

## JUNE MEETING

Wednesday

June 17, 7:30 pm

Pioneer Schoolhouse, 3rd & Eagle Streets  
Downtown Anchorage

(Program unknown at press time)

Mt. Bear / Wrangell-St. Elias Range  
by KIRK TOWNER

## HIKING AND CLIMBING SCHEDULE

### Jun 20 Flattop Sleepout

32<sup>nd</sup> annual sleepout on Alaska's most climbed mountain. Come up when you like. Stay as long as you like. Witness the usual spectacular Anchorage skyline sunset. Witness the usual public mourning for the first day of decreasing light. No leader designated.

### Jun 19-21 Mt. Ascension, Lost Lake

Kenai Mountains. Class B to Lost Lake. Class D to Mt. Ascension. An 8 mile hike in Friday to camp at Lost Lake. Saturday, the Solstice, we climb the peak via the ridge along the peak's glacier, then climb a snow face to the summit, 5710'. Sunday we depart to enjoy a refreshing swim in Kenai Lake. Check out your MCA calendar!

Leaders: Tom Choate 333-5309,

Dennis Morford 522-1179, Matt Nedom 278-3648

## July

July 24-26

### Kenai Kaper & Traverse

Class D. Strenuous traverse of prime back-country terrain in the Kenai Mountains of the Chugach National Forest with a peak-bagging ridge run. Approximately 13 to 14 miles, mostly above tree line; estimated 6500 feet or more gain. Proficiency with ice axe/crampons. Must be at least 18 years old. Car shuttle needed to do the trip. Cabin stay Friday and after trip on Saturday evening. Limit: 7. Need ice axe, crampons, water pump or tablets, bug dope, stream wading shoes. \$7 cabin fee. Leader: Scott Bailey 696-7250

### Jul 25- Aug 8 Kongakut River and Aichilik River

Brooks Range. Distance: 60 miles. Elevation gain: 4000 feet. Class D.

Leader: Don Hansen 243-7184

Sep 5-7

### Bomber Glacier Traverse

Class: Glacier Travel. Visit two of the MCA's huts and view the remains of an Air Force bomber plane that crashed on the glacier. This is not a training class. Participants must be experienced with glacier travel.

Leader: Gary Runa 275-3613

## TRIP REPORTS

### Ruthless

by Matt Needom



he plan was to leave early Saturday morning for a Mountaineering Club trip to the Ruth Glacier. That morning, Jeff and I woke at 5:00 A.M., rushing through the final minutes to get our gear loaded into my Jeep, and leave room for two more. Soon it was obvious four people and gear was not going to fit, so Jeff said he'd take his Stupidroo. Already, plans weren't cooperating.

We left Anchorage early Saturday morning, rain falling on us as we drove to Talkeetna. It wasn't looking good. I was slightly apprehensive about the trip, flying up to the Ruth Glacier for a week of crevasse rescue training and trekking, preparing to stay longer if the weather turned bad. Inside, I worried if I had brought all I needed.

Arriving in Talkeetna before nine, as planned, we saw the weather hadn't improved. Two Doug Geeting Aviation planes, our charter company, weathered in on the mountain overnight. A third plane also was stranded. Clouds were high enough in Talkeetna to be able to sometimes see that the Alaska Range was socked in. We decided we were going to stay the night in town and wait to see what Sunday had to offer. I wasn't the only one with some nervousness. The weather forecast I got from the Flight Service Station didn't look any better for Sunday and days following. Talkeetna was filled with climbers, all waiting on the weather to improve. I'm glad we hadn't come from Europe, like some, to end up sitting in Talkeetna.

Sunday morning we awoke to more of the same. After breakfast, we decided to execute plan B, and head for the Matanuska Glacier, up the Glenn Highway, 100 miles in the opposite direction. So, we packed up the cars and headed off in the rain. It rained all the way to Palmer, and half way from there up to the glacier. There, the rain turned to snow! This continued into the night at our campsite at the foot of the glacier.

Fifteen of us made it to the Mat to continue our journey. Monday morning, the snow had stopped, and it appeared to be the beginning of a beautiful day. After breakfast, we packed our gear—ropes, crampons, biners, pulleys, ice axes, ski poles, prussiks, webbing, water and lunch, and sunscreen,

and headed up to the ice. I also brought a blue foam pad for an insulated sitting pad! First, we had to cross the Mat river, bridged with ice. I wasn't going to be the first! The ice was solid so we all made it across with no problems. In a few weeks, it'll be sketchy, and the water will be a lot higher!

Just before the glacier, we stopped to put on our crampons before we climbed up onto the ice. From there we hiked in up the Mt. Wickersham side, a new part I'd not traveled to on this glacier. A little ways in, we found a good cliff to simulate a crevasse. We set up the ropes to practice out techniques. First, after rappelling off the side, we did self rescue, prussiking up the rope. Or, if you were smart, you had ascenders to use, instead of the prussik knot.

This is fairly easy when you know your system and it is set up properly, ready to go. While hanging, you take your backpack off and hang it from the rope below you. This keeps the rope taut to allow you to slide the knots up the rope. The practice we did the weekend before, I had no problem, climbing right up to the top. Here though was a different story. The rope was now wet and I had the ice wall to deal with. The first time, while wearing crampons, was OK, but two climbers on the rope next to me passed me before I topped. They were using mechanical ascenders though. The second time I tried it without crampons and got stuck at the lip. I couldn't move anywhere. I had zero traction. Finally, another climber had to come and pull me over, my knuckles being gashed by the ice and rock pieces on the lip.

After that, we did extraction methods, pulling a simulated stuck climber, one of us would volunteer, up from the bottom of the "crevasse" using C and Z pulley systems to lighten the load. We worked on the different methods and hiked around the ice for the rest of the day.

At the end, five or so of us hiked out a different way, staying on the glacier. We got to the ice blocks at the end of the lake we'd seen from above. These were frozen lake ice shoved up almost vertically by the lake and ice movement. After Tom Choate did it first, we all tried a quick, free, ice climb on the biggest block. It didn't fall over. It didn't even budge.

The temperature during the day was above freezing, cooling at night freezing the puddles. We stored our food in the cars as the bears would be hungry this time of year. At camp was a continuous party, eating dinner, telling jokes and stories around the campfire, and drinking beer a couple people brought back with them from Anchorage. Tuesday, we broke into groups and trekked, on walking belay,



up the glacier, practicing route finding. And a simulated crevasse fall.

Climbing up onto one slab, we heard a loud crack and crash. We nervously looked around, ready to jump or perform a rescue. Then, off to the side, we saw what appeared to be a fresh snow slide off the side of the ice. Whew!

We continued on up the seemingly endless glacier till late afternoon. We, the MCA, have huts further up. Ready access is via aircraft, then you can hike out. We didn't make it that far. That evening at camp, we discussed the trip and planned for more adventure. An unnamed peak sat just west of Wickersham, across Glacier Creek. My binoculars were much enjoyed as we checked out this peak. Six of us decided to stay the night and make an attempt on it Wednesday, or at least climb an ice waterfall we could see.

Wednesday we got up later than we planned, and headed out after breakfast at 10:00 A.M. After crossing the creek and following a couple of "roads", we came across a hunter's cabin we'd heard was there. Pretty Spartan, and lots of signs, scattered all over the floor and beds, that small rodents used the shelter. We backtracked a bit down the hill to cross beaver dams and the creek, then fought Alders as we hiked up the ridge to the snow. I'm glad I wasn't carrying skis!

When we finally made it to the snow, it wasn't any better. We postholed up to our crotches, even following in other's steps. The views were beautiful, and the top seemed so close. After a late lunch though, we decided to head for the ice. What we could see above us of the top was hidden in the clouds. So we butt slid back down the hill to where we thought we could drop into the gorge. That proved to be a class 5 climb itself, hanging onto branches and roots, wearing our packs.

We got to the creek bed and trudged up in more snow to the ice, again postholing sometimes to the crotch. Jeff wanted to do the first lead on a face we thought maybe was unclimbed. He properly named it "Ruthless," since we never made it to the Ruth. As it turns out, it had been climbed.

It was getting late and I was tired. A couple of us decided not to climb it. One reason for me too, was that ice and rock continuously fell off the face. Climbers wore helmets, but no one was hit. Finally, even the others who weren't going to climb did, but I passed my turn. It also was getting late, after 6:00 P.M. Tom finished and set up for the final rap down. We packed

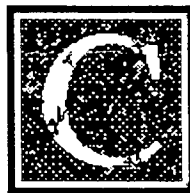
up and headed back. I put my camera away and was too tired to bother to pull it out for more shots.

We hiked out, much quicker down than up, singing loudly to alert any would be bears. Finally, we regrouped on Glacier Creek, and counted heads. Yep, all six! Let's go! Finally we got back to camp after 9:30 P.M., too late to try and make dinner at the Long Rifle. So, after 11 1/2 hours of hiking, we sat down to another fabulous backpacker dinner! This time, the wind was still, and it had been warmer, so the mosquitoes were out in force! We had taken down the tents before we ate, but my fly wasn't yet packed. Jeff dove underneath it with his bowl to eat in solitude. Tom realized he should have left up his large tent, but by then it was too late.

So, after a final camp inspection, we loaded up the cars and the last two of us caravanning home craving showers! I got in after 2:00 A.M.

## Clear Creek, Grand Canyon National Park

by Fred "Tundra Lizard" Kampfer



Compress the New Seward Highway or the Glenn Highway into a four foot wide unpaved thoroughfare. In place of vehicles, add day hikers, backpackers, mule trains, and trail runners, the latter in Spandex intent on achieving a personal best. This is "The Corridor", the Bright Angel and South Kaibab Trails, serpentine routes, whose vistas not even the Kolb brothers did justice to, descending a mile to the Colorado River and Phantom Ranch with its lodge and Brooks Camp like campground. Both are filled to capacity all year. After a night of snow showers in Flagstaff and a visit in the morning to the Sinagua ruins at Walnut Canyon National Monument, we spent the first night at the Canyon on the South Rim at Mather Campground.

On April 18th, we hiked down the Kaibab to Bright Angel Campground and on the following day trudged uphill the nine miles to Clear Creek. At least it was clear that first day, after, it turned turbid. Our days at Clear Creek were spent relaxing, photographing two resident wild turkeys, exploring nearby Anasazi ruins, and cooling off in the mist of Cheyava Falls, the highest in the Park. And as other hikers vacated their sites, we moved our tents to shadier spots.

We left Clear Creek on April 23rd and made a "dry camp" at Sumner's Wash where our quintet of Linda White, Stan Aarsund, Don Hansen, Ed Mulcahy, and spent the day playing "Ring Around the Rocks" vying for precious pockets of shade in the 90 degree heat. The next day we hiked to Indian Gardens and on the 25th we were back on the Rim with hordes of tourists. A leisurely return to Phoenix involved visits to the Wupatki and Sunset Crater, Volcano National Monuments and a pleasant dinner in Flagstaff. Many thanks to Bill Wakeland for doing all of the logistical work for this trip. We missed you!

## Superstition Mountain Area Wilderness, Arizona

by Fred "Tundra Lizard" Kampfer



At 4:00 P.M. the tip of the shadow cast by Weaver's Needle fell on the spot where legend says there is a vein of wire gold that few men have ever seen and many others, in their search, have killed for. The treasure we found was in the brilliant colors of the brittlebush, hedgehog, penstemon, sage, prickly pear, ocotillo, mallow, primrose, and the sun.

We started out on Saturday, April 1st, at the First Water Trailhead at Apache Junction: Linda White, Stan Aarsund, Don Hansen, Ed Mulcahy, and me. In the next week, we hiked on trails used over centuries by Apaches, Conquistadors, and those seeking wealth. The area is frequented mostly by day trippers who use the many loops in the cobweb of trails to escape the urban sprawl of Phoenix, only 35 miles away. It is also a popular place for those using horses and pack animals. Nevertheless, we found very few people after the first day and only a handful mounted. Thanks to El Nino there was water everywhere!

Our travel took us in a 30 mile loop through Garden and Marsh Valleys to the Peralta Trailhead, then north via Boulder Canyon past the "Needle" to our starting point. Our favorite camp at the junction of the Dutchman and Coffee Flat Trails was spectacular for its flowers and view of Superstition Mountain as well as a serenade by coyotes. It is hard to believe we were only a few days from Apache Junction. Many thanks to Bill Wakeland for planning such a wonderful trip in a setting reminiscent of a John Ford western with the bonus of wrens, hawks, hummingbirds, doves, owls and quail.

## Sneaking up Mount Bear

by David Hart



Did you hear that noise? I'm starving!

"Hunger... it's all in your mind," I replied to Kirk's growling stomach. Today was our fifth storm day at our 11500-foot high camp on Mt. Bear (14831) deep in Alaska's Saint Elias Mountains. Our dwindling food supplies would have already been exhausted, had we not switched to half-rations a couple days earlier. We had just returned from a failed attempt to retrieve more supplies from a cache 1800 feet below us. A ground blizzard made travel along our well wanded route more hazardous than I was willing to endure. So, here we sat wondering when the storm would abate allowing us either a summit bid or a chance to retrieve more food and fuel.

Mount Bear is located in the Wrangell-Saint Elias National Park, five miles from the Yukon border. Alaska's 11<sup>th</sup> tallest mountain offers several excellent non-technical ski-mountaineering routes from its north, west and south sides. Bear's precipitous east side is still unclimbed. Total ascents from all routes combined is certainly less than ten.

Our group consisted of five Anchorage climbers - Paul Barry, Dawn Groth, John Lapkass, Kirk Towner and myself. On Good Friday April 10, 1998 Paul Claus of Ultime Thule Outfitters flew us to 6000 feet on a spur of the Barnard Glacier nine miles southwest of Bear's summit. "I'll see you guys in ten days or so. Be careful; Bear is a big mountain," Paul offered before hopping into his Beaver.

Saturday was uneventful and we moved camp north up a narrow glacier to 8300 feet under sunny skies. Unbeknownst to us, this morning would allow our one and only glimpse of the actual summit 8000 feet above us.

We woke on Easter Sunday to find that the Easter Bunny had somehow tracked us down, leaving a treat for everyone - decorated eggs, candy, chocolate, and a little present. That wasn't the only surprise of the day. Immediately beyond camp, our valley pinched down to less than half a mile wide, with monstrous hanging seracs on either side. Kirk and I explored the route that morning before breaking camp. As we crested a hill and saw our route, I heard Clint Eastwood whispering in the back of my mind - "Do you feel lucky, punk? Well do ya?" For the next 1/4 mile, serac debris spanned side to side across the entire valley. There was no safe way across. I hate seracs.

"Well, we either go back down, or try to get across as fast as possible," Paul offered upon our return to camp. "I for one think we should go take a look." Praying for luck, we all agreed to give it a go. John led for a while, until one probe of a ski pole collapsed a 5 foot by 30 foot snow bridge right in front of our eyes. "You're up, Paul!" was John's only comment. A few minutes later, Paul found a stable bridge and began breaking trail up valley.

"Crack... Rumble... All five of us instantly froze and glanced up to our right to see a serac calve off and start tumbling our direction. It seemed too small to actually reach us, but the billowing powder cloud continued to grow, causing each of us to briefly question our precarious position. We were relieved as the snow cloud dissipated well before reaching us. After ten minutes we were beyond further danger. That evening at our 9700-foot camp the clouds disappeared and pink alpenglow draped the high peaks of the Saint Elias. If the weather held, we'd be up and down Mt. Bear in two more days. That would leave us a few days to explore some smaller unclimbed 11000-foot peaks in the area, we hoped. Little did we know it would be eight days before we were to camp here again on our final descent.

Monday morning we headed up to our high camp with four days of food and eight days of fuel. Certainly that would be enough? Easy terrain led us to 11500 feet on Bear's western slopes where we dug a bomb-proof camp site as lenticulars settled over Mounts Bona and Churchill, twenty miles to our east. We knew a storm was imminent - the pressure was dropping like a rock. By Thursday afternoon it became apparent that maybe we should have brought up more food. Friday morning the weather cleared enough for us to make a half-hearted summit bid, which failed at 12500. That same afternoon also saw our failed attempt to retrieve more supplies from our lower camp. Saturday, our sixth day up high, granted us a lull in the storm which we used to dart down to 9700 for more supplies. Paul Claus flew overhead during this window, advising us of a possible clearing trend in a couple days. "Sounds good, Paul. Let's shoot for a pick up on either Tuesday night or Wednesday morning." Finally, it seemed like our perseverance might be rewarded. Back to high camp we went. By the time we reached 11000 feet though, the storm had returned forcing us to rely on our wands yet again.

"It doesn't look like a summit day to me; I'm going back to bed," Kirk decided early the next morning. With that, we thought the day's chances were shot. Not so quick... An hour later, Dawn peeked outside and encouraged us to reconsider. She was right; it looked good.

"Wand!" Dawn yelled, letting me know she had reached the first one I placed 50 meters ago. It was 11:00 AM and the five of us were heading for the top. I stuck wand number two into the snow, an action I hoped to repeat 140 times over the next four miles to the summit. An hour later, we reached a plateau at 13000 feet and glimpsed the upper mountain, the summit just shrouded in clouds. It would be close - as long as the weather held, we had a shot. By 2:00 PM the visibility was dropping and light snow fell. The wind chill dropped to thirty below, forcing us to don all but our warmest parkas.

"How many wands do we have left, Dave?" Paul asked, reiterating the importance of a completely wandered path all the way back to high camp. We were at 14000 feet and the weather was definitely taking a turn for the worse. We could only see a hundred yards in any direction.

"Twenty three-foot wands; not nearly enough for the last mile to the summit. I'm not sure I like the way this weather is changing. I'm about ready to bail!" I felt a bit like Chicken Little crying wolf, but having spent the last week in a storm had me a bit spooked about our current situation. Kirk suggested we break the remaining wands in half to double the distance we could safely wand before being forced to turn back. With that, we pressed on into the storm. A couple false summits later the clouds parted momentarily allowing us a glimpse at the final 500 feet to the true summit. We were almost there! Thirty minutes later, as the snow and wind intensified, we climbed the last few feet to the top. At 4PM, there was no more up. There was no view either and we each had to imagine what the scenery should be: Saint Elias and Logan to the southeast, Bona and Churchill to the west and Natashat and Riggs to the north. It sure was beautiful, at least in my mind.

The descent was a bit scary, with the visibility down to less than 100 feet. We'd pass one wand and get about half way to the next before it appeared in the distance. At 13500 feet we dropped below the worst of the storm and were able to relax a bit. By 6:30 PM we picked up the last of our wands and stumbled into high camp. Our tents were covered with new snow, and more was falling quickly. Pleased with our good fortune, we dove into our tents and brewed up supper. By midnight our week-long storm had finally blown itself out.

"Wouldn't you know it, it's a crystal clear blue sky day. If only we would've waited one more day for our summit climb!" The clear skies did bring cold, and we hit minus twenty that night. Sun and views were our companion Monday as we descended to 9700. We were finally able to appreciate some of the spectacular



scenery afforded by the Wrangell-Saint Elias Mountains. Tuesday, our 12<sup>th</sup> day of the climb, found us descending to 6000. "Further right, Dawn. It looks good over there," Kirk and I suggested as Dawn led the way.

Poof... now you see her, now you don't. The rope came taught, pulling Kirk to his knees. "Crevasse!" he yelled. "Dawn's in!" I quickly grabbed my crevasse rescue gear and belayed myself to the lip. Whew, there she was only a couple feet below the surface, covered with snow but uninjured and happy to see someone. It was a big, dark and deep, but we had no trouble pulling her out. Needless to say, Dawn passed on the leading baton.

John wasn't so lucky. Later that afternoon after we hustled through the serac debris section, we thought we were on easy street. Again, poof... now you see him, now you don't. Paul was pulled to the ground as John was sucked into the bowels of the glacier. John and his pack were wedged about eight feet down this deep dark slot. As Kirk belayed himself to the edge to check on John, we realized it would be up to us to get John out. All our years of crevasse rescue training were finally being put to test in this very serious situation. Everything that could go wrong with John's sled and pack did, and we found it difficult to haul John out even with a 3:1 zee-pulley system. Believe me, it's never as easy as it seems during training. Finally, after forty-five minutes in the deep-freeze, we managed to raise John enough so that we could remove his pack and yank him out the last few feet with sheer brute force. All of us hoped we would never have to experience that again.

The last two miles were slow but safe, as we probed almost every step. None of us wanted to experience yet a third crevasse fall so close to home. At 9:00 PM, we struggled into our 6,000' base camp knowing that we were done with scary crevasse fields, serac exposure, storms and cold. I would recommend this western route up Bear, but only by access from the north off the Klutlan Glacier - our southern access was too dangerous. "I swear we just descended a different mountain than we climbed up 12 days ago," someone suggested. Less than twelve hours later, Paul would swoop in with his Beaver and take us back to his Ultima Thule Lodge where hot coffee and Eleanor's fresh chocolate chip cookies awaited our arrival. Paul was right: Bear is a big mountain in a remote range. We feel fortunate to have been able to safely sneak up this sleeping giant.



## Cell Phone Tip for Mountaineers

Dave Staeheli

Many of us use cell phones for remote communications while climbing peaks these days. Unfortunately, even when line of site to a cell site, the transmission range of the phone can be too far for these low watt transmitters. What can often boost the signal is a "reflector." Holding the phone directly between the cell site and a "reflector" can help. For a reflector, try ski poles, metal capped skis, or what seems to work best, the old reliable grain scoop snow shovel. Move the phone and reflector around until the "sweet spot" gives the strongest signal before making contact. A partner is often useful to hold the "reflector."

ADZE



### New Guidebook Discount

A new guidebook to the Seward Highway, Portage, Chugach, and parts of the Mat Valley will come out the first week of June. MCA members will be given a discount for The Scar: Southcentral Alaska Rock Climbing by Kristian Sieling during the June meeting. Normally \$12.95, it will be \$10.00. The Scar has more than three times the number of routes found in the old guide. New and old routes are much easier to find, with more pictures and better descriptions.

### Eklutna Huts in Use

Todd Miner will be leading a large group across the Eklutna Traverse over July 4<sup>th</sup> to the 10<sup>th</sup>. They will be going south -> north. If you plan to be there at the same time, you'll not be alone at the huts.

### Partner(s) wanted

Would like to do 1 day hike to Summit area peak; Class C or D; July 26 and/or August 8, 1998. Also day hikes or 2-3 day backpacks July 27-29, 1998. We are from Colorado, have hiked 14,000 ft mountains extensively there. Can use crampons, ice ax, etc. Linda or Tom Jagger, Tallahassee FL, 850-574-2230, [laj8190@garnet.acns.fsu.edu](mailto:laj8190@garnet.acns.fsu.edu)

### For Sale

Dana Denali Pack	\$250
Western Mountaineering	
Sleeping Bag (-30)	400
Feathered Friends	
Sleeping Bag (-50)	500
Feathered Friends Parka, large	500
REI Bibs, down, large, full zips	75
Step-in Crampons	40
Tubbs Snowshoes, med. and small	135
Kazama Skis 180cm, w/Silverette 404 bindings	200
Leki poles	30
Old Towne Canoe	450
All excellent condition, 349-5037 before 9:30pm.	

### Looking for Information

MCA member needs info on hiking in Anaktuvuk Pass area, Gates of the Arctic National Park, or hiking from the Haul Rd. in the vicinity of Atigun Pass. Also would like advice on whether or not to drive the Haul Rd. Linda or Tom Jagger, Tallahassee FL, 850-574-2230, [laj8190@garnet.acns.fsu.edu](mailto:laj8190@garnet.acns.fsu.edu)

For Sale

If you don't like the price,  
make an offer

Patagonia 1-Piece Goretex Gridman  
Suit - Large. Still in original  
wrapping. \$350

North Face Westwind 2-Person  
Expedition Tent. Bombproof Tent.  
5 years old, but only 3 expedition

\$225

Koflach Randonee Ski Boots - Size  
10.5. 10 years old. \$ 50

Feathered Friends Rock and Ice  
Down/Gtx Parka. Super warm  
expedition Parka. 1 expedition.

\$350

Dave Hart

**More Adze (gads !)**

Partner(s) wanted

For long glacier trips (Harding,  
M.Baker, Moffit, etc.)  
Stephan 562-9583

**MINUTES**

**MAY MEETING**

Meeting was called to order by President Mark  
Miraglia. 12 guests and close to 100 people were present.

**TREASURY REPORT**

Membership Dues receipts at 51% of that projected for  
1998. Revenue as of 5/19/98 is \$2804.83 and expenses are  
\$2637.24. Total of all accounts as of 5/19/98 is \$6286.30.

**COMMITTEE REPORTS**

*Hiking and Climbing*

Bomber Glacier traverse will probably be over Labor Day  
weekend.

*Huts*

Snowbird Hut was sold to Dave Staeheli and a partner.  
Policy on usage is same as previously with strong emphasis  
on cash donations on site for use. Scandanavian outhouse  
needs to be relocated to new site. Members on club trip this  
1st week of June will evaluate possible locations. New  
outhouse to be flown in to Bomber hut by 210th National  
Guard. Nick Parker reported on conditions at Pichler's  
Perch.

*Parks Advisory*

To comment of the Anchorage Area Comprehensive Master  
Plan call the Parks & Recreation Dept. by June 8<sup>th</sup>.

**OLD BUSINESS**

None.

**NEW BUSINESS**

None.

**ANNOUNCEMENTS**

A new 40th Anniversary MCA Patch was created and will  
be available at the next meeting for \$5 each. Twelve 1998  
calendars remain at \$10 each. The 2nd annual MCA photo  
contest will be held for the 1999 calendar. Pictures need to  
be submitted by August.

Michelle Potkin mentions tho the **Denali Climb for  
Women** with Breast Cancer will be sponsoring  
a show at the Loussac Library on June 4th. The women  
climbers will be leaving for Denali on June 6th.

After adjournment, Bob Shipley presented an  
outstanding slide show on trekking in the Swiss high  
country. Thanks to the Great Harvest Bread Co. for the  
delicious breads!

Submitted by Matt Needom

# START SHOOTING

## For the *Second Annual* Mountaineering Club of Alaska 1999 Photo Calendar

We had so much fun putting together the first MCA Photo Calendar, celebrating our 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary in 1998, that we just had to do it again. With even more information on local peaks, club events, and the very best of *your* photos, the 1999 MCA Calendar will help you wrap up the millennium in style!

So be sure to grab your camera as you head for the hills, because we're having another **Photo Contest**.

### Photo Contest Rules:

- ♦ Any current (1998) club member is eligible to enter.
- ♦ Photos should be hiking- or climbing-related.
- ♦ A club member may enter **one photo in each of the four categories**:

<p><b>Hiking</b> ~ on-the-trail, off-the-trail, ridge-running, stream-crossing, bushwhacking, or scree-scrambling travel</p> <p><b>Climbing</b> ~ your wildest action or most aesthetic scene while climbing on rock, ice, snow, or glacier</p> <p><b>People</b> ~ your half-crazed, half-dazed, or half-amazed friends — go ahead and <i>shoot</i> your fellow club members!</p> <p><b>Scenery</b> ~ your best photo of a choice campsite, stunning sunrise or sunset, or majestic mountain scene</p>
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- ♦ You may submit any size print (5 x 7 recommended), but it must be received by the August meeting.  
Either drop it off at a meeting or mail it to: MCA / PO Box 102037 / Anchorage AK 99510-2037
- ♦ All entries remain the property of the photographer; MCA is authorized to publish the photo for use in the calendar only.  
After judging, you may pick up your photo entries at any meeting.
- ♦ Attach a note card to the back with the following information:

<p>Your name, address, and telephone</p> <p>Category and title of the photograph</p> <p>Any interesting details about the photo that might be published in the calendar (was it a club trip, local area, club member, when and where was it taken, etc.)</p>
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### Judging Procedure:

- ♦ Photographers' names will be kept confidential throughout the judging process, we will cover up the information on the back and issue each photo a sticker with the number, category, and title for judging.
- ♦ If necessary, the Club Officers and Directors will narrow down the entries to the top 10-15 photos in each category. This will only be done if necessary to make the final judging process possible within the September meeting time constraints. Our criteria will be a combination of photo quality, content, scenery, composition, humor, unique situations or events, adventure, being in the right place at the right time, and being just plain 'fun to look at' (not necessarily in that order).
- ♦ Final judging will take place during the September meeting. All members in attendance will be issued a ballot to select their top three choices from each category, plus one "Bonus" selection. Results will be announced in the October Scree. All winning photos will be published in the calendar, along with as many other entries as we can fit in.

### Prizes:

The top photo from each main category will win its owner a **gift certificate from AMH** and a **free calendar**. The second- and third-place photos in each category will win **camping or climbing gear** and other prizes, to be presented at the October meeting.

### Reserve Your Calendar and Save \$\$:

The calendars will be available at the November meeting for \$18 each. A Discount Price of \$16 each is available for members who enter a photo in the contest and pre-pay by the October meeting. Please include \$3 extra if you want your calendar mailed.