

MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF ALASKA
Vol 8 No 8
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JUNE MEETING: Tuesday, June 21st, Buffett Dinner, Sheffield House Travelers Lodge, 3rd & Barrow. No host cocktail hour 6:30 P.M. - 7:00 P.M., Dinner 7:00 P.M. \$4.25 Non-members, \$2.25 members. Make reservations by noon Saturday, June 18. Call Roy Hannan, 277-4748, or Lorge Laagoe 752-1163.

This is a dinner to honor Eric Shipton, President of the Alpine Club (London). Shipton will be climbing Mt Russell with the Hilton - Mount Russell Expedition, led by H. Adams Carter. Eric Shipton, one of the world's foremost mountaineers, has explored Everest many times, and in 1951 he led the reconnaissance expedition which discovered the route by which it was eventually climbed. His latest adventures have been in the Patagonian region of Chile and in the Tierra del Fuego. He has authored many books on mountaineering subjects.

ACTIVITY SCHEDULE

- JUNE 18-19:** CRESCENT LAKE--Leo Hannan, 277-4748, leader. Go up ridge, stay overnight at lake, down Crescent Lake Trail to Kenai Lake, along shore to start. Also O'HALLEY PEAK, June 18, Dave DeVoe, 333-5492.
- JUNE 24:** (Friday) Mid-summer's Night celebration-overnight on Flattop. Call Gary Hansen 272-1145. Bring a log and a firecracker. Families welcome.
- JULY 2-3-4:** Pioneer to Bold Peak traverse. Call John Wolfe 272-7698. Climb Pioneer (6938') and Bold (7522') and 15 mile ridge walk in between.
- JULY 2-3-4:** Eklutna Cabin work weekend. Dave DeVoe 333-5492 or Gary Hansen 272-1145. Four mile glacier trip one way; crampons required.
- JULY 9:** Powerline road to Indian. 12-15 miles. Leader needed. Register with Leo Hannan 277-4748.
- JULY 16:** Byer's Peak (6119'), annual climb. Gary Hansen 272-1145. Top guaranteed in return for 12 hours hard work.
- JULY 23-24:** South Fork of Eagle River to Eagle Lake. 10 miles roundtrip. 1 day or overnight. Lorge and Steffen Laagoe, 752-1163.
- JULY 30-31:** Informal rock climbing school, Independence (Pinnacle Peak) area. Families welcome. Dave DeVoe, 333-5492.

it, magnificent

May 15

Helen Wolfe

On this "like" I learned two things: Don't knock the 4000 foot mountains, and do pay attention to the club rule about carrying a rope!

At 8:15 A.M. Bill Babcock, John Travlos, and I met in the Safeway parking lot and headed for Eagle River by way of Ft. Richardson where we picked up Bill Hague. We parked at the foot of "4 Wheel Drive", a homestead road leading off the Eagle River State Road, and headed up on foot. This road leads to a saddle in the ridge of mountains paralleling the state road. From this point we ridge walked to the south east, skirting and occasionally crossing snow fields. We bypassed a high point on which Cliff Hill's flag of several years ago still stands and headed north east, away from the road, toward the main summit. We struggled to a high point and collapsed for lunch on the "summit", only to be told, "no, my friends, that formidable thing over there is the summit."

Uttering apprehensively, we eyed the snowy knife ridge as we devoured our lunch, then, in varying states of enthusiasm, allowed as how we'd try it part way, anyway--at least down to the saddle where the knife ridge began! Bill Babcock led off and soon disappeared from view; John got stuck halfway up a 10 foot wall that appeared to be at least 85 degrees. Bill Hague and I decided we didn't want any part of it. Before long, even Bill Babcock reappeared and announced that it just wasn't smart to try it without a rope.

After much debate two routes to the summit finally proved feasible: the first and trickiest was a traverse across the steep snow slope on the north side of the ridge, thence up to the summit; the second, and easier, involved only fifty feet or so on snow on the south side which brought us out onto the ridge on the opposite side of the peak. From that point on it was an easy walk of another fifty feet or so.



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We split for the return trip. Bill H. and John buskacked through alder to the road; Helen and Bill B. came down the next gully to the east and picked up another homestead road (belonging to Mr. Frank Heller). This brought us out at the end of the state road where Bill H. and John, who had arrived first, met us with the microbus.

MLUTNA TRIP: CABIN REPAIR

May 21-22

Mick Parker

Mick Parker, Leo Hannan, Gayle Heinlueser, Helen Wolfe, Joanne Kilpatrick

If you had been observing Mklutna Glacier from an elevated position on the weekend of May 21-22 you would have viewed a scene somewhat confusing to any but a trained traffic policeman. Mklutna was more like Picadilly Circus than a Lonely Alaskan Glacier. There was Bill Hauser's climbing class, about eight in number, bent on great things on Peril Peak. Ron Linder had a party going to the cabin and back on the same day. And then there was us.

Snow shoes, paint, paint brushes, tin flashing, hammers and nails: all the essentials of a glacier trip -- that is, when one has a snug cabin at the end, waiting to be painted by the "great paintbrush expedition." (Credit must now be given to Ron and his crew; they are the unsung heroes who carted several gallons of paint up to a glacier to the bottom of the knoll upon which Pickler's Perch is perched.)

The various oddities and delays which surround a party before they can begin a climb enabled the different groups to depart at long intervals; a rush, en masse, to the glacier would have resulted in death and catastrophe!

Finally packs were hoisted and we trudged off, fools that we were. The higher we got, the faster the weather deteriorated. A brisk wind arose, helping to keep up the pace. The point was reached where crampons lost their helpfulness, so we donned our snowshoes, waddling over upwards. Just below the steep snow-slope we were passed by Don's party going down, and Gary Hanson, Kerstin Pettersen, and Frank Nosek, all going up. The "paintbrush expedition" followed their footsteps to the cabin where we arrived wind-blown and winded, in that order. The door was uncovered and we burst (literally) in. Gary's group soon left, and we five intrepid mountaineers ate and retired to our sleeping chambers.

Leo awoke us bright and early at six o'clock on Sunday (the rat). We devoured our scrumptious meal of oatmeal and were then ready to face the world, at least our own corner anyway. The weather proved to be fair, so Gayle and Mick undertook the job of shingling and nailing tin flashing upon the roof of the cabin, (simple in speech, not so in execution!) The others painted furiously until all but the top half of the cabin was coated with a brilliant orange glow. (The bottom half is covered with rock, incidentally.)

Lunch time arrived and we all indulged, knowing that we had to leave the security of the cabin shortly. So with packs hoisted and crampons attached, we trooped out the door, only to be confronted with a whiteout. We waited for an hour and tried again, with better results. We passed the Wilson family (older three) going up to the cabin and felt that we were taking the better direction. Soon, we were down to the moraine, and then to the cars, secure in the knowledge that the "paintbrush expedition" was at least partly successful.

HERE TO COUPLE LANDING

May 28, 29 & 30

Tony Dockstahler

On the morning of Saturday, May 28, a group of eager mountaineers gathered together at a campground on Resurrection Creek about ten miles south of Hope. (Proceeding south from Hope, take the right hand road at each of the two forks, going past an airfield and on until you come to the creek, which can be crossed on a foot bridge). The group included with Schmidt, John and Helen Wolfe, Tony and Betty Dockstahler, Gayle Heinlueser, Roger Crosby, John Irton, Bill Babcock, John Travlos, George Nelson, Steffen and Lorge Laagoe, Irma Duncan, Carrie Lewis, Bob York, Kenneth York and Joe a friend of George Nelson's. Of this formidable list, only the first twelve did the complete trip. The rest hiked in about six miles and then turned back, returning to Anchorage Saturday night. Poor Steffen had to leave at 5:00 A.M. Saturday morning to return to Anchorage and his job to make enough money to pay for the new tent he and Lorge had just purchased. (He can't live as cheaply as one).

The gang left the campground at about 8:30 A.M. and proceeded south up the right bank of Resurrection Creek on a gravel mining road for a mile or so to Dockstahler's cabins, then left on a good Forest Service trail for about ten miles to the site of the summer tent camp of the Forest Service trail workers.

Here the good trail suddenly ceased, and we were on our own for the next two miles or so, to find the new Forest Service cabin on Resurrection Creek where East Creek flows in to it. It is difficult to understand why at least a flagged trail hadn't been

put in to this fine new cabin. However, we understand this will be taken care of soon.

We arrived at the attractive and well constructed cabin at 7:15 P.M. It has a wood stove, firewood, and bunk space for six in comfort. Nine of us stayed in the cabin. Roger Crosby and the Fire Eaters (John Ireton, Bill Babcock, and John Travlos) tented outside.

Sunday morning the Fire Eaters departed about 5:00 A.M., the rest of us about 10:00 A.M., after sumptuous breakfasts. We crossed East Creek on a fallen tree, then climbed to a bench and proceeded south above the left bank of Resurrection Creek. We went up a high valley to the headwaters of Resurrection Creek, over a pass, and camped above timberline a few miles on the south side of the pass. This was our most difficult day. We were not on a trail over the pass as the trail, if there is one, is buried in snow. We had five pair of snowshoes in our party of nine. (The three Fire Eaters, who had gone ahead, each had snowshoes). We sluttled snowshoes on one snowfield, but decided it would be easier to go above the snow. We did this, and the going was not arduous but tiresome due to much brush, small snowfields and constant side-slope walking. We had hoped to get to Swan Lake but instead, at about 8:00 P.M., were glad to flop down on a level stretch of tundra. We were glad the wind wasn't blowing.

Monday morning we had the first bad weather of the trip - a light snow mixed with rain. We got started about 8:30 again and made good time on level tundra benches above Juneau Creek in the bottom of the valley. After about a mile, we came on to a trail. Things began to look up now. It stopped raining, and the trail was good travelling. Scenery was magnificent. Near Swan Lake we met up with the Fire Eaters. They had had a comfortable camp there Sunday night. They said that even they considered the previous day a tough hike. We all then proceeded on the trail to Juneau Lake. The trail was good as was also the scenery.

We took a long pause at the private cabin at the south end of Juneau Lake and had hot lunches. The rest of the trip was a long walk, about seven miles, on the trail from Juneau Lake to a gravel road. (This joins the Sterling Highway near the Kenai River bridge at the north end of Kenai Lake.) We were spared several miles of hiking on this gravel road by the cars of Leo, Gayle, Roger, and the Wolfes, which had been driven down Friday night to Leo's cabin at Kenai Lake. (Mrs. Hannan drove Leo and the other drivers to Hope Saturday morning.) These cars then drove us all back to Anchorage Sunday evening.

I'm sure we all enjoyed the trip, especially in retrospect after we rested up. It was a bit of a grind to most of us with the heavy packs. Officially we covered about 14 miles the first day and about 10 miles each of the two succeeding days. However, these were the longest miles I've ever seen, and I suspect they were measured with a ruler on a map rather than the twisting way we went.

We saw little game - a few moose, a beaver, a black bear, several porcupine, many ptarmigan.

Capable leader of the trip was Leo Hannan. He was ably assisted in the planning and logistics by Ruth Schmidt.

ALASKA RESCUE GROUP MAIL

The Alaska Rescue Group is standing by for the following parties this summer:

1. The Red Suspender Expedition; Leo Nelson; leader, Webb Sater, Stephen Horner, Clyde Payne. This group is climbing Mt McKinley by the West Buttress.
2. Swarthmore Mt McKinley Expedition, climbing the Aldrow route.
3. Colorado Mt McKinley Expedition; Howard Snyder, leader, Jerry Lewis, Stephen Lewis, and John Oronschaill. This group will be climbing the Aldrow route.
4. Guess - Franklin Expedition: Arnold Guess, Fred Fran Klin, Gerald Newson, Robert Stefanik. They will be climbing the Aldrow Glacier.
5. The Hilton-Russell expedition, led by H. Adams Carter.
6. The Japanese Party presently in the Park and climbing Mt Hunter.

On May 8th ARG was called to assist the ANU students in trouble on Eklutna Glacier. A helicopter from RCC was summoned to the west end of the Lake, and at 4:00 P.M. seven climbers were air lifted to the Glacier. Unfortunately this rescue mission ended in tragedy as two of the students had perished due to exhaustion and exposure before the ARG members arrived. The helicopter evacuated the remaining students to Providence Hospital and the ARG members brought the vehicles back to Anchorage.

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