

**FEBRUARY MEETING:** Willow Park Community Center, 9th & Fairbanks, 8:00 PM. Monday Feb 15. Shiro Nisimae will narrate slides of the Mount St Ellis climb this past summer by the Japanese. Come and bring a friend!

**Future programs:**

March 15 Chuck O'Leary on avalanches. April 19 A program on equipment

**CLIMBING & HIKING SCHEDULE**

Feb 13 Bodenburg Butte, just the other side of Knik River bridge going towards Palmer. Call Ron Linder FE 3-4000 ext 51.

April 10-11 Independence Mine to Hatcher Pass or Willow, depending on the weather and what the group wants to do. Ski touring.

The following trips do not have dates as yet. Interest sheets will be available at the next meeting. If you can not attend the meeting, but wish to go on a trip please call Ron Linder FE 3-4000 ext 51 and give him your name. Perhaps those people already signed up for the following trips can get together at the next meeting and set dates.

1. Eklutna Cabin (1-2 or 3 days)
2. O'Malley Peak (1, 2 days)
3. Alyeska Peak (overnight)
4. Ski tour to Snowbird Cabin
5. Arctic to Indian over the mail trail
6. Elliot Mountain (1,2 days)
7. O'Malley road to Indian House (2 days)
8. Sheep Mountain (2 days)

**ARCTIC VALLEY-INDIAN NAY "Mt Williwaw" (Fizzle)**

Jan 1 & 2

By Dave Meyers

Since "Mt Williwaw," at 5445' is the highest mountain between Ship Creek and Anchorage, Dave DeVoe, Nick Parker, Kim Degenhardt and I considered it a worthy goal for a three-day outing. The peak was named by the MCA Board on Geographic Names in the Dec 1963 issue of SCREE.

About 8:30 AM our party was assembled at Harold DeVoe's (Dave's parents), but the car wouldn't start. By noon we were finally parked off the road at the top of the first switchback on Clark's road. The trip up to the top of the road was uneventful save that two sno-cat's passed us, one up, one down. We decided that we would pay a visit to the Clarks.. To our great delight they were home, and for lunch we had such luxuries as date-nut bread. After thanking them for their hospitality we proceeded another three miles, and pitched camp near where Campell Creek forks.

The tent was up in about 20-30 min, and once inside, we were faced with the task of cooking. Three hours later we sat down to our rice-with-crumb-topping-etc. dinner. After finishing our meal, we began to restore the Logan Tent to a state of mild chaos.

That night we slept fitfully, and were glad to get up after about 16 hours in the frost-lined Logan. After a breakfast taking 3 hours to prepare, partly over an open fire, which took the edge off the -20° cold, we swept out and rolled up the tent, packed and left.

The trip out was invigorating and our party was staggered overabout one-half mile of trail. I had pushed on ahead in order to get my feet warm. When they finally warmed, I took my time, but was still ten minutes ahead of Kim, who came in next. Dave DeVoe was another 10 minutes back, while Nick, who's ski binding came off, arrived about 15 minutes later, having walked down. This trip would be an excellent one for later in the year.

**FLAT-TOP**

January 24, 1965

By Gary Hansen

Gayle Nienhueser, Nick Parker and I set off, on schedule, at 7:00 AM for a very leisurely trip up our closest challenge.

Parking our car at the bottom of the Clark Homestead Road, which was very icy, we walked up the road towards the homestead.

Nick chose to try his luck on skis and skins, but quickly saw the advantage to walking and cached his skis away in the alders. Leaving the trail to cut corners he soon

66-17 Safety Bldg  
9:30 to 9:50  
Std. Adv.  
Mtn. Club

discovered that the shortest distance between two points is not a straight line, as he scrambled up the hill on breaking crust and in thigh deep powder.

Past the homestead skis were certainly a help for a short distance, but Nick and Gayle were both without and I parked mine at the base of the cliab as the snow was very crusty and wind packed.

We took a route up the west ridge until we encountered very hard glazed wind packed snow. The bare rock route across the gulley to the south now looked very attractive and we spent 20 minutes cutting our way across the ice, I foolishly forgot my crampons, then we were across.

We spent a very pleasant hour on the top eating lunch and looking out across the city. It was one of those memorable days when the sky is so clear and blue that distances are diminished. McKinley, the Alaska Range and the volcanic peaks of the Peninsula were almost at arms reach. The temperature was around 20° F.

There was certainly no indication, just one week away from ground-hog day, that any hairy marmot was about to stick his head out of the ground up here, tho he would have had a strong dark shadow if he'd dared.

By 2:30 we were down and guests of Dr. and Mrs Bach for coffee and again relished the magnificent scene.

The day was perhaps a little jaded by our spending the following four hours digging a "New Alaskan" out of a snow bank twice and by Nick loosing his skins to an opportunist who had followed his tracks into the bush. Otherwise very worthwhile. Where was everybody else that day?

ANDES, ETC.

By Vin Hoeman

My good fortune in visiting the highest state highpoint, our own McKinley, and the most remote one (Hawaii's Mauna Kea), led me to consider attempting to be first to visit all 50. So my girl friend and I after a day of rockclimbing at Seneca Rock (where we ran into Don Stockard, our Seward friend) climbed Spruce Knob, 4860, the highpoint of West Virginia. Then on our way south to her home for Thanksgiving we walked to 5719 Mt. Rodgers, Virginia and drove to 3548 Sassafras Mtn., South Carolina, to 4784 Brasstown Bald in Georgia, and 2407 Cheaha Mtn. in Alabama. Continuing down to Florida we visited the lowest state highpoint at 345 feet elevation.

From Miami I flew alone to Barranquilla, Colombia passing over Cuba and Jamaica. My objective was the Santa Marta uplift which rises nearly 19,000 feet just 30 miles inland from the Caribbean, the greatest such rise from an ocean anywhere on earth. Busses took me across the Rio Magdalena and up to Valledupar where I hired a jeep to take me to Atanquez where the trails began. There I hired a boy who spoke English, Spanish, and Arhuac to accompany me into the mountains, and we set out on trails through primitive Indian villages. At one of the villages the youngest wife of the chief wanted me, my interpreter told me, but I didn't stick around long enough to find out if her interest was procreative or gastronomic. A rattlesnake barring our way about 11,000 furnished me a hatband and a meal. Two days' march brought us to a spot near 14,000 on the upper Rio Donachui that I considered suitable for my highcamp. The next day (8 Dec) we left early with light loads.

Inadvertantly, my axe and crampons had been left in Miami, so I had to find a rock route, and to add to my troubles, my companion gave up about 16,000 due to unaccustomed altitude and snow. So only the Andean condors kept me company as I sought out the fine granite SE ridge of Pico La Reina, 18,160, the 4th highest summit in the range. Partway up this ridge the angle of difficult rock became too great to justify solo climbing, but luckily a hanging glacier on the east face was available to work my way up on till I could rejoin the ridge when its angle eased. Weather, snow, and my own physical condition were perfect, had any of them not been I'd have had to give it up. As it was on the snow crest, I had only time to shoot a round of photos then hurry down in order not to have to bivouac on my mountain. I spent a few more days on the trails of the intriguing Sierra Marta, but the only other climb I made on this "South American Recon" was a rather uninteresting hill in the Eastern Andes near Bogota.

On my way back to Washington at Christmas time I rejoined Tina Cobb in Alabama and we knocked off the 806' highpoint of Mississippi, Woodall Mtn. Then New Years Weekend we drove to Boston to meet Dave Johnston and Pete Robinson at the latter's home and the 4 of us went up into Tuckerman Ravine on Mt. Washington in New Hampshire on 1 Jan. and climbed to 6288' summit of New England the following day. Temp. -6°F, but we enjoyed a rare calm just hours after 112 mph winds! By the way, Tina is now my fiancee and I hope to bring her home to Alaska with me next summer.

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