall. Several miles later, we came upon an aging log cabin settlement with the usual amount of interesting furnishings and mining apparatus strewn about. We all had a good time browsing through the debris of this, the presumed actual Primrose Mine area. Are there any bottle experts out there who can give me the history of a bottle with "Root" and an "X" on the bottom?

The trail petered out about a mile or so from the Lake, the remaining portion being marked with rock cairns. Camp was set up on the Lost Lake Peninsula, amid much good-natured bickering about tent and dining sites. With a little goading by the leader, all were up bright and early the next morning. Following the shoreline to the trail out, we made two surprise discoveries. First, a horizontal mine shaft right at the lakeside and almost at water level. Second, we would have to ford the lake outlet in order to get to the trail. Across we went, through the swirling 52 degree waters a la Katmai, without mishap. The hike back to my beautiful bus was considered to be a good deal longer than the published seven miles.

LOST LAKE continued.

This is an excellent trip. However, any Forest Service information or map information regarding trail or mine locations should be ignored. Both sources proved to be very inaccurate and misleading. The great variety of terrain, scenery, flowers, berries, and mushrooms in the area, coupled with the interesting mining ruins, make this a very enjoyable hike.

BITS AND PIECES

Julie Sprott, Dennis Palmer, Dave Hawley, and Fritz Rieger climbed Summit Mountain, 5350', near Crow Pass on August 30. This peak has brush free access, spectacular views, a baby glacier, snow steep enough to glissade, and a short easy ridge. The last entry in the register was the Hoemans' in 1967.

Bill Stivers climbed Organ Mountain alone between August 23 and 30, 1975. For an interesting account of his climb, see next month's SCREE.

MINUTES OF MCA GENERAL MEETING

July 16, 1975, 8 PM, Pioneer School House, Third and Eagle Streets, Anchorage, Alaska.

Vice President, Raj Bhargava, opened the meeting in the absence of the President, Fritz Rieger, who was called out of town suddenly because of the death of Durhane's mother.

A board meeting was not officially held this month because of confusion between SCREE and Fritz on the date.

Dona Agosti, hiking chairperson, reported that 36 people were going on the Katmai tour. She was trying to get a second climbing rope since most MCA equipment was locked in Fritz Rieger's garage. Reed Lakes overnight will coincide with Fern Mine climbing trip. Vernon Hansen volunteered to see that hikers were pointed in the right direction toward Snowbird Mine. Raj Bhargava will lead Peters Hills hike. Arctic Wildlife Range trip was replaced by trip to Williwaw Lakes, another combination climbing-hiking trip. Helen Nienhueser announced a trip July 17-20 to Barthol Creek in the Talkeetnas.

Raj reported for Tom Meacham, conservation committee, that we will have to work on the Talkeetna Mountains State Park next session. A Chugach Park supervisor asked Raj to pass on that they would like to discourage fire building in the park.

Dona Agosti announced that the hike through Chickaloon had problems in that someone in the area let air out of a tire. This was the second time a problem had occurred at this site. This brought up question of easements across native lands and the necessity for filing requests with the BLM this summer or never. Steve Bruno made a motion that MCA join the Alaska Public Easement Defense Committee (Box 427), Eagle River, Alaska 99577, in working for easements through native lands. Gayle Nienhueser seconded the motion and it passed unanimously. Dona added that anyone concerned about an easement should contact Al Cutt or Al Pack at BLM, 4700 East 72nd. Forms are available from them or Alaska Center for the Environment.

The meeting was adjourned for refreshments, but reopened for Raj's announcement that Dave Cline, Fish and Wildlife biologist and John Maggee, executor of Hans

JULY MINUTES continued.

van der Laan's estate, have been nominated as board members for the Brooks Range Trust Fund. If anyone has objections, contact MCA or a board member. The Brooks Range Trust by law requires that board members be approved by MCA.

A slide show on the Brooks Range, complete with music, was presented by Jeff Babcock.

Helen Nienhueser, Acting Secretary

MINUTES OF MCA GENERAL MEETING

August 20, 1975, 8 PM, Pioneer Schoolhouse, Third and Eagle Streets, Anchorage, Ak.

The meeting was called to order by President Fritz Rieger. Hearing no objections, the minutes of the last meeting were not read because they were not available. They will be included in next month's SCREE.

Dona Agosti, hiking committee chairperson, requests information from MCAers about the type of hikes that should be scheduled, how difficult they should be, and whether they should be on Saturday or Sunday or both. She said current club response to hikes has been minimal. Her committee wants to schedule hikes that people want, so let her know your ideas.

No treasurer's report was available at this time.

Ned Lewis has taken a weekend job and is not able to perform his hiking committee chairperson's job. A volunteer is needed to take his place in the interim.

Ed Gliva presented a slide show of the MCA Katmai Trip.

Nina Faust, Secretary

SCREE EDITORIAL POLICY

The Mountaineering Club is really gratified with the number of articles submitted to SCREE. We attempt to print articles concerning climbs and hikes chronologically, based on when the event occurred. Occasionally, due to lengthy articles, limited space and time require that copy submitted be either edited or published at a later date. If you wish your articles printed promptly and completely, please try to limit them to a reasonable length. Also, due to time pressures of preparing, copying, collating, and mailing SCREE prior to MCA meeting dates, it is necessary that articles be submitted by the first Wednesday of the month for inclusion in that month's SCREE. The precise date articles are due is noted on the last page of every issue of SCREE. Thank you.

The Editor