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WRITE OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES

Hey folks, this disreputable little newsletter only gives you what you give it. Notice that most of the stories in this issue are by that incomprehensible wetback. And you're stuck with that literary illegitimate unless you contribute something. Anything. If you even just think about doing something, write it up. It doesn't matter what or how you write - poetry, novels, hikes, climbs, or expeditions. I don't care if the only thing you've climbed recently was a flight of stairs - write it up! Or else you get wetback rambles and membership lists. Plus more of my froth-mouthed diatribes.

MAY MEETING

Wednesday, May 17, 8PM, Pioneer School House, 3rd & Eagle, Anchorage. This meeting will have a slide show presented by Jeff Babcock about his recent climb at Mt. Hunter.

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HIKING SCHEDULE

- JUNE 3  
SATURDAY EAST TWIN PEAK. One day hike. Depart Fred Meyer Parking Lot, 7 AM, depart trailhead at Eklutna Lake about 8 AM. This is an easy trail.  
Leader: Needed.
- JUNE 4  
SUNDAY BIRD CREEK RIDGE. One day hike. Depart Fred Meyer Parking Lot 8 AM, depart trailhead at Bird Creek about 9 AM. Hike to Birdseye Peak (3205) and return. This is somewhat rocky and at times steep, but requires only medium ability.  
Leader: Pierce MacIntyre - 337-7418.
- JUNE 10, 11  
SATURDAY  
or/and SUNDAY SOUTH FORK EAGLE RIVER. One or two day hike to flat area above and beyond Symphony Lake. Climbers can try for Hurdy-Gurdy, Cantata or Callipe. Hikers will find many diversions. Those who wish only one day of hiking can easily reach Symphony Lake and return in one day. Depart Fred Meyer Parking Lot 7 AM. Permission will be obtained to cross private property at trailhead.  
Leader needed.
- JUNE 17, 18  
SATURDAY  
SUNDAY  
(FATHER'S DAY) COOPER LAKE TO UPPER RUSSIAN TO LOWER RUSSIAN TO CAMPGROUND. Hike 8 miles first day over fairly level terrain and camp at Upper Russian Lake; hike downhill next day to Lower Russian Lake for potluck dinner at Lower Russian in honor of all

fathers in group. Then hike out 3 miles to Russian River campground after dinner and return to Anchorage. It is recommended we leave Anchorage Friday night or very early Saturday morning in order to depart Cooper Lake trailhead at 8:30 AM Saturday. (Red Salmon should be running in Russian River).  
Leader: Dona Agosti

JUNE 24  
SATURDAY

SUPER GALA 20TH ANNIVERSARY POLKA DANCE ON FLAT TOP with honest to goodness real German Polka Band. Leave with group from Fred Meyers Saturday afternoon or come up any time you please. Dancing from 7 PM to 10 PM. Bring two logs - we will have a fire permit. Guests of honor will be charter members Paul Crews, Rod and Gwynneth Wilson, Tony Bockstahler, Norm Pichler and any others we can round up. If it rains, we'll put up a canopy for the band, but dancers are on their own. Bring tent, food and drink for the MCA's Big Twenty Celebration.

JULY 1, 2  
maybe 3, 4

ARCTIC VALLEY TO GIRDWOOD. This is a scenic trip that everyone should do sometime. If you're one of the unfortunates who must work Monday, July 3, hike to North Fork Lake (about 14 miles). Those who plan to call in sick Monday can go the entire 40 miles over a pass, into Camp Creek Valley; then a traverse above Raven Creek to a gorgeous high valley near Clear Glacier, on to Crow Pass and out at Milk Creek Parking Lot to a pre-parked car. Leave Fred Meyer Parking Lot after work Friday afternoon (about 5:30 PM). Leader: Pro Bill Stivers.

JULY 8, 9  
SATURDAY  
SUNDAY

EAST FORK EKLUTNA to Lake 1710 via south side of river. Hikers can camp near lake, climbers can try for Baleful Peak Gully. Leave Fred Meyer Parking lot 6 AM. Leader: Needed. This can be one day hike for those who want to go only part of the way.

JULY 10  
MONDAY

INDIAN HOUSE RIDGE. One day. G. Roehm.

JULY 15  
SATURDAY

Johnson Trail from McHugh Creek to Bird Creek or whatever. Easy one-day following a historic trail. Leave Fred Meyer at 8 AM. Leader: Pat Klouda

JULY 21-31

Horsfeld to Chisana in the Wrangell Mountains. We will drive to Northway, departing either Friday morning or afternoon. Pilot Floyd Miller will fly us to Horsfeld in his 206 (five passengers and packs) on Saturday. We will be picked up at Chisana 30 miles later on Friday, July 28th. Drive to Anchorage on July 29 and 30th. Leader: Dona Agosti 279-2901

- JULY 22, 23 LOST LAKE, in via Primrose Campground trail at end of Kenai Lake; camp at Lost Lake, hike out via "old" trail to Mile 5.1 Seward Highway. Car shuttle necessary. Climbers can try for Ascension Mountain (5710) on July 22 or early July 23. Might be wise to drive down to Primrose Campground Friday night if possible. Leader: Needed.
- JULY 29 and/or 30 FERN MINE. This is a scenic hike in the Hatcher Pass area - about 8 miles to MCA-maintained cabin. It can be a one-day for the energetic or an overnight for the leisure-minded. There is good climbing (Lynx, Spires) for the really energetic. Leader: Needed.
- AUGUST 5 PIONEER PEAK. Climbers can head for the top, hikers can stop at bench at about 4000 foot level. Access from Knik River Road at Mile 2. There is a parking area for cars here. Leader: Needed.
- AUGUST 12 and/or 13 BENCH LAKE JOHNSON PASS TRAIL. In at Upper Trail lake trailhead out at Turnagain Pass. Or it can be a one day in to Johnson Lake and out the same way. Climbers can try for Mt. Anderson 4260 or 4760. Leave Fred Meyer Parking lot Friday night or very early Saturday morning in order to be on trail by 8 AM. Entrance to trail is just this side of Moose Pass. (Kenai Peninsula) Leader: Needed.
- AUGUST 19 and/or 20 CHESTER CREEK HEADWATERS. This is an energetic one day hike with about an 1800 foot altitude gain in two miles. There is a lovely bench on which to camp overlooking Anchorage if you wish to make a two-day hike of it. Emerald Lake at the "back" of Tanaina is accessible from here as are Knoya and Tanaina. Leave Fred Meyer Parking Lot Saturday morning at 7 AM. Leader: Dave Klinger
- AUGUST 26, 27 BLUE LAKE AT END OF NORTH FORK CAMPBELL CREEK. This scenic valley is reached via Glen Alps parking lot, thence to pass into Middle Fork and Williwaw Lakes, up from these lakes to pass which opens into North Fork Valley. Leave Fred Meyer 6 AM August 26, camp in North Fork Valley. This will be a long, energetic hike, but worth every bit of effort to be able to camp in this beautiful area. A chance to view Dall Sheep, as well. Leader: Needed.

CLIMBING SCHEDULE

- JUNE 3, 4 EAST TWIN-WEST TWIN. Relatively easy climbs. Overnight trip. Meet at 7 AM, Fred Meyer Parking lot. Leader: Needed.
- JUNE 10, 11 SOUTH FORK OF EAGLE RIVER. Climbers can try for Cantata or one of the other fine peaks in the area. 7 AM, Fred Meyer Parking Lot. Leader Needed.
- JUNE 17, 18 HIGHER SPIRE-LOWER TOWER-REED LAKES. Overnight trip north of Snowbird Mine. Climbing experience needed. 7 AM, Fred Meyer Parking Lot. Leader: Needed
- JULY 1, 2, 3, 4 MINT GLACIER. Beautiful climbing area up from the "Little Su Roadhouse." MCA Hut will hold up to 8 (?) people. Crampons, axes, ropes, helmets, pitons & chucks, etc. Leader: John Dillman.
- 15, 16 BYRON PEAK. In the Portage Area. This is the Glacier School for the MCA climbing class. Other climbers can come for a one or two day climb of the peak. Beautiful climb - A mini-classic via the North Headwall. Leader for school: Paul Denkewalter. 7 AM, Fred Meyer Parking Lot.
- JULY 22, 23 ASCENSION. This will be a combined trip with the hikers going to Lost Lake on the Kenai via the Primrose campground. Leader: Dick Thaler(Tentative)
- JULY 29, 30 FIRN MINE CLIMB-IN. A technical climbing party at Firn Mine. Bring your garden tools for cleaning the routes. Leader: Not Needed.
- AUGUST 5, 6 PIONEER PEAK. Could be a two day climb. Climbers and hikers will begin together. Leader: Needed.
- AUGUST 19, 20 BOLD PEAK. Could be a two day depending on route. Have to park at end of Eklutna Lake and hike in along road if Army hasn't kept it open.
- 2, 3, 4 LABOR DAY-ANALET. This will be a hard 3 day blitz of Amalet in the Northwest Chugach. All interested parties must contact Paul Denkewalter, 272-1811.
- SEPT. 23, 24 ICE climbing seminar at Matanuska Glacier. Terry Becker coordinator

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Steve Hackett was selected to be part of the 1978 USA/USSR Exchange Team. This exchange is through the American Alpine Club and is the latest of the series which includes Russian trips to Yosemite and Alaska and an American trip to the Tien Chen Mtns. in the Soviet Union. This year's American group will spend six weeks in July and August and are scheduled to climb Pik Communism.

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OL' BLUE COMES TO ALASKA  
El Rojohombre

Well, let me tell you the tale of Ol' Blue. He was one of them mountain climbing fellers - climbed hills, you know. Been down in the Andes; climbed some of them commie hills, too. Heard once that he liked to hang around someplace called El Cap. No sense at all, Ol' Blue.

Now, Ol' Blue come to Alaska, something about school, laws and such. I think he heard we had a hill or two up here. Anyway, being a clever fellow and all, 'long about the first of February he'd conned some locals into taking him to a hill known as Hayes. But before this climbing adventure could begin an ancient curse was revealed. Seems that everytime Ol' Blue and this famous lady Huntington climber got together something horrible happened. And that weather sure was. Couldn't find a hill anywhere with all them clouds and stuff up in the sky.

But nothin' stops Ol' Blue. He couldn't climb a hill so he decided to have a romantic interlude. Quite an interlude, too, with him chasing her, her feller chasing him, and the bunch of us chasing the lot of them to see what would happen.

Nine days later, Ol' Blue, to his consternation, found himself shovin' a pair of skis across the Delta River in the gathering gloom and a near hurricane. Mt. Hayes was sure enough up ahead but it's an airplane you want to go to Hayes in, not an overloaded pair of skis. McGinnis he was headed for and the south ridge of it.

Took a fair while to get to where that hill sticks out of the ground. Ol' Blue was used to porters and such so that humongous pack and that grumpy sled weren't what he'd expected. Besides, the wind kept blowing in his face.

But Ol' Blue got up there to about 9000 feet and him and the locals got to looking at that ridge, the south one. Right skinny, that ridge, looked almost sharp enough to cut your hand if you were fool enough to grab ahold of the top. A whole bunch of skinny ridge with rock stickin' out here and some ice hangin' over up there.

Don't quite know just who started it but pretty soon it sounded about like a chicken farm up there and Ol' Blue was a cluckin' like the rest.

Well, Ol' Blue and his compadres decided that there was an easier way to gain glory and reknown so they drugged on over to the east ridge. Got to sleep in a big snow hole below the ridge. Now it must have been damn near the freezing point in that snow hole but that night Ol' Blue crawled into his tested-at-38-degrees-below-zero sleeping bag wearing his down vest and his big down parka with the fur ruff. The others just about keeled over from heat prostration just looking at him.

It'd been a while since Ol' Blue had changed his undershorts. Well, he announced his intention to do so and then said that he'd worked out a way to change them undershorts without taking off his wool pants. Took him a bit of trial and error before he finally gave up and took off the wool pants first.

Ol' Blue and the locals crawled up onto the east ridge. It was blue. Skinny blue ridge with no snow and whole bunches of gloomy depths. That damned chicken farm again. Ninety pounds on the back and 1/4 inch of front point in a bit of ice ain't exactly nice. But they hiked on up to a bit of a hill top to look at that cloud that was sittin' there. On the way down the beardless local decided to see how fast she could get down 2500 feet of steep blue ice. But an ugly, hairy feller up above disapproved and convinced her to hold up after only ten feet or so.

Ol' Blue and the locals ain't what you'd call dumb folks. They knew when a moutain don't want to be climbed. McGinnis, with its blue ice and skinny ridges didn't particularly care to be stomped upon during February.

So down they go. Down McG. Glacier and out McG. Creek. Ol' Blue hadn't messed around much on them ski things. And with a big wind apushin' from behind and blue ice underfoot I don't think he much cared for the lessons he got.

Back at the road, the ugly, hairy local took himself back to Fairbanks while Ol' Blue and the others took off up the Canwell Glacier. Good sunshine and all to egg them on but then that old wind snuck back and blew in their faces again. The wind got downright ornery and insisted they sit down now and again.

A hut lives up there on the Canwell Glacier and those there folks spent a couple days hidin' in it from the wind. After two days of cowering in the hut that beardless wonder took a hike. She came back down a bit later and suddenly felt 30 years older. Kinda spooky, I guess, 'cause she even looked in the window to see if the others were still the same before going in.



Didn't say anything, tho. Then Ol' Blue had to go outside into the dark. He says he kicked something and suddenly thought it was 50 years later. Ol' Blue comes crashing back in all in a panic. Ghost talks and mysteries bounced all over the hut until no one in that crowd had the gumption to go outside by themselves. Too many cups of tea, tho. The beardless wonder got in front but wasn't about to let go of that other feller's hand. Ol' Blue courageously came out last. Father Time, or watever was makin' everyone feel old, must have left 'cause functions were carried out and all three got back safely to the hut.

They all left the next day, tho. And Ol' Blue scooted all the way back to California. No sense at all, Ol' Blue.

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#### THE HILL El Rojohombre

The hill watched. Two specks, assaulted by mid April sun rays, trekked up the Gulkana Glacier leaving behind an ever-lengthening path. Midday heat led to an avalanche striptease as the hill waited. The pair continued but with many a stagger and a stop. Then, below an icefall, a blinding flash of gaudy gold as the two constructed a dwelling. Words floated up: west ridge, climb, Icefall's north peak.

Intentions were revealed and the hill hid itself in darkness. A surprise, it thought, for these two. A cloud, then, was invited. And it came and sat on the hills, burying the world in white.

The sun returned, it is supposed, although it was scarcely seen that day. Moans of anguish from below mingled with chuckles from above. Snow came down but all that went up was temperature. A day come and gone around a cribbage board.

A third morning and the hill peered down through moving clouds. The two were closer, crawling up steep slopes. Wrapped in its white shroud the hill hid again only to find the pair on its corniced ridge.

An astonished hill looked down then wrapped its gloomy cloak even tighter. But crampons combed its powdery crown. The hill had room for two but its abrupt departure far down below gave only that. A view was desired of other than a cloud. The hill, dramatic to be sure, clung to the mists. But only briefly. Unfriendly hills sulked in their cloud but Icefall's north peak and its neighbors sprawled in the sun.

A cacophony of voices and shutters echoed off the cornices. The hill cared little about this intrusion of its privacy. Shouts :

dissappeared with the last echo and footholes the wind erased.

The pair descended with the slush. Skis slid with but little help from poles. Hill and cloud watched from a distance as the pair departed, leaving a string of figure-eights on the glacier.

And the hill was unimpressed.

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"YOU SAY IT"

from "Dictionary of Alaska Place Names."

Nunathloogagamiuthingoi Dunes - Sand dunes along SE coast of Nunivak Island.

Shulakpackak Peak - 6500 ft. peak in Sahwatka Mtns., Brooks Range. Reported to mean "like a big feather."

Dachikjowaruk Cove - E shore of Nash Harbor on Nunivak Island.

Jabbertown - Whaling station on Chukchi Sea east of Point Hope.

Iwarawiramiut - On Ninivak Island.

Quitasueno Rock - In southeastern. Spanish name meaning "keep awake island."

Yaramanatuulug - On Great East Rockery, Priblof Island. Aleut name meaning "narrow point."

Ungyat Point - Gambell Island name meaning boats.

Revillagigedo Island - Location of Ketchikan. Named for Don Juan Vicenle Le Guemes Pacheco de Pedilla, Count of Revilla Gigedo and Viceroy of Mexico.

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HANGING AROUND I

The climbing Store. It is important to realize that the climbing store exists not to sell equipment, but as a mutual sniffing ground in which mountaineers establish their credentials. The essence of proper behavior, as in so many climbing scenes, is not to try too hard. The climbing store is particularly effective in allowing the local talent to size up the visiting outsider, and vice versa. The game is harder to play for the outsider, since indifference and disdain come automatically to the proprietors, who are sick to death of selling Gerry Kiddie-Packs and Richmoor beef stew. There are a few tricks, however.

For instance, in Southern California you can usually get away with talking tents. A successful dialogue might proceed as follows:

Customer (musing over the store's own design, prominently pitched in the front foyer): Very Pretty. Nice colors.

Owner: Notice the extra-long sleeve door. And optional mosquito netting.

Customer (with a chuckle): Ah, yet, mosquito netting. What would they think of? I was wondering if you have something with a ridge pole, you know, a little sturdier? (At this point it doesn't hurt to push skeptically against the tent wall.)

Owner: We do sell the Glacier Desings 4-man. It's very popular with Sierra Club outings.

Customer: I was thinking, really, of a 2-man. With snow flaps.

Owner: I see. For winter use --

Customer: Well, yes, of course, but really for next summer Up North. I hate to spend so much money, but my old Alp Sport's in tatters.

And so on. In the East, talk Jumars vs. Gibbs ascenders. In Boulder, cagoules. In Jasper, bivouac hammocks.

In the climbing store, of course, it is essential not to hang around too long. Twelve to eighteen minutes is about right, longer brands you an equipment freak. And, of course, one does not browse among the books (implying unfamiliarity with the few good ones), but only among the magazines (implying that you would never subscribe to one).

Another gambit is to dash in and ask abruptly for a very specific item. Half a dozen nuts of the same size, say. If questioned, it is legitimate to mumble something about "taking the aid out of Steppenwolf" --but never volunteer this information.

It goes without saying that proper attire is vital. The sort of fellow who shows up in a climbing store with a nylon runner for a belt has blown it irrevocably. Likewise with worn klettersshoes, frayed knickers, or too conspicuous cuts and scratches on the backs of the hands. Greasy down jackets, however, are OK.

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#### HANGING AROUND II

Bush-Pilot Hangars. A scene requiring very adroit one-upsmanship. The politics of hangar-waiting in Alaska, for example, during the mandatory three-day storm after arrival, are fairly subtle. One tries to imply an old friendship with the pilot, leading to the

automatic assumption that he will take your party in first as soon as the weather clears, no matter when you showed up. Meanwhile, an air of calm confidence attends your perusal of the other groups' gear. The Japanese in Alaska always used to provide a few laughs. "Very interesting pickets," you would say, grinning, as you dubiously flexed their hopelessly flimsy stakes. "Pickets, yes," the Japanese would grin back. "Much snow McKinley."

In Don Sheldon's hangar there were archaeological layers of leftover rations from past expeditions. There, behind the cartons of Pepsi, were Terray's lemon drops; and, yes, under them, could those by some of Cassin's meat bars? One liked to strike a pose of being willing to donate, say, an extra loaf of logan bread to that food museum.

Relations with the pilot himself are carefully ritualized. Self-evidently gauche is any palaver about how-soon-do-you-think-you-can-take-us-in-in a category of crudeness, really, only with haggling over rates. On those rare occasions when the man himself comes in view, one hallos out a hearty greeting, as if you are quite surprised to find him there, in the middle of your summer's food-boxing and equipment-puttering. Most coveted of all: the special invitation to have dinner in the pilot's own house, there beside the air strip. The green looks of envy on the others' faces, as they labor over their Sveas, are worth a whole expedition.

Finally:

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#### "TIDBITS"

#### Super Gala 20th Anniversary Polka Dance on Flat Top

Be sure to mark Sat. June 24th on your calendar as a special day. The MCA's 20th Anniversary party will be celebrated on Flat Top. A Big Wing Ding complete with German Band!!!

Volunteers are needed to carry the instruments up Flat Top-especially the drum!!!

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#### Hiking Leaders Needed

Please, if there are any people familiar with the leaderless schedules hikes who would be interested in coordinating them please call Dona Agosti at 279-2901.

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Wrangell Mountains Trip

Plans for the Wrangell trip are moving right along. Dona Agosti will send out a letter to all those who have made a reservation with further details.

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SCREE Indexes

Volunteers are urgently needed to index the back issues of SCREE for the years 1976-77. These back issues are in the club library and are of great help to interested hikers and climbers as they hold a great wealth of information. Willing members should contact Paul Denkwalter at 272-1811.

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Annapurna-Arlene Blum

The May 2, 1978 edition of the Anchorage Daily News ran an interesting article concerning this year's American All-Women Expedition to Annapurna. One of the members, Arlene Blum, climbed Mt. McKinley with Grace Hoeman and the Denali Damsels (Fay Kerr, Margaret Clark, Dana Sherwood, Margaret Jouney) on July 6, 1970. This ascent of Mt. McKinley was noted appropriately by the editor of SCREE as the first ascent "By Broads" in the September 1970 SCREE.

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MULTIMEDIA SKIING

Well I was happy to hang up my cross country skis for this season; felt like I'd eeked out the last ski trip of the year. Ginnie Ferrel, a friend from Fairbanks, and I spent April 16th through 22nd skiing along the middle Chulitna River. We encountered all types of spring snow from crusty sugary stuff to water logged slush; and skied through willows and alders and over patches of tundra. Klister's not recommended for tundra. We worried about our two dogs, thought their feet were bleeding. Turned out they had cranberry foot. Last fall's berries were still there in profusion. Actually, it's not too hard on skis to ski over the tundra; but by the time we were headed out the paths of tundra outnumbered patches of snow so we carried our skis quite alot.

We left the Glenn Highway where the Middle Chulitna crosses it. We headed up Coal Creek for a ways, then traversed the bluffs over to the Middle Chulitna Canyon in the Talkeetnas. Our goal was Caribou Pass on the divide; we also hoped to come out the East Chulitna. Turned out breaking trail was slow going, one day it took us an hour and a half to ski 1/2 mile, so we turned back at Caribou Pass.

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Maybe next season we'll make the forty to fifty mile circle trip. The area was beautiful and wildlife was plentiful. One night we camped on a plateau above the river; had a beautiful view of Mt. McKinley and the Alaska Range from our tent. Earlier in the day we spotted a wolf and three moose above our camp. The three moose were still there in the morning. Then I saw six more moose crossing the river below the camp. The next day we saw fourteen caribou. We also saw Dall sheep high above us on the bare southern slopes. There were countless ptarmigan also, as well as beaver dens and several sizes of weasel tracks. We certainly weren't in the untracked wilderness. We followed the caribou's beaten path along the river; and climbed up and down the bluffs on the moose trails through the alders. About those bluffs; I hadn't expected them at all and learned something about the limits of topo maps.

The weather and scenery were great. We had a wonderful week's adventure.

We thought another good route would be to cross the divide at Caribou Pass and ski out the Jack River to the Denali Highway. Another possibility is to ski up Honolulu Creek over Honolulu Pass and down the East Chulitna River. The scenery and wildlife certainly make it worth exploring. The skiing merely gets you there.

Jane M. Pearia