SEFTEIBER iLLTIMG: Willow Park Recreation Hall, 9th and Fairbanks, 8:00 p.m., londay, Sopteribor 20. The program will be a slido presentation by several club nembers shorring their porsonal clinbing exporionces.

## Dale Hagen

I took advantage of the good weather and sct out to traverse Alyeska from the chair lift to the highray. I uanted to survey the route before the scheduled club climb. (Ed, note: this climb did not take place as no one called Dale.) Solo climbing is bad for safoty but good for the soul. I wont solo, lishing to make the ascent no harder than necessary, I waited for the chair lift to start up at 12 o'clock.

Leaving the chair lift and the Round House my routo uas up the medial ridge and into the clouds. Through the clouds the sun fillercd as a flat disk, but then sometimes bright and warm. This ridge is marvelous hiking. At the top of it I uncoiled ry nets 9 mm perion rope, draped it around a substantial rock projection, and rappelled dow the other side to the snow which still filled the Virgin Creek bowl. I gave one end of the rope a pull to start coiling it up again, but the rock had hold of it and wouldn't let go, I clinbed back up, draped the rope around a smaller, more cooperative looking rock, and rappelled down again. Another tug of war and again the rock von. This time, nuttering, I climbed up, used a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch sling, said, "you can have that one, grabby", and rappelled dow again.

With the rope finally coiled and gear appropriately arranged, I sat dow, rump poised on the snow edge, ice axe ready to stab in, gave a little foruard lurch, and shot off in a fast sitz-schuss into the Virgin Creek Boul. Wet Pants, A walk across the bowl in warm sunshine brought me to another, but nuch steeper, medial ridge. If route was up this ridge, sometimes on the rock uhich was torn apart from the earthquake, and sometimes kicking steps in the snow. The top of this ridge was as far as Teresa Overfield and I had climbed in liarch.

Fron here the traverse to the main peak was a doum-to-the-saddle-and-up hike. There were ptarmigan around the rocks and a hauk circling overhead. I/mx appeared to be after the ptarnigan too; their toiletry was conspicuous in confined areas on the cornices (once a year flush). The ra in peak ( $4,435^{\circ}$ ) strept free of clouds at $5: 30 \mathrm{p} . \mathrm{m}$. when I arrived there. I could see the Double lusky and the Tigers Den so I hollered for a beer, but nobody rushed out with one that I could see. Lousy service. The register conti ned two names fron lay 30, 1959: Keith Hart, 1.CA, and Arion Fiebig. They had ascended by way of Kern loountain, and this was ry route dowm after taking a feu photos. A couple of miles of hiking the undulations of the ridge brought me to the top of the avalanche area where the highay is being re-routed. The descent here took two hours. I used ny crampons on the steep slippery slope, and I tould say it was fairly unpleasant.
The traverse took ten hours in all which is a long day for a ionday-to-Friday swivel chair operator; however, I do recommend it for the average and in-condition climber. The peculiar way Girdvood folks name mountains makes it a four nountain trip. If you go up via lax's nountain', you could make it five nountains in one day. The niddle two are the highest of the five and unnamed; I hereby name these last Berg and West Berg. If you don't like these two clever names or this method of naning Lfountains, porhaps te can agree that anything clinbabic in one day is one wountrin, if that. In this caso, the whole tiin ne would be Azyeaka iountoin. Hell, iyj doy tras not quite over; I still had a walk to the Double i.usly fo cet that beor:
1.CHUGH PLAK NRLA

August 1, 1965
Sally Hague
It uas a beautiful Sunday morning, one of those nearly perfect $A l_{\text {aska }}$ days urith Mispy clouds and internittent sunshine. Hine of us-Carol DeVoe, Fred Flanders, Larry Sanders, Rick Edmonds, Lee Chandier, a friend of Iee's, Pete Aude (a neighbor of our's), ny husband Bill, and I-left the Safeway parking. lot bound for the lethugh Peak area.

All three cars (including Fred's low slung Porsche) $\mathrm{m}_{\mathrm{g}} \mathrm{de}$ it up Rabbit Greek Road and Golden View Drive to Ivan and Ora Stewart's poppyfield and homestead where we took off on foot. Ue decided to head for the highest point of the lichugh Peak ridge and so continued via the drive up to the ridge separating Potter Creek Valley from Little Rabbit Creek Valley and headed up the ridge. Our lovely tundra valk led us

## 2.

up the gentle slope to a steeper area and finally to the rocky sururit of "4301", two peaks back fron that the Geological Survey mop calls licHugh Peak. Here we truly had "a lun ch with a view"--distant Anchorage and Cook Inlet shoring faintly beyond the valleys and peaks before us, the inpressive Suicide Peaks vith a tiny lake at their feet from thich icHugh Creek wends its way to Turnagain irn, and the arm with the Kenai peaks misty in the distance.

Deciding to explore a little farther, ve followed a high narrow plateau eastuard to " $4298^{\prime \prime}$ which provided another nice viou of the Suicides. Fron there we descen ded to Idttle Ra bbit Creek Valley and followed the stroan out, enjoying the myriad of forget-me-n ots, monkshood, duarf dogrood, etc. After clinbing back up and crossing the rocky side slope of the ridge we'd originally ascended in the morning, we reached the roa d again and our cars.

Looking back at the peaks bathed in the afternoon sunshine, we agreed that this had been a most rewarding hike. It could easily be done in a morning or afternoon a n d affords some lovely views of the surrounding area.

SKLUTNA CABIN - PROGRLSS RERORT
August 21-22
Dave DeVoe
Four climbers managed to transport the materials an d install windows in the A-frane over the weekend of Auguet 21-22.

Steve Herrero, a visiting Sierra Clubber, and Dave DeVoe constructed the first sindow, a trapezoidal sheet of iylar (a non-stretching plastic) on Saturday. Having exhausted their carpentry skills, Steve and Lave went clinbing the next day, leaving the second window to be installed by Larry Sanders and Dernie Kazmierczak. The latter is a deluxe job, having two layers of iylar.

The cabin is in good shape, considering its environment. It does need further caulking and a paint job. The furniture built by the first 1965 visitors is very convenient. Wext major improvement---installation of a new stor e, which was donated for the cabin by grateful visitors tho waited out a blizzard in the $A$-frame oarly this year. Anyone planning a trip up that way is invited to pick up the stove (it breaks dow into at least two pieces, we're told) at Paul Crews' house.

PGLIET PLAK (5,665 ${ }^{1}$ )-- FINST HULAN ASCEIT
August 22
Dave DeVoe
The first ascender to b ave his mark on this peak tas an owl (according to Steve) THOO happened to regurgitate his indigestibles precisely on the sumit. The large white pellet is preserved in a plastic bag along with the register under a cairn.

Steve Hlerrero, a nember of the Sierra Club in Berkeley, a nd I left the Lklutna A-frame after breakfast on Sunday, August 22. We had no particular objective, but the day was too good (too good to be true, almost:) not to atteript something as ambitious as we had tine for.

By 7:30 a.a, we were at the point up-glacier where the cabin disappears from sight beneath the hurp of the ice there the large crevasses meet the side of Thite lice sountain. From there on it was a lone snow-slog; we were roped and probing the obvious splits in the snow, thich was quite hard and not bad for naking fairly fast tracks.

Is we tralked, we had several rope-length conferences as to that looked both uorthy and uithin reach. 'the peak we finally headed for is the southern culmination of the ridge that rims the eastern side of the snow boul between Pcril Peak (as seen from the cabin) and lhite Idice Iountain. Fellet seak lies at the head of a valley that drains due south into the wast Fork of bklutna -iver.

The climb was entirely on snow, with some corniced drifts to skirt, up to within a couple of hundred feet of the top. Then the rock summit was straight up on razor sharp crumbly stuff. I called it a "friction pitch" for the lack of friction. Oravity was the only dependable part of that slope. We found a nore interesting uay dom--along the ridgc, exposed, but solid enough, then switching back on what might have been a goat trail to the snow. (We'd seen sone goat tracks along the hichest snow ridge above the valley.)

It uas a perfect day---calm, 50 plus at the warmest, and clear. Lven the Californian had to adrit it was at least as good as the Sierras, and certainly different.

This tras an unofficial trip made by several I.CA nembers over the Labor Day weekend Gayle Neinhauser, Bill and Sally Hague, John and Helen Holfe (plus Johnny and David), and Jin Krob (who is planning to be a menber). We are submitting this account because we thought there raight be some interest in a current report on the cabin. We were delighted with the area and the many possibilitios it offers for hiking, goldpanning, blueberrying, and some quite respectable clinbing. This is a great place to have a cabin, and we only hope we can continue to have it.

The road to the cabin is quite driveable to within about a rile of the cabin. At that point Gayle parked his Chevy II, but the rest of us drove on over a badly washed out stretch. This included not only two four-wheel-drive vehicles but also the Hague's liicrobus. That doesn't necessarily mean that every oumer of licrobus or similar vehicle would want to drive all the way!

The cabin is no longer in very good condition. All of the windows are shot out as is the door latch. The roof badly needs repair; after a fers hours of rain vater begins to come through the ceiling in a few places. Dut the cabin is still very useable, and because of it we had an enjoyable weekend despite continual rain. The stove works, and there is a good supply of wood available from the old mine buildings. There is coal, too, but thether that is left from years past or belongs to the new owners we don't know.

Which brings up the subject of the net oumers. Evidently a C. Rasmussen and one or two partners purchased the mine equipment and buildings this summer. As far as they know this includes our cabin. Rasmussen has posted a no trespassing sign on the cabin, but our sign is still inside. Art Davidson reports that he met one of the partners a couple of weeks ago at the rine; he said that they ormed the cabin and were using it while they noved equipment out, but that we were welcome to use it when they were not. Fortunately we sau no one Labor Day weekend. Since the weekend we have been trying to track dom our rights to the cabin but to date have not gotten very far. One theory is that we were supposed to move the cabin, another that we were supposed to file something with the BLi: but didn't. Wo bave not yet exhausted our resources, but meamshile if anyone can give us any information on i.CA's rights to the cabin, please call John Wolfe at 272-7587 weekdays.

GIRDLUOD TO EAGLE RIVLI
This three day trok through the Chugach behind "nchoraco proved very successful despite overcast skies, danpness, and strong vinds at higher altitudes. Mithough we sam lots of gane, we encountered no bears. The trip is not a difficult one. There seens no question, however, that the trip should always be nade in this direction; most of the distance is dounhill and the route around nost of the alder is visible alead. We detoured fron the final two tiles of lower Raven Creek to avoid the deep gorge and alder tangles which plagued an $1 . C A$ winter trip a fou years ago, and I strongly reccormend this route to others. I also reccormend descending the right hand side of both Kaven Creek and Lagle liver. Crossing both is simple enouch if don. richt near the shallou headuaters.

Hiking began Saturday morning at 8:30 just short of the broken bridge across Grow Greek above Girdvood. Hine nade the trip. Six are ICA nembers: Bill and Sally Hague, John and Helen Wolfe, Leo Hannan, and Gaylo Heinhaueser. Also with us were three guests: Blga Dixon (nour a nember), Jim Krob, and Dob Ornerod.

Beyond the second bridge, the going was almost entirely on snow up throuch Crow Pass and into Maven Creek valley. As fas as the old mine we were on steep side slope drifts which completely covered the roadway. We never did resort to a rope, but some of the group found it a bit unnerving to look straight dow the snow slope to the floor of the deep gully below. A trail renained fron a reconnaissance trip the prior weekend, and the snou was soft enough to make steps easily where there vere none. The entire trip was afoot--no need for skis or snowshoes--in fact, they would have been a distinct hindrance by the end of the trip. In the early afternoon, after a lunch stop at the old wine ruins, and some tiring treadnill work up some rixed scree and snow to the hich road, we went through Crow Pass. For some reason, we had held hopes that the pass night be reasonably free of snot by this time of year, but the vient that greeted us as we topped the last rise was, at best, dismal. There appeared to be riles of flat, uninterrupted snoufield ahead. For a fen minutes all of us "took refuge" on a big rock, the only patch of bare ground to be seen. (Current summer reports say the rock stands about ten feet high from the ground.) That wes too siall for the nine of us to carp on, and our cars had beon driven back to town for us, so we had to mush on across the snows.


The snow was firm enough not to cause undue troubles, but the farther into the pass The sent the worse the weather becarie. The elevation is 3500 feet, and we were just imnediately belou the cloud cover; the wind was excessive, and there was a nixture of light rain and sone blouing snow coming doum. 'Fortunately, the temperature was not low, but the wind was very chilling. We were pleased to find that the Haven Creek end of the pass was free of snow (probably windstrept) and that we had a splendd view of Raven Clacier on our right. The lower end was free of snow and far below, and even on this overcast day gave good vieus of the blue-green coloring merging into a whiteout of snov and 10 clouds hicher up.
The going was slick but relatively easy on the rocky wet lateral noraine, and as we descended to the headvaters of Raven Creek the strong uind eased up considerably. We avoided the glacier and, for the most part, crossed the creek on deep snowfields. The fev scraps of running water were narrow enough to just step across. The route quickly changed from noraine and snow to tundra, then erass patches and alder clumps. Wie set up carp about 6 p.li, when the alder ahead began to appear a bit irpenetrable. iost of us had little sleep that night because the roaring wind doum through the valley set up a terrific flapping of tents. Tro slept quite well: Hele $n$ had ear plugs and didn't even knou the vind blew; Dob just rolled up in a poncho in the lee of a big boulder and had no flapping.

On Sunday morning we got a very late 9:30 start, and the day was again uindy and raut. We later agreed, though, that this was probably the perfect time of year for this trip; the leaves were not yet out on the alder, and the tall elephant grass had not yet cone up. The result was that we were able to see ahead quite well and plot our route around the alder thickets. We had some bushwhacking, but it was held to a minimum by following game trails through the ald er we couldn't go around. There is only one major side stream to cross on this sicie of Haven Creek, and we had no real trouble juming across although ue lost LIga for several ninutes thile she disappeared into the brush upstreas to find her oun fine crossing on a tundra-covered-rock bridge. Our lunch stopwas in a grassy clearing on the side slope where we had good views both upstrean towards the pass and doun towards the valley of bagle Iliver and several $7000^{\prime}$ peaks on the opposite side.

By this time everyone was trying to paln off his arn squirrel food on others. While nost of us were busily engaged in this pursuit, British Elga uas off in a sheltered nook breving tea. Suddenly the grass around her was in flapes, and nuch conmotion ensued as the fire was stamped out. This was followed by a microscopic exanination of the debris for the cap to her fuol tank. The search ended successfully, and eventually we noved on.
Defore long there tuas a cry of "Get out your cameras", and we discovered that we were on a portion of the old nail trail, definitely recognizable because it was a wide level path cut out of the steep side slope. The alders on the upper side droop across it, quite effectively hiding it, but it was a definite improvenent over straight bushwhacking.
${ }^{4}$ long this stretch Raven Creek begins to turn northuest a bit, nearly paralleling Lagle liver for its finol tro miles or so, and runs doum to Eagle Hiver in a narrout, brushy canyon. The route of our trip left the old derelict nail trail about here and ascended the ridge which divides the two watercourses. Topping this ridg e at about 1600 feet was probably the climax of the trip for nost of us. The worst of vind and weather vere behind us and the remaining day's work was to be nostly level walking. Then we topped this ridge, we looked straight dom to the bile-long blue glacial lake at the foot of Eagle Glacier, the blue-green glacier itself, and the spring green growth of the valley. We threaded our way straight dow the slope and through a fragrant evergreen rainfor est so deep in spongy noss that we couldn't even hear our steps. We dropped out onto the gravel bars of vagle Iliver and folloved the top of an old teritinal moraine to the river. Crossing the river was COLD but easy trading because we were early in the season and right at the heacwaters. Helen had brought her shorts, but everyone else just rolled their pants above their knees and stayed dry. Those who had brought tennis shoes for wading concluded that it $u_{0} s$ well worth while.
How we had easy walking, gravel bars with an occasional sortie through the woods there the main channel cut in close to shore. We vere coning out of the woods onto a gravel bar then Gayle and Leo stopped in horror, then tried to restrain Helen from going on. Ahead lay one of the monuments man builds to himself: a garbage dump. ince the beginming of the trip a battle had been raging over trash. A couple of the group had attempted to leave thoir cans and papers behind at the first lunch stop. First Helen, then vally, delivered lectures on the subject. The trash was not left behind. But the whole of Eagle Fiver valley is a mess. This particularly large dump, ve concluded, could only have been left by the military on official maneuvers. lany ciy ilian hunters have contributed their share in smaller piles the length of the valley.

## 5.

We carped Sunday night on a partially overgrom gravel bar perhaps a mile downstream from the point at which we had crossed. This left us eight or mine miles to do the following day. Ionday norning we continued at a very easy pace. fuch concern was manifested that if we started any earlier, walked any faster, or rested any less often the other iCA group coming upstream to meet us would have no hike at all.

By this time nost of us carried packs that were somethat lighter than they had been Saturday morning. Gayle's pa ck, however, grew steadily heavier. In addition to an interesting assortment of rocks, Elmer had joined us (goat horns). this morning he added his prize winich he retrieved and carried out at no little effort--a weather balloon.

Before starting most of us had decided to get our feet wet this last day and cross the smaller channels of the river rather than go around. For most of the morning Liga, whose boots repelled no water at all, held out-but eventually decided this took too much energy and joined us in sloshing along.
We found the other group, headed by large Prescott, having lunch along the well marked trail that connects the gravel bars with the homestead road. We ravenously devoured their fresh fruit and canned fruit juice, thon all headed back out. Before long there was the welcome sight of the $\mathrm{H}_{\text {ague's }}$ licrobus and our feithful friend, warie Lundstrom, sitting in a honestead clearing correcting papers. Larie had also gotten up at 5:30 Saturday morning to drive us to Cirdwood. A side trip took us all up to the Nolfe's nearby homestead where everyone relaxed over coffee and compared noted before heading back to the city.

On an improbable day toward the end of August we gathered. There was no premonition of disaster. Cramped into a carper, David ieyers, lick Parker, like Judd, and Art Davidson went away toward Peril Peak and $7280^{1}$.
is we wandered up Eklutna Qlacier, David was able to break his ice axe cutitinc an extraneous step. David proved to be such a boon to us throughout the trip that Hick dubbed him Da vey Boone after those other great mountain men. Henceforth Davey was niclonaned.

Then with some further ado canp was made at the western base of Peril Peak. Then norning came we headed toward $7280^{\prime}$. Up the glacier and on to a ne ridge which flattened out into a scrambling face we climbed. Reaching the summit by mid-day, ve named it lount Beelzebub. Because of its central location in the Western Chugach Beelzebub awarded us a magnificent vieu.

The day was clear and we thought variously of going to Peril now or climb a blackish blob to the east of Beelzebub which we were refering to as "The Last Raisin". $1 \%$ de cided i nstead to descend to a strean running on the glacier below, where a short winile later we managed to soak our boots in the icy water.

Louncing in carp, we looked forward to Peril the next day; until late afternoon then Beelzebub sent us Fichler Perchuard trith a huge black cloud. Down the glacier we rent to the cabin area. But as we entered this entresol the sun left us. Our error: ve should have left earlier, And ere long the air clouded, and our error ended o ur errant eyre. Soneone must have observed "I see an icy night ahead as in the mist we've missed the cabin. And I think someone nissed the sleeping bag he had decided not to bring.

After a night on the glacier we returned to Anchorage for a day of high school registering. $A$ day later our dubious band beat and groped up the Last Fork of the Rklutna River torard a group of peaks we never saw.
Up the LKlutna road we went, three in the canper cab, one on the running board. ilick, pundit, observing that Art's caraper is really a good ford truck, suggested te by-pass the bridges. And each crossing afforded the man on the running boand the opportunity of being doused.
Pinally up the trail we uent. But in the heat our original plans were further dampened then we cane to a tiny lake. The chilly water in the pond was really not suited for swiming, but then neither were we. A half hour later ve stood shtivering; realizing' we weren't real dryads after all. Caitp uas nade about three rilos from the road.

Starting again in the morning, it was soon obvious that as we proceeded chance of progress receeded. Ye turned around and, after dropping boots, people, and a Iittle more onthusiaen out of the camper, arrivod at the Enowbird cabin that night. The next morning, trith boots and enthusiasm gatharod, the people scattered again. In beautiful twather we hiked and scranbled around and above the Inowbird lane.

David leyers and Art Davidson clinbed peak 6x0 ${ }^{\prime}$ and, finding no evidence of a previous ascent, succeated the Tanaina indian name of Diditkama (ptarmigan) for this peak.

That nicht we went looking for the next day's rdshaps. After breving dinner in a laundronat, ve slept under the uatchful eye of Davey Doone in the Eagle River Camp Ground. Next norning ve charged up the Eagle River homestoad road, and spent a delightful morning opening gates and procrastinating with the wolfes.的 nid-afternoon Jolm had roused us into naking a scrambling climb sith him up to the lover sumait of lbunt Ferine $5690^{1}$.

This night it rainod, and, heading for the dry roof of Judd's Bird Creek cabin, the carper roof colapsed on ijke's head. The next morning daumed bright and clear, and 100 eagerly spen $t$ it sleeping in the cabin. That afternoon we got to " The Rocks ", and managed to cut tho hands and becone sleepy again.

As ve dozed into torm, all hoped to avoid such punishnent on our next trip.

## KCROHUSK 7030' Sopt. 1 Art Davidson

On September 1 I traversed Ferine Peak above the Nolfo's honestead at about the brush line. By mid-norning I was on the ridge of 7030', which meanders dotm into the Eagle River valley. I clinbed up the ridge until an increasing number of gendarnes forced me down onto sone scree and boulder slopes thich eventually led through patches of snow to the surait. Leaving a ting rogister, I suggested the nane Korohusk for this sumat which is really alnost a subsidiary suanit of $7450^{\prime}$. Korohusk means "cone in". I felt this nane appropriate because it is an inviting one day clinb, and also because it seeins to bo a feasible approach to $7450^{\prime}$. Incidently, I favor the name Kiliak (boegyman) for this peak.

HODIN SFIL $6135^{\prime}$
On hug. 18 Vin Hoonan and I went to the Snoubird line area in the Talkeetnas.Given a pleasant afternoon tro hiked up the enchanting Reed Greek fron the club cabin. Wie slept at lil20'. Tho next day presented us unith solid sun warned rock. Although ve belayed tuice, these pitches could be elininated, or nany others could be added We also clisbed and nanod Liar Spire thich is a shaft of rock that appears quite spectacular fron the valley. Our choice of this name vill be obvious to anyone cimbing the Liar Spirc. Though unclimbed, wo sugeest the name of Lover Tower for point $6129^{\prime}$ uh ich is only 61 lower than its close neighbor, tho Fificher Spire.

BiLLHFUL
7900 \&
Art Davidson
atching hopeful skies, Vin Hoeman and I walked into Baleful. We went up the Last Fork of the Elclutna River to where a slide alloved us to gain brush line on the prominent S! ridge vithout having to negotiate ary alder. We slept the first night at 4000 f .

On the morning of the 9th we gained the ridge and began the long and sometimes treacherous climb to the suruit. Je becan to encounter what difficulties as there were above the col at $6000^{\prime}$. Often on incredibly rotiten rock, we followed the ridge up and doum, over and around gendarnes, onto broken faces, into gentle areas, and onto numerous knifo edges. The crumbling rock made climbing not as difficult as dangerous in मany places. We climbed unroped, but in retrospect felt that we right have roped up in several places. Though we were benighted on the descent, Baleflal can be done in two days if one gets an early start each morning.

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