



SCREE



MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF ALASKA

BOX 2037

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA 99510

AUGUST 1975

VOLUME XVIII, No. 8

AUGUST MEETING

Wednesday, August 20, 1975, 8 PM, Pioneer Schoolhouse, 3rd and Eagle, Anchorage. The program will be a Slide Show of the MCA Katmai trip, presented by ED GLIVA using the combined slides of the participants. Come and see what you missed!!

BOARD MEETING

Tuesday, September 2, 1975, 8 PM, 2106 West Northern Lights Boulevard.

CLIMBING SCHEDULE

- August 23 Saturday MT. ASCENSION, 5710'. From Lost Lakes trail above Seward. Crampons and ice axes required. Leave 6 AM from ValuMart. Leader needed. Call Fritz Rieger at 277-8979.
- August 30 Saturday CROW PASS - SUMMIT MOUNTAIN, 5350'. Great views of Milk Glacier, Raven Glacier, etc. Leave 8 AM from ValuMart.
- September 6-7 Saturday, Sunday ORGAN BOWL: Routefinding and trailblazing party to the cirque below Organ Mountain. Up from Eagle River. Leader, Ludwig FeTche. Call 344-9881 for information.
- September 13 Saturday DIDIIKAMA, 6100'. From Snowbird Mine. Leader needed. Leave 7 AM from ValuMart. Call Fritz Rieger at 277-8979 for information or to offer your services as leader.

HIKING SCHEDULE

- August 16-17 Saturday-Sunday LOST LAKE. In via new Primrose Campground trail to end of Lost Lake. Out old trail. Meet at 7 AM at ValuMart. Leader, Terry Rees, 274-9127.
- August 23-24 Saturday-Sunday KACHEMAK BAY - GREWINGH GLACIER. Meet in Homer at Dona Agosti's trailer near Porpoise Room (on Spit) at 8 AM, Saturday. Others may want to meet in Anchorage and drive down Friday night to camp on the Spit. If enough persons indicate interest, we can leave early Saturday morning on Clem Tillion's boat, otherwise on regular boat at 1 PM. Cost of round trip is \$15.00. Camp on dry moraine at foot of Grewingh Glacier, explore many other areas. Return at our convenience on Sunday. Leader, Dona Agosti, 279-2901.

HIKING SCHEDULE continued.

- August 29 - McCARTHY-NICHOLAI RIDGE HIKE. Leave Anchorage Friday at 5 PM from
 September 1 ValuMart. Drive to Chitina and camp on beach across Chitina
 Labor Day Weekend Bridge. Start drive to McCarthy about 7 AM Saturday, arrive at
 McCarthy about noon. Lunch at Lodge or with our own group, then
 start hike to Nicholai Ridge. Camp on ridge Saturday night, re-
 turning when group wishes late Monday. Four wheel drives or high
 center cars are needed for this trip. Call Tom Meacham at 277-
 2129, or Dona Agosti at 279-2901, for details.
- September 6 GLEN ALPS TO INDIAN via Indian Creek. Leaders, Terry and Joyce
 Saturday Muehlenbach, 277-4038. Meet at 7 AM at ValuMart. Terry will ar-
 range for a car at Indian.
- September 21 CHESTER CREEK HEADWATERS via Oilwell Road and "Wilson" route.
 Sunday Leader needed. Volunteers call Dona Agosti at 279-2901.

MINUTES OF JULY MEETING will appear in the September issue of SCREE.

M & M TRAVERSE
MATANUSKA AND MARCUS BAKER GLACIERS
 June 7-19, 1975
 by Mark Fouts

At last we were on the Matanuska Glacier. The weather was beautiful. Charlie Hammond, 18, Ward Warren, 20, and Mark Fouts, 16, scrambled around the Matanuska Frontage looking for a route the first day. That first afternoon, June 7, Mark's father flew up from Anchorage. We had a super reconnaissance of the Matanuska Glacier from Mark's father's plane. The key was up a strip of smooth glacier near the center we called the White Tongue.

Three days later, after one relay across the frontage moraine, and skiing over the fern line, we rounded the last corner of the Matanuska Glacier. It became necessary to pitch camp because of whiteout conditions and the lateral moraine ended. At 5:45 AM on June 11 came the Cessna 180 with our planned airdrop of supplies. With bare feet quickly jammed into frozen Bunny Boots, Charlie and Mark gathered the airdrop and a package of homemade sweets. The weather with scattered clouds and a super hot sun revealed a magnificent Mt. Marcus Baker and the whole gigantic amphitheater. The sleds, loaded with equipment, got heavy, crevasses bigger, but the sight of our base camp pulled us on. By 5:00 PM, with all exposed skin well sunburned, prune-shaped feet formed by wet Bunny Boots, and one of those sudden whiteouts, we stopped near our planned base camp. We had averaged 6 1/4 mi. and 2,000 feet gain each day up the Matanuska.

The next 3 days were spent gaining a 12,360 foot knob with a great view of Mt. Marcus Baker and a lot of clouds. The weather was generally fantastic, especially with light winds. Our problem was a 2-foot wide ridge descending into the clouds (to where?), not to mention a 4,000 foot drop on both sides of the ridge. The summit day was a full 20 hours long with lots of knee-deep snow and a crevasse at 11,000 feet now known as the "Hammond Special."

M & M TRAVERSE continued.

Back at base camp the trio prepared to leave slowly. As we swung wide to avoid an ice fall, we headed up M & M Pass (the pass between Matanuska and Marcus Baker Glaciers). A 10,000 foot peak looked mighty tempting. By 8:30 PM, in winds and blowing snow, we stood on the top. Back at the tent below M & M Pass we picked up an unexpected airdrop that we watched free fall while climbing Mt. 4x5 (named for the camera used in taking poster shots). The box contained cold chicken and warm ice cream, but no one complained.

The following morning at 3:00 AM we began the sprint with 50-60 pound loads and sleds to the top of M & M Pass. The reason for the rise and shine with the sun was to avoid the afternoon slush and the avalanche possibilities. Within an hour and a half of our departure we had climbed 1,000 feet. Charlie's oatmeal special of the day was filling for our hungry stomachs.

The Marcus Baker Glacier twisted for miles in the Chugach Mountains. The weather was clear and super hot. The slope was gradual and the snow firm. Ward had a popular way of turning on cross-country skis. His crashes added a little humor to the trip. The other technique Ward had was to sink into crevasses instead of skiing across the top. But the lower-48 runner did great once the glacier leveled out.

On June 17, the weather finally caught up with us. I could hardly see Charlie at the end of the rope. We had to meander through the ice fall with skis across old snow bridges and crampons on ice. Then the sleds would fall into crevasses and about take us with them. By 8:00 PM somewhere on the lower Marcus Baker Glacier we camped surrounded by open crevasses at each end of the tent. What a sense of accomplishment! The next morning still surrounded by those same crevasses, we awoke to sunshine. Everybody agreed sunburn was better than being lost in a white-out. Immediately we headed for the hillside. We managed to surpass about 200 yards of ice walls and seracs.

The rest of the Glacier slipped by with a little route finding and crossing a huge moraine. With our skis, sleds, and usual gear, we had 70 pounds each on our backs. The walk though pleasant was tiring. The Knik Glacier appeared as we rounded the last corner. Grasshopper Valley was beautiful where lush greenery had sprouted since our trip's start. A brisk wind helped cool our sunburned and sweating bodies. At 8:00 PM on June 18 we cruised off the glacier, happy to be free of crevasses and unexpected falls, but feeling like we had left our "old home."

With the great weather we had, we could have stayed a month climbing on the glacier. But June 19 at noon we found ourselves sunbathing at the airstrip in Grasshopper Valley. The trip, the weather (raining in Anchorage) and the huge mountains came to an end as we left God's unspoiled piece of earth.

BYRON PEAK

June 21

by Ned Lewis

On June 21, Paul Janky, Brent Warner, Dennis Cowles, Ikuo Takeda, and Ned Lewis climbed Byron in the sun. The route we chose, the ridge, was in good condition and required only crampons and axes, no ropes. This climb served as the icing on Mr. Takeda's Alaska climbing trip, and helped cement Japanese-American mountaineering hearts together one step further.

PETERS CREEK

June 28-29

by John Nevin

Hanging up my call with Dona Agosti, I was really dejected since the Peters Creek, Hidden Valley trip was called off for lack of a leader. I brooded all next day until, in desperation, I called Dona and offered to be a "blind" leader, but only up Peters Valley. Thirteen hours before the hike was to commence, I, Moses, still had no people to lead. A quick call to Dona's recruiting agency solved that.

Next morning found Ann Jones, Sally Wilmeth, Bob Gordon, and Terry Rees waiting for me. A friend had showed me the new complex route to get to the trail head (about two miles from the highway). So, under cloudless skies, we launched off --first by car, which was a mistake since sections of the road to the park were very bad (OK for four wheel drive). We finally walked in from the new subdivision. A mile or so past the park turn-around the vehicle trail turns into a pretty good trail that we lost occasionally but found after a short search. The trail closely parallels the creek, sometimes high above it, sometimes right on its east bank. The group decided to set up camp several miles short of the valley's end. However, Ann and I went on to check out the whole route. The valley became quite wide and flat as we broke out of timber line to a beautiful view of snow-capped rugged mountains. I continued to the end of the main valley (about 12 miles from the trailhead) where I saw the only wildlife--a moose and three sheep.

Returning to camp we found the waters of Peters Creek had put new life in the rest of the group. Squadrons of mosquitoes gave the arms a good work-out. Typifying all hikes I've been on this year, the wet part came in the form of rain the whole second day (look out Katmaiers!). Hiking was wet and muddy with side streams swollen, causing at least one partial dunking. This was one of those hikes that was up hill both ways!!

The trail is fast (no brush or alders) and I understand from others a good but little used ski trail.

THE PINNACLE

July 4-6

by Paul Janke

After a late night hike to plop down by the lower Reed Lake, Friday, July 4 dawned overcast and rainy in the Talkeetna Mountains. Plans to attempt The Lynx were abandoned in favor of Bob Armstrong, his family, cabin, and stove.

Saturday, however, summer weather once again prevailed, allowing Jim Comeaux, David Kampf, and Paul Janke to climb The Pinnacle, 5500+', from a camp north of the Fern Mine amid sunny skies and 70 degree weather. The route included snow chutes on the northwest and northeast with some rotten-rock scrambling near the top. Lunch and superb views of the Talkeetna and Chugach Mountains and Alaska Range were only part of the rewards. Entertainment on the way down included sprawling glissades by all, with the encore given by David in the form of a super slide and foot-on-rock arrest.

PEAK OF THE LONE WOLF

July 4-6, 1975

by Keith Anderson

On the evening of the 4th of July, in good weather, Bob Roark, Robin Bowen, Vern Hansel, and I hiked up the railroad tracks from Portage Junction to the snout of the Spencer Glacier. Our intent was to do a traverse of Carpathian, but late the next day, upon reaching the upper Spencer Icefield, we spied an even more impressive peak and, after checking our map and discovering that it was the highest peak on the Kenai Peninsula and not even named on our map, decided to change course. Praying that the exceptionally good weather would hold just one more day, we slept out the brief dusk at the 3,000' level and awoke at 1:30 AM to find our prayers answered. We ascended the glacier on the north shoulder of the mountain as the sun bathed it in rose. At about 4,000' our footprints crossed those of a lone wolf trekking through the solitude. On to the northeast ridge and the usual rotten rock, but with an increasingly mind-blowing view. By the summit we could see the Alaska Range from Redoubt to Denali, much of the Chugach skyline, possibly Blackburn, the entire Prince William Sound and much of the Kenai Peninsula. Unfortunately, we could also see a front approaching from the Gulf, so we decided we'd better hoof it out that day. So we slogged it almost non-stop due north from the Spencer to the Whittier to the Burns to the Portage Glacier and over Portage Pass, dragging ourselves into Whittier at midnight. Our tootsies still haven't forgiven us for doing those last 21 miles in as many hours.

MT. CALLIOPE BY THE S.E. RIDGE

July 15-18

by Mark Fouts

In the midst of moving from Alaska, I managed to grab four days to return to the South Fork of Eagle River to attempt Calliope and Flute. The weather was cloudy, also known as average Chugach weather. The first day Mark Fouts and Terry Gallagher began the hike up to the old glacier moraine. Since this was my fifth trip into the South Fork, I knew where to go. Two of the previous trips were attempts of Calliope and both times Brian Okonek and I got weathered out. By the time Terry and I got to the South end of Eagle Lake we had soaked up all the moisture from the bushes. We were able to walk right up the creek since our pants soaked our socks which soaked our boots. Our original plan was to gain a knoll on Flute Glacier. Once we got to my previous year's camp site our feet needed to be thawed and dried. So the first night was spent below the glacier.

The next day, July 16, we hiked up the glacier. I gave constant instructions to Terry and explained several techniques of cravasse rescue. We gained the knoll and changed to day packs and headed up Calliope's southeast ridge. I had to belay Terry in a couple spots, but in general it was an average rock scramble. The previous ascents were all via the NNE ridge, mine the SE, leaving the NW unclimbed. I got weathered out on the NW ridge and the route may present a problem. On the summit I took a picture of Brian Okonek's ice ax which Terry had borrowed. Brian's ice ax had made it at last, and he wasn't with it. We spent the night on the knoll. The weather in general had been cloudy and the view was scattered among the holes in the clouds. Wind was not much more than refreshing.

July 17 we ran up Mt. Ewe, 6,095 feet, an unofficial peak. Flute turned out to be a little too much for Terry so we returned to the knoll and packed up. I think two experienced climbers would be able to surmount Flute via the SW ridge. The weather got better that morning and previous night. By 1 PM the clouds returned to their rightful positions covering up the mountains. We descended with the clouds

MT. CALLIOPE continued.

into the valley. Around 6 PM we decided to stop for the night before we got wet in the creek crossings. Friday we rode out on two small bikes we had left in the bush. The miles between the South Fork and Anchorage developed one sore tail bone, otherwise it was another fantastic trip.

KATMAI NATIONAL MONUMENT

July 19-24

By Dona Agosti

Thirty-six MCAers met at Anchorage International Airport at 11 AM, July 19, for the Wien flight to King Salmon. From there we were ferried in Wien's 10-passenger float plane to Brooks Camp where we set up camp on the shores of Brooks Lake. This was an old NOAA site so we were able to use their former watertower for a food cache to discourage bears. Ranger Rollie escorted 29 people on a nature walk while another ranger enjoyed the company of four others. Eleven in all climbed to Dumpling Mountain. Noteworthy on the nature walk were the salmon jumping Brooks Falls. After five or six rowboat trips all of us were across Brooks River and touring the camp grounds. Final excitement for the evening for the late crowd was watching Mama Brown Bear fishing for her two cubs along the shore a few hundred feet from the lodge. (I had one hand on the door knob.) The 40-passenger bus, having been repaired during the night, was at our camp site around 10:30 and we were off on the 23-mile road to Three Forks Overlook. Bus driver, Kurt, negotiated the river fords with skill, but had us worried after one turn downstream when the engine stalled and water was coming in the door. The ride alone is worth the \$16.50 roundtrip charge.

The first order of business was crossing Windy Creek, which I did, belayed by Greg Wolf. It was not the waist-high fast water we had heard about three weeks earlier. Approaching the Buttress Range, we began to enter the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. The pink sand and pink canyons were quite a surprise, a sort of Alaskan Painted Desert. It was equally surprising to find that the Lethe River had cut 40 foot canyons in just 63 years since the 1912 eruption. Our first-night camps were set up in two gullies, the further one more preferable because it cut further into the Buttress and was nearer fresh water. The next morning all 31 were on the trail by 8:30, negotiating the crossing of the Lethe at one of its low points, and ascending Baked Mountain. Luckiest person of all was Kay Bielawski who persuaded Sarah Eaton to come down the mountain to carry her pack up. The Baked Mountain shelters belong to the University of Alaska; there are three buildings, two with bunks. That afternoon about ten of the group hiked to Novarupta, another surprise. One first views it as he stands high above the valley floor upon which Novarupta sits--a black, steaming plug of rock. It is in complete contrast to the color around it. A fun run down the sand slope and then across countless gullies takes you up to the rim of the plug where fumaroles are visible. This is about a five to six mile round trip, depending on how well you follow instructions to return via the valley floor and the sand slope rather than traversing to the right. (Ask Chuck Heath and company!) The next morning was supposed to be sleep-in time, but most were raring to go by ten, so we broke up into three groups. One group hiked the many miles to Katmai Pass from which they could see Shelikof Strait and Kodiak. Another group elected to start out to the Overlook Cabin. The third group hiked up valley to view some active fumaroles at the base of Baked Mountain and really hammed it up when we located one. Returning, we discovered an ice bridge across the Lethe and huge bear tracks at our original crossing. To get out of a high wind, we hurried on to the gully where some camped for the night and others went on ahead to the Overlook Cabin. With the exception of several aeolian gusts, our gully was quiet and pleasant.

KATMAI NATIONAL MONUMENT continued.

Joining the advance group around 10:30 the next morning, we welcomed the warmth of the Overlook Cabin. We made ourselves as inconspicuous as possible when the tour busses rolled in--then returned to Brooks via the 40-passenger bus and one of the tour busses. Dinner at the Lodge (\$9.50), another round with the bears, and a campfire gathering ended a fun four days. Out by float plane, a quick trip to Naknek by four intrepid females who now know what it's like to ride in the dump section of a dump truck, and we were on our way back to Anchorage at 1:20 PM.

MEMO FROM THE AMERICAN ALPINE CLUB

We have just been advised by the UIAA that early this year a Japanese company, Duco Training Ltd., obtained from the Office of Official Trademarks in Japan authorization to use the initials and trademark of the UIAA on their products. The UIAA and the Japanese Alpine Club have both protested vigorously against this usage. But--since Japan is not a signatory to the Conference of Madrid, there is little anyone can do about it.

The purpose of this memo is to alert you and, through you, to the public, there may well be merchandise appearing for sale in North America that appears to carry the UIAA label and is, in fact, undeserving of such. If any equipment made by Duco and carrying the UIAA label is found offered for sale, it would be extremely helpful if the Club were notified of the details immediately. The Club's address is: 113 East 90th Street, New York, New York 10028.

FOR SALE

One Jensen Pack, large size, mithril color, huge capacity, never used! \$40.00. Also one R.E.I. McKinley sleeping bag, light blue color, broken zipper, three pounds down, excellent condition, only \$60.00. A great winter bag! Call Shawn Oxford, 279-3283.

DENALI NAME CHANGE

A proposal to change the name of Mt. McKinley to "Denali" is now before the U.S. Board on Geographic Names. Most of the correspondence to the President, the Secretary of the Interior and the Board oppose the proposal, so written public support is badly needed. If you approve of the name change, please write your feelings to: Donald J. Orth, Executive Secretary, U.S. Board on Geographic Names, Reston, Va. 2209

SPECIAL TO MCA'ers

High-altitude Lhasa Apso puppies, natives of Tibet. Purebred females special price to MCA'ers: \$35.00 apiece. (Tenzing owns several.) Contact Fritz and Durhane Rieger, 277-8979, eves.

COMING NEXT ISSUE

A hair raising account of the fifth ascent of Peril Peak!!!