

SCREE

Editors: Helga Bading &
Marge Prescott
c/o Box 2037, Anchorage

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IN MEMORIAN

Perry A. Mead III

Merrell Mead

sons of Dr. and Mrs. Perry A. Mead

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Gregory DeVoe

son of Dave and Carol DeVoe

NEXT MEETING: The MCA has been temporarily displaced to the AMU campus. We will be in room 212, April 20th at 8:00PM. Program is pending.

THE SHAKES: For out-of-towners and others who haven't heard yet ... the Perry Meads and Lowell Thomas's lost their homes completely. Baranof's Castle (Crew's home) is still standing soundly, but it is very near the 'new' bluff. The Crews' are holding the fort regardless. Rod Wilson flew from North Africa to find his home on 8th Ave. creaking in the joints. And is still uncertain about its fate. The Bading residence on Campbell mudflats (the dam broke and the lake mingled with the tidal wave) stands on a 12" crevasse, and runs right through the house downstairs .. the floor is tilted enough for them to use as a ski slope.

By far the most interesting experience during the tremendous March 27th earthquake was undoubtedly had by Ruth Schmidt who found herself with four others, trapped on Portage Lake. It took the party one and a half hours to find their way off the lake. By then it was dark. Still, Ruth claims she'd rather be on a lake than in the mountains during an earthquake. We'll have her story in a later issue of Scree.

Geologists admit that land levels have changed, but as yet there is no report about any major changes in the mountains, apart from the huge avalanches and landslides set off by the quake. Chances are Denali is still 20,300 ft. high. The Portage Recreation area is pretty badly damaged. Wonder what Byron Glacier looks like ... there may be some new 'firsts' in our glacier playground.

The West Buttress climb of Mt. McKinley under the leadership of Erik Barnes will be postponed until next year.

A frantic card was received from Vin Hoeman. 'I'd like to come up and help,' it says. Thanks, Vin ... come up sometime later, to stay! Good wishes were received from Howard and Ellnore Schuck.

Girdwood was probably a better place than Anchorage .. although the LITTLE DIPPER burned to the ground and all the windows were broken out of the lounhouse at the top of the lift, nobody was hurt.

I was driving home with Paul Duncan when the quake hit. It was weird to see the pavement waving up and down, but we had no idea of the immediate effects. Stopped by an avalanche, we returned to Girdwood, and were told there was a slide in front of the lodge. I knew that large slides had come to the bottom of the mountain before, but I didn't know what to expect. When I got there I found out ... there was a mass of snow fifteen feet deep at the bottom terminal of the lift - pressed against the Ski Shop, truly amazing! I learned many avalanches had cut off the road to the city - about 150 skiers were trapped in Alyeska. There was no phone communication and no way to get word to relatives, but everyone found a good place to stay and there was enough food at the lodge and the Tigers Den.

After walking to the top of the mountain the next day, we saw the whole extent of the slide. Apparently the whole rim of the lower bowl slid to the center of the bowl and from there proceeded down the canyon. After filling the canyon it continued to the base of the mountain, where it came to rest. To climax this, all of Max's Mtn. slid, covering the traverse in the Bowl. The North Face also avalanched with 10' deep fracture lines, giving the chunks the appearance of huge sugar cubes.

Most of the skiers remained in Alyeska till Monday when the bridge just before the railroad tracks was repaired. I made my way out Sunday by walking across and catching a ride somewhere beyond where the slides had been cleared.

ARCH AND RESCUE WORK AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

by Bill Davis

We are one of the fortunate families who live in a part of Anchorage where damage was slight. We knew it was a bad quake but after it was over we had no inkling of what was happening elsewhere in town. I tried our phone, but it wasn't working so Nancy and I set about to check our house and clean up the mess.

As you know, heroic things were happening in other places. We didn't have a transistor with us and it was not until after dark that we first heard of a call for mountain climbers. By then, we had worked our way toward Providence and AMU and I was directing traffic for a while in the gigantic snarl in front of the hospital. Finally, a city truck came along with radio contact down town. He found out for me that climbers couldn't go out until morning. I decided the next day might be long and hard, so caught a few hours sleep.

Early Saturday morning I arrived at the Public Safety Building, and soon found out what had to be done. Even though most of the rescue work had already been completed, every building was to be searched. Two ARG teams were already at the scene, so I sent them out at once. A city map was laid out block by block. As they were searched, we crossed them off. When they were searched again, we crossed them off in a different way.

In the next 48 hours, I saw almost every MCA, ARG and Denali Ski Patrol member, and an uncounted number of other volunteers. Some of them had been working without pause since Friday night. I remember thinking that if Paul didn't stop, he would collapse from exhaustion. New search teams would be sent out to work. Others would come back and refuse to quit ... so I would send them out to another area. You could always tell a team that had been there again ... and from head to toe.