

SCREE

DECEMBER 1993

A Publication of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska, Inc.
Box 102037, Anchorage, Alaska 99510

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DECEMBER MEETING

Wednesday

December 15, 7:00

Pioneer Schoolhouse, 3rd & Eagle Streets
Downtown Anchorage

Potluck Dinner: Please use the following guideline:

<u>Last name starts</u>	<u>Bring</u>
<i>A-D</i>	Deserts
<i>E-I</i>	Vegetables
<i>J-N</i>	Salads/Fruits
<i>O-Z</i>	Bread/Relish Plates/Juices
<i>MCA</i>	Turkey, Drinks, Plates, Etc.

Slide Show: Bring in 10-15 slides from a trip or trips you did during the last year to share with us.

TRIP REPORTS

Carpathian
or The New
Nightmare

by Jonathan Rose

Apart from the Chugach front range, it was the first mountain that I spotted in Alaska that appeared a worthy objective. Not that there weren't others, it was just that this one stood out huge and magnificent above all the rest at the head of Turnagain Arm. That was in October 1991. Two years later James, Beaver and I rolled off the Whittier shuttle having just bought three single tickets from a suspicious guard. Whittier creek is no paddle; unprepared for a wet crossing and not to mention the problem of face loss if we had to pass and re-pass the road gang who were digging up bits of Whittier on the creek road, it took

HIKING AND CLIMBING SCHEDULE

- Dec 18 Flattop Solstice
For those who keep the tradition alive, spend the night (which is quite long) on the summit, as we have done every year. Meet at Glen Alps around 3:00 or 4:00. Be prepared for foul conditions, high wind, ice. No leader.
- 19 Ice Climbing Practice
Location depends on conditions. Class: Fifth Class.
Leader: Dave Hart 243-0975



two hours away from our early start. Two hours which held us back for most of the trip.

South over the Whittier Glacier and across the head of the Burns it was a breeze. Solid cramponing snow, obvious and easily crossed slots, we rattled along. As the sun was lowering we found a camp spot on a level piece of Glacier at about 3500 ft. Fine views of Marcus Baker and Western Chugach peaks going pink and orange. I have yet to see the weather on Price William Sound turn seriously bad and it looked like this weekend was to be no exception.

Sunday was clear and in two hours we were at the base of the North East ridge of Carpathian. The ridge hides behind a steep looking buttress which itself appears to be a summit. We spotted a possible route but were unsure of the angle or snow conditions. We shed our loads, had lunch and started up to the end of the ridge. Soft snow and loose rock on the buttress made for an uninviting descent, but we got to the top for our first close-up of the peak. An awesome pile, with the Northwest Ridge falling away to our left and the sweeping North face dropping to our right. The North East ridge goes from a fairly wide and level platform to a series of ever steepening snow pillows, terminating in a series of small cliffs. The closer we got, the worse the final 100 feet looked, although there was an obvious series of terraces leading across the face to the North Ridge. Still wonderful snow; a result of the frozen rain of the previous week. At last we reached the technical stuff and Beaver lead on. Time was passing and it was 4.45 PM, two hours would have been a lot of help now. With a storm brewing in The Sound every breath that I took seemed to pull the clouds closer. I was having doubts as to how safe it would be to go on; it was cold waiting for Beaver, and clear that the anchor points were poor. At 5:15 there was a yelp from above and I shot upwards, propelling warmth into my shivering body. James came up behind and we waited while Beaver looked for the summit. Five minutes later there it was and we were up. The exposure was terrifying, with a summit cone of snow only big enough for one, 3000 ft drops on all sides, we held our breath, took some pictures and gingerly moved around. It was 5.45 when we left and there was only 45 minutes left before sunset.

Descending in the twilight we eyed the clouds, unsure what their movement would be; in or out?. Down the North Ridge, across the face and along the North East Ridge, it was easy. A halt for pictures and speculation before we picked our way through the soft snow and loose rock of the buttress. The light was playing on the distant peaks with a dramatic background of black clouds. We could even see shafts

reflected from the water. I was glad to see our belongings that night, especially when we found a snug campsite in a hollow below a rock wall. Luckily for us that we found that, because it rained and blew hard in the night. I wondered for a while how we were to get home. To return to Portage visitors center via Whittier would surely be two days, and the way we planned to go, over Portage Glacier and onto the buttress to the west of Byron Glacier would be difficult in bad weather.

The storm passed and morning was wet and sloppy. From the tent door it looked like a white out. From further out there were signs that we had camped on solid ground – not just cloud. The rain was easing and it looked gray but not darkening. We had spied two routes to Portage Glacier the day before. One directly from its source to the north of where we were camping and the other into the bowl below the north face. We could not see the complete route down either, but if we had had two hours the night before, we may have scouted the first route from above. We chose the shortest way, under the north face. By keeping to the northern edge we avoided the obvious slots, but around the corner, the one that obscured our view from above, the glacier dropped away alarmingly to the Portage Glacier 800 ft below. Still we couldn't see the difficult stuff. Wending our way down and round cavernous slots we eventually reached the low point below which all was jumble and block. We found a suitable vertical spot and rappelled to the flat part of the Portage Glacier, 200 ft below. Beaver's foot got stuck so badly on the first pitch, that he seemed to be trying to clean his nose with his front points. No injuries and we headed out onto the flat upper reaches of the glacier at 3:30. This was easy going and we headed for a brown smear which had looked like a pool table from the distance.

Since this trip I have developed a new nightmare. I can sympathize with Alice when she was on the chess board talking to the Red Queen. Here we were on a flat surface with cracks cutting it into diamonds, just like Alice, except that in our case the cracks got imperceptibly wider as we go further onto the board. The nightmare follows our experience, except that I'm being chased by wolves who don't carry a pack and who can jump about 6" further than me. The cracks start out about a foot wide, an easy step. Then perhaps one in ten is two feet or three feet wide. After another mile, the situation is reversed and one in ten is less than four feet wide, and most I can't jump.

We unroped. We were deep within the maze and had to get out, although the best exit point was

not clear because to the west the buttress rose with some nasty looking cliffs. After some miles of weaving and jumping with our sixty pound packs we reached the side - if this isn't the right thing, how do we retrace our steps?. Not a comfortable spot, but at least it was somewhere, and not nowhere.

We scouted around and the only way up was a grass covered scree slope with small cliffs and ledges facing the wrong direction. On with our crampons again and up. We started at 6:30 and by 9:30 we had climbed the 1600 feet to the summit by a full moon and found a cozy camp spot. A family of goats looked on from above with obvious amusement at our struggles. Several times we considered camping, but two out of three wanted to go on and James' body was trashed beyond caring (quote). Night three was unplanned but not unprepared for.

Tuesday morning brought a fine sunrise and a short descent to the Portage visitors center over the end of the buttress. We saw the goats again, this time from above, and they weren't so amused. We hit brush at 800 ft and beat our way down. I was grateful for quick release crampons because we used them to great effect on the grass and scree. Being late we had caused a little concern to those left behind. If we had been three hours longer, there would have been a plane out looking for us.

A fine and worthy peak is Carpathian. No cakewalk but a fine three day expedition. A winter ascent would be best from Portage, up the Burns Glacier. No avalanche danger, and no serious crevasses, just an exposure problem from the storms of Prince William Sound.

Trip to the Selwyn Mountains Northwest Territories

by David Logan

Participants on the backpack trip to the Vampire Peaks in the Selwyn Mountains, Northwest Territories, July 31-August 14, were Tom Choate, Pam Bell, Carol Charot and me. On Saturday morning, July 31 we left Anchorage for the two day drive to Finlayson Lake, Yukon Territory. Finlayson Lake is located in southeast Yukon Territory 150 miles north-east of Watson Lake, adjacent to the Robert Campbell Highway.

On Monday morning we flew, by Beaver, 100 miles to the east to the Vampire Peaks. The approach was spectacular, flying over numerous glaciers and ice

fields, although a dense haze from forest fires in the Northwest Territories made picture taking difficult. We landed on the largest of the several small lakes in the Vampire Peaks and set up camp on a dry flat ridge near the lake at an altitude of 5,000 feet. Brush line occurs at an altitude of 4,300 feet. This lake would be home for the next three days. The geology and geography of this colorful land of rock walls, spires, wide valleys and glaciers is fascinating. The peaks in the center are composed of granite, while some of the peaks along the margin are composed of shale, intruded by large veins of granite. These granitic intrusions have baked the shale to a red color. One of these red shale peaks is topped by a series of three 100 foot tall granite summit blocks. In the area are a small number of granite walls, the highest of which rises 2,000 feet above the valley floor. The altitudes of the summits are in the vicinity of 8,000 feet. The southern Vampire Peaks are accessed via small glaciers, containing minor crevasse fields.

On Tuesday we circumnavigated the lake and made an attempt on the unnamed peak topped by the granite blocks, directly to the north. We ascended a prominent ridge and succeeded in climbing two high points on the ridge adjacent to the main peak, but left the summit block unclimbed. The views of sheer walls, glaciers and our lake 2000 feet below, were fabulous.

On Wednesday Tom Choate ascended the ridge southeast of camp, climbing two small peaks and scrambling to the highest summit (8250 feet) which apparently had not been climbed previously.

On Thursday all of us hiked up the main valley through the center of the Vampire Peaks. The upper portion of the valley fingers out into a half dozen cirques, each filled with a minor glacier. We selected the center valley, roped up and ascended to the pass at the head of the glacier. Along the way we had an enjoyable time winding our way through a crevasse field. The pass was an excellent vantage point providing a good view to the south and the route that we would be backpacking in a couple of days.

On Friday, on account of the previous day being a 14 hour day, we got a late start. At 3 p.m. we left our initial camp for the last time, for the 30 mile hike to Shelf Lake, and began the grunt up the steep slope to the valley leading to the North Moraine Hill Glacier. Four hours latter we arrived near a small lake and made camp. Beyond this lake were boulder fields and glacier.



Saturday morning dawned gray and unpromising. But time was limited and we had to move. With two high passes and two large masses of ice to cross we couldn't sit around waiting for perfect weather. Moraine Hill (despite its drab name, is a spectacular ridge of black rock cliffs, 1 mile long and rising 1,600 feet above the glacier) separates the North and South Moraine Hill Glaciers. As we proceeded toward the North Moraine Hill Glacier the clouds thickened, lowered and rain began to fall. We proceeded up the glacier in light drizzle. Approaching the pass on the east shoulder of Moraine Hill the drizzle turned to snow. After a brief pause on the pass we descended to the South Moraine Hill Glacier, a broad nearly featureless ice field. Certain parts of the ice field were so flat that the melt water drained poorly, creating icy swamps.

We dropped off the eastern terminus of the glacier toward the southern side and descended the valley, looking for a campsite. We descended through a bleak moonscape of glacial debris, sometimes sliding and skidding down thin muddy veneers of scree overlying glacier ice and at other times hiking along a muddy torrential glacial stream. Finally, we walked onto the one flat spot in the upper valley and we had a place for camp.

Sunday morning dawned overcast, but dry. The morning was spent draping damp clothes and sleeping bags over every rock in sight. During the afternoon we traveled on down the valley to brush line and then ascended a side valley that led to the second large ice field to be crossed. We camped at a scenic tarn on a shelf of rock.

Monday began clear, however, lenticular clouds over the ice field did not bode well. We ascended a glacier leading to the ice field as the weather deteriorated to fog and light snow. Immediately below the pass, where the glacier flowed out from the ice field, was a crevasse, creating a bit of a challenge to cross.

Arriving at the pass, on the edge of the ice field, we peered into the fog looking for the peaks on the other side. It seemed that we would be following a compass route around the nunatak at the center of the ice field and then on to the other side, four miles away. While eating lunch, the fog cleared, providing a clear view of the other side. Part way across, several hours later, the sun came out, turning the ice field into an oven. However, down the valley a large black cloud was moving speedily towards us. Ten minutes later it was snowing heavily and the temperature plunged below freezing. We continued to the pass at

the south edge of the ice field through alternating periods of fog, snowfall and clear air.

After dropping off the ice field, the walk was delightful to our camp at a shallow pond on a ridge high above an unnamed lake not far from Zenchuk Lake.

The descent, on Tuesday, to Zenchuk Lake involved a lot of boulder hopping and a nasty little descent through a boulder choked slot. The benches around the lake were full of flowers, marmots and ptarmigan, which entertained us on the long climb over the pass to Shelf Lake. The sun shone on beautiful peaks and glaciers as we descended the meadows to the final camp of the trip, located on the shores of this big turquoise gem of a lake.

At eleven a.m. on Wednesday we were packed and ready for pickup at the appointed time. But, despite this being the first perfect day in a week there was no sign of any aircraft below 35,000 feet. Exactly 24 hours late, the plane showed. It turns out, that on our pickup day the ceiling at Inconnu Lodge (where the plane is based) was only 100 feet.

On the flight out to our trucks, we stopped at Inconnu Lodge to pay our bills and enjoy a gourmet lunch.

Hut Committee Meeting

Organizational meeting, Monday, January 10, 6:00 P.M. at Simon and Seaforts.

Congratulations

To members Ken Kuhn and Wendy White, just married November 20.

Alaska Mountain Safety Center Alaska Avalanche School

If you're in the backcountry in the winter, you need to be informed about avalanches. The best way is to take a



workshop and practice the techniques needed to recognize and avoid avalanches. AMSC offers intensive hands-on training from the experts. Sign up early or be left out! The following courses, which relate to avalanches, are being offered at exceptional deals:

12/11	Avalanche Hazard Recognition Workshop UAA
12/12	Avalanche Rescue Field Training Anchorage/Chugach Mts.
12/31-1/2	Avalanche Hazard Evaluation & Rescue Workshop Hatcher Pass
1/29-31	Avalanche Hazard Evaluation & Rescue Workshop Hatcher Pass
2/5	Avalanche Hazard Recognition Workshop UAA
2/6	Avalanche Rescue Field Training Anchorage/Chugach Mts.
2/11eve-13	Level II, Avalanche Hazard Evaluation Refresher Talkeetna-Kenai Mts.
2/19-21	Avalanche Hazard Evaluation & Rescue Workshop Hatcher Pass
3/12-14	Avalanche Hazard Evaluation & Rescue Workshop Hatcher Pass

Other skiing and mountaineering workshops are available also. Contact AMSC at 345-3566 for an application and information.



Essay

Shadow Climber

by Sterling D. Noren

Rock Climbing is the most beautiful sport I have ever known. No other sport offers quite the same variables in quite the same way that climbing does. Clearly, with it's increase in popularity over the last few years, much of the public is beginning to feel this way also. I see many new faces at the crags, individuals who, like myself, have been bitten by the climbing bug. Yet there remains a healthy skepticism in the public eye, a reflection of the dangers, both real and imaginary, in moving over stone.

Sadly, much of the media, advertising in particular, does not reflect this facet of climbing. Much of the public outcry against rock climbing, access problems for instance, is a reaction to the public perception of the sport as it is portrayed in the media. Rock climbing is presented with a host of companion sports like bungee jumping, sky diving and extreme skiing, as part of the new adventure-sport, or "high risk"

genre. Their commercials (Reebok, Nike) and movies (Point Break, Cliffhanger) only show intensity. They lack soul. The public is encouraged to get what they're missing in life by going to the extreme, on Planet Reebok, or by "just doing it" with Nike. And, of course, it helps to but the product along the way. This attitude is not helpful, very immature, and dangerous. It is the sign of a rash, reckless and heroic ego, confronting the stale, ordinary day to day conformity of existence in an attempt to transcend it all, point break, and that's *all* it is. This "rush" shouldn't be seen as the ultimate goal of rock climbing or any sport. One thing that Madison Avenue will never tell you is that what they're trying to sell is something you could never buy because you already own it — adrenaline. But adrenaline is a false god, and adrenaline is not a commodity.

Rock climbing is a sport characterized by calculated risk. It is a very organized system with a well developed protocol that is followed in an attempt to minimize risk. When you climb a great deal there is enough risk inherent in the system without needing to add any more. Of necessity I may sometimes go "off belay" in a precarious spot, even by completely untying myself from the rope for a moment to adjust something. I know that the ledge is only a careless step away, and the next move is an easy one, but ... I'm still here. I don't want to push it. Unfortunately this self-preserving instinct is not always a given. Sometimes it has to be painfully relearned in the form of accidents and wounds by individuals caught up in pursuit of the adrenaline fantasy.

It is no surprise that I became a rock climber. Ever since high school I have carried the urge to do things dangerously. At its best this attitude has provided me with moments that were, well, intense. At its worst it has been a thing bordering on self destruction. Luckily, more often than not, it has been merely a fantasy played out through product rather than a literalization of itself. Like many other young people in our country, bored with the status quo and its promises, I reinvented myself as a radical thrill seeker in the hopes of finding what was missing. I tried to live the point break lifestyle of fast action thrill seeking in whatever medium possible; skateboarding, mountain biking, surfing Lake Michigan, and a good dose of recreational partying. With each new pursuit the rewards promised were more extreme and less tangible, cloaked in ever increasing spiritual jargon. The price of defeat, too, was greater. When I began rock climbing four years ago I finally realized that I could kill myself doing this. But rather than turning away from fear, back to boring but safer havens, I turned inward as a climber and a person and really



began to look for what I wanted to find.

Earlier this summer I fulfilled a dream of mine by taking a two-month climbing vacation across the United States. My partner, Brian Vanderkooy, and I climbed every day like it was a full time job. Jokingly, he would wake me up in the morning and tell me that it was "time to go to work."

We began in our homeland of Northern Michigan and trained on the oldest rock on the planet's surface, next to the icy backdrop of Lake Superior. We went westward to visit the Mount Rushmore needles in South Dakota and we offered our tender bodies to this great cheese grater rock. We toured the legends of Colorado; Boulder and Eldorado Canyon, went to Durango, and Utah. After parting in Moab over a good cup of java I went north, past the giant granite walls of Squamish, B.C. and eventually made it to Alaska.

I can't say exactly where it was, on what over-turned stone four hundred feet above the ground, or which rappel in the dead of night that it happened, but somewhere out there I met my shadow.

For some reason the images of a week spent at Devil's tower in Wyoming keep returning to me as if from a dream. I will be at work, performing a simple task and suddenly I find myself stuck in a chimney, with thirty feet to go. Or pulling into a busy intersection, not really paying attention, looking at the rock fall over the edge and into the vertical space below. The tower was my first really big wall, or multi-pitched experience. I certainly never saw that kind of exposure before. We climbed hard and we climbed tough every day, trying to learn the new language of cracks and off-widths. What we didn't know we made up as we went along, carefully plotting and executing our attempts of world class climbs like Walt Bailey's, Hollywood and Vine, and the highlight of our stay, El Matador (The Killer), a full rope length of pure vertical stemming. Along the way we tried to help other climbers by offering route advice and, more than once, by freeing their ropes that had jammed overhead in the cracks on their way down. We were usually the last party down from the top of the tower in the evening. The park rangers would leave the climber's register outside the headquarters' door so that we could check out on our way back to much needed sleeping bags. Sometimes I wondered to myself, who would rescue us, should we become stuck on a ledge in the middle of the night? Only the sun, in the morning, I realized.

One afternoon Brian and I decided to take two kids from Colorado up to the top of the tower. We

were going to lead Durance for them, the classic and easiest ascent. They had never done anything like this before and, though they were excited, I could clearly discern timidity in their decision. We climbed all afternoon and made the top at sundown. What a place to see the sinking sun slide into its evening chambers. In the distance all around us the lights from neighboring farms were starting to come on for the night, and cows bellowed soulfully below. We signed the summit register: "That which does not kill me makes me stronger. — Nietzsche," and then started down.

If you've never done any serious rappelling, the tower will break you in with its pitch after pitch of exposed noses and ledges. Our two partners were quite ready to be back on the ground by now. I could tell that their faith in us was being replaced by perceptions of our insanity as we took them unroped and over the edge to the first set of rap bolts. Brian went first and I went last, going by the strategy that the best two climbers should be at either end of the party in case something happened. After Brian and Jay had dropped over the edge I was left alone with Dave, who was getting more nervous by the minute, and imaginative in his paranoia about our descent. It was getting very dark by now, and it was taking longer than we expected. We couldn't hear Brian and Jay very well, either. We waited. We talked. I tried to ease Dave's fears through the logic of our equipment, reminding him how safe it really is, etc. But logic is a poor substitute for courage. And then it happened; Dave completely froze up, standing on the very edge of our ledge, with his back to the drop and his pleading eyes following the rope up towards mine.

"I can't do it!" he winced. I could see the fear written all over his face and I felt angry with myself for bringing him up there. I checked and double checked his set up. Everything was proper, not to mention, I noticed, almost brand new. Then I made him go over the edge. There was no choice in the matter. I was getting tired and angry and it was time to really "just do it."

I sent Dave into the darkness below for what seemed like an eternity. He wouldn't allow himself any speed, he didn't know where he was going, and he couldn't find the next bolts. I was scared that he might hurt himself and there was little I could do.

Eventually we all made it back to the solid sanctuary of the sloping ground below, exhilarated and congratulatory as our fears became memories of accomplishment. What happened up there was, for me, as terrifying as it was logical. Barring the absence of a real fall, an encounter with the possibility of such

is sure to crawl into your psyche sooner or later if you keep climbing. The way you meet this crisis will affect the future of your climbing, maybe even the rest of your. For the first time in my life I came down from the stone actually hugging the solid earth below me. Objectively, none of us had exposed ourselves to any unnecessary risk, but through Dave I *felt* all the fear that I had ever managed to avoid. I owned it.

Laying in the campsite later that night I could feel the monstrous presence of the tower breathing out there, all night long. And if I looked hard enough I could even make out its dark silhouette claiming a piece of the starry sky.

The next day I learned about Derek Hersey's death through the morning newspaper. I never knew him, or even *of him*, until I heard about his free-soloing accident out west. My mind immediately supplied an image of this man. His life was the kind of life that the commercials emulate; radical, extreme and dangerously fulfilling. Was this what I was half consciously seeking in myself and is death the inevitable finale?

Something inside of me was born through my experiences at the tower and the tragedy of this man's death, perhaps a realization of my own mortality and the extent to which I taunt it at times. Although I will probably never climb as well as Derek Heresy, and certainly not without a rope, it was through his story that I learned to put my own climbing into perspective. Derek Heresy died reaching for a hold that just wasn't there, or was off limits. He pushed his climbing to the edge and it finally swallowed him whole. It could happen to me and it could happen to you. Derek's life was not lived ordinarily, and his death was not ordinary. His ending, though tragic, was the proper ending for the myth he was living.

If Derek Heresy had known on the day he was born that it would be impossible for him to die falling off stone, what would that mean? His story is only valuable, and very valuable, as a myth about the freedom to pursue the extreme and the extreme fate that awaits. Sure, he could have *not died* on that fateful day, but what would that do for *us*, the living? Would we know who he is?

Whatever this man felt on his free-soloing odyssey is destined to remain personal and unknowable for most of us. The most we can do is enter him into the canon of climbing mythology as a character, an extreme example, or archetype, of the climber's shadow.

Every climber has a shadow that follows him

up the stone, it moves as he moves, and it weighs a lot more than we like to think about. Should you fail to acknowledge its existence it can be enough to "pull you down." Learning to respect and understand this powerful creature is one of the most important things a climber has to do. At times it can be paralyzing in its fear, making the necessary move an impossible one. At other times it can be very quickening in its judgment about what is and what is not possible, and it can push you into that very scary spot of asking yourself, "How did I ever get here, and what am I going to do to escape?" Every experienced climber has met with this part of himself and it is in response to its presence that a person's climbing continues. Knowing the shadow is part of the inner territory covered as the fingers reach upward.

Like an old route that you return to at the beginning of each new summer, so much learning is coming and going, leaving and returning. Somewhere inside of myself, through my experiences rock climbing, a great circular line has met with itself. In my quest of obtaining the highest perspectives around me I had to tread the dark footpaths at the base of the mountain within. The much sought after "spirituality" of hard rock climbing, or any extreme sport, as it is subtly insinuated in the images and languages of its proponents isn't to be found in pursuit of danger and the adrenaline fantasy. It is a claim to be staked only after the very long and intense work of stalking your own fears and motivations has begun. Then, one day, standing on top of a climb, the real energy flows and flows.



MINUTES

NOVEMBER MEETING

November 17, 1993. Dave Hart called the meeting to order, and had new members introduce themselves.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Money Market	\$4434.40
Checking	3418.30
Petty Cash	50.00
Total	\$7902.70



COMMITTEE REPORTS.

Huts.

Mike Miller and Maxine Franklin reported:

- The club is seeking ideas for outhouse renovation.
- The club is seeking ideas for a new hut location.
- The Hut Committee, in order to identify those interested in huts and discuss club plans, will hold a meeting TBA. Contact Maxine, 373-4734.

Hiking and Climbing.

The club will post a bulletin board at the Vin Hoeman Library, located at A.M.H. to connect people seeking partners.

The club is seeking trip leaders, as usual.

Raffle will be held every six months for those who lead trips.

Programs.

A short presentation will be done each month to feature one or two local peaks. **Tim Kelley** starts the "Mountain of the Month" presentation at this November meeting.

Scree.

Raffle will be held every twelve months for those who submit articles to the newsletter.

Parks Advisory.

Scott Bailey announced that there are plans to build trails between Fire Lakes, if concerned, or want more information, contact Scott.

Scott also announced January 17 and February 18 meetings concerning new plans proposal for Denali National Park.

OLD BUSINESS.

None.

NEW BUSINESS.

The MCA Board voted to support the Nordic Ski Club position regarding Snowmachine Access in Chugach State Park. A letter was drafted and will be sent to those interested.

The MCA Board will draft a letter to be sent to relevant parties concerning the latest proposal from Denali National Park to require climbers to be insured, bonded, pay fees, etc. to climb in the park. **Mike Miller** will chair a meeting at B.P., Nov. 22. Contact Mike for more.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Due to lack of interest in recent years for a fall swap, the MCA will switch its swap to coincide with the July picnic.

Christmas dinner will be held at the December meeting, with slides from anyone who wants to bring some.

Respectfully Submitted,

Roy Smith

BOARD MEETING

November 4, 1993. Mike Miller called the meeting to order. Those in attendance:

Dave Hart, Jonathan Rose, Roy Smith, Chris Ernst, Mike Miller, Dave Pahlke, Bernie Kazmierczak, Tim Kelley - voting members of the board. Willy Hersman, Maxine Franklin, Julia Moore - club members.

Topics:

Huts.

- Need to seek Hut Committee volunteers to accomplish two main items:
 1. Hut Construction Group to come up with ideas for location, cost of transportation and pre-fab site to build another hut.
 2. Outhouse Construction and Maintenance Group to solve outhouse problems at Mint Hut, etc.
- Hut Chairperson, Maxine Franklin, is offering the position to someone else if they desire it.

Board Expenditures.

- Implement into MCA policy that expenditures will come directly from the MCA's account and eliminate the possibility that an officer could use his/her position to gain personal benefit.
- The MCA Board seeks to increase the \$50.00 spending authorization it now has to \$200.00 (By-Law change would be needed).
- Fee for Pioneer Schoolhouse will increase from \$40.00 to \$50.00 in January for the basement. Upstairs will remain \$40.00. The MCA Board wants to keep the basement so that slides can be shown in summer, a kitchen would be available for refreshments, the coffee machine is needed and everyone is used to the present room.



Climber Rescues.

- The MCA Board opposes the National Park Service's proposal to require Denali climbers to be insured or bonded for rescues.
- The MCA Board supports the A.A.C. opposition to the proposal.
- A letter will be drafted by members of the board and club to clarify its position, to be voted on by the membership and sent to N.P.S.

Liability.

- Release form updated and put into Scree to further clarify risks on MCA trips.
- Trip Rules will be updated to clarify sanctions against those who do not follow trip leader's recommendations while on trips.

MCA Trips and Scree Articles.

- How to offer more trips:
 1. Post a "want" list at meetings.
 2. Offer monthly training trips.
 3. Set up a trip hotline again.
 4. Feature one or two mountains each month at meetings and organize a trip to climb them.
 5. Seek volunteers!
- Board will offer a prize twice each year to trip leaders, selected randomly. (July and December meetings.)
- How to get more trip reports, essays, etc.:
 1. Have trip leader assign a "scribe" on each trip.
 2. Let members know they can submit essays, letters, informational articles and more to Scree.
- Board will offer another prize each year to authors of Scree articles, selected randomly.

Peak Registers, etc.

- Registers will be maintained as in the past, whenever possible.
 1. Past registers have been archived in the MCA Library, where originals are kept. Typed copies are placed back on the summits in ABS pipe containers.
 2. Tim Kelley volunteered, along with Willy Hersman to continue the tradition. A few registers are now ready to go.
- An idea was proposed by Tim Kelley to implement some kind of awards or pins for climbing the 7000' peaks in the Western Chugach, for climbing Denali, and for long hiking traverses.

Votes:

Snowmachine Access.

- By majority vote the MCA Board supports the position taken by the Nordic Ski Club in regards to snowmachine access areas in Chugach State Park.

Respectfully Submitted,

Roy Smith

ANNUAL INCOME & EXPENSE REPORT

For the period beginning November 1, 1992 and ending October 31, 1993.

INCOME

Membership dues	\$4,571.00
Class instruction fees	1,266.00
Revenue from t-shirt and patch sales	308.00
Interest from money market account	107.89
Advertisement	60.00
Donations - snacks	44.32
Refund on library book purchase	48.90
Subtotal	<u>\$6406.11</u>

EXPENSES

Purchase new club snowshoes & crampons	\$ 474.48
Replace lost rope	80.00
Office supplies	4.59
Newsletter printing	636.61
Postage	736.60
Meeting place fees	520.00
Meeting refreshments	341.33
Class fees (ice climbing)	962.50
Hut permits and repairs	89.55
Recognition awards	40.55
Bank service charges	14.75
Subscription/library	232.06
Subtotal	<u>\$4144.02</u>

Net Gain 1993 \$2,273.09

EDITORIAL

Snowmachiners Propose Further Reduction in Southcentral Quiet Areas

by Cliff Eames
Alaska Center for the Environment

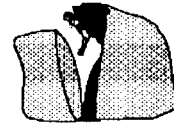
Not content with shattering the peace and quiet — the very soul — of the vast majority of the backcountry of Southcentral Alaska, snowmachine proponents are now proposing to destroy what is probably the best accessible backcountry skiing still available to Anchorage residents. The proposal would create a snowmachine corridor paralleling the Middle Fork Trail out of Prospect Heights, and would open both the Wolverine Bowl and the North Fork of Campbell Creek to motorized use. Not only is this proposal grossly unreasonable in its own right, but it would greatly add to the already serious problem of increasing numbers of illegal incursions by snowmachiners into the Williwaw Lakes valley, a supposedly closed area.

Most people think of Alaska as a land of vast solitudes. Ironically, there are fewer opportunities to experience solitude and quiet in wintertime Southcentral than in many parts of the western United States. Designated federal wilderness areas Outside are closed to motorized use, but not so in most Alaskan wilderness areas — and certainly not so on virtually all of the public lands which have not received wilderness protection. Just try to find some quiet on any of the millions of acres of land along the Glenn, Parks, Seward, and Sterling Highways. As both the population of Alaska, and the range of snowmachiners, have increased, skiers, snowshoers, and other non-motorized users have seen their opportunities for quiet recreation shrink to practically nothing. How long will we allow this to happen without speaking up?

In Chugach State Park the Peters Creek, Eklutna, Eagle River, Bird, Little Peters Creek, and Glen Alps are open to snowmachining — and therefore, as a practical matter, closed to the many non-motorized users whose outdoor experience is destroyed by the noise and other impacts of snowmachines. Additionally, the first four of those valleys, because they are so level, would otherwise be the best areas in the park for the average cross country skier and his/her family. Non-motorized users are allocated some beautiful valleys — South Fork Eagle River, Ship Creek, Middle Fork Campbell Creek, Indian — but both Ship and Indian include long, very steep stretches, and the Middle Fork can no longer be depended on to be free of snowmachines.

If you are tired of seeing your quiet recreational opportunities reduced or destroyed, please do not be quiet any longer.

Write or call Chugach State Park Superintendent Al Meiners, and ask that your concerns be passed along to the Advisory Board. Let Al know if you think the present allocation is unfair, but at the very least please oppose the proposal for Prospect Heights that would destroy one of the park's few remaining quiet areas. Write to Al Meiners, Chugach State Park, HC52 Box 8999, Indian, AK 99540, or call him at 345-5014. Finally please call Cliff at ACE (274-3621) if you'd like to be put on a list to receive notice of future opportunities for comment.



Climbing Notes

Tim Kelley

I'd like to share some follow-up addenda of my 1993 trip reports that appeared in the last two issues of *Scree*.

The first concerns Peak 4960 on the north end of Bird Ridge. Up until this year there had been no record in past *Scree*s of ascents of this peak. Recently Mark Fouts came forward to say that he and Brian Okonek climbed this peak in July 1979 via the north ridge from the North Fork of Ship Creek. On top they left a cairn and film canister which apparently had been weathered off the top between 1979 and this summer.

Now the mystery shifts to neighboring Peak 4970. A few years ago Jim Sayler climbed this peak and found remnants of a cairn. It is still unknown who first ascended this peak. Does anyone out there have information about or claim the first ascent of this peak? And have proof of it, or an alibi? This first ascent is a missing piece of local mountaineering history.

The second item I would like to comment on is the names of the peaks to the east of Mount Alyeska and to the west of the Twentymile River. In particular, the peaks of elevation : 4710 (Section 19), 4075 and 4352 (Section 17) and 4470 (Section 22). All of these peaks are on the Seward D-6 map in Township 10N, Range 3E.

There has been some question as to the names of these peaks. There is mention of the 4710-foot peak in a 1960 issue of *Scree*, it was named Highbush Peak. MCA club member, and geography sleuth, Steve Gruhn uncovered unofficial names of the other three peaks at the local USGS office. The names for these peaks follow the wild berry theme of Highbush. They are Lingon (4075), Nangoon (4352) and Kinnickinnick (4470).



Terris Moore In Memorium

Newer members of the MCA may not know about our Honorary Members in the club. There are only a few. Since November 7, 1993 we are sad to report that there is one less. Terris Moore was an Honorary since 1960, the first to be elected so. He was well-known in the mountaineering community for his many accomplishments and early pioneering of ascents and aviation. He was 85.

Dr. Moore is remembered for first ascents of several Alaskan peaks, including Bona, Sanford and Fairweather, and was on the third ascent of Denali in 1942. He wrote a book about the first ascents of the mountain, "Mount McKinley: The Pioneer Climbs," as well as a book on the first ascent of Minya Konka in China, called "Men Against the Clouds." It was the highest point Americans had ever reached in 1932. As a glacier pilot, Terris Moore made the first landing on the Kahiltna Glacier, at 10,000 feet, in 1951. He later landed on the summit of Mt. Sanford, setting a record at 16,230 feet.

I only had one occasion to meet with Terris several years ago, and was struck by what a kind and polite man he was. He had asked Mark Findlay, club president then, and me to join him and his wife, Katrina at the Captain Cook. In some sense he felt that he owed the MCA something for having made him an Honorary and just wanted to let us know that he might be available to show slides some day, an offer we never took him up on, regrettably. I remember thinking that here was a man cut from a different mold. A modesty and graciousness not found in many climbers any more. The phrase "a scholar and a gentleman" would fit more for Terris Moore than for anyone I'd ever since met.

The MCA made a very good choice back in 1960, Dr. Moore needed never to worry that he owed us anything. As with the other honoraries, it is we who owed him.

Willy Hersman

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 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 is 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 by MCA Board, March 1987

General Rules for MCA Sanctioned Trips

1. Proper equipment follows this list.
2. No dogs. (Among the reasons are bear problems.)

