



MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF ALASKA

BOX 2037

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA 99510

SEPTEMBER 1974

VOL. 17 No. 8

SEPTEMBER MEETING Wednesday, September 18....8:00 PM Pioneer Schoolhouse, 3rd & Eagle St.

MINI SHOW: SURPRISE

MAXI SHOW: Slide Presentation by Leo Hannan, RoseAnn Stauffer, Terry Reese and maybe other MCAers who hiked the Chilkoot Trail in July.

BOARD MEETING: October 2, 1974 at Tom Meacham's, 1410 H Street, 7:30 PM.

CLIMBING SCHEDULE

To be announced at the meeting.

HIKING SCHEDULE

SUNDAY SEPT 15, PETERS CREEK HIKE, Leaders Gayle & Helen Nienhueser or Dona Agosti, 279-2901. Meet Valu Mart at 8:00 AM.

SUNDAY SEPT 22, LAKE GEORGE "ATTEMPT" (ALONG KNIK RIVER), Leader Bill Barnes Sr., 333-9218. Meet at Valu Mart at 7:00 AM.

SUNDAY OCT. 6, WINNER CREEK GORGE (FROM ALYESKA), Leaders Terry and Joyce Muehlenbach, 277-4038. Meet at Valu Mart at 8:00 AM.

SATURDAY OCT. 12, RAINBOW CREEK VALLEY, Leaders Dave and Carol DeVoe, 333-5492. Meet at Valu-Mart at 8:00 AM.

Bits and Pieces:

Correction: The leaders of the Peters Hills hike as shown in the August SCREE should have been Gayle and Helen Nienhueser and the author of the article, John Nevin. Sorry!

Nominations for new offices will appear in the OCTOBER SCREE. If you have suggestions, call Bill Barnes Jr. 272-2205.

It's getting to be a habit, but Mel Langdon's done it again. Congratulations, Mel, for being first in the Senior Women's Division in the Lazy Mountain Marathon. The same to another MCA family member, Susan Farkas, who won fourth in the Junior Women's Division. It's 14 miles round trip, MEN.

WILL THE GUY WHO HAS THE SIERRA DESIGN GLACIER TENT STASHED UNDER HIS BED PLEASE MAKE HASTE TO RETURN IT!

MINUTES OF GENERAL MEETING

Meeting was called to order at 8:25 due to dearth of attendants by Bill Barnes Jr. Reading of the treasurer's report was postponed until the next general meeting, due to absence of treasurer.

Tom Meacham gave a report on the Conservation Committee's research into the apparent conflict in Native selections in Chugach State Park and the existing rights-of-way and trail easements there, observing that the state doesn't want to litigate this matter, leaving settlement up to federal bureaucrats.

Visitors were welcomed and hikes and climbs announced, including the upcoming Labor Day weekend hike over Lost Lake-Cooper Lake Trail. The leader indicated that he would be able to successfully complete it in three days, after having been lost for three days on that trail last year in the same attempt. (Some encouragement!)

At September general meeting, the board will present a slate of nominees for next year's officers, and nominations will also be taken from the floor at that time.

Meeting was adjourned for refreshments and John Pinamont and Scott Mueller's presentation of their climb of Peril Peak.

Acting Secretary,
Mel Langdon

BOLD PEAK 7522"

August 17-18, 1974 Bill Stivers

At 8:30, Saturday morning, Betty Davis (a visitor from Capetown, South Africa), Peggy Hines, Mel Langdon, Terry Rees, Brian Smith, Bill Stivers, and Sue Zimbrick departed from the bridge over the North Fork Eklutna River, followed the trail upstream for about 2 miles, and, upon sighting the twin waterfalls across a clear area on the valley's north slope, began climbing toward the gully leading to the peak. Ripe raspberries and rose hips were abundant along access to the gully.

The party had an early lunch in the lower cirque, and then climbed to the camp site in upper cirque.

At 2:00 pm, after pitching tents, Peggy, Betty, Mel, Brian and Bill departed to climb the remaining 3,700 feet to the peak. The climb was mostly over rock, but there were a few stretches of snow. Brian, the first climber to reach the summit, was rewarded with the sighting of two rams--one full and one 3/4 curl. By 5:30 everyone had reached the flat summit of Bold Peak. The weather was mostly clear, yet wisps of clouds floated up and across the peak. The temperature was 46 degrees, and the wind almost calm. As usual, there were areas covered by several feet of snow.

A relatively fast descent was made down the scree slopes into the south gully. Camp was reached at 7:30.

The weather was beautiful throughout the weekend, and everyone enjoyed a leisurely trip down on Sunday. After basking in the sun throughout Sunday morning, we departed the upper cirque at 11:30, reaching the road at 4:30.

LOST LAKE TO COPPER LAKE

Aug. 31-Sept. 2, 1974

Bill Barnes Sr.
and Dave DeVoe

Labot Day was memorable and laborious for 16 backpackers who might have wondered near the end of the trip is they would ever see Anchorage again!

Leaving Valu Mart at 6:00 AM on Saturday, August 31, and heading for Seward were: Bill Barnes Sr., our fearless leader; his side-kick-Charles Mobraten (12 years old); Terry Rees; Clay Nunally(he & Bill Sr. hiked the trail one year ago); Carol & Dave DeVoe & daughters-Donna, Sharon & Jeannette; Ivan Brudie & his sons--Odin, Regan & Eric; Army Lt. Al Worland; Rosie Stauffer & her guest, John West, of Minneapolis, Minnesota. Oh yes, we can't forget "TD", the DeVoe family dog, and "Frea", Bill's and/or Chuck's dog.

Some of us started hiking the trail to Lost Lake, located 6 miles north of Seward, around 9:30 AM. The rest of the gang-Clay, Bill, and Ivan, who had to deliver cars to Cooper Lake-caught up with us later on the trail. We followed the hiking trail, with weather threatening rain most of the way. Clouds were low and it was windy. Many persons engaged in berry-picking along the way--loads of blueberries, watermelon berries, and service berries. Odin entertained us with his singing and harmonica playing. The 7 mile hike to Lost Lake reaches about 1900'.

We stopped for dinner around 6:30 PM and camped near a small lake about 4 miles west of Lost Lake at 2100'. The seven-tent village included 6-two man tents, and the DeVoe family mansion. It was cold, still overcast. We had followed the trail all day.

The second day we awoke to SUNSHINE! Before 8:00 AM, Odin and Eric went for a quick swim in the small lake. People were running around camp bare-foot in wet grass because they didn't want to get their boots wet. Everyone in camp was doing something--practicing photography, drying out clothing from the rain, exploring avalanches or glaciers. No one was in a hurry to go anywhere it appeared. The gang packed up and headed onward about 10:00-10:30 AM.

Throughout the day, we saw two wesels, a Dall sheep's skull, a Dall sheep's foot(near an avalanche), Eagle feathers, and numerous mermot and mice colonies,holes, and their"highways." Periodically a foot placed on a small, unseen hole would send a small mouse scurrying to safety. We saw several marmots perched in the distance looking in wonderment as to why they were being invaded. Several members carried a marmot skull home for a souvenir.

The climb over the pass was difficult, but the spectacular view compensated for that. At one point, we slid down a small remaining avalanche on air mattresses, pnochos, tarp, or whatever, to reach the other rocky side. The pass was 3400'.

We camped at Boulder Creek-on a bluff that overlooked the creek. The air was cold, the sky cloudy, and the moon full! Gorgeous sight! Some people were quietly and unnoticeably mumbling about how many blisters they had at this point in time. And I saw some tenderfoots using moleskin!

Bill Barnes Sr., knowledgeable on mushrooms, shared his pickings of the day--so we enjoyed fresh mushrooms in our freeze-dried dinners.

There were groans on the third day as we were awakened at 6:00 AM and asked to get moving. We hit the road by 8:00 AM. We walked a half mile and started spotting gigantic mushrooms. Picked three large plastic bags full--each mushroom being at least fist-size. We stumbled over groups of marmots; and Odin, with his singing, managed to flush out several ptarmigan from the bushes, along Boulder Creek. The group split about a mile from our camp-site-with Bill, Clay, Al, Chuck, & all the Brudies going over a steep pass, and the rest of us going around a mountain and through a lower pass. We met on the other side-at the SAME time by coincidence. Everyone climbed to a higher pass. Some of us used dwarfed birch and other bushes for pull and support. Dave assisted in places with a rope. And tears came to little

Donna DeVoe's eyes when she took off her backpack for a rest, and it went rolling $\frac{1}{2}$ way (wheww it stopped) down the mountainside. It was rescued by her father. Once the group rejoined we had lunch together before fighting our way through the thicket, willow, alder, juniper etc. Odin scouted, and blazed the trail to Cooper Lake. For the first mile, we walked in a creek! It was a group effort, with most holding onto trees, bushes, or each other for support. And careful stepping took each of us down a waterfall. Rocks were slippery, and some hunks of green moss appearing rock-like, gave many of us wet feet. We found and ate lots of high-bush blueberries along the way. Someone found an abandoned camera tripod. We stumbled upon a neat little old dog cabin with a squirrel stash and a bunk inside. Its roof was made of barrels, and a pair of moose antlers, mossy green in color, lay in front of the cabin. During our four(4) hour, four(4) mile journey through the thicket, we saw TOO MANY fresh piles of bear dung! The more piles I saw, the happier I was that Al, Bill, or Clay were bringing up the rear of the group. We found some old trails, and some game trails- we followed them, but they led us astray. We had Chuck climb tall trees to find our route. We weren't lost (ha), we just couldn't find our way out of this mess! The last hour was the worst- with the group being hungry, tired, some wet, others blistered, and most, frustrated. Eventually we discovered the road and I heard some screams of joy. Clay, Al, Dave, and Ivan went after the cars. The rest of us had dinner, or slept, or played cards, or chess; Carol DeVoe and I recalled the hike and put it on paper, while others discussed heavy topics during the two-hour wait. We hiked in shirtsleeves all day the third day. And surprisingly enough, John West backpacked the whole 25 mile trip in tennis shoes! The general consensus of the group was that the title of this trip should be changed to something like: Lost Lake to LOST TRAIL to Cooper Lake!

Rosie Stauffer

MCA in Politics: Honorary MCA member, Lowell Thomas Jr., won the Republican nomination for Lieutenant Governor of Alaska, and will be running for Governor in November. Congratulations Lowell!

Equipment Bargain: Bill Quirk discovered that Brown's Electrical Supply in Mt. View (3001 Mt. View Drive) has a supply of brand-new Army pants, 100% wool, medium weight (18 ozs.) fabric, for sale at the unbelievable price of \$2.95 a pair. The only problem- they are all small waist size (29-31 inches) but can be let out another inch or so. Avoid hypothermia and stay warm in a pair of unused, 1951-vintage Army trousers (at this price, you can even give some away as Christmas presents)!

National Outdoor Leadership School: I was recently invited to lunch with Paul Petzoldt, founder of NOLS, courtesy of Betty Johannsen of Alaska Travel Publications. Paul lives in Lander, Wyoming and is the well-known "Grand Old Man" of the Grand Tetons, attempting a winter ascent of the Tetons each New Year's Eve with some of his students. He is a fascinating person, with lots of views and anecdotes from his extensive 40-year climbing career, including an expedition to K-2 prior to World War II, and service in the Tenth Mountain Division during the war.

Paul has had a summer outdoor leadership school at Whittier for the past two summers with 30 students per month attending a course emphasizing outdoor leadership and skills in a water-bound environment. He was interesting in starting a mountain-oriented course in the Chugach or Talkeetna ranges, much as he offers in Wyoming at the present time. Unlike the Outward-Bound school of philosophy of nature and wilderness as elements

to be conquered, NOLS teaches techniques for young people to use to become competent, environmentally-aware outdoor leaders, enjoying and appreciating the natural scene. Paul has, a strong aversion to peak-baggers, so I would doubt that his mountain school if started in this area, would be picking off many summits that MCAers might have their eyes on.

NOLS has about 3000 students annually, most of them in Wyoming (see National Geographic February 1974) but this summer, they organized a backpacking trip through Africa, as well as the Wyoming and Alaska activities. Paul has also written a best-selling book on the outdoors, and markets a line of fiber-fill sleeping bags recently given high marks by Backpacker Magazine.

During lunch, our conversation somehow turned to the potential problem of asphyxiation in an airtight environment. I mentioned that this seemed especially possible in one of those watertight, reversible two-man mountain tents the Army uses, and I recounted my only experience in one, a very damp (inside, not outside!) and clammy evening at the 1968 Flattop Sleep-In- and I finished by stating that in my opinion those tents were horrible. Imagine my chagrin when Paul casually mentioned that he had designed that tent for the Quartermaster Corps in World War II! My foot was firmly wedged back around my wisdom teeth!

Aside from this blunder, I enjoyed my visit with Paul very much. Though we may deplore the "overcrowding" of our favorite trails and hills (we have them to ourselves more than our counterparts anywhere else!), it would seem that if increased use does occur, the students and instructors from NOLS would make a fine choice for companions.

Tom Meacham

SEE YOU AT THE MEETING!

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FIRST CLASS

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