

# the SCREE

## Mountaineering Club of Alaska

May 2024

Volume 67, Number 5



"I may not have gone where I intended to go, but I think I have ended up where I needed to be."  
— Douglas Adams

May meeting

**Wednesday, May 8, 2024**

6:00-8:00 p.m.

at the BP Energy Center

Presenter: Lane Christenson

Topic: Bashful Peak winter ascent

### Contents:

Peak 6020 and Peak 6021, Central Chugach Mountains

Peak 3755/Mat Benchmark and Peak 4515, Central Chugach Mountains

Augustin Peak (8650 feet), Cathedral Spires, Kichatna Mountains

Bashful Peak (8005 feet), Western Chugach Mountains

Bunting (6585 feet) and Finch (6150 feet) Peaks, Western Chugach Mountains

Peak 2155, Nuka Island

Poem: The Desperate Shout

Peak of the Month: Peak A-62 (8690 feet), Alaska Range

*"To maintain, promote, and perpetuate the association of persons who are interested in promoting, sponsoring, improving, stimulating, and contributing to the exercise of skill and safety in the Art and Science of Mountaineering."*

## Cover Photo

Nelson Neirinck on the upper ridge of Augustin Peak. Photo by Kurt Ross.

## MAY MEETING (note change from usual week)

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## Contribute to the Scree!

Have something to share with the Alaska mountaineering community? Trip reports for all levels of mountaineering—from Flattop Mountain to Denali, from Kichatna Spire to Bodenbug Butte—are welcome and requested. We also welcome letters to the editor, notes, essays, poetry, photos, and the occasional creative writing piece. Contributions can be emailed as attachments to [mcascree@gmail.com](mailto:mcascree@gmail.com). **Material should be submitted by the 11th of each month to appear in the following month's issue.** We prefer text in MicroSoft Word format. Photos should include captions and photographer credits and should not be embedded in the text. While we're not sticklers on word count, submissions that are more than six pages will be split into multiple issues.

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For the MCA Membership Application and Liability Waiver, visit <https://www.mtnclubak.org/membership>.



**Check Facebook for last-minute trips and activities. Or, schedule one that you want to organize.**



# Announcements

## Scheduled Trips:

### Flattop Solstice Sleepout

June 21, 2024

No leader

### Mint Hut Renovation

July 18-28, 2024

See details on page 5.

### Summer Mountaineering Course

August 1-7, 2024

Location: Mint Hut. Topics covered: snow climbing, rope travel, anchoring in both snow and rock, rappelling, prussiking, belaying, ice axe and crampon skills, etc. Limit 10 persons. \$100 deposit required. Looking for additional two instructors, full or part time. Mint Hut to be closed for duration of course. Additional course details from Dave Staeheli ([alpineak@aol.com](mailto:alpineak@aol.com)) and Donnel Irwin ([mdirwin@yahoo.com](mailto:mdirwin@yahoo.com)).

### Matanuska Glacier Ice Fest

September 27-29, 2024

Contact Jayme Mack Fuller, [mcaicefest@gmail.com](mailto:mcaicefest@gmail.com), cell: 907-382-0212

## Mint and Bomber Outhouses

With unprecedented spring traffic along the Bomber Traverse, the outhouses at the Mint and Bomber huts reached capacity.

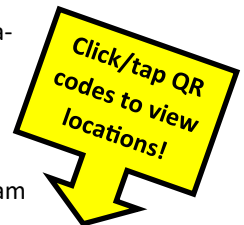
The Mint outhouse barrel has been swapped, thanks to Lane Christenson and Allison Devine, and should be good to go until summer. Remember: #1 in the sun, #2 in the loo.

At the Bomber Hut all human waste should be disposed of immediately adjacent to the outhouse on the west (toward the lake) side. Dig a hole through the snow all the way down to the same crack in the rocks the outhouse uses. Toilet paper should continue to be burned.

### Looking forward:

Do you or a local company want to sponsor upgrades to the Mint outhouse? We are seeking donations of materials and funding for additional helicopter flight time to complete this work in July. Please ask around and reach out to [mcahuts@gmail.com](mailto:mcahuts@gmail.com) if you have any leads.

Once things warm up, the Bomber outhouse location will be reevaluated and may be moved as little as one foot to eliminate frozen waste buildup issues. If you would like to assist in this project, please let the huts team know!



Flattop Mountain:  
61.08922, -149.67030

Mint Hut:  
61.85677, -149.07977

Bomber Hut:  
61.87928, -149.13537

Matanuska Glacier:  
61.7741, -147.75869

## Books for Us...

The MCA's library has moved out of The Hoarding Marmot and into Gerrit Verbeek's house for the foreseeable future. Special thanks to Dana Drummond and all the Marmoteers for generously lending space for so long! Gerrit lives just off Dowling Road and the Seward Highway in Anchorage; contact him on social media or at 907-795-8288 to ask what's available, stop by, or arrange a book pickup. They're still the same books as they were at Hoarding Marmot, but unfortunately for you the gear in the room isn't for sale and there are no cute dogs on staff right now! It really is a cool collection of guidebooks and memoirs covering worldwide mountaineering and related disciplines. Gerrit is excited to read Roman Dial's "The Adventurer's Son."



A portion of the MCA library collection.

## And Books for You...

That said, certain items in the library aren't as hard to access as they once were. *The American Alpine Journal* (AAJ) and *Accidents in North American Mountaineering* (ANAM) are fully digitized and searchable at <https://publications.americanalpineclub.org/>. Both the Loussac Library and the UAA/APU Consortium Library also have nearly-complete physical collections.

The board has decided to start paring down the most easily-accessible material, starting with over 200 pounds of AAJ issues in the MCA Library, which we do not see getting much use. We'll begin bringing issues of the AAJ to the MCA general meetings starting in May, and letting any interested members adopt them for a modest donation.

## 2025 MCA Calendar Photo Submissions

Photo submissions for the MCA's 2025 calendar will be accepted from July 3 through July 17. Photos will need to be in landscape format. For questions about photo submissions, contact [mcacalendar@mtclubak.org](mailto:mcacalendar@mtclubak.org).

## It's Officially Mount Elliott

At its March 14 meeting the Domestic Names Committee of the U.S. Board on Geographic Names voted to approve a proposal to make the commemorative name Mount Elliott the official name for the 4710-foot summit west-northwest of Williwaw Pass and between Long Lake and the Williwaw Lakes in the Front Range of Chugach State Park.

The summit is named after U.S. Air Force Technical Sergeant Robert T. "Bob" Elliott, Jr., who died in a May 20, 1960, airplane crash while attempting to assist in the rescue of three mountaineers on Denali.

On April 15, 2022, and again on October 26, 2023, the MCA's Geographic Names Committee commented on the proposal, noting that the name Mount Elliott had been in use since at least 1966 when it appeared in the *American Alpine Journal*, but did not endorse it due to the MCA's longstanding policy of not endorsing commemorative names intended to honor people, whether living or dead.



Mount Elliott:  
61.11786, -149.54652

## Mint Hut Renovation Update

Plans are being made for the renovation/addition to the Mint Hut, as approved by the Board of Directors, with work to start on site on July 18 with the flying in of materials. There are several ways for club members to participate in this project.

We need two people to set up the landing zone (LZ) the morning of July 17<sup>th</sup>, which mainly entails flagging and traffic cones to keep the public out. All materials need to be delivered to the Gold Mint Trailhead on July 17 to our already-set-up LZ. We need a couple trucks with trailers on the 17<sup>th</sup> to help deliver the materials to the LZ. One person has already agreed to help with this. As the materials will be delivered the day before, we will need security the night of the 17<sup>th</sup> to be sure nothing wanders off. As the materials are being delivered, we will need two or three people to help arrange the materials into helicopter loads.

Once the project is complete, about July 28, we will need to have the LZ set up again with the traffic cones, etc.

Onsite we need two or three experienced framing carpenters to work on the shell of the addition, including the foundation, walls, loft, and roof framing and metal roofing. We also need one to help with the windows on the existing hut, as this work will be done while the addition is being erected. We could also use two people a day or two early to be onsite and remove all the metal siding on the existing hut.

There will be lots of work for anyone who is not a “carpenter,” but wants to help out. Various tasks include, but are not limited to: insulation, plywood on the interior walls, loft floor framing and decking, bench and shelving building/installation, building wrap (Tyvek) on the exterior, and metal siding.

The new hut needs to be anchored to the ground, so, just as was done on the new Holden Hut, we will have “gabion baskets” at various points that will need to be filled with rocks. The baskets will be smaller than at the Holden Hut, but this a very important task.

On June 15 we will hold a painting party in Anchorage to paint the lumber and plywood that will be exposed inside the hut. This will be a big project in itself, so many people will be needed. Pizza will be provided.

Despite a large grant from the Mat-Su Trails and Parks Foundation, we have a tight budget. If people are interested in helping, but can't make it to the hut site or the painting party, we could use financial assistance with the purchase of materials. Such items include help with the cost of windows/doors/countertop materials/tables/lumber, building wrap, etc. If you are so inclined, please go to the MCA website ([mtnclubak.org](http://mtnclubak.org)), sign-in, click on “Donate,” and make your donation. Please be sure to mention that it is for the Mint Hut and what portion of the project you would like your donation to go toward.

We expect a 10-day duration to complete the work. If you can't stay the full time, we can schedule people for when they are available. We provide food for those who can commit to a longer time duration, but may be able to feed everyone, depending on how many are on site. It may be necessary for some to provide their own food; this will be determined as the project gets closer. Everyone will need to provide their own sleeping arrangement outside the hut.

It would be great if two or three people wanted to go up a day or two earlier (July 16 to 18) to remove all the siding on the existing hut. LEAVE ALL ROOFING ITEMS IN PLACE – DO NOT REMOVE. There are tools in the hut you can use. Please stack all siding materials and compactly as possible in one location over near the outhouse.

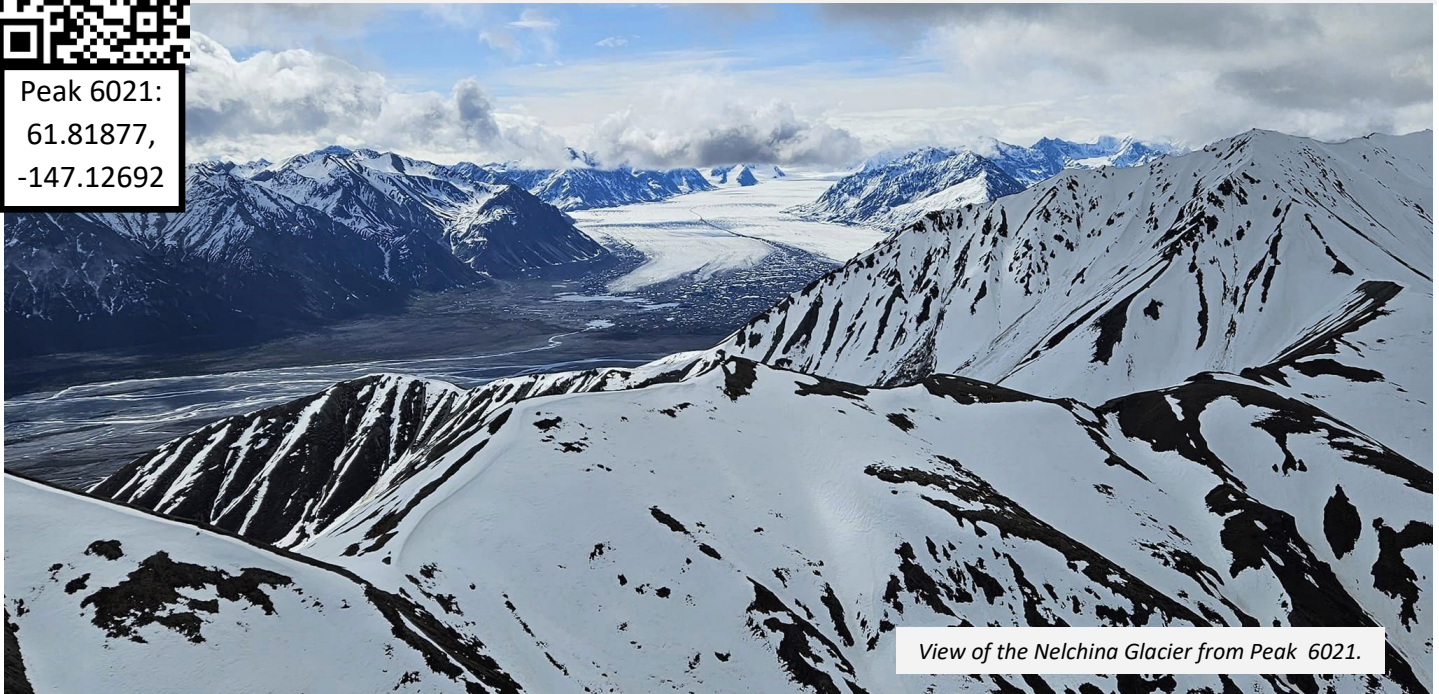
Please contact Stan Olsen at (907) 231-3581 to volunteer or Dave Staeheli at (805) 407-7299 to volunteer for the painting party.



## Peak 6020 and Peak 6021, Central Chugach Mountains

Text and photos by Kaleb Notte

Peak 6021:  
61.81877,  
-147.12692



*View of the Nelchina Glacier from Peak 6021.*

In June 2023 Daniel Glatz, Theresa Pipek, and I hiked up the East Fork of the Matanuska River, which offered great travel, as there were four-wheeler trails to the river and from there a mostly bushwhack-free approach. This was my first time exploring the zone and I scoped out many possible traverses back there.

We hiked up the west ridge to the summit of Peak 6020 and continued down the ridge to Peak 6021. The ridge was all Class 2, but the views of the Nelchina Glacier were something else.

Hiking out, we were gawking at the higher 7000- and 8000-foot peaks across the glacier. There were so many big peaks visible from this ridge-line. I will be back to scope out more access. The hike out was not that exciting, but we did end up driving to the top of Knob Hill (3447 feet), which made for an easy summit after a 17-mile day.



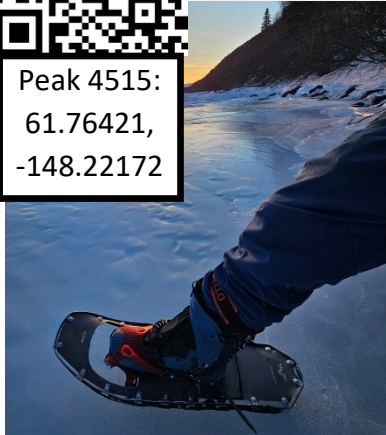
*Hiking back to the East Fork of the Matanuska River.*



# Peak 3755/Mat Benchmark and Peak 4515, Central Chugach Mountains

Text and photos by Kaleb Notte

Peak 4515:  
61.76421,  
-148.22172



Peak peakbagging performance.



Pitch 1.



Pitch 3.

I went up Ninemile Creek in search of skiing farther back, but after 1.5 miles, the creek became too hazardous to travel, with deep water pools and heavy water flows. On the way up, I saw two drainages with ice and decided to see if I could access Peak 3755 (Mat Benchmark) and Peak 4515 up the couloir instead of bushwhacking up the face.

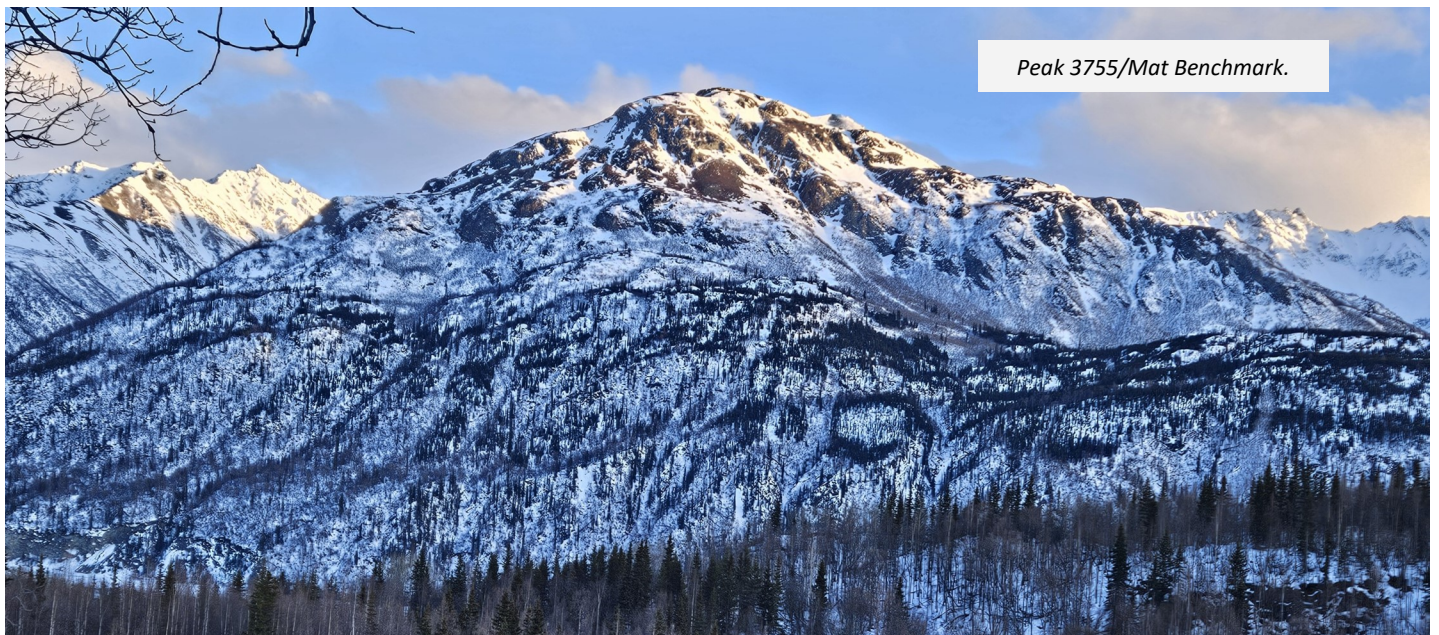
The climb up the couloir consisted of four pitches of difficulties up to WI3/M4. After reaching the top of the couloir, it was a slog through waist-deep facets for a few hundred feet, but once at 3200 feet, the deep snow turned into scree. It was easy hiking to the summit of Peak 3755.

Once on the summit, I saw the ridge over to Peak 4515 would be quick travel, as it was mostly bare rock and would be an easy summit to tag. A quick 500-foot loss to

the col and I was ascending the ridge. Many sheep were hanging out, enjoying the scree. The ridge to the summit was all Class 2 until the final summit block that went at Class 3.

Peak 4515 had astonishing views, with the next true peak along the ridge over 3000 feet higher. It felt like spring, with running on choss down the ridge and the sun beaming down.

On the descent I had to do six rappels with a single 60-meter rope. I crossed back over the Matanuska River and back to Heartbreak Hill. With it being late in the evening, the morning crust was gone and reascending the 700 feet back to the Long Lake parking area was slobby. Things were melting fast!



Peak 3755/Mat Benchmark.

## Augustin Peak (8650 feet), Cathedral Spires

Text by Nelson Neirinck



Augustin Peak:  
62.41884,  
-152.6226

As we reach the saddle, I crash down, shove a PowerBar down my throat, and gulp some water. Even though this looks like the widest, flattest part of the whole mountain, Kurt and Michael show no sign of calling it a day. Admittedly, with the spring sun almost straight above us, we aren't going to run out of daylight for a while. But taking in the rest of the climb – steep snow faces and a knife-edge ridge – it doesn't look too inviting for a bivy beyond this point. Again, I gather my courage, push my doubts away and remind myself being here is a lot better than teaching eight-year-olds.

It's February 2023 and my wife's studies made us move to Ålesund, a city on Norway's rainy west coast for a year. Away from our home in Oppdal, Norway, where our closest neighbor is half a mile away, it takes time to adapt to city life. To make ends meet I find a job as a sub in an elementary school. Being used to teaching high-school kids, this comes as a way bigger challenge than I want to admit. Apparently, half the age doesn't mean the kids require half the teaching effort ...

There's a big, fat circle around the last day of my contract and I tune in with my buddy Kurt Ross, whom I've known for a couple years and have had some amazing trips with. I hear he has plans for the Kichatna Mountains and, having never even been to Alaska, I try to hide my enthusiasm and try to make my way in as a third wheel.

A couple months and some online meetings later, I wake up half drunk at the Seattle airport just in time to see the plane to Anchorage taxi away from the gate. It appears my Norwegian politeness (having difficulties saying no to people) and the American politeness (always asking if I want another beer) was a bad combination at the airport. Luckily the next plane leaves only a couple hours later.

The next day already Kurt and Michael Telstad pick me up in Anchorage and we go for the biggest shopping spree of my life. Being completely new to the Alaska game, Micheal and I follow Kurt like two puppies through the lanes of Costco and hardware stores all the while Gary Moody waits for us in the Purple Shuttle. The man is indeed as big a character as Kurt predicted.



*Kurt Ross and Michael Telstad navigate a mixed step low on the north buttress of Augustin Peak. Photo by Nelson Neirinck.*

After only one night in the Talkeetna Air Taxi bunkhouse, we load up the plane, cheat just a tiny bit with weighing our stuff, and are ready to go. Obviously, my credit card gets declined and Kurt needs to dig deep to be able to pay my share. I swear to him I have my life together, though.

Our main goal for the expedition is to find a way up the unclimbed northeast face of the north buttress of Augustin Peak. Pictures from the late Jess Rosskelley (whom Kurt and I joined on an expedition to the Karakoram in 2018) show a possible line up the alpine face towering above the glacier floor. To our delight we see the face is in good shape as the plane circles around and makes its way down.

After a smooth landing we wave TAT goodbye and it slowly starts to sink in that, only about 72 hours after leaving home, this beautiful Trident Glacier will be home for the next couple weeks.



We dig in our tents and make a provisory kitchen area while discussing plans for the coming days. I'm imagining a soft start. Maybe some ski tours to explore the area and a bunch of naps to get over my jetlag. Kurt, however, disagrees. Looking at the weather reports and being more experienced with what Alaskan weather means, he suggests we don't faff about and give our route a go already the next morning.

I convince myself I didn't fly all the way here just to get a glacier tan, so I get it together and start packing. We quickly agree on a rack, have some dinner in our half-assed kitchen setup and call it a night. The next morning, at o-dark-stupid, we get up, gear up, and start walking toward the face.

The ominous excitement of walking toward a big climb, having no idea of what's to come, gives me this unique mix of tangible emotions.

My stomach is tingling. My fingers are itching to grab my tools. My legs feel energetic and strangely light. Though there is the usual sliver of doubt – *am I in good enough shape?* – I know this is what we've come for and I'm eager to rope up and see what the wall has to offer.

We agree that I get the honor of leading the first block. Our route starts off with a pitch of ice, that eventually leads to snow

*Michael Telstad slogs up the initial slope at the base of Augustin Peak. Photo by Nelson Neirinck.*



flanks with some steps of mixed terrain in between. I lose track of time as we switch from pitching to simul-climbing. Eventually Kurt suggests to switch leads and as I take a breather on the belay, I wonder if I was too eager and tried climbing too fast. I'm almost disappointed to already feel some strain on my body, but I blame it on what I now call "The Ålesund-Augustin-Single-Push."

*Kurt Ross and Nelson Neirinck prepare to climb down a portion of the north ridge of Augustin Peak while wandering their way toward the summit. Photo by Michael Telstad.*



Kurt leads us through the upper part of the headwall that eventually takes us to the saddle that separates the northwest face from the summit ridge. These last couple hours I've been pushing and been promising myself it would be the end of the day right there. Just a chill afternoon in the sun and recuperating awaits!

Alas.

Kurt and Michael decide – rightfully so – it's too early to stop, even though half a mile of ridge is still ahead of us. Off we go, through the next snowfields, up and around some big gendarmes toward the summit ridge. Michael starts leading, but we soon realize being tied together here doesn't make much sense. It is impossible to protect the upper snowfields and we pack away the rope.

Untied, high up the mountain, I'm cautiously aware of the fatigue slowly seeping into every muscle in my body. I have no idea how long we've been going for, but I'm getting signals it's been quite a while. Looking around, seeing only sharp ridges and steep faces, my hopes of a good night's rest slowly start fading.

As the sun is setting, we make the final push for the summit and take in our surroundings with tears of joy in our eyes. As the wind starts picking up, I try to imagine where we could possibly have our long-awaited bivy, but from here it doesn't look like

there's many options around. We decide our only option is to start descending.

When it comes to the descent, there aren't many options either. Beforehand we all agreed how the heavily crevassed glacier, under the ominous big seracs is pretty much a death trap. None of us really understand how Jess and Ben (Erdmann) decided to go up the mountain there a couple years ago [Ed. Note: in 2014; see pages 154 and 155 of the 2015 American Alpine Journal].

Now, however, it seems the Erdmann-Roskelley Northeast Face is the most straightforward way off the mountain. Funny how many continuous hours of climbing, and the desire to just get off the mountain change one's perspective like that.

As it mostly consists of one giant snowfield, we start downclimbing. As Kurt and Michael seem to have some more juice left in their bodies, I see their headlights disappearing under me and must change tactics. Somehow, my dazed brain decides it's a good idea to slide down the steep face on knees, lifting my crampons out of the snow, and controlling my speed with my ice axes. Honestly, it works wonders! I catch up with Michael just in time to hear there is patch of ice on which my newly invented technique no doubt would've been a disastrous affair – right below him.

Down on the glacier Kurt does an amazing job navigating us through the crevasses, crossing some dodgy snow bridges here and there. After going for about 20 hours, we decide we're out of harm's way, sit down, and have some food. As I dig through my backpack, I giggle at the sight of my sleeping bag and mattress. Guess we didn't need those in anyway. But oh well. The freeze-dried food never tasted so good.

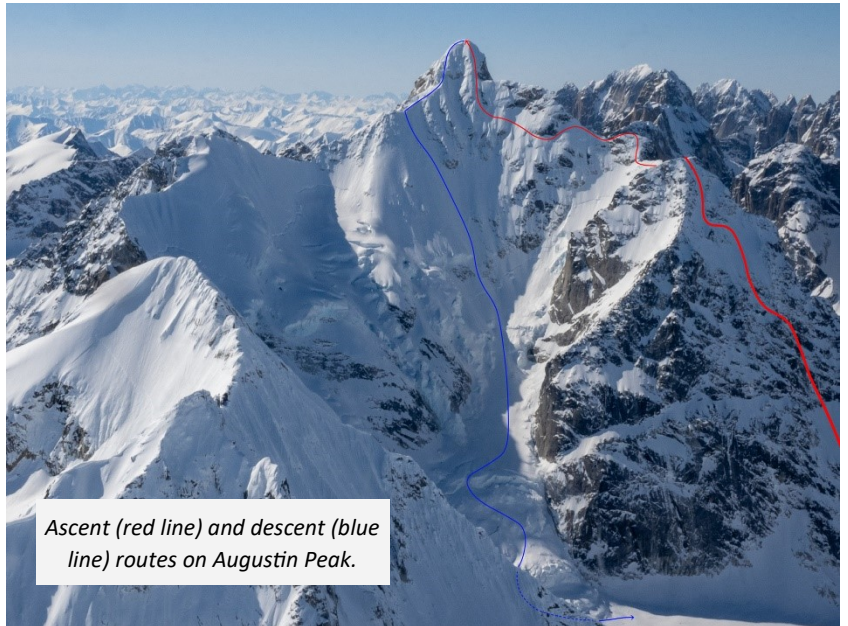
Kurt's decision to gun for it straight away proves to have been the right one, as we get hit by some decent snowstorms the next couple days. I get to learn what Alaskan weather really means, as we basically spend the rest of the trip digging our tents out and going for the occasional ski tour and pimp out our kitchen area with an underground area.

Despite that, I'm still hugely grateful for being able to join on the trip. Big thanks to Michael for the good spirit, and Kurt for being our Alaskan Sensei.

**More photos from this trip on page 21.**



*From left to right: Kurt Ross, Michael Telstad, and Nelson Neirinck with happy faces on the summit. A long, unknown descent awaits. Photo by Kurt Ross.*



*Ascent (red line) and descent (blue line) routes on Augustin Peak.*



*Route up the northeast face of Augustin Peak.*

# Lost Backpack on Bashful Peak (8005 feet), Western Chugach Mountains

Text and photos by Marcin Ksok

September 2017



Bashful Peak:  
61.30746,  
-148.87002



*Greg Encelewski on the summit ridge of Bashful Peak.*

First attempts are special, even with a description of a route; the experience of venturing into unknown territory is exciting. I imagine the features, key points of transition. Wonder if the planned path will be passable, not too steep for the conditions or equipment I bring. Once one travels over the terrain it becomes known and the mystery is gone. The mystery is an important draw for me; therefore, I hardly ever repeat objectives. In June I joined an MCA attempt which almost reached the summit of Bashful Peak in spite of poor weather conditions; we turned around short of Chickenshit Gully in wind and snow. I returned a few months later with Greg Encelewski and a large dose of determination. Although knowing what lies ahead is very beneficial in planning, preparation, and execution, it robs one of uncertainty. This time the climb was more mechanical; success was certain if the weather held, and hold it did. We did discover some new and unexpected surprises, though.

The 10-mile bike to the East Fork of the Eklutna River Trail is a gem of an approach unheard of in the Chugach Mountains. As a matter of fact, the whole climb lacks any of the miseries of the range. No bushwhacking, endless scree fields, or river crossings. The easy approach allowed us to head out in the afternoon and set up camp at the base of the mountain in about four hours. After hiking up the East Fork Trail a bit, we found the first surprise, a great sign carved into a tree showing an arrow and the words "BOLD," indicating the turnoff for Sti-

vers' Gully. It was done with a chainsaw and had appeared since June, a horrible stain on a pristine canvas and unnecessary because there was a cairn right next to it. Shame on those who need such a sign to guide them; they should stay at home. I was half tempted to cut down the tree, but felt sorry for it, as it wasn't at fault. So much for mystery, I guess some can't cope with having to navigate. Well, we took the turnoff drainage and camped at the bivy site at the base of the gully, just large enough for one small tent but equipped with seats and kitchen table, not to mention running water.

The next morning, we took the faint trail just above camp and right of Stivers' Gully, gained some benches, and came to an open meadow, which although uneven, showed signs of previous occupation. We continued and reached glacial rubble. At that point the trail became harder to follow, but the west ridge of the objective was in plain view. We crossed the rubble and instead of gaining the ridge by the great gully that was used on the MCA outing, but now melted out and full of scree, we opted for an access point farther down the ridge using a shorter scree slope. Once on the ridge proper, the fun started; a pleasant climb, sometimes a scramble in spots requiring all fours, often needing crampons on snowy section we approached Chickenshit Gully – two gullies, in fact. The left one went higher and had a rope dangling from its top; therefore, we opted for it, probably not the correct choice in retrospect, as the right one



*Greg Encelewski in camp.*

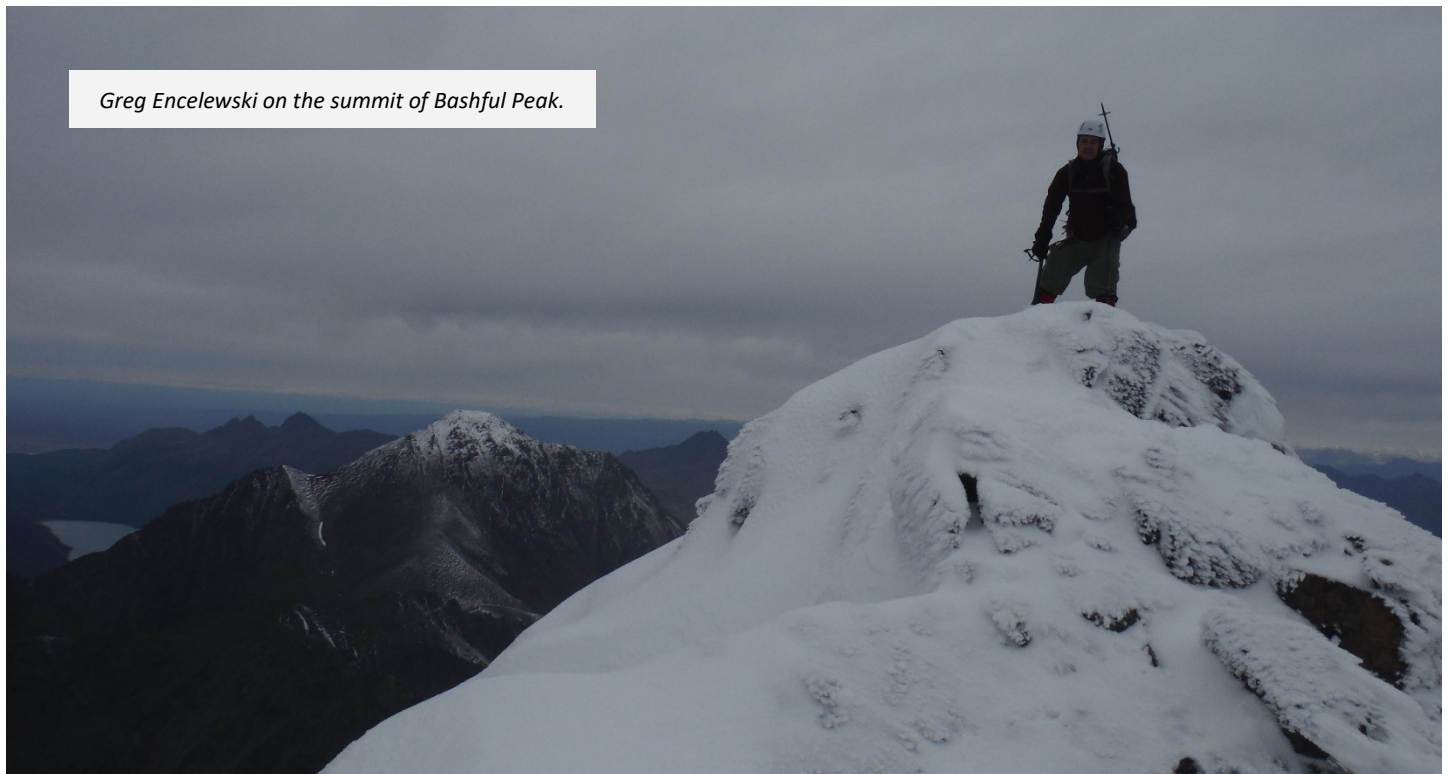
sail down the opposite side of the minor spur on which we were standing. I chased it, and a few benches down actually retrieved it. Relieved, I regained the spur and shortly Greg was descending, looking for his pack. He made his way down the gully until getting cliffed out and eventually giving up. We decided not to rappel into the unknown with limited gear and retraced our steps down the ridge. The logistics of getting out with one pack dominated the conversation during the descent to camp. Once there, we contemplated coming out and having a late return that day, but the weather was nice and the spot was just so pleasant that we opted for one more night there.

Somehow, we managed to bring out all the equipment by either wearing most of it, making slings and overstuffing my pack, proving that two packs were too many to begin with.

turned out to be less steep and shorter. But we followed the rope, scraped our way over frozen rocks and finished out in good snow. Getting to the summit was brief, although very windy. A short ridge led to summit rocks, which were snow covered, steep, and most enjoyable. On the descent we scrambled down to the top of the right gully and enjoyed calm weather while preparing the abseil. Actually, it was strangely calm until a blast of wind hit us and out of the corner of my eye, I caught something flying through the air, surprised at first and terrified momentarily as I realized that Greg's pack just sailed off the ridge and down the gully. I turned around and watched my pack

On the other hand, Greg does owe me for biking out all his junk, while he enjoyed a lightweight cruise to the parking lot. I will collect.

We returned the following weekend, crossed over the Bashful Ridge and searched for the missing pack from the bottom of the thieving gully before getting stopped by steep walls and coming up empty handed. If you venture that way and find it, please let us know, I am sure there is a reward waiting.



*Greg Encelewski on the summit of Bashful Peak.*

## Bunting (6585 feet) and Finch (6150 feet) Peaks, Western Chugach Mountains

Text and photos by Gerrit Verbeek

March 21-22, 2024



Bunting Peak:  
61.09688,  
-148.91626



*Cruising down the Eagle Glacier.*

Despite a bunch of friends in common and similar interests, Az Sellers and I hadn't ever talked up until his presentation with Kathy Still at the February MCA meeting. We're both down to our last handful of unvisited Chugach State Park peaks, and shared Finch Peak and Bunting Peak as remaining summits. We're also both fortunate to have jobs with some degree of midweek flexibility, so we agreed to start looking for a weather window for a three-day trip, ideally human-powered from the trailhead.

It felt like February and early March teased, but never provided, a weather window for a three-day glacier mountaineering trip. At least one day each weekend would either be cloudy and snowy, or high winds late during the week would raise concern for wind slabs. Az spotted a potential window March 21-23 (Thursday-Saturday): a bluebird Wednesday and Thursday, followed by a marginal Friday and Saturday, with a storm rolling in by Sunday. If you convinced yourself that the most optimistic forecast was obviously the most accurate one, Friday morning seemed like it would be clear on the Finch Glacier with a whiteout and snow in the afternoon. Saturday was going to be cloudy the whole day, but with a tiny chance the high glaciers would be above the clouds. Tough call.

On the other hand, all avalanche-related observations during the week or two before reported a stable, low-risk snowpack.

Temperatures would stay below freezing the entire trip. Afternoon temperatures had already been reaching 35 to 40 degrees at sea level, so skipping this opportunity might mean contending with sloppy snow and the spring avalanche cycle.

I don't consider myself a particularly strong or skilled skier, and don't have any ego to hide that flat light is my nemesis. Variable snow conditions still occasionally beat me up and steal my lunch money, too, especially when skiing with a multi-day pack. But it felt like we could pull it off, so I was excited to pull the trigger even while buckled in for some Type 2 fun. But that was just my internal monologue! Az is a solid backcountry skier, so while I was carefully weighing if I had enough *sisu* and slow-twitch muscle fibers to handle the trip, he was probably thinking about what Mountain House to bring. The original plan was to get up Goat Ridge on Thursday and camp somewhere in the bowl between Roost and Bunting, climb the peaks and skedaddle to Rosie's Roost on Friday, and exit Sunday.


Thursday was a heaping scoop of perfect. We made great time up Goat Ridge, came across two goats keepin' it real, and topped out to blue skies. The snow on the Eagle Glacier was incredible, the perfect softness to be able to skate the flats on alpine-touring (AT) skis or pin it straight downhill all the way to the Whiteout Glacier without fearing sastrugi. Other than some tracks emanating from the APU Nordic Ski Facility and the trail

of some critter on a mission around the nunatak, we didn't see signs of traffic. We were past Roost Peak (6618 feet) and skinning up a lovely ramp between seracs before 2:00 p.m., and starting to realize we could summit Bunting that evening and camp at the base of Finch.

By 6 p.m., we were standing on the summit of Bunting, rotating in place like a pair of lighthouses and agreeing that it offered some of the best views in the State Park. That still left enough time before dark to ski a few miles further to the base of Finch, set up the Megamid, make dinner, and melt plenty of water. Coming out of winter, 9 p.m. twilight was glorious!

True to the forecast, Friday was fickle. It ripped katabatic wind all through the night, and dawned with clouds shrouding the top of neighboring Point 6332 and dropping slowly onto 6150-foot Finch. The route wasn't complicated, we just booted up the northeast ridge, but the visibility was pretty horrid.

Climbers often have rose-colored amnesia, so before I forget: Finch in those conditions was the most psychologically challenging Chugach peak I've climbed. Nothing truly terrifying, a few deep breaths and internal reminders to pay attention were enough. But this dude really values depth perception. I doubt I would have turned around on such a remote objective that had been such a longtime goal, but it was a relief that Az was happy to take the lead without having to rock-paper-scissors for the



*Endless summit views from Bunting Peak looking southeast toward Whitecrown Peak.*

duty. It started with a wallow up waist-deep, high-angle snow into the clouds, then traced a corniced ridge along a 600-foot cliff with 20 feet of visibility at best. It didn't help that I had forgotten my crampons in camp (no partial credit for thinking about them when you wake up). They turned out not to be critical, but on steep snow slopes a mountaineering axe and crampons are my spiky security blankets. Az felt more comfortable *without* crampons on – the telling difference between a mountaineer who learned to ski and a skier who learned to mountaineer – and loaned me his pair for the way down.

Back on the Finch Glacier, we broke camp and climbed back into a grayscale world shrouding Rosey Pass toward the Eagle Glacier. It turned out all of the weather forecasts were correct, because it was different every valley and every hour and whatever they predicted matched something. On the upper Finch Glacier, we navigated past deep wind-sculpted chasms based on fractionally different shades of gray, for which interior designers probably have a bunch of poetic names. Over the pass, we found good visibility all the way back across the Eagle Glacier to Rosie's. We arrived at 3:30 to a hut that had been vacated so recently that a cloud of body spray was still hanging in the air. After sitting around for a few minutes, we looked at each other, at the weather forecast on Az's InReach forecasting snow all day Saturday and the start of a four-day storm, and at the patchy light



*Az Sellers feeling his way up Finch Peak. There is a corniced ridge with a 600-foot drop on the right side of this photo.*

outside. We realized we both had gas left in the tank, five more hours of daylight, and could comfortably get out that evening. A bit of whisky heartily agreed. Skis back on and full steam ahead toward the Raven Glacier!

I wish I could describe a totally rad descent with a sunset hockey stop at the car and an '80s movie freeze-frame high five, but things started getting real for me at the Raven Headwall. Az was far more familiar with the ski terrain in the area and suggested descending the Headwall, crossing over the top of the Raven to the Milk Glacier and either connecting to the Crow Pass Trail or heading directly for the bridge where we parked. Less distance and elevation gain than returning down Goat Ridge, and a little less exposure to avalanche terrain than going down the Raven Glacier and the slopes below the cabin.

That was a great choice overall, but we found the hardest parts had the least visibility. It was also a rapid-fire pop quiz on the skill of ski transitions: skins to the Raven Headwall, boots down it (for me; Az side-slipped in defiance of sun crust and terrible visibility), back to skins to cross to the Milk Glacier, downhill mode on the Milk Glacier, boots and skins to cross between Jewel Mountain and Barnes Mountain, downhill back to the Crow Pass Trail and Crow Creek Road. As the prize-winning last place finisher in the 2023 Arctic Valley Rally skimo race, I was aware that my ski transitions were slow, hand-crafted works of art. Six transitions in 2.5 miles might have been the kick in butt I needed to practice getting a little faster.

The Milk Glacier was a bit sour, which didn't really mix well with my own lactic acid. The top 1500 feet were completely socked in with no reference points and a hard crust. I won't waste space on a photo because you can just put a white mixing bowl over your head. It was also my first time on the Milk, so the low-angle and objectively benign glacier was transformed into a low-key ordeal of fatigue and unfamiliarity and toppling over while standing still because you can't tell what's up or down or moving. I abandoned most technique for a lot of nervous side-slipping, and my quads soon responded by flipping on their Check Engine lights. For the rest of the night after skiing that crap, even back at home on the couch, I felt that "just off the boat" sensation of perceived motion and phantom swoops of ski turns. Below the Milk Glacier visibility returned and the last few miles only got easier and more familiar, and I started laughing about how frequently I needed to pause to rest – literally every one or two turns – and how deeply ready I was for all the verbs to be past tense.

Once again, Az was having an entirely different experience and handling all of the same obstacles with enviable skill and endurance. He could have been at the car at least an hour faster, but I appreciate that he was super patient and good-natured about it (plus I had the car key, which magically guarantees you'll tie for first place no matter how far behind you are!). We were driving through the ruts and puddles of Crow Creek Road by 9:30 p.m.

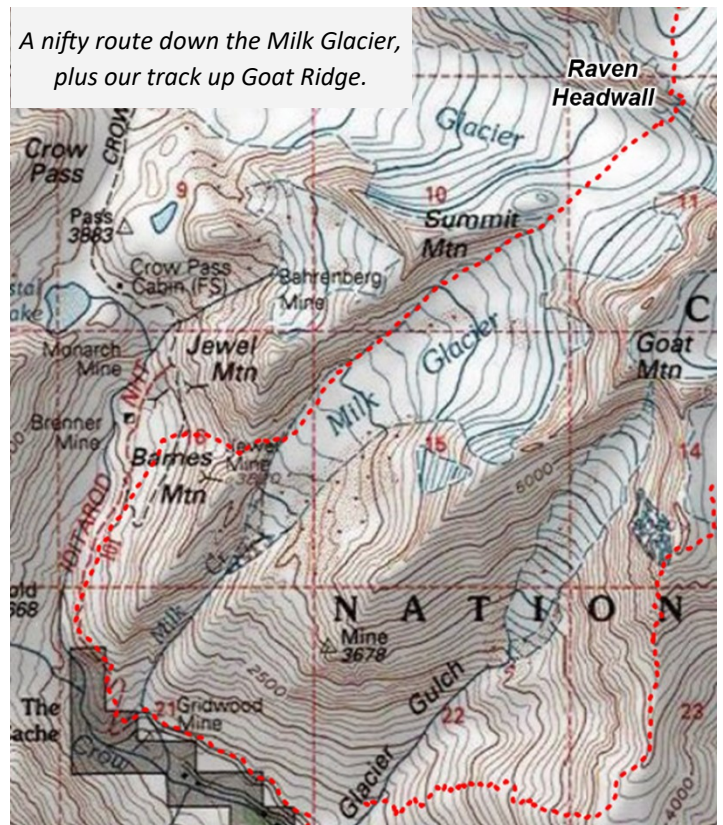
and back in Anchorage in time for me to hit the grocery store for ice cream and beer after dropping him off.

The Chugach teaches you a lot about yourself, and trying to climb the 120 forces progression in a bunch of different skills. Finch and Bunting are test pieces for comfort with glacier travel and remoteness, and the typical advice is to plan a four-day trip. As someone who started learning to ski at 27 (Taking an Avy 1 class on snowshoes and watching our group's instructor, Leighan Falley, jet away on skis was a major nudge.) and isn't at all naturally talented at it, I'm still scratching my head at how I wound up at the bottom of the barrel of the tier of folks who could pull them off in one human-powered overnight. I'm super grateful for a solid partner on this trip, and for all of the past partners and experiences that stacked to be able to pull it off. Without exception the trips where I've grown the most have been ones with partners where I felt free to express fear or nervousness without judgment, to not have to be the strongest or the most flawless, and capable and comfortable enough while still testing limits.

Day 1: 13.3 miles, 7840 feet up, 4750 feet down

Day 2: 16.6 miles, 6220 feet up, 9420 feet down

2023-2024 was a high snow year, with Alyeska recording 536 inches of total snowfall compared to a 10-year average of 420 inches. Throughout this entire trip we found most of the hazards mentioned in other trip reports safely covered, and felt comfortable traveling unroped.



## A Backcountry Ski Exploration of Nuka Island

Text and photos by Nicole Lawrence



Peak 2155:  
59.37959,  
-150.65459



Preparing to drop in.

March 2023 was our third backcountry ski expedition off the *Milo*. The *Milo* was a former commercial fishing vessel lovingly converted over the past decade into a long-range expedition base camp. Originally set up for surf trips by captain/owner/surf guru Mike McCune, the *Milo* started branching out in 2019 with boat-based ski expeditions. Co-owner/captain Scott Reier-son added another vessel, *Aleutia*, in 2023 so that the company could diversify and offer surf and ski combos along the Alaska Gulf Coast.

We first hitched a ride on the Alaska-based expedition vessel, *Milo*, back in 2020, at the onset of COVID. It was a weird time and we almost canceled, but eventually we decided that maybe the safest place to be was on a boat, in the middle of nowhere, with eight strangers.

Three years later we were signed up for an eight-day trip with an all-gal six-person team. We didn't all know each other, but we had mutual friends, similar skill sets, and backcountry ski experience. We understood that we would be our own guides, waking up to each day in a new place, with the possibility to ski and explore peaks that possibly no one had ever been on.

It was impossible to plan ski routes ahead of time because Mother Nature and Captain Mike were in charge of where we

woke up and there was no predicting either of them. Since we were heading from Homer to Seward on this trip, one of the goals was to ski Nuka Island if possible.

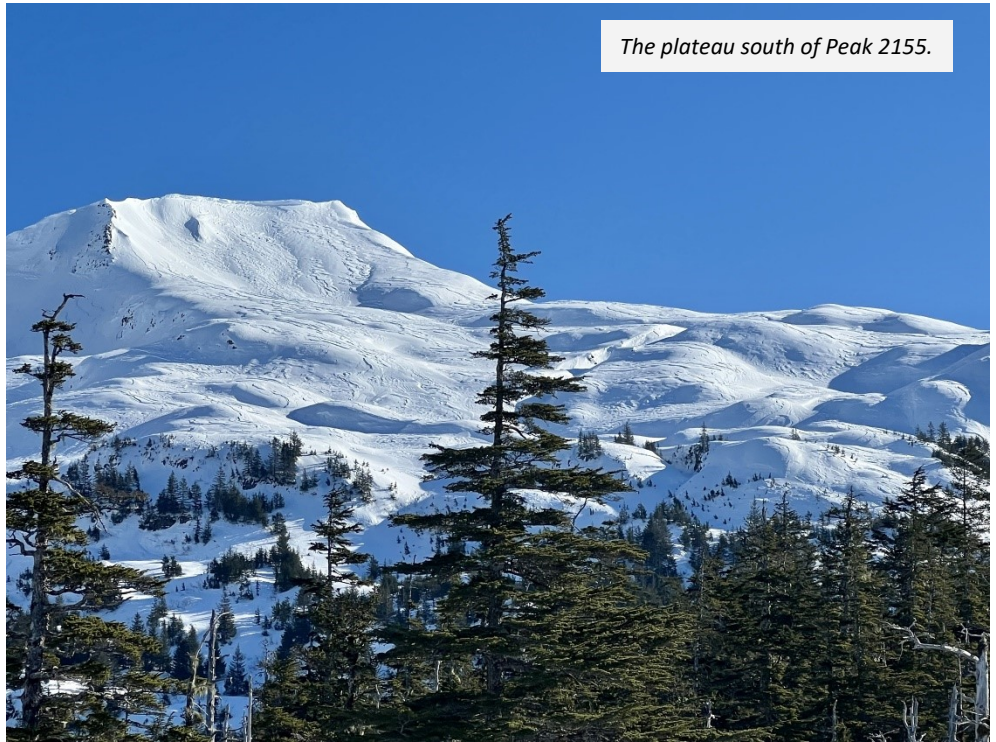
Nuka Island is in the northern Gulf of Alaska, located along the coastline between Homer and Seward, about 70 nautical miles from both. The island is the largest off the outer coast of the Kenai Peninsula and is a part of Kachemak Bay State Park. It is a remote island without any current residents. Back in the 1920s it was established as a fox farm by Edward Tuerck and his wife Josephine. They built a homestead and several feed houses for their foxes. When Edward passed, Josephine remarried the infamous "Herring" Pete Sather. Tragically, "Herring" Pete disappeared in a storm in 1961 on his way back from a trip to Seward, where he would often pick up mail and deliver it to other remote residents along the coastline. Not long after, Josephine shut down the operation and moved off the island. A few other families lived on Nuka Island through the 1970s; however, besides remnants of the old Sather homestead and feed cabins from the fox-farming days, no evidence of civilization exists on Nuka Island nowadays. It is an abandoned island.

Looking for protection from the Gulf Coast storm waves, the *Milo* and *Aleutia* anchored up between Home Cove and Petes



Cove (the location of the Sathers' old homestead), a naturally protected harbor on the west side of Nuka Island.

The six of us gals woke up to a calm anchorage, a huge breakfast (thanks to Mike's wonderful wife, Chef Wendy!) and a bluebird day. We had saved the maps of the area on our Gaia app, so even though we were off-grid, we could pull up the slope angles and satellite images of the island. From the top deck of the boat (designed for holding surfboards, but the perfect platform for scouting lines, enjoying après drinks, and impromptu dance sessions), we mapped out a line that would get us on top of a plateau peak just south of the 2155-foot highest point of the island. Without any intel on whether or not this island had ever been skied, we were on our own in the decision-making department. We weren't sure what kind of obstacles or landmarks we would find on our route, or even if the snow was going to be worth skiing, but when you can skin straight from shore to the summit and you've got nowhere else to be, exploring is the name of the game.



*The plateau south of Peak 2155.*

Once we got to shore and swapped our XtraTufs for our ski and snowboard boots, we worked our way uphill through a dense forest that would be lush with blueberries in the summertime. The snow coverage at the base was thin, but enough to keep skinning, and infinitely better than post-holing. We wove our way up and down valleys and ravines, across frozen ponds, keeping our eye on the target.

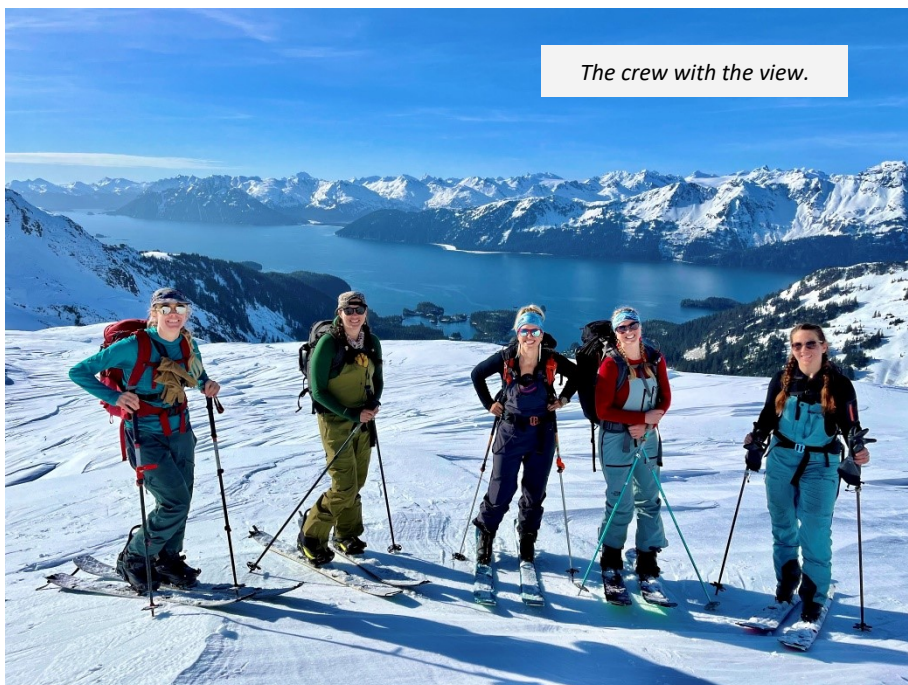
As a group, we stopped, snacked up, and assessed our route and the avalanche risk at regular intervals. While making decisions with six people who were all new to an area was challenging, we took our time to talk through our decisions as a group. Overall, the avy risk was low, which was pretty apparent by looking at the snow quality. The island appeared wind-hammered up high and there hadn't been fresh snow in over a week. As we worked our way up, the crust we were skinning up was starting to soften and we had high hopes it would turn into corn snow or at least creamy windboard.

After a few hours of orienteering and bushwhacking, we were at the base of the plateaued peak we had admired from the boat. We stared up at it, trying to gauge the best way to gain the ridge, as well as the best potential snow quality for the ski down. We decided to go up the south ridgeline. Skinning was still an option until about three quarters of the way up when we all had to switch to boot packing. We were hoping that we could traverse the ridge-line and ski the more northerly side on a west-facing aspect, but we weren't sure what we would find. We kept going up. We would get down somehow.

The views from the top were amazing. The deep blue Gulf of Alaska to the south, the glacial-filled Southcentral coast-



*Top of the bootpack.*



The crew with the view.



Touring route on Nuka Island.

line to the north, islands and snow-covered peaks all around us – endless days of potential exploring and skiing. And down below us, in the distance, the *Milo*, sitting peacefully at anchor, waiting for our return.

We traversed the ridgeline to the north side of the plateau and even though the drop was steep, it was clear this was the better snow. By better snow, I do mean pure ice with a dusting of snow. This was a better option than the more southerly drop-in option, which was concrete-hard windboard with 6-to-12-inch vertical walls built into it.

The ski down was as much as an adventure as the way up. We dropped into the icy face and skied the short, steep section, which deposited us onto the windboarded slope. It never got creamy, but somehow, we made it over abrupt foot-high concrete-like speed bumps into a more protected natural half-pipe feature with slightly better snow. We dropped into a narrow, little, slot canyon and shot out one by one. We pioneered a new way down and followed a drainage with some decent corn snow. Besides a few of us falling through a snow bridge over a river and ending up with our boots in the water, the ski down was pretty straightforward and eventually converged with our original up-track at the top of blueberry hill.

We wove our way, split-skiing, down the stumpy hill with blueberry bushes

grabbing our skis and deadfall obstacles every few feet. Shockingly no one broke a leg and we were excited to finally be deposited back on the black-sand beach. We had worked together as a group to achieve our ski objective, had plenty of laughs doing it, and everyone got down safely. Dreaming of the snacks and the dinner Wendy would have waiting for us after our six hours of adventuring, we radioed for our dinghy pickup as the last rays of golden sun dipped behind the surrounding mountains. One awesome day of exploring, seven more to go.



End of the day.

## The Desperate Shout

By Tom Choate

Introduction: This poem was inspired by an actual incident, almost at the end of our 2013 Denali expedition, when clouds and snow for days nearly covered the whole upper Kahiltna Glacier climbers' trail. I have embellished the words and made them rhyme to fit the complex pattern made famous by Robert Service 120 years ago. Please read it slowly, preferably out loud, with pauses after each rhyme.

The northern skies have heard strange cries  
But the strangest may very well be  
When lost in a cloud, Tom shouted out loud,  
"Where in the hell are we?"

Now old goat Tom had considerable aplomb  
At finding his way in the wild.  
With a compass and map, and no extra flap,  
He soon had the whole route dialed.

But he was old and in statement bold  
He disdained satellite tools:  
"When your battery's dead, your face is red  
'Cause you're just GPS fools!"

But one snowy day up Denali way  
The clouds were down on the snow;  
All in Tom's sight was totally white  
And he couldn't tell where to go.

So, they walked in a line, and all seemed fine  
But actually, they drifted to the right.  
For hours Tom led as they plodded ahead  
And finally, some tracks came in sight.

He wanted to see who it could be  
And headed straight for the place  
Tom looked around to see what they'd found  
Then made a horrible face.

He said with a groan, "Those tracks are our own"  
Laid down a few hours before!  
His frustration came out with an angry shout.  
In fact, it was a bit of a roar.

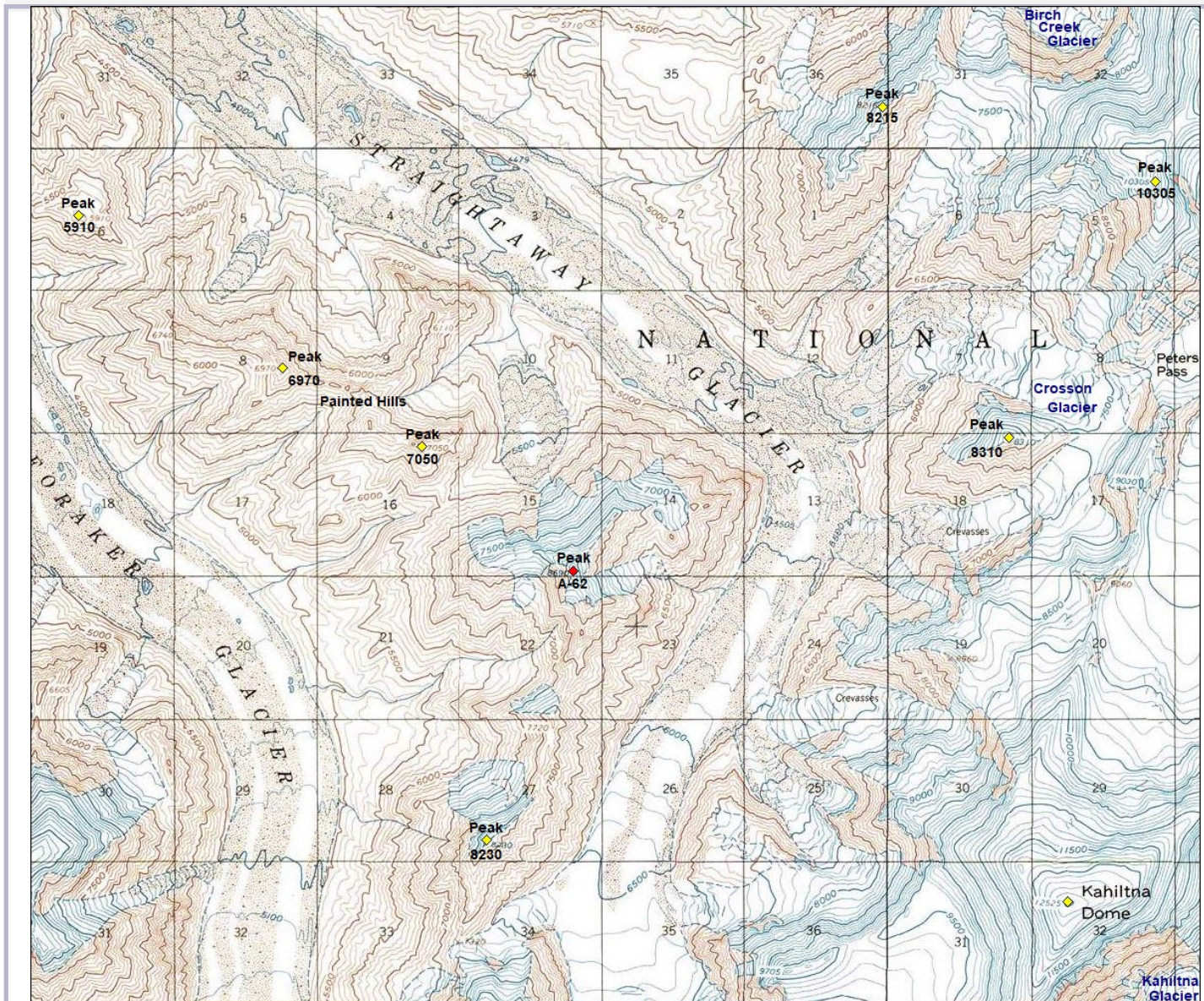
The northern skies have heard strange cries,  
But the strangest may very well be  
When lost in a cloud, Tom shouted out loud,  
"Where in the hell are we?"



Kahiltna  
Glacier:  
63.05712,  
-151.186

# Peak of the Month: Peak A-62

Text by Steve Gruhn



Map created with TOPO!® ©2003 National Geographic (www.nationalgeographic.com/topo)

**Mountain Range:** Alaska Range; Painted Hills

**Borough:** Denali Borough

**Drainages:** Foraker Glacier and Straightaway Glacier

**Latitude/Longitude:** 63° 5' 18" North, 151° 20' 57" West

**Elevation:** 8690 feet

**Adjacent Peaks:** Peak 8230 in the Foraker Glacier and Straightaway Glacier drainages and Peak 7050 in the Foraker Glacier and Straightaway Glacier drainages

**Distinctness:** 1355 feet from Peak 8230

**Prominence:** 1370 feet from Peak 12472 in the Foraker Glacier, Kahiltna Glacier, and Straightaway Glacier drainages

**USGS Maps:** 1:63,360: Mt. McKinley (A-3), 1:25,000: Denali A-3 SW

**First Recorded Ascent:** This peak might be unclimbed.



From the summit of Spyglass Hill on July 8, 1934, Carl Anderson, Thomas Graham Brown, Charles Snead Houston, and George Chychele Waterston enjoyed what Brown described in the November 1934 *Alpine Journal* as “perhaps one of the finest mountain views in the world” to the southeast, with the multicolored foothills of the Alaska Range backdropped by the glaciated summits of Mount Foraker, Kahiltna Dome, and Peak 12472. They dubbed those multicolored foothills sandwiched between the Foraker and Straightaway Glaciers the Painted Hills.

At the time of his death in April 1969, Vin Hoeman had been in the midst of preparing a guidebook to the mountains of Alaska and northwestern Canada and their historical ascents. In the wake of Hoeman’s untimely death, however, the guide went unpublished. The manuscript, such that it is, is now archived at the University of Alaska Anchorage/Alaska Pacific University Consortium Library. One tidbit contained in Hoeman’s manuscript was that he identified the highest peak in the Painted Hills as Peak A-62, the “A” in the name presumably a designation for

the Alaska Range. Hoeman identified potential routes of ascent via “easy ridges from either” the Foraker Glacier or the Straightaway Glacier.

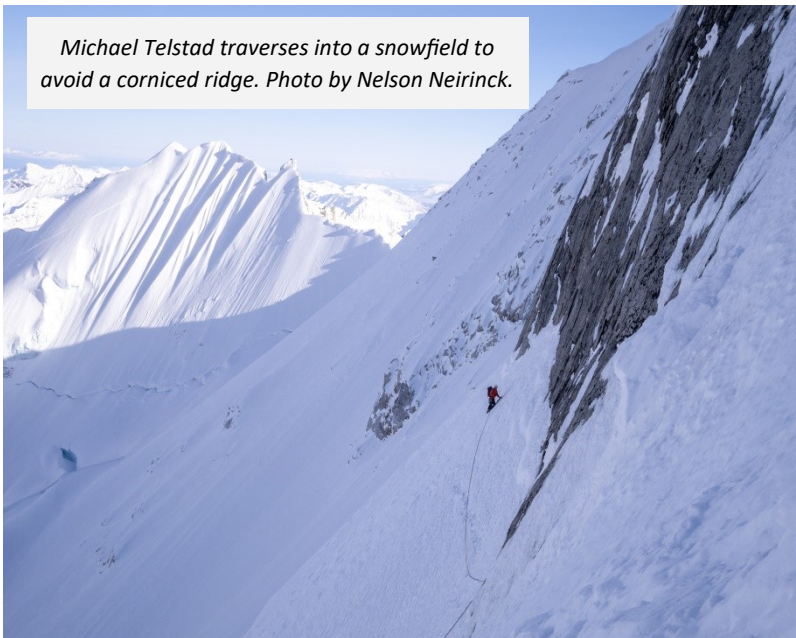
Although Hoeman laid down a gauntlet by identifying Peak A-62 in the 1960s as being worthy of an ascent and suggested potential routes to do so, in the ensuing half century there has been no record of anyone ever having picked up Hoeman’s gauntlet. Your ascent could be Peak A-62’s first.

Incidentally, because Hoeman’s manuscript had not undergone the review process typically conducted in advance of publication, it included two separate peaks with the same designation of Peak A-62. Not to be confused with the Peak A-62 in the Painted Hills, Hoeman’s second Peak A-62 is an 11530-foot peak located between the East and West Forks of the Tokositna Glacier some three miles east of Mount Hunter.

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## More photos from the Augustin Peak trip report, page 8-10.

*Michael Telstad traverses into a snowfield to avoid a corniced ridge. Photo by Nelson Neirinck.*



*Kurt Ross (left) and Nelson Neirinck on their way toward the summit. Photo by Michael Telstad.*



*Nelson Neirinck digs out his tent once again. Photo by Kurt Ross.*



*Nelson Neirinck navigates one of the first couple pitches as Kurt Ross waits below. Photo by Michael Telstad.*

## General Membership Meeting Minutes

April 3, 2024, 6:00-8:00 p.m. at the B.P. Energy Center, Anchorage

Minutes recorded by Matt Nedom, Director

- After an early group of volunteers, mostly board members, moved the tables from the center of the room and then arranged the chairs for the meeting, others entered the room and began to mingle. I counted 33 persons attending.
- Hosting the meeting was Vice-President Rebecca Marks.
- The meeting began at 6:07 p.m.
- Rebecca began with announcements, starting by telling us that the email snafu has been corrected. For a while, the system serving the mtclubak.org email wasn't working. The email addresses serving the President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary, Board members, and committee chairs again are delivering messages to their assignments.
- The Alaska Community Foundation had plans to raise the cost for the MCA to rent the room to hold our meetings. This issue has been resolved. The remainder of this season's meetings and those beginning again in September will continue to be held at the current location, the BP Energy Center.
- The MCA board and others had been looking for another suitable venue where we could comfortably hold our monthly meeting, for a minimal cost.
- Next, Dave Staeheli was introduced. Dave is leading the remodeling effort of the Mint Hut, to be done this summer. He is looking for items for us to borrow or to be donated, instead of purchasing. Items include high-lift jacks and a training board.
- He also asked if someone had or knew of a 5-gallon stock pot that could be donated to the club to be brought to and used at the Mint Hut for melting snow and holding gathered water inside the hut. Dave also asked if there was an old climbing rope that he could weave into a rug to be placed inside the front door.
- A painting party will be held on June 15 to prepare the new hut materials before they are flown to the site. We are still looking for a location to hold this event, a place large enough to hold materials, paint them, and let them dry – a place where paint will be spilled and a place that will be easy to clean.
- If you are available to help paint, please notify Dave. Bring sawhorses on which to mount the walls and materials. This makes painting them easier.
- This summer's Mountaineering Course will be held August 1-7 at the Mint Hut. Notices will be placed announcing that the hut will be closed that week for use by the MCA training course. One or two volunteers are still needed to help with instruction. Again, contact Dave if you can help.
- There are still maybe four spots left for students wanting to learn basic mountaineering skills in this beautiful setting. Contact the MCA Secretary, Donell Irwin, if you are interested. There is a \$100 deposit required to hold your spot. If you can't make it, let us know as soon as possible; another person may be waiting to take the open spot. The \$100 will be refunded after you complete the course.
- Dave can be emailed at [alpineak@aol.com](mailto:alpineak@aol.com).
- Donell can be emailed at [secretary@mtclubak.org](mailto:secretary@mtclubak.org).
- Six new members and visitors introduced themselves.
- Club President Peter Taylor spoke regarding the input he had received from members regarding club volunteering. The information will be used to prepare for a KSKA Outdoor Explorer program on volunteering to be recorded this

week and aired May 23. Peter noted that the information was a good basis for a potential series of articles in *the Scree* regarding volunteer contributions to the club. There was a round of applause from the audience for all the hard work of volunteers since the establishment of the club in 1958.

- The guest was a presentation by Ruby Williams on her Master’s thesis. Ruby is earning what is known as a MSOEE, Master of Science in Outdoor and Environmental Education, on the topic of taking screens away from kids by getting them outside.
- Specifically, Ruby studied the science of the risks of belaying a climber, youths in particular.
- Deb Ajango, recently retired instructor from Alaska Pacific University, taught Ruby about Risk Management.
- After her presentation Ruby announced her defense for her MS degree is scheduled for Friday November 22 at APU. Time and location are to be determined.
- The meeting ended at 7:20 p.m., leaving 40 minutes to clean the room, return the tables and chairs to their proper positions, and for members and guests to gather and talk with one another.



*View south from the summit of Peak 4515 from trip report on page 7. Photo by Kaleb Notte.*

# Mountaineering Club of Alaska

President Peter Taylor [president@mtclubak.org](mailto:president@mtclubak.org)  
Vice-President Rebecca Marks [vicepresident@mtclubak.org](mailto:vicepresident@mtclubak.org)  
Secretary Donell Irwin [secretary@mtclubak.org](mailto:secretary@mtclubak.org)  
Treasurer Dominick Curtiss [treasurer@mtclubak.org](mailto:treasurer@mtclubak.org)  
Director 1 (term expires in 2025) Reux Stearns [board@mtclubak.org](mailto:board@mtclubak.org)  
Director 2 (term expires in 2025) Lang Van Dommelen [board@mtclubak.org](mailto:board@mtclubak.org)  
Director 3 (term expires in 2025) G Platte [board@mtclubak.org](mailto:board@mtclubak.org)  
Director 4 (term expires in 2024) Andrew Holman [board@mtclubak.org](mailto:board@mtclubak.org)  
Director 5 (term expires in 2024) Matt Nedom [board@mtclubak.org](mailto:board@mtclubak.org)  
Director 6 (term expires in 2024) Tom McIntyre [board@mtclubak.org](mailto:board@mtclubak.org)

Annual membership dues: Basic ("Dirtbag") \$20, Single \$30, Family \$40

Dues can be paid at any meeting or mailed to the Treasurer at the MCA address below. If you want a membership card, please fill out a club waiver and mail it with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If you fail to receive the newsletter or have questions about your membership, contact the Club Membership Committee at [membership@mtclubak.org](mailto:membership@mtclubak.org).

*The Scree* is a monthly publication of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska. Articles, notes, and letters submitted for publication in the newsletter should be emailed to [MCAScree@gmail.com](mailto:MCAScree@gmail.com). Material should be submitted by the 11th of the month to appear in the next month's *Scree*. Captions should accompany all submitted photos.

Paid ads may be submitted to the attention of the Vice-President at the club address and should be in electronic format and pre-paid. Ads can be emailed to [vicepresident@mtclubak.org](mailto:vicepresident@mtclubak.org).

Missing your MCA membership card? Stop by the monthly meeting to pick one up or send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and we'll mail it to you.

Mailing list/database entry: Annie Shane—[membership@mtclubak.org](mailto:membership@mtclubak.org)  
Hiking and Climbing Committee: Lang Van Dommelen—[hcc@mtclubak.org](mailto:hcc@mtclubak.org)  
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*Scree* Editors: Steve Gruhn and Christina Bonsell— [MCAScree@gmail.com](mailto:MCAScree@gmail.com)

*Exploring Nuka Island. Photo by Nicole Lawrence.*

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