

the SCREE

Mountaineering Club

of Alaska

SEPTEMBER 2022

Volume 65, Number 9



**"Mountains are freedom.
Treat them respectfully."**

- Conrad Anker

**General Meeting Wednesday,
September 7, 2022 from 6:00 p.m. to
8:00 p.m. at the B.P. Energy Center.
Back in person! Speaker T.B.A.**

Contents

Alien Peak, Central Chugach Mountains

Marathon Mountain, Kenai Mountains

Good Walking and Clear Water, Baird Mountains

Peak of the Month: Rusty Mountain, Central Chugach Mountains

"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."

This issue brought to you by: Editor—Abbey Collins assisted by Dawn Munroe

Cover Photo

Cliff Reid, catches his breath and takes in the view of Resurrection Bay, with the Resurrection Peninsula in the background and a ridge of Bear Mountain in the foreground.

Photo by Dano Michaud

GENERAL MEETING

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Back in person! Speaker T.B.A.

Article Submission: Text and photography submissions for *the Scree* can be sent as attachments to mcascree@gmail.com. Articles should be submitted by the 11th of each month to appear in the next issue of *the Scree*. Do not submit material in the body of the email. Do not submit photos embedded in the text file. Send the photo files separately. Send high resolution file photos separately, including captions for each photo. We prefer articles that are under 1,000 words. If you have a blog, website, video, or photo links, send us the link. Cover photo selections are based on portraits of human endeavor in the outdoors. Please submit at least one vertically-oriented photo for consideration for the cover. Please don't forget to submit photo captions.

New Geographic Names

At its July 14 meeting, the Domestic Names Committee of the U.S. Board on Geographic Names approved the proposals to make official the names Tl'useł Vena, for a lake in the Lake and Peninsula Borough, and Unhghenesditnu, for a stream near Kalifornsky in the Kenai Peninsula Borough. The MCA's Geographic Names Committee had issued letters for both names, stating it had no objections to the proposals.

Both names are Dena'ina names with Tl'useł Vena translating to "Pants Lake" and Unhghenesditnu translating to "farthest creek over." Tl'useł Vena is northwest of the Bonanza Hills and southeast of, and drains to, the Mulchatna River northeast of Half Cabin Lake. Unhghenesditnu flows west-northwest from its head west-northwest of Reflection Lake to its mouth at Cook Inlet and Kalifornsky.

Steve Gruhn

Volunteer Opportunity - September 17th

Alaska Trails invites MCA members to help brush out the Eklutna Lakeside Trail. Details for this and other volunteer events can be found at <https://www.alaska-trails.org/current-volunteer-opportunities>

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For the MCA Membership Application and Liability Waiver, visit <http://www.mtnclubak.org/index.cfm?useaction=members.form>.



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



Announcements

Mountaineering Club of Alaska Ice Fest 2022

Jayme Mack Fuller has informed the Board that she will once again lead the organization of Ice Fest. Thank you, Jayme! Ice Fest 2022 will take place at the Matanuska Glacier, September 23-25. Registration opened August 16th and will be limited to 50 participants. Registration is only online. Prior to the event there will be a mandatory meeting and gear check in person, most likely the week of September 19th.

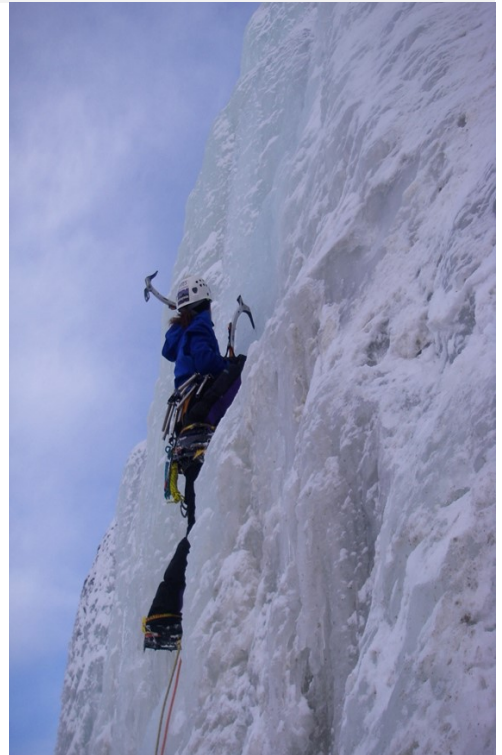
Learn modern ice climbing techniques, rope management skills and socialize with other local climbers in a weekend. All abilities welcome. Must be 18 years old. Some equipment available.

Cost: \$85. (MCA membership also required.)

Ice Fest registration is only available on Eventbrite and opened Aug. 16th. Registration will close Sept. 16th.

Visit www.mtnclubak.org and the Training web-page to register or for more info e-mail: mcaicefest@gmail.com.

Contact: Jayme Mack Fuller, 907-382-0212



Ice Fest Volunteers Needed

MCA Ice Fest is recruiting instructors for the event September 23-25 at the Matanuska Glacier.

It is preferred if instructors can volunteer both days, September 24 and 25.

Camping fees and glacier access fees are paid by the MCA if you volunteer. All instructors must be current MCA members. Ropes and anchor material are provided by MCA.

There will be an instructor meeting on Wednesday, Sept 21 at 6 p.m. (location to TBA).

Photo by
Andrew Holman



Alien Peak (5,079 feet), Central Chugach Mountains

Text and photos by Kaleb Notte



Alien Peak from Point 4780.

I proposed the name Alien Peak because it sits on the ridge of Meteorite Mountain and Satellite Peak. Meteorite Mountain received its name after a meteorite hit the peak in 1927 – though, some say a UFO hit the peak and the wreckage got lost in the crevasses.

The day started with a 15-minute hike to Browns Creek. The snow bridge had seen better days, but with the water only being shin-deep, it was worth the risk of it collapsing.

The bushwhacking was tame. It wasn't much more than weaving in and out of trees. Note this was in April and would not be the case in the summer. The freezing level was 1,500 feet so there was no freeze crust the entire time I was below tree line.

In the alpine, bear prints were abundant but there were no bears in sight. At 3,000 feet the route came into view for the first time since leaving the car. I snowshoed all the way to 4,400 feet, where I switched to crampons. The ridge was in great shape, it had awesome snow coverage, very few cornices and just pristine views.

At 4,600 feet I ran into the first crux, the gendarme on the ridge. I tried to negotiate it by going climber's left but the snow was offering very little purchase. I ended up going climber's right on the western face and traversing across a near vertical drop.

Once around the gendarme, the climb to the false summit was in sight and the ridge widened up for a short period of time. This section briefly offered some relief from exposure before the main crux.

The crux of the climb starts when you reach 4,780 feet. I was able to set eyes on the last 300 feet of the climb. The view of this in person was breathtaking, it was the coolest ridge I had seen. The crux of the climb was dropping around 80 feet on class 4 crud and snow to reach the col before the final summit push.

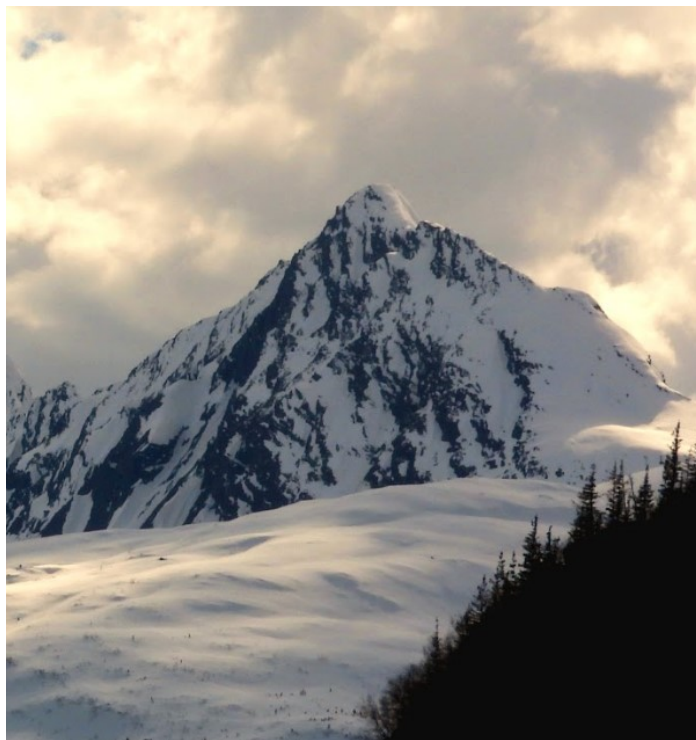
The snow climb was so much fun to the summit. I stayed climber's left as much as I could because there were a few small cornices overhanging the west face of the peak. Shortly after starting from the col, I was standing on Alien Peak. The views, as always, never disappoint in the Central Chugach and I was rewarded with a unique perspective of Meteorite Mountain.

Time on the summit was very short, it was warming up and snow was softening quickly. I dropped the 300 feet back to the col and carefully climbed up the class 4 crud back to the point at 4,780 feet. The down climb back was rather easy as I just had to retrace my steps back down and carefully traverse the gendarme. The snow was becoming super sticky, so after each step I had to

slap my ax against my boot to clear out my crampons of snow. The ridge is a no fall zone; self-arresting would be near impossible if you failed to self-belay.



The Browns Creek crossing with Moccasin Peak in the background



Alien Peak from Keystone Canyon.



The ridge of Alien Peak after the gendarme.



The down-climb from Point 4780.

Big Moe: Marathon Mountain (4,826 feet), Kenai Mountains

Text and photos by Dan Michaud



Cliff Reid, on the move on our descent with the summit of Marathon Mountain in the upper right hand corner.

On the approach to Seward, while dropping down out of the hemlock forest on Highway 9 (the Seward Highway), milepost 7, one cannot help but notice the ominous peak that dominates the skyline which is Marathon Mountain, standing at 4,826 feet. Its rocky, pointed top is just one of the many novel characteristics of this peak. As with any good scrambling peak around the Alaska coast, there is a mixture of natural challenges, from rock that crumbles around you to scree as soft as silk, ancient snowpack, winds, extreme temperature variation, chasms, fog, cornice drops, rockfall and my personal favorite, the alders and devil's club. These are just a few of the challenges that make up a fabulous day in the mountains and Marathon Mountain provides some of these varying fancies.

From my front door, it's six city blocks to the Jeep Trail and the start of our adventure. This trail is used by many local folk to quickly access the Race Trail or to venture farther up into The Bowl, a beautiful mountain cirque where 99% of travelers stop, some to camp, picnic or turn to the south and head up to Race Point. Cliff Reid and I moved on and took a water break at the north end of The Bowl and then donned our helmets and the illustrious microspikes. This ultra-packable set of stainless-steel spikes that most folks associate with light travel or trail running on snow

and ice was introduced to our summer pack during the 3-day rain soaked search for Michael LeMaitre after the 2012 Mount Marathon Race. Tired of slipping and falling on our bums, Harold Faust suggested that while we were on these wet grassy slopes beating around in the bushes we should use our microspikes to help avoid these challenges; the rest is history and now these can be found in our packs throughout the year.

From the cirque looking up at the mountain, we picked the obvious vegetated slope and began our steps up her flanks, ever vigilant of the rockfall that might unexpectedly peel off from the rocky ridgeline above. It seemed impossible for us to just climb a direct route to the summit as some folks do; no not with us, we continually stopped to take in a picture of a flower, bird or unusual rock that our eyes used to distract us from our goal, the summit of Marathon Mountain. I do wonder sometimes, if the summit is really our goal or an excuse to view the world missed by all those who choose not to go, for the grounds around the summit proper are usually the least captivating.

Dodging a few free-falling rocks kept us alert of the above possibilities. As we climbed the lichened slope and transitioned to rock, the problem solving began. Looking up at that angle and trying to

figure out before we moved, we were constantly questioning, “Do we keep moving up in one direction or do we need to backtrack or go around a certain rock situation?” Staying close together we were on a class 4 scramble on our way up through the boulder and rock. The rock in this part of the country has little to be desired because of the constant freeze, thaw, freezing action that it goes through all year. It has a person constantly wondering when the whole mountain is coming down.

Now on the ridge, the view changed drastically. Traveling upwards and to the west, I was once again amazed that on the other side was a whole new world, the east face of Phoenix Peak at 5,187 feet was a looming castle-like figure. To the west and farther beyond her pointed peak was the Harding Icefield and the many mountains and nunataks that dot the Harding, a land that appears to be a micro version of the prehistoric Ice Age.

For a moment we stopped to look back at where we came from; we could see a portion of town, The Bowl, and the skyline ridge trail to Race Point. We were now above all of that and it was possible to see folks out hiking in those local favorites. For me what is awe inspiring is the East Range across the bay, with Mount Alice, the monolithic beauty and the central main figure. North of Alice is Mount Eva (Alice’s sister), Tiehacker Mountain, Hearth Mountain and Paradise Peak and to the south of Alice is Mount Mary (Alice’s mom), Santa Ana Peak, Watchtower and Likes Peak. In addition, the many island mountains nestled in the bay, like Fox, Hive and Rugged Islands never tire out the imagination.

Now on the main ridge traveling west, we worked our way through a series of scrambles in and around



Taking a break, Cliff Reid & I look out over Seward's small boat harbor & railroad yard, Mount Alice in the center background and the skyline ridge to "Race Point" in the lower right hand corner.

sketchy boulders, loose rock, shale and scree. This was one of those classic ridge scrambles with exciting movement and sights, where as much concentration is devoted to my surroundings as my foot placement. There are times when I curse myself for not taking these situations more seriously and concentrating on what's really important, safe travel. It's a double-edged sword that I must respect, for it is the views and experience that pull me outdoors and the safe travel that brings me back home.

Nearly 400 meters from the summit, the ridge opened up and flattened some, and here the snowpack formed in ancient layers of wind-blown snow and rime ice. The sizes and shapes of these snow domes, as I like to call them, change with the season. They sit on top with the core shape sloping

down to the north side and into the Japanese Creek valley, the edges can't be seen, which can keep the traveler in a haunting wonder, so we move on.

On the peak, a pile of large summit stones was stacked six to

nine meters high and appeared to be sticking out of the snowpack reaching southwards like the wind. It was easy to spot the summit register as someone had replaced the Nalgene bottle with an ammo can, a 3" X 6" X 12" long olive drab green metal can with a watertight locking lid. We dug through the stuff inside; there were three Ziplock bags, two of which had small yellow logbooks accompanied by a pen and pencil, one even had a 4-inch pocket knife. We read the previous posts and signed our John Hancocks. Looking around in a 360-degree slow turn, it's hard not to be awe inspired at the cryosphere we were a part of, for just that moment. From here, the countless beauties and wonder kept adding up, the mountain, glaciers, ridge and cirques, the ones we've climbed before, the



Cliff Reid toys with some remnants of a mountain goat's coat, left behind from shedding for a new winter coat, an unusually large piece.

ones we haven't yet and the impossible one, they were all available for viewing as by now the clouds had lifted and we were in a blissful mountain moment. These are fleeting and so was our time on top. We geared up for the other half of the adventure, the descent down the back side of this extraordinary peak. This day was still stacking up to be filled with adventure.

The snow dome on the top was also part of our exit strategy, this perennial snowpack was in great shape for travel and to stick with the plan, we began the last half of this trek heading northwest down from our summit perch. As we moved northwest and down, crampons securely fastened, the view of our route became more obvious.

The snowpack drops from the top into a pass that separates the Japanese Creek Glacier to our north and Lowell Canyon to the south. We turned south, for this valley would take us to Jefferson Street, USA, 3.5 miles away. We had glissaded part of our 600-foot summit-to-pass descent, but I was really anticipating the 300 meters (+/-) glissade into Lowell Canyon to be one of the best parts of this trip. I had adventured up this peak two other times and both were at different times of the season, with different snow conditions; this time was no different. From the top of the pass, the angle of the drop is considerable for a full-on glissade and yet does not require setting pro. So, we stepped our heels in hard as we made our way down to a more comfortable angle where we dropped to our bums and began to slide. This travel moved us along and as the angle leveled out, the slides became fast walking with some sections of skate skiing moves that I use to scoot along under these conditions. This snow was glorious and made for some great travel which carried us for the first mile. As the snowpack ended the vegetation began. We followed the snow to the



Cliff Reid strolling the upper snow domes as he makes his way to the summit of Marathon Mountain.

open water and the raging boil of Lowell Creek. The previous winter's snowfall and this summer's heat started out in record high temperatures which provided perfect conditions for a high volume of meltwater.

Filling our water bottles from a waterfall just off the summit and with lunch in our bellies, we were ready for the chore of bushwhacking. All I remembered from my last two trips was to stay to the right of the creek. Or was it high and to the right? Oh well, we followed the creek, maintaining some distance from her watery edge, varying anywhere from 10 to 20 meters above it. The thick vegetation was still soaking from the previous day's rain and the alder once again proved to be our traveling buddy as we moved

along using them as belays. With an occasional grabbing of the wrong branch, the devil's club, reminded us of who the Gatekeeper of this valley truly is.

Traveling precariously alongside the creek, the vegetation varied in height and density. At times it was like we were floating through ferns some 1.25 meters high, or the scrambling in and around the alders with a constant wet and slippery surface to be considered, all the while looking at the raging creek below, I kept telling myself words of caution, reminding myself to "pay attention" for a misstep or slip would end in a miserable outcome.



Looking down at the pass that separates Lowell Creek canyon to the left and Japanese Creek Glacier to the right. I call it Jap-Lo Pass.

Now a mile from town, I was starting to get a little concerned, for the end of our trail was Jefferson Street and we needed to be on the north side of this creek to accomplish this. The two avalanche chutes I was relying on were not there and a water crossing just didn't sit right with me, not only was the creek at its highest level but a slip would result in boulder-bashing ride to the outflow, which would result in me becoming a human projectile flying through the Lowell Creek diversion

tunnel, with an outpour on the other side of Bear Mountain.

But luck would have it, as we turned the last corner in the creek, we got excited to find a snow bridge where no one had been before. We cautiously crossed over, then sidehilled a stiff scree slope to the main trail out.

The last half mile we strolled through the stone and dirt rubble into town, this gave us a moment to reflect on what we had just done. We knew our success was based on luck and some decent planning when it came to the weather, well knowing that a sway in the conditions could have resulted in a totally different outcome. And that's why our mantra is *Carpe Diem*, Seward style.

Dano Michaud, strolling up to the summit. It was a beautiful day so when we got on top we leisurely walked around on the snow domes enjoying the view, At the summit rock base we met up and got on top together.



Cliff Reid, takes a break and takes in the views just below the summit as we head down into the Lowell Creek canyon.

Dano Michaud sidehilling the fern forest of the lower Lowell creek canyon, it was a causal area to take this picture as most of the time we were in the D&A, (devil's club and alder)



Good Walking and Clear Water, Baird Mountains

Text and photos by Luc Mel



Sarah Mehl Histan paddles the Omar River.



Hiking in the Baird Mountains after paddling the Omar River.

In August of 2015, Sarah Mehl Histan and I traveled to the villages of Noatak and Kivalina, in northwestern Alaska, as part of the Skiku/NanaNordic volunteer program. These programs provide skis and coaches to village schools throughout Alaska. Skiku has been successful, in large part due to its consistency—returning to the same villages year after year. In that spirit, Sarah and I spent those autumn days taking over the PE classes and assisting the cross-

country running coaches.

After our time at the Noatak school, our friend and Noatak teacher Timm Nelson guided us to the corner of the Baird Mountains accessible by the Noatak River. We spent a few days making a ~16-mile hike and packraft loop. It was a trip of contrasts: some of the absolute best (ridge) and worst (valley) hiking we'd ever experienced in Alaska.

Our time with Timm planted the seed for a return to the Baird Mountains. I suspected that, if we could avoid the low country (the tussocks), we'd find some of the best, sustained, off-trail hiking in Alaska.

In 2022, we made it back to the Bairds. We planned to be in the mountains for a few weeks, with a migrating basecamp that would allow us to hike and packraft short loops with lighter packs. We flew from Kotzebue to a gravel strip in the alpine to avoid the tussocks in the lowlands, and paddled the rivers out to Kotzebue for our exit.

Sarah had a sore throat when we landed, which quickly developed into an energy-sapping illness, probably COVID (though, she tested negative that morning). I geared up to do some day hiking on my

own, but after watching a grizzly bear from camp, we decided to stick together. We spent a few days laying low, and started hiking when Sarah's energy came back. Once Sarah had recovered, it was my turn to be sick!

We were fortunate to have planned a basecamp-style trip ... it allowed us to lay low when we needed to, and we were still able to hike and float the two rivers that bound this isolated pod of the Brooks Range: the Omar and Agashashok (Agi), (we didn't paddle the Squirrel River, which flows south to Kiana).

The Omar River first caught my attention when browsing photos on Google Earth. A photo near a mining camp shows a pool of clear blue water bound by limestone rock outcrops and spruce trees. It is a gorgeous setting—an image that held on to real estate in my brain for several years.

We paddled fifteen miles of the Omar, with barely enough water. The joke, while scraping our way down the river, was, "at least it's not scary!" My impression is that this is typical of the Baird rivers—too unreliable to be a paddling destination. We 'starfished' (splayed) our way down much of the river and celebrated stretches that didn't involve grounding out.

But the water that is there ... is gorgeous. The mountains are nearly entirely limestone, which erodes into cobbles and tiny suspended crystals but not much sand- or silt-sized particles. The suspended crystals scatter light on the green-blue end of the visible spectrum. The deeper the water, the darker the color.

After two comfortable days paddling the Omar, we hiked ridges, Peak 2404 and dry valleys to complete a loop back to our starting point. True to our expectations, this was some of the best walking we've experienced in Alaska.

After completing the Omar loop and taking another sick rest day, we packed to move the basecamp westward, toward our exit on the Agi River. We had planned a three-day hiking loop, but lost those days due to our illnesses.



Sarah Mehl Histan hikes through the Baird Mountains.

Hiking toward the Agi was about as good as it gets—caribou trails on rocky soils.

We reached the headwaters of the Agi in time to catch several days of low clouds and heavy rain. We had each read ~five books on our kindles during our sick days, so we traded kindles for new book selections. We both liked [Greenwood](#), with [The Shadow Land](#) as a close second.

One evening I sent an inReach message to our in-town contact, from the tent, and then set the device aside. Some time later, the inReach chirped to indicate an incoming message. I thought I heard something outside the tent react to the chirp, so I stuck my head out the door and spotted a very round and fuzzy grizzly bear running away from the tent. I don't know how close the bear had been, but it was reassuring to see its motivation to make space.

The rain was actually welcome. We'd seen a little bit of the upper Agi during our flight, and concluded that it was too shallow to float. We anticipated needing to hike the first 30 river miles. But the rain brought in enough water so that we only hiked five miles before inflating our packrafts.



Hiking through the Baird Mountains, toward the Agashashok River.

The Agi was a wonderful float. The water was more green than the clear/blue of the Omar, but the benign canyon walls and good gradient made for a scenic, fast, and interesting float. We loved it.

The Agi doubles in volume after 30 river miles, and the canyon walls are replaced by forested or tundra slopes. We had a second fun animals-from-the-tent episode on the lower banks of the Agi. We woke up in the

morning to loud clomping coming toward us. It is pretty typical for one of us to wake in the night thinking we heard something, but it is almost always the wind, the flapping tent, water, or nothing. Not this time!

We threw the door open, bear spray in hand, and watched as a moose cow and calf sprinted down the gravel bar toward our tent.

Then they waded across the river. The cow (wading) herded the calf (swimming) to shore, and looked ready to use her muzzle to bump the calf up out of the water.

Wide awake, we started packing and preparing for another day on the water. Later that day we were thrilled to see ~20 musk oxen on the gravel bar.

After an uncomfortably windy afternoon (it put the open-water packraft fatalities into perspective), and skirting around a permafrost cutback, we spent a night at the confluence of the Noatak. We were met the next day by Kotzebue friends James Austin, Will, Hannah, and James' sister for a boat ride to Kotzebue. It would be possible to paddle these last 30 miles to Kotzebue, but it wouldn't be much fun, especially with the typical headwind.

Our trip ended up being about 35 hiking and 70 paddling miles. My overall impression of the Bairds is that they have some of the best hiking terrain in Alaska. The hiking opportunities, especially in the central and eastern regions, are unlimited.

But it would be hard to plan a paddling trip to the Bairds. We timed our trip to catch the end of the snow melt pulse (mid-June). There was still snow on the banks—but even so, we were late. Or early. I think you probably just have to catch the rain.

Thanks to James and Will for the ride, and Kris and Amy Rose for mid-day hospitality. We flew with Eric Sieh of Arctic Backcountry.



The Omar River.



The Omar River.



Hiking in the Baird Mountains.



A break on the banks of the Agashashok River.



The Agashashok River.

Peak of the Month: Rusty Mountain (7,168 feet), Central Chugach Mountains

Text by Steve Gruhn

Mountain Range: Central Chugach Mountains

Borough: Matanuska-Susitna Borough

Drainage: Wolverine Creek

Latitude/Longitude: 61° 37' 23" North, 148° 41' 47" West

Elevation: 7168 feet

Adjacent Peaks: Peak 6950 in the Carpenter Creek drainage and Peak 5436 in the Wolverine Creek drainage

Distinctness: 1438 feet from Peak 6950

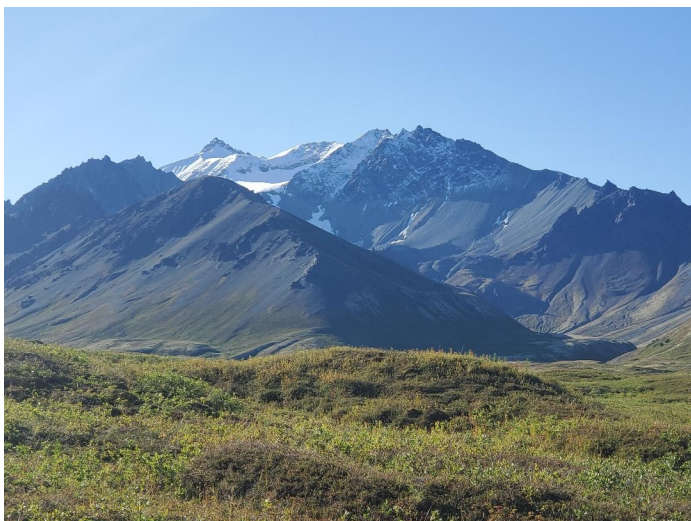
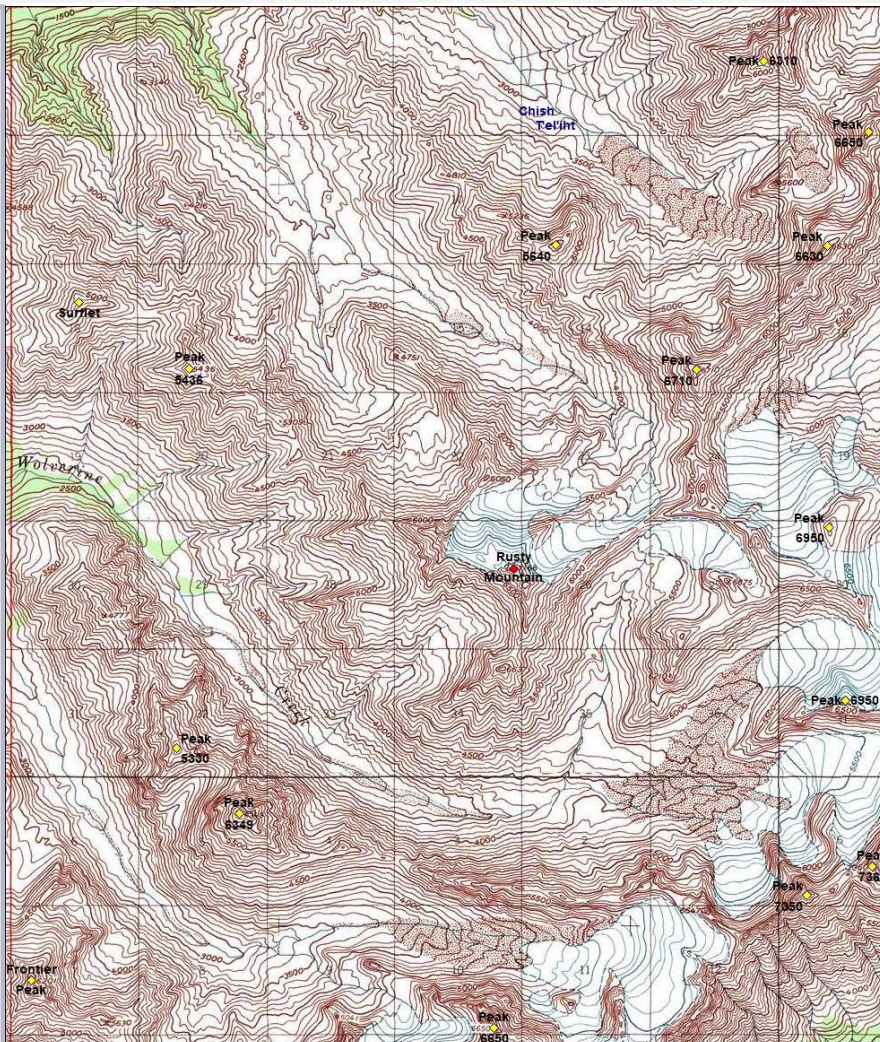
Prominence: 1438 feet from either Peak 7190 in the Carpenter Creek, Friday Creek, and Wolverine Creek drainages or Peak 7530 in the Carpenter Creek and Friday Creek drainages

USGS Maps: 1:63,360: Anchorage (C-5); 1:25,000: Anchorage C-5 SW

First Recorded Ascent: July 5, 1997, by Phil Fortner and William G. Hersman

Route of First Recorded Ascent: North face and ridge

Access Point: Wolverine Lake



Northwest aspect of Rusty Mountain.
Photo by Kaleb Nottle

On July 5, 1997, Phil Fortner and Willy Hersman headed up a Bureau of Land Management trail north of Wolverine Lake. After entering the unnamed valley north of Wolverine Creek, they ascended the north face and north ridge of the highest peak in that unnamed drainage. Near the summit, which overlooked Wolverine Creek, they found crumbly, rust-colored volcanic rock in abundance. This colored rock led the party to write the name Mount Rusty in the register they left on the summit. However, Hersman used the name Rusty Mountain in his published summary of their trip, which is the origin of the name I've used in this column.

A spot elevation that appeared on the USGS' 1951 *Anchorage (C-5) Quadrangle* stated the summit elevation of Rusty Mountain was 7168 feet. However, the contour lines on the USGS' 2016 *Anchorage C-5 SW Quadrangle* indicated that the

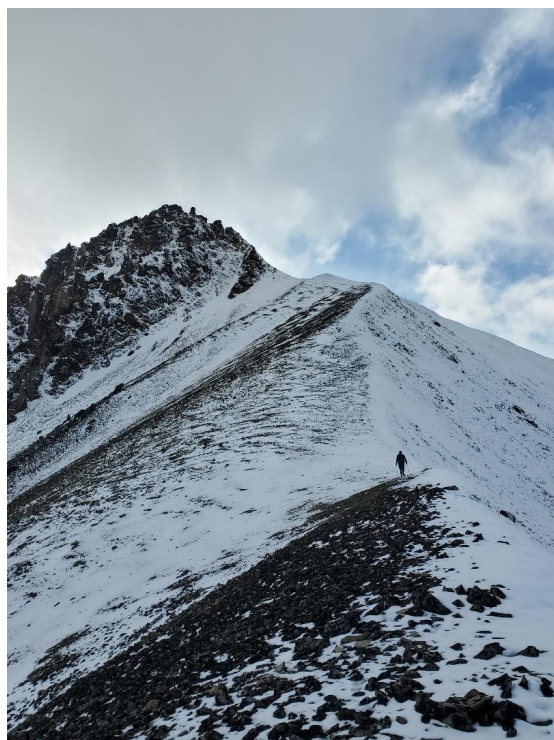
summit elevation was between 7040 and 7120 feet. For this column I've used the summit elevation reported on the 1951 map because I've found numerous errors with the new map series, and in cases where the new map conflicts with the old map, I prefer to use the data from the old map.

On June 25, 2005, Wendy Sanem, Kathy Still, and Kathy Zukor parked near the end of Wolverine Road near Wolverine Lake, headed up the trail to the airstrip on the northwest side of the lake, and continued up the all-terrain vehicle trail to timberline, and placed a camp about two miles north of Rusty Mountain. On June 26 the trio climbed Rusty Mountain via its northeast ridge, encountering sun-softened snow slopes, and then returned to their camp. The next day Sanem returned to the car, while above their camp, Still and Zukor made the earliest known ascent of Peak 5640 overlooking the Chish T'el'ih drainage to the north and east.

On August 21, 2021, Daniel Glatz and Kaleb Notte departed from Wolverine Lake on bikes, following the route to timberline used by the previous parties. They hiked up the unnamed valley and attained the northeast ridge of Rusty Mountain. From the northeast ridge they wrapped around the western aspects of the peak to ascend the southwest face to the summit.

I don't know of a fourth ascent of Rusty Mountain.

The information for this column came from Hersman's brief report under the "Climbing Notes" section of the September 1997 *Scree*; from Notte's trip report on peakbagger.com; from my correspondence with Glatz, Notte, and Still; and from my conversation with Still.



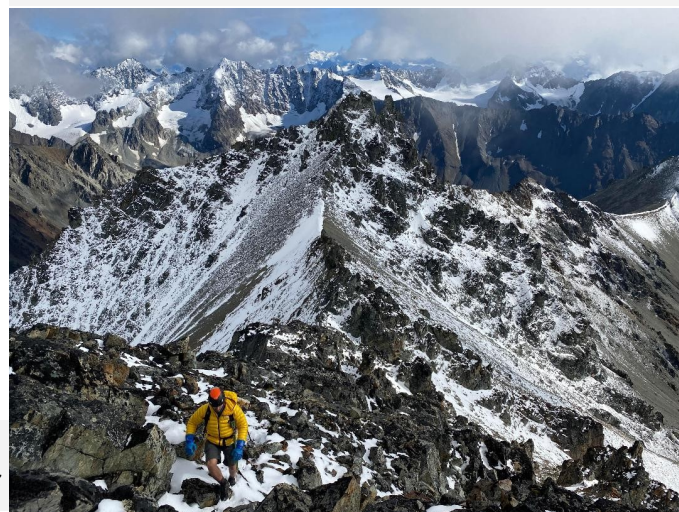
*Dan Glatz ascends the northeast ridge of Rusty Mountain.
Photo by Kaleb Notte*



*View to the east from the northeast ridge of Rusty Mountain.
Photo by Kaleb Notte*



*Kaleb Notte on the
northwest ridge of
Rusty Mountain.
Photo by Dan Glatz*



*Kaleb Notte on the southeast ridge of Rusty Mountain.
Photo by Dan Glatz*

Board of Directors Meeting Minutes

July 27, 2022. No July Meeting

Roll Call

Gerrit Verbeek (President) - Absent
Nathan Pooler (Vice-President) - Absent
Curtis Townsend (Secretary) - Absent
Katherine Cooper (Treasurer) - Absent
Coleman Ahrens (Director) – Absent
Brendan Lee (Director) - Absent
Josh Pickle (Director) - Absent
Heather Johnson (Director) - Absent
Andy Kubic (Director) - Absent
Peter Taylor (Director) - Absent
Mike Meyers (Past President) - Absent

Time and location of next meeting

- General Meeting (Wednesday) September 7th, 2022. T.B.A, with additional gatherings to be organized during the summer.
- Next Board Meeting on August 31, 2022, via Zoom



DAWNING OF A NEW DAY

Sunrise at 5,809-foot King Mountain in the northwestern Chugach Mountains. On the summit ridge (northeast) is a plaque commemorating Alaskan Ger McDonnell, the first Irishman to summit 28,251-foot K-2, the second-highest mountain in the world. McDonnell summited K-2 in the Karakoran Range in August 2008, but on the descent he and 10 other climbers were killed in an avalanche. McDonnell was last seen helping injured climbers.

King Mountain photo taken from the Glenn Highway March 30, 2022 by Frank Baker

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

President	Gerrit Verbeek	president@mtnclubak.org	Director 1 (term expires in 2022)	Coleman Ahrens	board@mtnclubak.org
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			Director 5 (term expires in 2023)	Andy Kubic	board@mtnclubak.org
			Director 6 (term expires in 2023)	Peter Taylor	board@mtnclubak.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@mtnclubak.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. Material should be submitted by the 11th of the month to appear in the next month's *Scree*.

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@mtnclubak.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: Katherine Cooper — 209-253-8489 — membership@mtnclubak.org

Hiking and Climbing Committee: Vacant—training@mtnclubak.org

Mentorship: Katherine Cooper and Lila Hobbs—mentorship@mtnclubak.org

Huts: Greg Bragiel—350-5146 or huts@mtnclubak.org

Calendar: Lexi Trainer

Librarian: Gwen Higgins—library@mtnclubak.org

Scree Editor: Abbey Collins — MCAScree@gmail.com assisted by Dawn Munroe (350-5121 or dawn.talbott@yahoo.com)

Web: www.mtnclubak.org

Find MCAK listserv at <https://groups.io/g/MCAK>.

*Sarah Mehl Histand paddles down the Agashashok River.
Photo by Luc Mehl.*

Mountaineering Club of Alaska
Box 243561
Anchorage, AK 99524-3561