



JUNE 2001

A Publication of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska

Volume 44 Issue 06

Box 102037, Anchorage, Alaska 99510

### JUNE MEETING

Wednesday

June 20, 7:30 pm

Pioneer Schoolhouse, 3rd & Eagle Streets

Downtown Anchorage

**Program:** Slides of *The Tordillas* will be presented by Tom Meacham.

### HIKING AND CLIMBING SCHEDULE

#### Jun 8-10 Temptation and Tanaina Peaks

Class D (for Tanaina). Leave Friday afternoon for a nice circuit that will include a climb of Temptation (5383) and attempt on Tanaina (5357) via N ridge, time and weather permitting. Must be in excellent physical condition, comfortable with some technical scrambling, and willing to travel very light and fast. Bring crampons, ice axe, helmet, harness, and 2 locking carabiners in case we need to rope-up for short sections. Limit of 5 persons.

Leader: Bill Romberg 677-3993 h, 267-2366 w

#### 16-17 Solstice Backpack

Leave Friday, after work, return Sunday. You may go for 1,2 or 3 days. Location: Carter Lake, from which you may join for 1 or 2 climbs, or go fishing, or bird-watch or whatever.

Leader: Tom Choate 333-5309

#### 23 Flattop Sleepout

Long tradition overnight trip. No designated leader. Be there or be square.

#### Jun 23 Solstice Climb

Class B. Day hike 6-8 miles round trip to this peak with a view. Bring river crossing shoes for any high running streams. Long pants best for brush. Elevation gain 2000'+.

Leader: Scott Bailey 269-7572 w, 696-7250 h

#### 29 Winner Creek Gorge

Class A. Friday night family hike—Meet at Potter Station 5:30. Carpool to trailhead in Girdwood. Return to Potter by 10:00. Limit 10 persons.

Leader: Bill Romberg 677-3993 h, 267-2366 w

#### Jul early Hike and trail clearing

Anytime in the first week of July or whenever. Walk down the Ship Creek Trail from Arctic Valley Road and start clipping the willows along the trail at the bottom of the valley for next year's ski season. A nice four-hour plus trip that can be done after work or on a weekend. Dog walkers and kids welcome but don't forget you have to hike back up to the road.

Leader: Stu Grenier 337-5127

Jul 14 Byron Peak

Class G. Hike onto the glacier and attempt the summit. Bring crampons, ice axe, and glacier gear.  
Leader: Matt Nedom 278-3648

14-15 Rock Climbing at the Wedge

Fifth Class. Climb the established trad and bolted routes in this pocket of good Chugach rock. Bike in Saturday morning from Glen Alps, plan to bivvy Saturday night. Bring your own gear and partner.  
Leader: Cory Hinds 248-6606

28 Ptarmigan Peak

Class C. Plan to bike back on powerline trail and then climb to the summit from the saddle west of peak. Bring ice axe, helmet, and appropriate clothing. Limit 6 people.  
Leader: Bill Romberg 677-3993 h, 267-2366 w

29- Aug 12 Arctic National Wildlife Refuge

Class B. Backpacking trip into the Canning River drainage. Fly out of Arctic Village or Fort Yukon with Yukon Air Charter. Explore the tributaries of the Canning River, hike up some of the peaks and ridges in the area. Estimated charter cost is about \$600 to \$700.  
Leader: Don Hansen 243-7184 h, 271-6656 w

Sep 1-3 Kesugi Ridge

Labor day. Class C. Denali State Park.  
Leader: Matt Nedom 278-3648

The following trips are a series of mid-week, after-work trips. These are going to be relatively fast-paced trips ranging from Class A to Class D. The destinations are tentative, dependent on weather, traffic, snow conditions, etc. Reaching the destinations with the daylight available in the spring will not be possible if anyone shows up late, so please be on time. Steve would like to gather the e-mail addresses of interested parties. The day before each excursion, he will confirm the destination and time and get a head count. Maximum of 12 people (including leader) on each trip. Dogs will not be allowed.

Leader: Steve Gruhn 344-1219 h, 276-7475 w e-mail: scg@hartcrowser.com

Jun 11 Bearberry Point

Monday. Class C. 5:30 PM.

14 Tikishla Peak

Thursday. Class D. 6:00 PM.

Jul 12 Eagle River Overlook

Thursday. Class C. 6:00 P.M.

Jul 16 O'Malley Peak

Monday. Class D. 5:30 P.M.

**TRIP REPORTS**

**Escalante Country, Spring 2001**

by Bill Wakeland



Our typical hikes in the southwest have been on relatively good trails, mostly in the Grand Canyon. This year was different - we drove to southcentral Utah in the Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument. We were there a couple of years ago, but on more popular trails.

Most of us met at Las Vegas on April 28, Janet Lund, Stan Aarsund and I had driven in my car from Portland. Don Hansen, Fred Kampfer, Lee Stanton and Ernie Kriese (N.Y.) flew in. Ernie had rented a van and we all proceeded to St. George for the night. Kneely Taylor, who was only doing the first week's hike, arrived much later and rented a car. He caught up with us at Escalante, but then left early. I guess we moved too slowly for him!

From St. George we proceeded to the Escalante Ranger Station for advice and permits, and by mid-afternoon we had arrived at "Early Weed" trailhead, off the "Hole in the Rock" road. From the parking lot we had a grand view northwest over our route toward Boulder Mt. and the Henry Mts. Hiking down through the rocks and ledges toward Fox Canyon, we found the "slick rock" route down into it, by a stroke of luck, some hikers had just emerged. A compass and map are essential, because it all looks alike until you get into a drainage.

Once in the drainages, the challenge is finding a route, often in the creek. At least if there is water you don't need to carry it. We treated, filtered and boiled all water, we never did find a sidehill seep.

Camp 1 was where Fox Canyon emptied into Twenty Five Mile wash, a bigger creek in a bigger wash with more trail evident in places. The creek *is* the trail in many places. And, remember, you don't enter or exit these washes just



anywhere. The walls are often vertical rock for hundreds of feet, with shades of red and other colors. This was a good camp, with ample places for tents and tarps. I was to learn *not* to go without a tent.

Next day we proceeded down to the Escalante River, only to find it higher than expected, due to snow melt and hot weather. Oh well, we splashed on down, finding little in the way of trails across meanders. Hiking sticks or poles were very necessary to avoid deep holes in the silty water. After a few hours of this we decided to stop, make camp and think about turning around. In fact my co-leader, Don Hansen, suggested just that. Boy, that was a relief! We faced another 15 miles of river, if we continued, plus a route up "Scorpion Gulch" and a difficult cross-country route to the trailhead.

Next morning we headed back and spent the next few days camping along Twenty Five Mile Wash, and exploring the side drainages – thoroughly enjoying the "release" from anxiety over the route. A phenomenon we were to see more of on the second hike were the "worm nests" in trees and brush, transparent hatcheries for caterpillars that dropped their little, hard pellets of dung all over us and our gear! The colorful worms were everywhere!

The last camp on hike 1 was in a patch of large sagebrush, near the creek and below a new route we wanted to try. Very pleasant, with that sage aroma. Next morning we headed up and out, making it to the cars in under 3 hours on a route combining our collective memories and some compass bearings from the map.

We camped that night in a state campground for a trail system near Escalante that leads to various petrified wood displays. Those with tents set them up at random on the grass. Fred put his bag out on top of a picnic table under a roof, and I put mine under a table out in the open, with my tarps spread on top. It rained and I was miserable. Especially getting in and out through the table legs. Next day, after a pleasant hike viewing the petrified wood, we checked into a motel for a long afternoon of cleaning up, pigging out and getting set for hike 2. Burt and Wendy Beardsley, MCA members from Tuscon, joined us there – they had asked to join us to get acquainted with backpackers from Alaska! Last I heard they may join Don on his ANWR hike.

Hike 2 started from a trailhead on the Burr Trail, which is a road of sorts that goes east from Boulder, a little village 25 miles NE of Escalante on State Route 12. After a good breakfast at the roadhouse there, we drove to the trailheads some 10 miles east, positioning two vehicles at our exit, and leaving mine at the Gulch trailhead, a couple of miles beyond. We headed down the Gulch beside a welcome, small stream.

However, this trail was made largely by cows, which I had thought were banished from this area south of the road by the new National Monument status, as they were near the Escalante River, on the west side. Wrong! The cows were allowed nearly to the river in the winter, and in fact hadn't been gone very long. Thanks to the hot, dry climate the cow pies were "dry," but they were everywhere in the lower creek, the same areas that were so beautiful with the greening of the cottonwoods and other trees, brush and large meadows. We soon named this drainage "cow pie alley" or words to that effect.

Our first camp was five miles down, where another little stream was supposed to join from the west, but it was dry. However, it did offer another way out on our return, and we spent two nights there in what would be an ideal camping spot, sans the cow pies. Oh yes, we had passed a couple of dead cows along the way, but again, thanks to the climate, they were dried up skin and bones. From this camp we day hiked down the gulch another 4 to 5 miles to where the canyon closes in, and the creek disappears into a deep crack, 20 feet deep! Eventually it comes back, but we elected not to proceed further. Instead we found a route up and out back toward our camp, seeing new country. It had been a long day.

After moving camp, we spent the next couple of days wandering around in a "dry" gulch area where Burt and Wendy found potholes of water in rock. In fact, a whole new world opened up in the dry, colorful area of volcanic rocks, along with junipers, gullies and peaks and no cow pies. And the water in the potholes was clear. We took lots of photos.

Our trail-less route continued as we packed our way toward Deer Creek, where we found another pretty, green valley with a modest stream and a trail (made by cows) that led to our cars at the trailhead. That day, May 9, we drove all the way to Zion for a 2-night stay at a well-populated campground, where I got a citation for

spreading my borrowed tent on "vegetation," a few blades of grass on the otherwise gravel surface. So did a couple of others. So much for "development."

We enjoyed some good hikes in that very colorful Zion canyon, several of which I had done many years ago, including "Angel's Landing," where trails above shear walls were lined with chains fastened to the rock for handholds. Then back to Las Vegas for most of us, but Burt and Wendy went their way and Stan, Janet and I went to Portland.

Oh yes, why not go without a tent? Starting in the Gulch, I started to itch with what looked like bug bites, from the waist up, but I never found a bug. I tried some pills and ointments, with little relief. Went to my doctor (who has floated the Escalante in a kayak) and got a prescription that is working - or is it just time? Perhaps it was mites. Besides, I feel more secure in a tent !

These hikers were all seasoned and knew their stuff, and my job was finding routes and places to go, and trying to keep up ! And we had some lively bull sessions ! Thanks to all of you, especially to Burt and Wendy for your truck and the use of your tent.

## California Peak and Gentoo Peak

by Steve Gruhn



he wind whipped my hair into my eyes as I downclimbed the small gendarme. As I shook my head to clear my line of sight I shifted my weight. The next instant I was falling in slow motion, still clinging to my now-portable handhold.

I had long been interested in exploring the upper reaches of California Creek, but I never knew an easy route through the timber and brush. That all changed on Saturday, July 12, 2000, when Tom Choate, Bruce Kittredge, Bruce's friend (Irma), and I drove to Girdwood and parked on Crow Creek Road just south of the bridge over California Creek.

Heading into the timber, we followed a trail up the southwest side of the creek. The trail

merged and split with numerous other trails, but we were able to follow it to timberline where we stopped for a bite to eat. Upon leaving the trees, the trail diminished to a muddy game trail marked periodically with survey tape. We continued on, paralleling California Creek up the valley, until the trail gradually disappeared near a prominent gully at about 2,000 feet. At this point, we turned left and headed up the south side of the gully.

The hike up the steep, relentless slope seemed endless. Tom, Bruce, and Irma crossed the snow-filled gully and began to angle up the slope on the opposite side, but I continued straight up the south side of the gully to the ridge overlooking the headwaters of Penguin Creek and turned right. I found a cairn and debris that appeared to mark a helicopter landing site at the first high point I came to, Point 4050 in Section 1, Township 10 North, Range 1 East, of the Seward Meridian. I continued northwest on the ridge and met Tom, Bruce, and Irma just as they crested the ridge. We traveled northwest, passing several mountain goat wallows.

I was in the rear when I fell. My palm throbbed with pain and blood trickled down my arm. Fighting queasiness, I caught up to Bruce, Irma, and Tom. We cleaned out my cuts with water and snow and they bandaged my hand. My wounds were not severe, but the gravity of any injury occurring only a few miles from the trailhead was definitely underscored.

After a short rest, we continued northwest until reaching California Peak (elevation 4974, Sec. 35, T11N, R1E, S.M.). We spent only a few minutes on top, overlooking Penguin Creek, the West Fork of Bird Creek, and California Creek. Shortly after we began the descent, Bruce and Irma opted to head down to the valley floor southwest of California Creek while Tom and I stuck to the ridge, retracing our steps to the southeast,

Tom and I passed the point where I had originally attained the ridge and headed to Gentoo Peak (elevation 4196, Sec. 1, T10N, R1E, S.M.). The ascent was uneventful and the views from the summit of a tarn and the surrounding alpine country were quite picturesque.

We descended the slope, following a bear path to the flagged game trail. Tom and I hiked through the forest to the trailhead, coming near an occupied nest of a large bird of prey at dusk. Having had distasteful close encounters with

goshawks and great gray owls before, I didn't stick around for a closer look, spurning Tom's attempts to call the birds closer.

Emerging at the trailhead, we expected to see Bruce and Irma, but they arrived an hour later with tales of horrendous alder thickets in the upper valley. This hike opened up new territory for me that I hope to explore more thoroughly this summer.

## Ship Creek Ski 2001

by Stu Grenier



In February 18, six of us backcountry skiers got together to try our luck at a ski down into Ship Creek Valley from where the Ski Bowl Road splits for the Nikki sight turn off below Artic Valley. The

Group included Ron Matviyak, Bret Christensen, Donna Klecka, Rick Zimmer, Jennifer Cambell, me, and Donna's dog.

The conditions were good for a morning ski down into the valley. The trail had recently been cleared of alder to Ship Creek and we had about seven inches of fresh snow. Nevertheless because of the trench like quality of skiing down a trail through alders it requires a certain amount of skill to make it to the bottom of the valley without eating it. Only one of us is known to have passed the test: Jennifer, the young lady from Colorado, with her tele gear. Donna also claimed this honor but since she came late and had no witnesses, we were skeptical.

Two falls of note were truly dramatic. Ron ripped his pants open while using his butt break at the small creek half way down and Rick bit the big one with the best face plant I've ever seen complete with a double binding release. As we gathered at the bottom of the valley, large black canines, two black, one gray, were spotted across the valley on the side of Ship Creek Peak just above alder line. They were moving up valley in a straight line.

It was the first time I've seen more than one wolf at a time. After moving up the valley about a mile we took a fork in the trail and dropped down to the creek. In a good ice year

you can ski up the creek without getting into the alders much, but this year the creek was wide open in most places so we had to beat the brush to move up valley. We spent the morning moving up the south side of the creek taking the line of least resistance.

About 1:00 we stopped just below Temptation Peak and had lunch on the north side of the creek. Donna's dog began showing an interest in the woods on the other side of the creek and then started off to investigate. We decided to tie it up to keep it from becoming a wolf snack. In an effort to take a more direct route out we opted to take the main trail on the north side of the creek back to the trail up to the road. This also helped set the first ¼ of the Arctic to Indian trail which some of us planned to do two weeks later. The trail has become quite overgrown with willows and needs to be trimmed.

As we were skiing out we came upon an old ascetic sitting in deep meditation where the trail met the creek. He had pants patched with duct tape and gear from another age. When he raised his head up out of meditation he stopped us in our tracks. We waited to hear what words of wisdom would depart his lips. But instead we got a hearty, "Howdy Strangers!" It was only Tom Choate looking for someone to ski with. We all skinned up to the ship creek trail sign and then down the five-mile trail. We finished just at dusk at the bottom of the trail where the sledgers congregate.

## On the Keystone Wall

by Josh Sonkiss

"Slack for God's sake," I screamed, and heard my own voice crack in terror. It was an unmanly sound, but in my desperation it didn't bother me one bit that I was uttering an exclamation I might never live down. Clinging tenuously to the overhanging rock wall, my perception of the world was reduced to a blur of dreamlike images and primordial sensations, and the most significant of them was the unbearable ache in my forearms. I hung from one arm at a time, changing sides when my cold-numbed fingers began to unwrap from the shafts of first the left tool, then the right. I didn't know what held the tools in place, but I trusted them with the blind faith of exhaustion. My left foot perched precariously on a rock ledge so tiny that it could have been flattened in a few moments with a piece of sand-



paper, and my right leg swung loosely in the wind like a rusty tailpipe. Beneath me, the rope traversed a dizzying arc twenty feet down to Joe, who hung in a ragged dihedral from the shakiest belay anchor I had ever been too afraid to look at. Each time I struggled with my free hand to pull up the rope and clip it to the ice screw above my head, it came tight just one finger's width short of the carabiner. "I'm going as fast as I can, dude," Joe calmly assured me as he labored to extract a vital inch of rope from the hopeless tangle that had fallen down around his feet. All I could do was wait, and the interim provided a few unwelcome moments of reflection. I had reached a low point in my life. I was about to take the fall I had been waiting for since the moment when I first picked up an ice tool.

With the self-righteous indignation that only a hypocrite can allow himself to indulge, I mentally berated my partner for his carelessness with the rope. I had always thought that Joe was reckless, and while he might argue that I am too conservative, this wasn't the first time I had paid the price for his cavalier attitude. But despite our differences in temperament, Joey and I had enjoyed a long and fruitful climbing partnership. We taught ourselves to climb using obsolete technical manuals and borrowed equipment. We learned through trial and error to ascend frozen rock and ice with monopoints and double ropes, with cams, nuts and pins hastily beaten into cracks with bent and broken picks. In the shadow of legendary local hardmen, whom we regarded with a mix of admiration and envy that in retrospect seems amusingly naive, we tried and failed and sometimes succeeded in getting up moderate routes that the old-timers had first climbed ten or fifteen years before. Their accomplishments seemed superhuman to us, and from the time of our initial struggles, we strove to climb ever harder in pursuit of the glorious ideal that they represented.

Like the heroes of mountaineering's golden age, we sought to purify ourselves by pitting our frail bodies against elemental forces that only boldness and strength of spirit could hope to overcome.

When mixed climbing became fashionable, glamorous magazine articles fueled our aspirations with stories about the adventures of professional climbers on the cutting edge of technical winter climbing. Soon after, Joe and I began to lose our innocence, and somehow lost sight of the glorious ideal that had been our *raison d'être* as

climbers. Climbing exploded in the popular media, and the rock gym buzzed with talk of the latest "extreme" routes rated M-this and WI-that. In the shiny pages of climbing magazines, everything can be reduced to a number, and soon we too started playing the numbers game. From then on, the beauty of a frozen waterfall, the intimacy of a vivid experience shared in the mountains, and the exhilaration of a challenge bravely met all became secondary in importance. It didn't matter whether we climbed in Keystone Canyon or Ptarmigan Couloir, under blue skies or in a raging storm—and it didn't matter how we felt at the end of the day. The value of a day's climb depended only on the numerical abstraction of its difficulty, and on how that number measured up to the latest high-digit desperates the big-name climbers were boasting about.

Eventually, competitiveness took its toll. For no better reason than vanity, Joe and I began to follow separate paths that threatened to destroy our climbing partnership and the very fabric of our friendship.

However, dangling high on the canyon wall, I was thinking in more practical numerical terms. How far would I fall? How much would the hospital bills cost? How many people would show up at my funeral? Frantically I looked at Joe, and felt a familiar rancor bubble to the surface when I saw the look of apparent boredom with which he faced what was for me a question of life and death. Amazingly, there is room enough for anger even under the direst of circumstances. But in spite of its absurdity, my incipient rage gave me the strength to haul up the rope one last time in a final desperate attempt to make the clip-and it reached. The carabiner clicked shut, and in that instant I heard the sound of Joe's voice again, different this time: "Slack for God's sake," he taunted in a high-pitched girlish voice, cackling like a lunatic as I struggled past the ice roof to stand shaking in an awkward stance above. Joe was enjoying himself too much at my expense: I was suffering immensely, and I wasn't even safe yet. I stood on the ledge and hyperventilated, my frozen fingers screaming in agony, and ironically-my eyes burning in the acrid sweat of muscular effort and mortal fear. The final pillar of the crux pitch still loomed above my head in the twilight, and its beauty had drained away with my courage. Festooned with yellowish ice mushrooms, it had the appearance of a bad sinus infection on exhibit in a wax museum. Too tired now even to resent my partner's vicious laughter, I climbed the last hundred feet with the resignation of a termi-



nal patient who has exhausted all medical treatments and has no option left but to pray. When at last I collapsed into the relative security of a frigid and windswept belay, Joey had ceased his barrage of wisecracks and night had fallen.

Typically, we had only one headlamp between us, and the batteries were almost dead. But we had already tacitly agreed that we would climb all night if necessary, and neither of us dared mention the possibility of retreat. By the light of his flickering bulb, Joey organized the rack in silence and prepared to lead the final pitch. I knew he was as scared and fatigued as I was, but as he led off into the darkness, I couldn't help but be impressed by his confidence and grace. In spite of our differences, we had risen to face this challenge and succeeded, as we had so many times in the past, and I could not imagine being in such a magical place with anyone else. Later I followed the pitch in a state of ecstatically heightened awareness, enthralled by the murmur of water gurgling through the crystalline labyrinth beneath my fingers and the sweet smell of last autumn's dry leaves. Though still cold and tired, in that moment I forgave Joey his faults, and I forgave myself and the whole human race. For that fleeting moment the world was beautiful, and it felt good to be alive.

**MINUTES**

**MAY MEETING**

TREASURER

The club has \$3,420.00 in revenue, \$1,615.00 in expenses and a total of \$13,700.00 in all accounts.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

*Hiking and Climbing*

**Matt Nedom** reviewed trips in the *Scree*.

*Training*

**Bill Bomberg** said the training committee will be lying low this summer and might offer a few courses. Steve Parry is still looking for volunteers to help plan possible training opportunities for members. If interested contact Steve.

*Huts*

**Mark Miraglia** was pleased to announce that he has been able to compile all the measurements and dimensions for the Eklutna Traverse huts. He is still looking for measurements for the Scandinavia Hut, so if anyone is going in he is asking them to get in touch with him before they leave.

*Parks Advisory*

**Scott Bailey** reported that the Chugach National Forest Management Plan will be out soon, so keep your eyes open.

*Geographic Names*

**Tom Choate** announced the arrival of the new revised Chugach State Park Map produced by Imus Geographics.

OLD BUSINESS

Bill Romberg presented the board approved revisions to the **By Laws** addressing membership requirements. The change proposed will require all members to fill out the MCA Release of Liability form to become a member. The membership voted in favor of the proposed revision.

NEW BUSINESS

None.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Alaska Mountain Wilderness Huts Association is looking for **volunteers** in the areas of trail guru, web master and data driver. Please contact the Association if you are interested.

Respectfully submitted,  
Jayme Mack

**For Sale**

Randonee skis (185cm) with Silveretta 404 bindings and skins \$180. Dynafit TLT4 boots (US 8.5, EUR 27-28.5) \$170. Package: \$330.

Garmont ski mountaineering boots 2000(US 7, EUR 25-26.5) \$200.

Ice tools: Charlet Moser Pulsars, straight shaft, leashes, extra straight and tube picks. Good karma. \$100 each or \$190 set.

Cory, 248-6606

**ADZE**



**Found**

An alpine axe on Baldy near Eagle River. Describe it and it's yours. Andy, 563-0631



## MCA Trip Classifications

The classifications below do not take into account individual trip hazards such as river crossings, scree slopes, snow fields, bears, etc. Trip leaders are required to inform the trip participants of any such hazards either verbally, on the sign-up sheet, or in the trip description. Leader approval is required for participation on all trips.

**NON-TECHNICAL:** Following are a few standards used to classify non-technical trips. The classification is made in terms of hiking distance and altitude gain. Many trips are not on established trails.

**CLASS A:** Easy hikes with a maximum distance of 8 miles for day trips or 4 miles per day for overnight trips. Altitude gain up to 1200 feet.

**CLASS B:** Trips involving a maximum distance of up to 12 miles for a day trip or 6 miles per day for an overnight trip. Altitude gain of 1200 to 2500 feet.

**CLASS C:** Trips up to 15 miles for a day hike or 8 miles per day for an overnight trip. Altitude gain up to 3500 feet. Scree, steep grass or other rough terrain problems may be encountered.

**CLASS D:** Hikes and climbs with an altitude gain of over 3500 feet or a distance of greater than 15 miles for a day-hike or greater than 8 miles a day for an overnight trip. Peaks in this classification may require minimal climbing skills.

**CLASS E:** Hazardous climbing conditions or stream-crossing conditions may be encountered. A basic mountaineering course may be required.

**TECHNICAL:** Technical trips are open to all qualified climbers. However, the registration on any particular trip must be restricted to a safe and manageable number of climbers. Registration is made directly with the leader, who determines the qualifications needed for the trip.

**GLACIER TRAVEL:** Trips requiring roped travel over glaciers. Knowledge of crevasse rescue, and ice axe and crampon skills are required. Basic understanding of ice and snow anchors also required.

**FIFTH CLASS:** Trips which involve fifth class climbing. A Basic Mountaineering course or equivalent is required. Knowledge of belay and rappel techniques and placing anchors is required. Climbing difficulty varies widely with each trip.

**TRIP PARTICIPANTS** have the obligation to acquaint themselves with the nature of the trip and to verify that it is within their capability and experience. Anyone wishing to participate in any trip above CLASS A must have completed one or more trips of the next lower classification, or the equivalent.

Approved: MCA Board, February 15, 2000

## General Rules for MCA Sanctioned Trips

1. Proper equipment is on the reverse side of this list.
2. No dogs. (Among the reasons are bear problems.)
3. The trip leader can require special equipment and refuse participation to any person that is ill-prepared (e.g. inappropriate clothing/gear).
4. The leader's suggestions are to be followed. Do not go off alone, return or rush ahead without his (her) permission, and don't ford a stream before the leader assesses the situation. Remember, this is a club trip and the leader must know where all participants are. Anyone separating from the group without the leader's approval is no longer considered a participant the MCA Sanctioned trip.
5. The trip leader has the authority to split the group (fast and slow), dependent upon current conditions. However, he/she must appoint a qualified co-leader to lead the second group using the guidelines specified in the current Trip Leader Responsibilities.
6. Trip participants who, in the leader's opinion, put themselves or other members of the group in danger by disregarding the leader's suggestions, shall be subject to sanction by the club. Sanctions may include, but are not limited to, reprimand at general meeting, exclusion from future trips, termination of annual membership, or lifetime exclusion from the club.
7. You must sign up on a trip roster (club meetings) or contact the leader, and you must have signed the club waiver to be on a club trip.
8. If you find you cannot participate after signing up on the roster, please let the leader know, both for transportation and gear-planning and so someone else can go. If you are the leader, help find a replacement.
9. Total number of people on club trips:  
Minimum: 4 (for safety reasons)  
Maximum: Leader option, depends upon the trail and campsite conditions, but generally limited to 12 in trail-less areas or State/National Parks
10. Firearms are not encouraged, and please let the leader know if you want to carry one - it will be leader's option. Aerosol bear repellent is preferred.

Approved: MCA Board, February 15, 2000

## Equipment

### Summer

Rain gear that works	Mosquito repellent
Wind gear	Whistle
Wool or fleece pants	Large plastic bag
Shorts	Lighter, matches
Light long johns	Map, compass
Wool shirt	Aerosol bear repellent (if desired)
Jacket	Moleskin/Spenco 2nd skin
Baseball cap	Ace bandage
Gloves	Surgical tape
Extra socks	Aspirin
Wool or pile hat	Gauze
Hiking boots	Anti-bacterial ointment
Stream-crossing footwear	4" x 4" pads, Band-Aids
Sunscreen	Wire





**RELEASE OF LIABILITY—READ CAREFULLY**

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (print name), am aware that mountaineering sports (including hiking; backpacking; rock, snow, and ice climbing; mountaineering; skiing; and ski mountaineering) are hazardous activities. I wish to participate and/or receive instruction in these activities with the Mountaineering Club of Alaska, Inc. (“MCA”) I recognize that these activities involve numerous risks, which include, by way of example only, falling while hiking, climbing, skiing or crossing rivers or glaciers; failure of a belay; being struck by climbing equipment or falling rock, ice or snow; avalanches; lightning; fire; hypothermia; frostbite; defective or malfunctioning equipment; and attack by insects or animals. I further recognize that the remoteness of the activities may preclude prompt medical care. I further recognize that risk of injury or death may be caused or enhanced by mistakes or negligence on the part of either my fellow participants or MCA officers, directors, guides, instructors, or trip leaders. I nevertheless agree to accept all risks of injury, death, or property damage that may occur in connection with any MCA activity, including use of MCA furnished equipment and MCA backcountry huts.

\_\_\_\_\_ (initial that you have read this paragraph)

**GIVING UP MY LEGAL RIGHTS**

By signing this Agreement, I agree to give up for myself and for my heirs all legal rights I may have against the MCA and my fellow participants in MCA activities (except to the extent that insurance coverage for any claim is provided by an automobile insurance policy or related excess insurance policies). **I give up these legal rights regardless of whether the injury, death, or property damage results from mistakes or negligence on the part of either my fellow participants or the MCA.** (As used in this agreement, MCA means the Mountaineering Club of Alaska, Inc., and all of its officers, directors, guides, instructors and trip leaders.) I understand this agreement shall remain in effect until such time as I provide signed written notice of its revocation to the MCA.

\_\_\_\_\_ (initial that you have read this paragraph)

**MY PROMISE NOT TO SUE**

I agree that I will not sue, or otherwise make any claim against, the MCA or my fellow participants in MCA activities for injury, death, or property damage which occurs in the course of my participation or instruction in mountaineering sports. Any lawsuit relating to MCA activities or this release shall only be filed in the Superior Court for the State of Alaska, Third Judicial District., Anchorage, Alaska. The provisions of this release are severable and if any part of this release is found unenforceable, the remaining provisions shall remain in full force and effect.

\_\_\_\_\_ (initial that you have read this paragraph)

**MY RELEASE OF LIABILITY**

I also agree to release and discharge the MCA and my fellow participants in MCA activities from all actions, claims, or demands, both for myself and for my heirs, dependents, and/or personal representative, for injury, death, or property damage occurring in the course of my participation or instruction in mountaineering sports.

\_\_\_\_\_ (initial that you have read this paragraph)

**MY PROMISE TO INDEMNIFY**

I agree to pay all expenses, including attorney’s fees and court costs, that the MCA or my fellow participants in MCA activities may incur as a consequence of any legal action arising out of injury, death, or property damage suffered by me.

\_\_\_\_\_ (initial that you have read this paragraph)

**MY CONSENT TO MEDICAL TREATMENT**

I consent to any hospital care or medical or surgical diagnosis or treatment which may be necessary as a result of my participation in activities with the MCA. I also understand and agree that I am solely responsible for all applicable charges for such medical treatment, including evacuation and/or rescue cost.

\_\_\_\_\_ (initial that you have read this paragraph)

**I HAVE CAREFULLY READ THIS AGREEMENT AND FULLY UNDERSTAND ITS CONTENT. I AM AWARE THAT THIS IS A BINDING, LEGAL AGREEMENT BETWEEN ME AND THE MCA.**

Dated: \_\_\_\_\_ Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature of Parent or Guardian (if under 19): \_\_\_\_\_

# Mountaineering Club of Alaska

## Officers

President	Bill Romberg	677-3993
Vice-President	Tom Choate	333-5309
Secretary	Jayne Mack	258-7571
Treasurer	Patty McPherson	336-2225

## Board

Kirk Towner	344-5424
Dolly LeFever	243-7027
John Hess	348-7363
Tom McDermott	277-0774
Richard Baranow	694-1500

Annual membership dues: Single \$10.00 Family \$15.00 (one *Scree* per family)

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 treasurer. The post office does not forward the newsletter.

*SCREE* is a monthly publication of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska. Articles and notes submitted for publication and other communication related to the newsletter should be mailed to my address: 1106 W. 54th Ave., Anchorage, AK 99518, or e-mailed to [willy@mcaak.org](mailto:willy@mcaak.org) Articles should be received by June 29th to be included in the July issue.

Paid ads may be submitted to the attention of the Vice-President at the club address and should be "camera ready" and pre-paid. Your cooperation will be appreciated... Willy Hersman, Editor, 561-7900.

Missing your MCA membership card? If so, stop by one of our monthly meetings to pick it up or send us a self-addressed stamped envelope and we'll mail it to you.

MAILING: richard baranow, bill romberg, don smith

HIKING/CLIMBING CHAIRS: matt nedom, 278-3648, richard baranow, 694-1500

HUTS: mark miraglia, 338-0705

WEB: [www.mcaak.org](http://www.mcaak.org) (go here to change your address)

MAILING LIST SERVICE: [mcaak@yahoogroups.com](mailto:mcaak@yahoogroups.com)

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

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