

APRIL MEETING: Willow Park Community Center, 9th & Fairbanks, April 19. The program will be an equipment review. If you have equipment you would like to demonstrate please bring it. There will be a panel discussion. So have your questions ready for the next meeting.

We wish to express our appreciation to Chuck O'Leary for his excellent lecture on avalanches.

CLIMBING & HIKING SCHEDULE

1. SNOWBIRD CABIN - Ski tour - one or two days - This is an easy tour into the cabin, mostly walking. It can also be done on snowshoes.
2. O'MALLEY ROAD TO INDIAN HOUSE - Two days, May
3. SHEEP MOUNTAIN - One or two days
4. ARCTIC SKI BOWL TO INDIAN - Three days, May

Trips in the Eagle River area call John Wolfe, BR 2-4501 or BR 4-9363. For information on the above listed trips call the leader or Ron Linder FE 3-4000 Ext 51 or 52. Sign up sheets will be available at the next meeting.

JIM WHITTAKER SLIDE SHOW: April 30, 8:00PM, Sidney Lawrence Auditorium. We urge that all members feel obliged to sell at least one ticket. Tickets will be available at the next meeting.

It would be appreciated if someone with extra room and could, without inconvenience, have Jim Whittaker as a house guest April 30th. If any member of the club would like to do this please call Gary Hansen BR 2-6214.

IT'S FOR REAL: The patches are here and will be on sale for \$1:00 at the next meeting.

POTTER CREEK CIRCULAR

March 20, 1965

By John Wolfe

(Condensing two weeks' limbering-up into one day's work)

A group of five met under cloudy skies: John Wolfe, Gayle Nienhueser, Marion Bee, Jeanne Kilpatrick, and Hope Chorney. Planned was "an easy spring limbering-up trip." We parked a car at Rabbit Creek Inn, then took my 4-wheel-drive up Rabbit Creek Road to Golden View Drive and in about a mile where the road became a weasel track. Hiking began at 9:45; by signposts it was 3.7 miles to the homestead of Ivan Stewart's (of Stewart's Photo).

The first mile was uphill and fairly steep, but the road leveled for the rest of the way in. There are splendid views all across the Inlet and back to Anchorage - which was still buried under its low cloud cover. Also, a mysterious black Labrador snuck up behind us from out of the middle of nowhere, but ran off without a word when noticed; we never did figure out where he came from. We lunched at noon at Stewart's, then dropped to the valley floor and munched through four-and five-foot snowdrifts among the trees.

Once across the valley, we picked up the south-side homestead road and followed that down to the Seward Highway near Potter station. One last segment of this longer-than-we expected hike brought us back to the car at Rabbit Creek Inn. The circuit was at least ten or eleven miles. Three of us managed to hike back in to get the parked truck. After relaxing at the peanut farm, we went home to recuperate (from the trip).

There are several good trips from Potter Creek for ridgerunners and valley pounders. At Stewart's there's a road to a saddle; opposite, there's another. Between saddles is an excellent 3-mile height-of-land circular including McHugh Peak (3500') and two peaks of "Mt Stewart" 4155' & 4301'. Going east from 4301' would land a party at the headwaters of Rabbit & McHugh Creeks (Suidide Peaks). Going north would tie into homestead roads in Little Rabbit Creek valley. Hope to see you there another weekend.

SEVEN DAYS IN THE HIGH COUNTRY: EKLUTNA TO GIRDWOOD

By Gregg Erickson

The alarm sounds at 5:00 AM March 27th. Weather looks bad and a call to the prognosticators doesn't do anything to raise my spirits. It looks as if we walk.

The party--George Wichman, Jim Fraser, Art Geuss, Ron Linder, Shiro Nishimae, and myself plus two drivers-- leaves the Airport Cafe at 7:00 AM. Up the Eklutna Road with trepidation for it is snowing hard. As the road winds around the lake we enter the most dangerous (in retrospect) part of the trip. The track is covered with incipient glaciers that slope their blue faces to the water forty feet below. At one spot the road has sunk monolithically a distance of five feet. Chop, chop, with the ice axes and our little coolie gang surmounts this and the rest of the difficulties in stride. Finally we are stopped by the river crossing one mile from the glacier snout. Contrary to what George Wichman may tell you, Jeeps will not swim.

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Twelve noon and now our trip really begins. Packs weigh just under half the climbers weight. Our goal is to reach the Pitchler's Perch cabin before dark. Jim Fraser does a magnificent job of breaking trail over the last stretch of snow while I, the fearless leader, lag far behind, in agony. We reach the cabin at just the last possible moment before dark to find it in excellent condition, free of snow. We all say a silent prayer of thanks to Tony Rockstahler's design and collapse for dinner.

^{Cris} Morning, 28 March: no one feels like doing anything too strenuous today so it is decided to have a "free day" everybody does what they please. Shiro and I climb the peak just north of White Lick while everyone else goes skiing. The two of us get a good head start on our suntans before the fog moves in. Shiro beans a ptarmagain with a rock and cops the title of Great Brown Hunter.

Monday, 29 March: A full gale is blowing down glacier so we sleep late and spend the day skiing, adding furnishings to the cabin, stewing ptarmagain, or studying sociology (Shiro). George does some exploring up glacier.

Tuesday 30 March: We have spent enough time at Pitchler's Perch so after a late start, we push on up glacier with full packs. The sun is hot, the scenery exciting, and the party in high spirits. I break trail for the first part of the day with George continually offering to take over; my skies seem to have wings and just as continually I refuse his offers. I am in heaven. Lunch and a long break is taken at the conjunction of Upper Lake George Glacier and the Eklutna. After eating, Art takes the lead and I don't see him again until we have traversed the whole of the Lake George Glacier and are about to make camp looking down on the Eagle Glacier.

Wednesday, 31 March: sun, sun, sun, A free day is declared. Five of us decide to go climbing while Art votes himself the lone skier. We start at 5:30 AM and are soon watching Art carving beautiful tracks far below us. Shiro, Jim and I rope up for what Jim aptly describes as "the most enjoyable one hour climb I've ever had". A couple of 60 degree snow pitches put us on the Summit. The exposure on these little climbs is tremendous, 1000 feet straight down, but I feel as one with the environment as I kick steps in the firm snow. The rope leads up to Jim above me and though he is far out of my sight I know he feels the same way.

At 10:30 we ski down to join Art in the powder snow. The temperature is about 20 degrees, all conditions perfect. For those of you who have the USGS inch to the mile maps, this delightful bowl is located in the North $\frac{1}{2}$ of Section 21, T 12 N, R 3 E, Seward Meridian.

Apprehension about future weather moves us back to camp at 1:30 PM where who should show up but Bill Davis and Paul Crews flying our little Cessna 150. We have a little chat over the ARG transceivers, finding out that the rats didn't bring any beer. They fly off into the blue as we ski down Eagle glacier. Carrying a heavy pack doesn't make skiing nearly as difficult as I had been led to believe. Camp is made at about 5:00 on the west side of Eagle Glacier at an elevation of about 3700 feet.

Thursday, April fools day: up with the sun and at the pass looking into Raven Glacier (2000 feet above last night's camp) by noon. I am getting into shape at last. The weather makes a dramatic change for the worse just as we are taking our skis off for the climb down to Raven. This creates one of the most unpleasant climbing experiences I've had in a long while: kicking steps in the blind over a 20 foot 70 degree snow pitch. It takes three hours for all of us to descend the 600 feet to the Raven Glacier. An hour and a half of easy skiing in the fog brings us to the Crows Nest Cabin. We find the cabin partially snowed in but 45 minutes work with shovels and axes cleans it out. I am thankful for the cabin as the weather outside is turning very nasty.

Friday, 2 April: Weather still bad today. Shiro and Ron get an early start for Girdwood while the rest of us stand fast waiting for the weather to break. By 2:00 PM we are convinced that nothing much is going to change so we, too, start down. Skis all the way down to within 300 feet of the Double Muskie.

SCREE STAFF: Marge Prescott, Carrie Lewis, Leona Wilkerson
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