

# the SCREE

## Mountaineering Club of Alaska

December 2013

Volume 56 Number 12



*Climbing is as close as we can come to flying.*

- Margaret Young

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Peak of the Month: Peak 3520

**Monthly meeting:**

**6:30 p.m., Wednesday,**

**December 18**

**Annual MCA potluck at UAA.**

**See page 2 for location and  
parking information.**

# The Mountaineering Club of Alaska

[www.mtnclubak.org](http://www.mtnclubak.org)

*"To maintain, promote, and perpetuate the association of persons who are interested in promoting, sponsoring, improving, stimulating, and contributing to the exercise of skill and safety in the Art and Science of Mountaineering."*

Join us for our club meeting at 6:30 p.m. on December 18 at the UAA Student Union/Bookstore (Number 13 on the map linked below) downstairs in the pub at 2905 Providence Drive, Anchorage, Alaska. Parking is free.

<http://www.uaa.alaska.edu/map/upload/UAA-Map-2013-14.pdf>

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## Cover Photo

Scott Adamson pulling onto the ridge after the last technical pitch of "Terror" on the east face of The Mooses Tooth, with Broken Tooth behind. Photo by Chris Wright.

**Please note: Starting in 2014, MCA meetings will be held on the third Tuesday of the month.**

## Article Submission

Text and photography submissions for the *Scree* can be sent as attachments to [mcascree@gmail.com](mailto:mcascree@gmail.com). Articles should be submitted by the 25<sup>th</sup> of each month to appear in the next issue of the *Scree*. Do not submit material in the body of the email. Do not submit photos embedded in the text file. Send the photo files separately. We prefer articles that are under 1,000 words. If you have a blog, website, video, or photo links, send us the link. Cover photo selections are based on portraits of human endeavor in the outdoors. Please submit at least one vertically oriented photo for consideration for the cover. Please submit captions with photos.

## Monthly Meeting: Wednesday, December 18, at 6:30 p.m. at UAA

The MCA will provide Moose's Tooth pizza and non-alcoholic beverages. Bring your own tableware.

Members may bring the following based on the first initial of their last name: A-I salad; J-S side dish; T-Z dessert.

Members may also bring 10 to 15 digital photos or short video clips to share.

## Mount McKinley's First Ascent Exhibit

Tom Meacham forwarded information that The University of Alaska, Fairbanks' Museum of the North has an exhibit on the 1913 first ascent of Mount McKinley, including journals of Walter Harper, Harry Karstens, Hudson Stuck, and Robert Tatum and artifacts from their expedition. The exhibit is scheduled through April 12, 2014. Visit <http://www.uaf.edu/museum/exhibits/special/legacy/> for more information.

## Manitoba Cabin

The Alaska Mountain and Wilderness Huts Association wrote to provide information on the rental procedures for the Manitoba Cabin near Canyon Creek in the Kenai Mountains near Milepost 48 of the Seward Highway. Additionally, the association is seeking Hut Keepers. To find out more information, visit <http://www.alaskahuts.org/>.

The 2014 MCA calendars will be available at the December MCA meeting for \$13 apiece. They will also be sold at Alaska Mountaineering & Hiking and the Alaska Rock Gym. A big thanks to Brian Aho, Steve Gruhn, and Carrie Wang for their work on the calendars. Stu Grenier

## Hiking and Climbing Schedule

- ⇒ **December 16-17: Juneau Lake Cabin Overnight.** This is an in-and-out trip. We are skiing in to the cabin (about 9.5 miles) on Monday, and back out on Tuesday. This is a great shakedown trip for your winter gear! Highly recommended for people who want to start doing some of the longer traverses (Eklutna or Bomber) later in the winter/spring. You need to be able to ski with an overnight pack on your back. Required gear: backcountry skis/skins, winter sleeping bag and appropriate clothing. We will split the cost of the cabin (\$45) and vehicle expenses to the trailhead. Limited to six people total. Mandatory pre-trip meeting Wednesday, December 11 in the evening. Contact Vicky Lytle if you would like to go at [Victoria.lytle@gmail.com](mailto:Victoria.lytle@gmail.com).
- ⇒ **December 21: Flattop Sleepout.** No leader.

Online? Click me!



**Check the Meetup site and Facebook for last minute trips and activities. Or, schedule one that you want to organize.**

# The Apocalypse

*Text and photos by Clint Helander*

The final sliver of the burning red sun fell below the western horizon. From our narrow perch on the southwest ridge of Ice Pyramid, the entire span of the Revelation Mountains lay before us. Like the sine waves of an erratic heartbeat, the ridges, summits, and depressions sharply blotted the horizon in an almost violent profile. At the epicenter of this chain of peaks, a singular looming mass palpitated over the others. As the sun left a void of light across the sky, I shivered in my sleeping bag, staring westward at a future that I hoped would someday be mine.

At the farthest corner of the southwestern Alaska Range, the Revelations are a seldom visited area with a relatively short list of climbing expeditions. Since 2008, I have made an annual pilgrimage to these tightly contoured peaks. Those experiences have become some of the most colorful of my life, exploring a secluded mountain range with my best friends. After five trips, I had ticked off most of my most-coveted objectives, except for one monolithic peak at the epicenter of the range.

Apocalypse. The word conjures up twisted images of agony and death. When David Roberts and other members of the Harvard Mountaineering Club first visited the Revelations in 1967, they had the honor of bestowing names to many of the peaks. With names like Four Horsemen, The Angel, Golgotha, The Apocalypse, Mount Hesperus, and Babel Tower, it is hard not to feel some sense of reverence amidst these crowded peaks. Seemingly unreachable summits taunt narrow valleys that are neglected of light. The eerie stillness is broken only by the occasional haunting echo of falling rocks or the dull roar of avalanches.

In early April, after 10 frustrating days of waiting in town, we were finally en route toward the Revelation Mountains. So far, nothing had gone our way. First, the weather was bad and pi-

lots were available. Then the weather was good, but our pilots couldn't fly. Then both of my partners ran out of time and the trip was about to be canceled. In a last-ditch effort of desperation, I started calling friends and then friends of friends, looking for any available partner. Jason Stuckey of Fairbanks readily answered the call.

After retreating from another objective, Jason and I set our sights on one of the Revelations' tallest unclimbed peaks, 9,345-foot The Apocalypse. The peak had been tried several times in the early 1980s, but had thwarted every attempt. In the early 1980s, Dick Flaherty of Fairbanks spent 10 days climbing 1,500 feet up a vertical rock wall before being stopped by a

band of poor rock. Karl Swanson of Talkeetna later tried to solo a snow-and-ice line on the west face, but was turned around less than 1,000 feet below the summit by avalanches.

The Apocalypse's 4,400-foot west face is one of the most continuously steep, Kichatna-like walls in all of the Revelations. Numerous big walls comprise the expansive west face and tower over the narrow Revelation Glacier. Between the two biggest

walls, a narrow gash cuts the face. From the ground we could easily see huge amounts of ice choking the narrow, serpentine crack.

Jason and I spent two days and two nights climbing the west face, encountering over 2,000 feet of mostly moderate ice with perhaps six pitches of vertical and demanding climbing. A steep-and-narrow couloir abruptly ended in a vertical granite wall. A 200-foot vein of ice clung to the wall, the only way we could possibly gain access to the upper face. This crux "sneak" was melting away before our eyes. In the afternoon I climbed it without gloves. Had we been a few days later, the ice would have been gone, as would our chance to summit.



*The west face of The Apocalypse. The route taken was on the right side of the obvious zigzag ice field.*



*Jason Stuckey at the tent platform.*

After a very full day of exceptional climbing, Jason and I chopped a platform against a protected wall and packed in to our tent. The next morning we were off early. Jason proved to be a wonderful partner and I was delighted to share this experience with a new friend. We continued swapping leads on steep ice that gradually lessened to snow as we neared the top. We arrived at the south summit and looked on in dismay at the north summit. It was definitely about 15 feet higher and separated by a quarter-mile knife-edged, corniced ridge. We shrugged and continued onward. The summit was the summit; nothing less would do.

The summit ridge felt wildly exposed and with only two pickets we were forced to use seated belays and simul-climb with no protection between us. On the summit, we could see all the way to Denali. Not a single cloud flew in the sky.

We carefully down-climbed and rappelled the route, leaving only a few pieces of gear aside from V-threads. Eventually we arrived at our ledge, where we had left our tent and sleeping

bags. We had enough food and gas to stay another night and the weather was perfect, so we decided to relax and enjoy our perch. In the morning we leisurely packed and descended with tons of rappels and an occasional bit of down-climbing.

When we hit the glacier, we realized we had been climbing in a massive inversion. Warm temperatures up high grew colder on the glacier. As we reached the lower west face, frost feathers clung to our hoods and our fingers screamed in pain that gradually grew numb. We exerted ourselves on the ski back to base camp, where the thermometer had bottomed out at -25°F.

Content with our wonderful experience on The Apocalypse, we called in the big guns—Paul Roderick. Knowing that he was bringing in a group of skiers from Jackson Hole, we were happy to jump on the return flight to Talkeetna. The next day, Talkeetna

Air Taxi's Otter swooped in and picked us up. Paul has flown all over Alaska and landed on more glaciers than anyone else. We were surprised to hear that he hadn't landed on the Revelation Glacier in nearly 20 years. It was fun to see him so excited about landing in such a wild place. His smile was almost as big as ours.



*Jason Stuckey ascending the west face of The Apocalypse. The Angel (right) and Golgotha loom above the Revelation Glacier in the background.*

## “Shark’s Fin” on Peak Number 1

*Text and photos by Kai Cuerette; map by Ben Weiler*

Ben Weiler and I left McCarthy in the morning hours of the 3rd of September. A Wrangell Mountain Air bush pilot flew us in a small Cessna to Skolai Pass, a tiny airstrip in the wilderness of Wrangell-Saint Elias National Park, about 30 miles from the nearest village.

As the plane took off again without us, it was the first time we really realized that we were now, and in the next days, completely on our own – a scary and exciting feeling at the same time. Here we were now . . . from now in case of failure, there would be great consequences. . . we knew.

We first explored the area, looking for a suitable campsite, hid our food in various depots from bears (underwater, in trees, or on rocks) and camped. The next two days it was raining

incessantly. In addition, an extremely strong wind blew constantly, so it seemed to us to be a wind tunnel. On those days, we were practically always wet and cold. Only after we had completed our daily route march, we were able to get out of the wet clothes and spend the rest of the day admiring the tent walls from the inside. Only on the fourth morning did it eventually clear up a little bit. This fact raised our spirits tremendously – the first days of continuous rain neatly pressed on the mind. On the first day of the tour we had to overcome our first river crossing. After a failed attempt – quite funny in the muddy ground – the second test on a stony place succeeded re-

markably well. What followed was a three-hour "bushwhack" of the worst kind; the huge backpacks and the additional bag with climbing equipment did their best to make our progress even more difficult. In the evening we pitched our tent completely exhausted at the foot of Castle Mountain and slept in our sleeping bags quite well. The next day we continued in eastward toward the Russell Glacier, which we reached late in the afternoon. Despite the poor visibility we were able to marvel at the enormous size of the Russell Glacier. We got first doubts

whether it would be a good idea to go on this icy giant with huge crevasses the next day. In the evening we pitched our tent on the edge of the glacier. It had started to rain again, it was a downpour.

The concerns of the glacier were most-

ly in the overnight hours. Thanks to some better weather, the whole thing looked less intimidating in the morning than in the gloomy fog of the previous day. We were now focused on our precise planning and our wide range of equipment (GPS, maps, and compass). We wanted to knit to advance through the labyrinth of crevasses; a retreat seemed possible. So we had a healthy dose of respect on the ice.

Initially somewhat skeptical and unsure, the procedure soon played: abseiling into a crevasse, pull the rope, climb the wall on the other side with the help of crampons and ice axes aloft,



*Ben Weiler crossing the creek at Skolai Pass.*



*Ben Weiler ascending the scree.*

and pull up luggage. Smaller crevasses we simply skipped. Despite the incredible dimension of the glacier we always had a feeling of control in the situation – fortunately, the entire glacier was still visible, so we saw all the crevasses.

After a busy, busy day in the ice, we set up Camp 3 on the glacier in the evening; the second half would be crossed on the following day.

On Day 4 we finally reached the "mainland." Unfortunately, we still didn't see "our" mountain because the mountain chain that was indeed only a few miles ahead of us, however, was enveloped in a dense cloud cover. So, we just followed the map and marched blindly out. Our schedule was extremely tight, so we had no reserves. The next day, we would have to reach the summit and begin our way back. We could not risk missing the plane that was supposed to pick us up at Skolai Pass; we had no satellite phone. With such thoughts in mind, we finally crawled into our sleeping bags early.

We set the alarm clock to 5:00 a.m., hoping that the weather improved by then. When we woke up, we realized that we had cherished this hope in vain. It was still raining and the wind swept over our tent so that the poles were bending powerfully. After a short analysis of the situation, it was clear to both of us

that we had to start in spite of the adverse conditions to at least attempt to realize our project. We had breakfast, packed up our three energy bars and a bottle of water as a viaticum, put on our climbing gear, and were on our way. The first 300 meters we traveled on large boulders. It was raining lightly and it was windy, but we were motivated and stepped quickly forward. We approached the mountain through a small valley from the north. When we reached the smaller rocks, our progress became much more difficult, because with every step loose gravel slipped under our shoes.

We now turned to the east and slowly, but steadily, climbed the north ridge of gravelly stones. When we reached the first fore-summit at about 7200 feet, we saw the summit for the first time through the clouds as they ripped open for a moment. The higher we ascended, the worse the weather became. Rain and wind steadily increased. After just half of the ascent, we were completely soaked despite our excellent rain gear. When we reached the first fore-summit, we saw an ice patch, which we now had to cross. We did so without major problems, using the crampons. Now we had reached the snow line. The ground was now about equal parts of rock and snow – extremely slippery rock. After we had also put this passage behind us, we reached the summit region. From the last fore-summit we had to follow a very steep ridge. The ridge was covered with snow; at the last moment we realized that we had reached a cornice. We decided to protect ourselves using the rope and went, one on each side of the ridge, along to the actual summit block. We had to take our ice axes to help – a real help to secure our kicks. Arriving at the summit block, there was finally some climbing. We used our acquired climbing skills for the first time in remote Alaska. Ben went first as usual; I went after Ben and belayed. We climbed the last 150 meters with an average level of difficulty of 5.4. The rock was wet and extremely compact, but very brittle. This fact made the hedging with Friends and nuts extremely difficult and impossible on some routes. After an almost nine-hour

climb, we finally stood on the summit of Peak Number 1 (8268) at 3 p.m. – our first ascent was successful. [Ed. note: *The name Peak Number 1 was used in the International Boundary Commission's "Joint Report upon the Survey and Demarcation of the International Boundary between the United States and Canada along the 141st Meridian from the Arctic Ocean to Mount St. Elias."*] There blew up a storm of a magnitude that we previously knew only from books and documentaries – there prevailed wind speeds of up to 75 kilometers per hour (wind force 9). The massively bad weather dampened a little the pleasure of our summit, but above all it limited the time on the summit to a few minutes. A few quick summit photos and then we began the descent almost frantically. We first abseiled back to the narrow, steep ridge, traveled the ridge in the same fashion, and came to the gravel heaps. We initially advanced quickly. As it grew later, the rain and the wind continued to increase. After we had done about two-thirds of the descent, a sudden dense fog moved in. We immediately had a bad feeling and decided to continue without breaks, despite being significantly fatigued. Our disorientation grew heavier every minute. During the ascent we had mentally imprinted striking rocks, which were now no longer visible due to heavy fog. Visibility was only about 10 meters around 6:00 p.m. We proceeded in the general direction, but were not sure whether we were headed to Camp 4. We did have a GPS unit in our equipment there, but foolishly we left this, for reasons of weight, in the tent, and took only the most necessary climbing equipment, a bottle of water per man, and three bars with us. The lack of food was also noticeable now, our legs were heavy, and our concentration got weaker. About 7 p.m. the sun began to go down. We were visibly nervous and made independent explorations – but within sight of each other. When we had almost given up hope and had visions of a very uncomfortable night without accommodation and soaked at about 23 °F, finally I saw by accident while exploring the tip of a storage bag that we had hidden under stones from animals. We now cheered more extensively than at our summit and, with our last strength, ran to the tent. We immediately put on dry clothes and climbed directly into our sleeping bags without food. We had survived a critical situation due to our good sense, mountain-climbing experience, and a good dose of luck. It rained all night unceasingly and we expected that it would go all the way back, too, but that did not matter to us anymore; we had made it. With a deep inner satisfaction we fell into a restful sleep that, however, turned out much too short.

The next day we began our way back and returned to the Russell Glacier. Due to the forecasted premature onset of winter Wrangell Mountain Air had strongly discouraged us

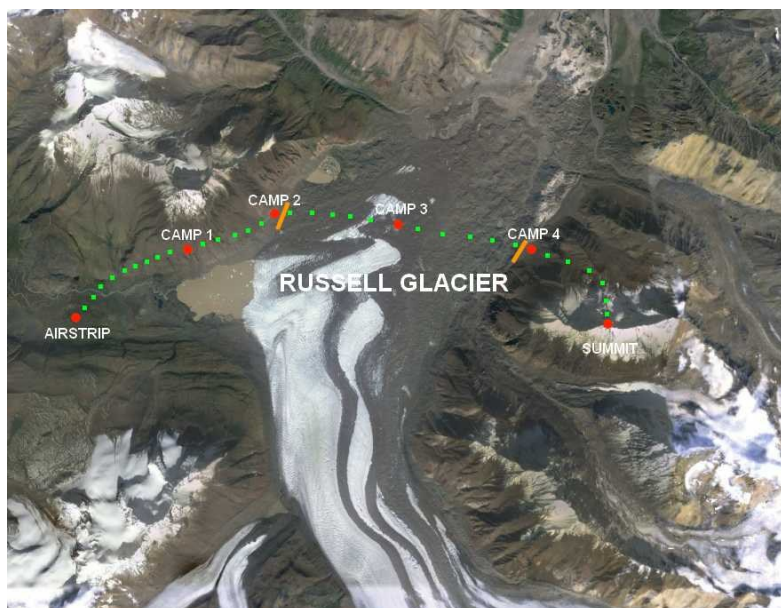


Ben Weiler (right) and Kai Cuerette on the foggy summit.

to stay longer than 10 days in the park. We also had our meals tightly calculated, so we decided to be picked up again with a plane, rather than as originally planned to cover the entire distance to McCarthy by foot. In retrospect, we are very grateful for this development, for we are confident that such a venture would have gone terribly.

On September 12, we reached the agreed pickup point in time and were glad when we heard the hum of the small Cessna in the distance. The flight back was just as exciting as the outward. In the evening we treated ourselves to only a few exquisite beers at the Golden Saloon in McCarthy, warmed up thoroughly, and camped again on the airfield. It was a great adventure with impressive experiences for us.

We decided to name our route "Shark's Fin" because of the sharp north ridge.



## “Terror” (VI WI6 M7 R/X A2, 1,500 meters), The Mooses Tooth, East Face

*Text by Chris Wright*

*FA: Chris Wright and Scott Adamson, April 18-20, 2013*

After leaving a balmy spring in the Oregon desert, the first step out of the airport in Anchorage reminded Geoff Unger and me that Alaska hadn't quite taken the equinox to heart just yet. The mountains stayed hidden in cloud on the days leading up to our flight, and when I asked David Lama, who was on his first trip to Alaska, if he had gotten to see anything yet, he said he wouldn't know where to look.

Luckily after a couple days the skies cleared, so we loaded up one of Talkeetna Air Taxi's Beavers and headed for the East Face of The Mooses Tooth. David and his partner Dani Arnold were gunning for a line up the middle, while Geoff and I were after a drip out to the right. When we landed on the Buckskin Glacier and found Scott Adamson and Pete Tapley already there, we were more than a little bummed to hear that the aforementioned drip was actually a longtime project of Scott's. Geoff and I were left looking for something else, and the thinly-iced, right-facing corner system on the left side of the face was the next line our eyes were drawn to. With David and Dani set to launch up the middle and Scott and Pete set to launch up the right, we got set to launch up the left.

On the morning of April 12, we set out for the wall, and were initially held up by a tricky bergschrund crossing, which forced us up a crack to its side, fighting steep rock and collapsing snow just to gain the face's lower slopes. We then found ourselves moving slowly on funky snow before reaching what we called “The Racing Stripes,” the parallel lines of 75- to 90-degree neve and snice that link the lower snowfield to the upper headwall. We climbed slowly as we weren't able to find belays or gear on

the steep, at times insecure, climbing. It took us all day to climb past the lower mountain and up to the corner system, and we bivvied below the first hard pitch. After climbing it in the morning, we decided to bail. We had been moving far too slowly, and even worse, Geoff was suffering from an aggravated elbow that we had thought he had put behind him.



*The route with bivvies marked. Photo by Chris Wright.*

With the perfect blue skies gnawing at me every minute I spent sitting in camp, I was keen to go back. Coming to terms with an injured arm, Geoff was not. After a few days of rest, I managed to convince Scott, who at this point I barely knew, to have a go with me instead. Having completed the first ascent of “NWS” (V WI6 M5, 1,400 meters) in a single push, Scott was excited to climb some more before flying out. We left camp at 3 a.m. on the morning of April 18. We planned to go as light as possible, to climb unroped on the lower half of the face, to move fast, and to take advantage of Geoff's and my bivvy ledge in order to stop and brew up. Where Geoff and I had bivvied below the corners, Scott and I decided to climb through them and to gain the snow patch on the peak's southeast shoulder. We were

happy to find that this time around, the 'schrund's bridge connected and was easily climbable, and that the lower snow slopes were more consolidated. Moving quickly, we gained “The Racing Stripes” by about 6 a.m., and knowing now that they wouldn't be protectable anyway, we decided not to tie in and continued simul-soloing until we reached the headwall. We roped up there and Scott led one long pitch of ice until we could simul-climb on easier ground. We arrived at the bivvy ledge around 8:30 a.m., fired up the stove, drank some water,





The "Dr. Seuss Bivy" on the morning of the third day. Though airy, the ledge was infinitely more comfortable than the previous night's. Photo by Scott Adamson.

and set off up the corners.

Six pitches and 14 hours later, we reached the snow shoulder in the dark, with a biting wind and serious fatigue leaving us both feeling completely shattered. All of the corner's pitches were difficult, sustained, and hard to protect, with each pitch somewhere in the M6-7 WI5-6 range, with the occasional short section of aid. At one point I placed a nut, pulled over a bulge onto a delaminated sheet of vertical ice, and found nothing but tied-off stubbies to the belay. I knew Scott had similar moments, dry-tooling on tiny edges and milking incipient cracks, tiny ice patches, and barely manageable gear. By the time we climbed another pitch of snow to the top of the shoulder, we were both as strung out as either of us could remember.

After a 2:30 a.m. bedtime and a night of strategic lying down, we coaxed ourselves awake around 8 a.m. We started out by down-climbing a short pitch before moving rightward. After one of the few easy pitches on the route, we again encoun-

tered hard, steep climbing with marginal pro. My second pitch of the day involved climbing up to place a screw, tension traversing down to a thinly-iced corner, tapping my way up that, climbing 5.10 crimps with bare hands and bad gear, transitioning to an overhanging ice chimney, and stemming on mushrooms before exiting onto mixed terrain. Five more pitches, which included Scott's impressive lead of a hard, dry pitch on rotten rock, as well as a funky-ice-and-mushroom traverse, found us a wild bivy on a snow rib above the headwall.

After another 2 a.m. bedtime and a much more comfortable night at the "Dr. Seuss Bivy," we traversed left to gain a weakness, and then climbed straight up on enjoyable mixed terrain for two pitches before nearing the top of the face. One more snow-and-ice pitch led around some monster cornices and onto the ridge, and a short walk led to the summit plateau, where we ditched our packs before setting off for the top. A very Alaskan traverse on the corniced summit ridge brought us to what we thought was the top at around 3 p.m. Fearing that the next point on the ridge might be higher, we continued the traverse, only to find ourselves screaming curses as we looked back and realized we had already summited. After a few words and a few pictures, we retraced our steps back to the top of the face.

After stowing the rack and downing half of the little food and water we had left, we started rappelling. Using threads and rock anchors that Scott had installed on the descent from "NWS," we lost count of

the raps as we descended all the way to the lower snowfield. As we coiled the ropes, we each drank our last sips of water and downed our last gels before we traversed the snowfield and down-climbed toward the 'schrund. One more rap brought us back to the glacier, with the descent taking only four and a half hours. Exhausted, we rifled through the food that Geoff and I had cached before our attempt, gobbled all the chocolate we could find, grinned like bastards, shook hands, looked up, and laughed at the wonder of having pulled it off. By 10:30 p.m. we arrived back at camp to the whisky and warm dinner Pete and Geoff had waiting for us, coming in at a total round-trip of about 67 hours. I estimated we climbed about 22 belayed pitches, with probably 18 or 19 being harder than WI4 or M5. It was without doubt the hardest, scariest climb of my life, but I wouldn't change anything – except maybe just a few more pieces of gear.

## Southeast Alaska, Spring 2013

*Text and photos by Kurt Ross, unless otherwise specified*



*Kurt Ross leads up the crux first pitch of "Dysentery Chute." Photo by David Hertel.*

In May of 2013, David "Whiskers" Hertel and I hatched a plan to explore and attempt to climb new routes in the Mount Emmerich Cirque, just outside of Haines. I flew and ferried my way to Skagway to meet Dave, then we headed to Haines a day later. We waited around for a handful of days for the weather to clear, drinking beer at the Fogcutter, hanging around the Mountain Market, and bothering the Alaska Mountain Guides staff for beta. Two of the owners, Sean Gaffney and Eli Fierer, were incredibly helpful. They gave us my two favorite things in this world; beer and beta. Since Dave is an AMG employee, they also let us stay outside the main office for \$2 per night in a 1970s Streamline-style camper, which we endearingly called "The Palace." Unfortunately though, my most prominent memory from that place is getting sick as hell, which was probably caused by mass colonies of bacteria in some gnarly ferry food that tasted like crap, but I gutted anyway for some reason on the way to Skagway.

When the stars finally aligned so that I felt a bit better and Drake Olson of Fly Drake was satisfied with the conditions, we loaded our gratuitous amount of gear and food into his Cessna 206, handed over a wad of cash, and took off. Drake wasn't even sure if landing in the Emmerich Cirque was even a possibility at that point, so he cautiously assessed the snow condi-

tions by flying around the cirque a couple of times and landing on a strip of snow that he knew he could take off from below Telemark Ridge. We eventually landed on the short bench on the northeast side of Mount Emmerich, where we set up base camp.

We wanted to get a better idea about the route potential in the cirque, so on our first climbing days Dave cruised up The Crypt (4850) north of our camp, and I went up a couloir on the northeast side of Mount Emmerich, which put me right up next to the original ridge route done by Jack Tackle, Fred Beckey, and Craig Zaspel in 1976, which is a scramble or easy roped climb in the summer, but was too snow-packed to allow for a reasonable ascent while we were there. It was interesting to take a close-up look at the terrain on that side of the mountain. I think some lines on the south side will make for good and fairly committing mixed climbing when conditions are right, possibly best to be done in early fall.

In the following days temperatures increased substantially, so the cirque began to fall apart. From our camp, we could hear avalanches and cornice collapses thunder down around us every 20 to 30 minutes. We stayed primarily tent-bound for a couple days with dreams of colder temps. We spent our time me-



*Route of "Dysentery Chute," (M5 WI3, 250 meters).*

andering around the glacier looking for potential lines. It did cool off marginally, so we decided to go for a route that we had picked during one of these missions. It was a cool-looking runnel of ice through relatively steep terrain.

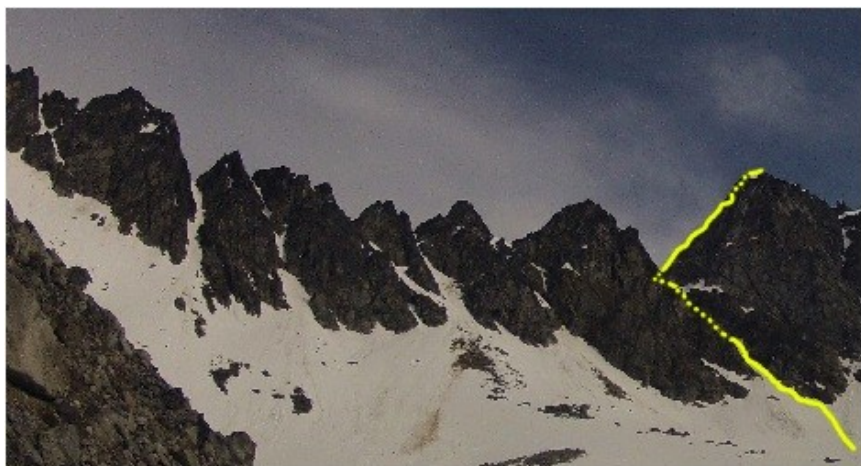
We left the tent at 3 a.m., strapped snowshoes onto our feet and slogged our way northward across the cirque until reaching the steep snow leading to the base of our route. After traveling up some precarious snow for 45 minutes or so from where the steepness began, we reached the base of a band of rock with a technical and intimidating pitch. This climbing felt pretty insecure for me, especially since I was still recovering from being sick, and wasn't totally clearheaded yet. I placed a questionable cam, a questionable nut, and a solid pin in the 60 meters of climbing. There was ice on the pitch, but none solid and thick enough to place a piece in, which was probably representative of the awkward season we were there for. I thought the climbing on this pitch was M5-ish, and Dave agreed. A couple more pitches of loose rock climbing took us to the tiny 4700-foot summit, which only one person could fit on at a time. We were able to find a reasonable descent down the next gully to looker's left after two rappels and some reverse slogging. We called our route "Dysentery Chute."

Once we squeezed this worthwhile climb out of the poor conditions, temperatures continued to increase. We wouldn't be able to climb in the cirque again. Although we had initially planned to walk back to town from our camp, our exit was heavily corniced so we called Drake on the satellite phone to get plucked off the glacier. Even Drake agreed that the liftoff was pretty saucy because of the short runway and soft

snow. It was really cool of him to stick his neck out to keep us out of hazardous terrain. During the ride out, we received a well deserved lecture about how it's a bad idea to plan climbing trips in Alaska since you won't know how conditions will be ... amen.

Since we didn't hang around Mount Emmerich as long as we had planned, we headed back to Skagway where we'd try to get some logistically simpler stuff done. Whiskers had previously scouted a route on a formation that he called the Ships Prow above, and due east of, Upper Dewey Lake, which is a few miles above town. I was still a bit sick, so I took a couple more rest days to recover while Whiskers worked, running his company's tourist-trap zipline.

We hiked up to an awesome and free cabin by the lake that hikers have maintained. That little cabin is one of the coolest places I've had a chance to hang out in. We left before the next day's light, heading up an approach that took longer than expected. We punched up a steep couloir as the sun hit, and decided to make our way up the prominent northwest ridge of the formation, the highest point overlooking Upper Dewey Lake. As predicted, the climbing was very loose, but overall was good quality climbing in an awesome position, with the sawteeth in one direction and the sea in the other. Dave let me lead the whole climb, which felt good after being held down by illness for such a big portion of the trip. Five or six short pitches with a lot of traversing back and forth between the north and west faces took us to the summit. The climbing got up to about 5.9, with some thin WI3 ice for a couple pitches in the middle. After topping out, we were able to make it back to the top of the couloir that we had started the technical climbing from in two 60-meter rappels and some down-climbing. We returned to the relative comfort of our cabin tired and wet, and then jaunted back to town the next day to start my journey back to Colorado.



*Route on the northwest ridge of Ships Prow, (5.9 WI3, 700 meters).*

## Palmer Creek Valley: Ridge Hiking, Peering into the Past

*Text and photo by Frank E. Baker*

There was little wind and the sun was warm on my face October 4<sup>th</sup> atop a Kenai Mountain ridge that bisected two valleys as I hiked south – Bear Creek on my left and Palmer Creek on my right – the latter one of the richest gold mining areas on the Kenai Peninsula from about 1895 through the 1930s.

Uncapping a thermos of coffee, I sat down on a grassy knoll at about 3,500 feet, wondering what I might have seen from this location about 100 years earlier, when gold mining was in its heyday. Gazing south toward the headwaters of both creeks, the only evidence of human activity was the scar of an old road

along Bear Creek, and on the other side, an 11-mile gravel road that ended at the Swetmann Mining Camp ruins.

The narrow Palmer Creek Road begins about ½ mile up the Resurrection Creek Road, which starts just outside the

small community of

Hope, at Mile 16.2 on the Hope Highway. Along Palmer Creek Road it's about six miles to Coeur d'Alene Creek, where there is a U.S. Forest Service campground. The road is passable in a regular passenger vehicle. But the next five miles to the end of the road are rather rugged and four-wheel-drive is recommended.

After about three miles on the road, I stopped and got out of my truck to take a few photos, when a fairly large grizzly bear stepped out of the brush about 50 yards away. I said aloud with an unsteady voice: "Oops," and made a retreat to my truck. I looked back over my shoulder and the bear was already gone. I was grateful that he'd acted wary of my presence, which in my experience, is the way bears are supposed to act.

I found a good, brush-free slope ramping up to the ridge that looked like a 2,000-foot climb. It felt warmer than I expected, and some insidious small brown flies constantly molested me until I got higher and into a breeze.

After a brief lunch and rest on top, I wandered about half-mile out on the ridge to the south, not quite reaching the snowline at about 4,000 feet.

**Time stands still:** After descending, I saved a little time to go into the old community of Hope – probably my favorite place in

all of Alaska. I asked the lady who runs the town's small grocery store what the permanent population was, and she said it was about 175.

For me, two words always come to mind when I enter Hope and see the weathered, gray log houses: old and quiet.

Maybe that's why I love it

so much. The tumult of history has bypassed it.

If you drive the length of Palmer Creek Road to the old mining ruins, you'll experience another kind of quiet. And if you listen hard, you might think you hear whispers of those fortune seekers from yesteryear.

Poet Robert Service said it wasn't so much having the gold as it was finding it. And for many of those early miners, I tend to think it wasn't always the gold that mattered; but instead, what they learned about themselves and each other through their toil.



*Fall colors in Palmer Creek Valley.*

# Drawing Aces: First Ascent of “Bird of Prey” on The Mooses Tooth

By David Lama

*The cards were played and we had drawn aces. Finally I collapsed into prone paralysis. Just before unconsciousness, the memorable words of French climber, Jean Afanassieff, came to mind. “This is the f-----g life! No?”*

*—Jim Bridwell about the first night in base camp after his first ascent of “The Dance of the Woo Li Masters” on The Mooses Tooth.*



David Lama climbing “Bird of Prey” on the east face of The Mooses Tooth. Photo by Dani Arnold.

More than 30 years ago, Jim Bridwell and Mugs Stump achieved something extraordinary. With their first ascent, “The Dance of the Woo Li Masters,” these two legends drew a line up the East Face of The Mooses Tooth in impeccable style. Virtually no gear was left on the face. Instead they left a clear message on this cold and remote wall, which would have an impact on the approach to walls of this size and difficulty for the decades to come.

Now, I am up on this wall. The morning sun is burning on my back, and still, it’s brutally cold. For more than an hour, Dani Arnold has been fighting his way up an icy crack up and left from me. I’m on the anchor and hold the rope behind my belay device with my right hand while I knead my fingers on my left hand to get the blood flowing again.

“You think we’ll get up this thing?” I suddenly hear my Swiss friend from above. I hesitate a bit and think it through. For a few seconds I have doubts as well. Is the headwall a bigger bite than we can chew? We have chosen a bold line for sure. Still, I have the feeling that, like Bridwell and Stump, we could successfully put our ideas to test on this wall. We’ll just have to stand on our toes, stretch ourselves and grow with the difficulties.

Just like a couple of months ago in Patagonia, the weather was perfect here in the far north of America upon our arrival. Only a few clouds veiled the mountains while we flew toward the Buckskin Glacier with a small airplane. That same evening, the fog disappeared – the weather got better, not worse, like in southern South America – and we saw the compact and steep heart of rock on the East Face of The Mooses Tooth for the first time. So far, no one had managed to pull off a line through this part of the wall – we wanted to try in any case...

Before we were going to make an attempt, it was important to have a close look at the wall. Using a sledge, we dragged our equipment from base camp to the bottom of the wall and analyzed our intended route with binoculars. It was clear to us that this was going to be our first climb in Alaska, and this wall was notorious for all kinds of Alaskan specialties, like huge snow mushrooms and enormous amounts of spindrift. On the other hand, it was also clear that our impartiality provided the boldness that is always necessary for walls this size.

The next day, Dani and I started up the wall.

“We certainly won’t turn around on the first day!” I answer, lower my head and watch our half ropes as they slowly but steadily run through my belay device. Dani seems to be making



David Lama on "Bird of Prey." Photo by Dani Arnold.

progress again, and after another half hour he finds two stopper placements, which provide a suitable anchor.

I follow the pitch and belay Dani on the next one. It's definitely not getting easier. With pendulums, 90-degree-steep and extremely thin ice, and tricky mixed terrain, the climbing is very demanding and climbing away from each piece demands our full concentration. After these two pitches, Dani is done and I take over the lead again. Although I am a bit tired from the first part of the route, which I led, we have to climb a couple more pitches before it gets dark in order to stand a reasonable chance to reach the summit the next day.

At dusk, we put up our tent. More than half of it sticks out over the void, but it is going to protect us from the icy wind and the annoying spindrift. The next morning, we are greeted by perfect weather again. According to our forecast this is not going to last too long and thus we decide to leave our bivy gear here. All we put in our backpack are a couple bars, a liter of water, and a bit of cord for the rappels. Like Bridwell, we hope we're going to draw aces.

After three pitches, we are below a large roof. Dani has led until here, but he can't get past the huge snow mushrooms, which are suspended menacingly above us. I lower him down to myself, we switch the ends of the rope, and I attempt the tricky section. With two pendulums, I manage to bypass the roof. We traverse rightward and can almost feel the ice fields leading to the top. In between them and us is another roof, though, which we hope to bypass on the right.

I navigate reasonably difficult mixed terrain, climbing up until I'm under a big snow mushroom and then make a rightward traverse for two or three meters to cautiously climb up next to it. The snow formation looks extremely fragile, and I'm aware that I shouldn't touch it. I'm almost above it when I finally get good gear in, which I hold onto. I place my ice tool on a small crimp. As I want to put weight on the tool, part of the crimp breaks. I immediately catch myself with my left hand, which holds onto my pro, but I still lightly touch the snow mushroom, which then collapses. Hundreds of kilograms of snow fall onto

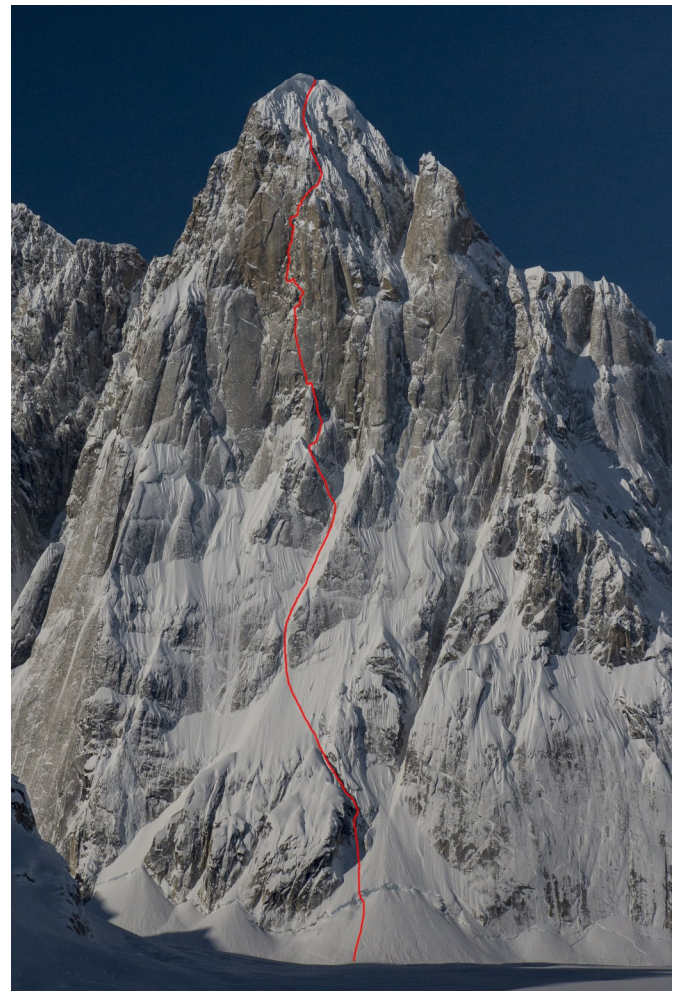
the ropes and pull me down. The pro holds, and Dani is fine, too, even though the weight of the snow pulled one of the pins at the anchor.

Once Dani has put the pin back in, I climb on and two more pitches put us to the start of the ice fields leading to the eastern summit. At 6 p.m., we both stand on the top of the face.

We can hardly believe that we managed such a dreamy line on our first climb in Alaska. A couple days ago, we were at home, and now we stand on the summit of this impressive mountain. But before we can consider it done, we have to get back down to base camp. A long descent with many rappels over our route begins.

Because we mostly use ice threads for rappelling, we leave almost no gear. We are extremely content about our line, which we name "Bird of Prey" (1,500 meters, 6a M7+ 90° A2) and which I think is worthy of the ideas of Bridwell and Stump about climbing in this wall.

Forty-eight hours after starting, we are back in base camp, very much done. This is indeed the f-----g life, Jim!



Route of "Bird of Prey," (6a M7+ 90° A2, 1,500 meters). Photo by David Lama.

## Escaping Time on K'esugi Ridge

*Text and photos by Frank E. Baker*



*K'esugi Ridge trail shot.*

The alpine tundra atop K'esugi Ridge in mid-September was ablaze in autumn red -- the bearberry and blueberry bushes creating a colorful grand finale only days before winter's white cloak would fall upon the land.

It was a crystal clear, bluebird day -- the kind you dream about all year long. Pete Panarese and I took a break at the top of Little Coal Creek Trail -- the northernmost access to the 36.2-mile K'esugi Ridge Trail in Denali State Park. Gazing west to the recently downsized Mount McKinley (now reportedly 20,237 feet with modern radar readings) and the surrounding peaks, our conversation invariably turned to the Alaska Range in its full glory:

"There's Mount Dickey and Mount Hunter," Pete said. "And look how Mount Huntington stands out."

"I think I can see part of Mount Dan Beard sticking up," I ventured. "And isn't that Mount Silverthrone over to the north?"

"Maybe," he replied. "There's Eldridge Glacier directly across from us."

Unlike my friend Pete, who had actually climbed some of those Alaska Range peaks in his younger days, I was mostly guessing. I'd been on the Ruth Glacier and done some flying with Talkeetna pilot Doug Geeting around Mount Huntington. But with the exception of visits to Kahiltna Base Camp, I hadn't set foot on any of those mountains.

"The sky is amazingly clear," Pete remarked. "I've never seen it like that up here."

The 3.3-mile Little Coal Creek Trail at Mile 163.9 of the Parks Highway was actually the second hike we'd completed while camped at Byers Lake Campground (Mile 147 of the Parks Highway) on September 14 and 15. On the first day, also with clear skies, we plodded up to K'esugi Ridge from Byers Lake on what's now called the Cascade Trail. On the way up the 3.4-

mile route, which has been greatly improved over the years, we met a park ranger.

“It was a three-year effort to improve the trail,” he noted. “Before today we’ve had 20 straight days of rain, but most of the trail is still in pretty good shape.”

Three hunters coming down the trail with heavy packs mentioned they had seen 13 black bears up on the ridge, and had gotten one. We saw about 14 people on this trail throughout the day.

About seven years ago in September I hiked the entire length of K’esugi Ridge with my late friend Dave Gahm, and we saw about six or seven black bears. After descending the roughly 12 miles on the Troublesome Creek section of the trail, Dave and I agreed it was indeed “troublesome,” and vowed to never to do it again. It’s a poor trail, there are countless stream crossings, there is no view to speak of because you’re in the trees, and the possibility of running into grizzly bears is heightened because salmon are present in the stream. Recent flooding has made parts of the trail impassable and State Parks has closed it.

But on this day -- September 14, 2013 -- Pete and I enjoyed a sunny afternoon wandering around on the ridge, peering out to the east and northeast, pondering what land in the upper Susitna River drainage would be displaced if the hydroelectric project ever moves forward. Like the incredible, 360-degree vistas that were almost too much for our eyes to take in, the prospect of a dam and a giant interior lake seemed daunting, almost overwhelming.

The following day our hike up the Little Coal Creek Trail would include a climb up 4,558-foot Indian Mountain. The ridge ramped up gently toward the peak, due east, but the last 100 feet were fairly steep, and a stout north wind made our scramble a bit challenging.

“I’m glad we brought lots of clothes,” Pete declared. “Being in the wind and out of the wind makes for a 15-degree temperature difference!”

I wasn’t sure who named Indian Mountain, but I did know “K’esugi” is a Tanaina Indian dialect word meaning “The Ancient One,” complementary of the Indian word “Denali,” which means “The High One.”

On the way back down the trail we spotted a black bear sow and two cubs on a knoll to the north, about 300 yards away. They were feasting on blueberries, as Pete and I had been doing all day, and oblivious to our presence. On this hike we only saw four other people, two of whom were camped on top.

**A bit of history:** Pete mentioned that former Denali Park Ranger and mountaineering legend Dave Johnston had pioneered most of the trails in the area, including those on K’esugi Ridge. Encompassing 325,240 acres, or about one-half the size of Rhode Island, Denali State Park was established south and east of Denali National Park in 1970, and expanded in 1976.

Reflecting on Johnston, who is a bigger-than-life figure, both figuratively and literally; I thought about another person who came into this northern country in the early days -- Mary Carey. Carey homesteaded the area in 1962. Since there was no road, she moved materials for her McKinley View Lodge by caterpillar train up the frozen Chulitna River in the depth of winter. And mostly in self-interest, she forcefully lobbied over the years for the completion of the George Parks Highway, achieved in 1971. Her lodge is at Mile 134.4. Since her death in 2004 at age 91, the establishment has been run on a seasonal basis by her daughter Jean Carey Richardson, and is known for its delicious pies.

Mary Carey was an ambitious newspaper reporter who explored the slopes of Mount McKinley with famed bush pilot Don Sheldon, adding to the mystique and lore of the great mountain. She authored 10 books and was well known for her Fiddlehead Fern Farm on Talkeetna Spur Road.

Work is now underway on a South Denali campground and day-use area. The project includes parking and trailhead access to more than six miles of new hiking trails at the base of Curry Ridge in Denali State Park. In all, the project will include a 1.5-mile access road, a 22-space parking lot/trailhead, more than 6 miles of interpretive trails, a 15-site walk-in tent campground, a 32-site recreational vehicle campground with electrical hookups, a ranger station and maintenance facility, and the extension of the electrical grid along the Parks Highway to Mile 134. The project is scheduled to be completed by late summer or fall of 2014. Funding sources for this work included legislative appropriations and private-sector donations.

I am old enough to remember completion of the Parks Highway to Fairbanks, and many years later, construction of the Princess Lodge above the Chulitna River. Now there will be the park addition near Curry Ridge. But if one hikes up on K’esugi Ridge on a clear autumn day, pauses, and feels the restless air, one can, in a sense, become a time traveler. If one wanders off the beaten trail and glances out across the endless rolling hills, one will find no evidence that time is passing, or that human beings are busy down below. When one is there, moving into those silences, one doesn’t want to think about yesterday or tomorrow. One just wants to dwell in that single moment.



## Peak of the Month:

### Peak 3520

By Steve Gruhn

Mountain Range: Kenai Mountains; Mystery Hills

Borough: Kenai Peninsula Borough

Drainage: Fuller Lake

Latitude/Longitude: 60° 31' 2" North,  
150° 4' 43" West

Elevation: 3520 feet

Prominence: 1817 feet from Round  
Mountain (3901)

Adjacent Peaks: Round Mountain and  
Peak 3308 in the Mystery Creek and Jean  
Lake drainages

Distinctness: 1139 feet from Peak 3308

USGS Map: Kenai (C-1) SE

First Recorded Ascent: Unknown

Access Points: Fuller Lakes Trail trailhead  
and Skyline Trail trailhead



Map created with TOPO!® ©2003 National Geographic (www.nationalgeographic.com/topo)

Peak 3520 is the highest point of the Mystery Hills and is between the Fuller Lakes Trail and the Skyline Trail in the Kenai National Wildlife Refuge. Either trail can be used to access the summit, although access via the Fuller Lakes Trail is shorter and requires less elevation gain. To access the summit from the trail east of the mouth of Fuller Lake, cross the outlet stream and side-hill along the northeast slope of Peak 3520, gaining elevation. A footpath along this route is visible in snow-free months. Once the trail is above the brush and there are no rock outcrops defending the upper slopes, turn off the trail and head directly uphill to the crest of Peak 3520's north ridge. Once on the ridge crest, turn south and follow the ridge to the summit. To reach the Skyline Trail from the summit, merely follow the ridge to the southwest, over several ups and downs, including an ascent and descent of Peak 3308, to the Skyline Trail.

I don't know who made the first ascent of Peak 3520, but the route over the summit (known as the Skyline Traverse) was depicted in Helen Nienhueser's 1972 guidebook, 55 Ways to the Wilderness in Southcentral Alaska.

# MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF ALASKA

## MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

The Mountaineering Club of Alaska (MCA) was formed in 1958 to promote the enjoyment of hiking and climbing in Alaska and the exploration of its mountains. We welcome all who wish to become members.

**Participate and Learn:** The MCA conducts scheduled hikes and climbs led by experienced club members, technical mountaineering and climbing courses, and other instruction throughout the year. The club maintains seven mountain huts in the nearby Chugach and Talkeetna mountains. The MCA's Vin Hoeman Library contains hundreds of books, numerous periodicals, bound volumes of the **SCREE**, and a 'Peak File' with information on local climbs. The club has climbing gear for trips and training, including ice axes, helmets, crampons, snowshoes, and avalanche beacons.

**Stay Informed:** The MCA publishes a monthly newsletter, **SCREE**, and emails it to all members. The **SCREE** contains announcements of upcoming events, the hiking and climbing trip schedule, and trip reports written by club members.

**Monthly meetings:** The third Tuesday of each month at 6:30 p.m. at the BP Energy Center at 900 E. Benson Blvd (in Midtown Anchorage just south of the main BP building). Special events or changes to the meeting will be noted in the **SCREE** and on our website at: [www.mtnclubak.org](http://www.mtnclubak.org).

- **Complete both pages of this form. Write neatly!** To participate in club-sponsored trips, **EVERY MEMBER** must read and complete the Release of Liability Agreement on the back of this application.
- Please make checks payable to **Mountaineering Club of Alaska, Inc.**
- Mailed **SCREE** subscriptions are \$15 additional per year & are non-refundable. (1 **SCREE**/ family).
- Annual membership is through the 31st of December.
- Memberships paid after November 1st are good through December 31 of the following year.
- If applying by mail, please include a self-addressed, **stamped** envelope for your membership card.  
OR you may pick it up at the next monthly meeting.

Our address is: **PO BOX 243561, Anchorage, AK 99524-3561**

- **Note: Mailed applications may take up to 6 weeks to process.** Thank you for your patience.
- **To join right now, sign up online at [www.mtnclubak.org](http://www.mtnclubak.org)**

New		Date	
Renewal		Name	
1 YR. Individual \$15		Family Members	
1 YR. Family \$20			
2 YR. Individual \$30			
2 YR. Family \$40			
How do you want your <b>SCREE</b> delivered? (check one or both)			
Electronic (free)		Email delivery	
Paper (add \$15/YR.)		Postal Service (not available outside the United States)	
Street or PO Box			
City/State/Zip			
Telephone			
Email Address			

\_\_\_\_\_ I am interested in joining a committee (Circle which ones: Programs, Hiking & Climbing, Huts, Geographic Names, Peak Registers, Parks Advisory, Equipment, Awards, Membership, Training, or ad hoc committees).

\_\_\_\_\_ I am interested in leading a trip.

Do not write below this line:

Pd: \$15 \$20 \$30 \$40 \$15 for paper **SCREE** \$30 for 2 years of paper **SCREE**  
on Date: \_\_\_/\_\_\_/\_\_\_, Cash or Check Number: \_\_\_\_\_

Membership Card Issued for Yr: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address Added to Mailing List

**Revised 1/10/11**

**SIGN AND INITIAL THIS RELEASE OF LIABILITY— READ IT CAREFULLY**

I \_\_\_\_\_ (print name) am aware that mountaineering and wilderness activities (including hiking; backpacking; rock, snow, and ice climbing; mountaineering; skiing; ski mountaineering; rafting and packrafting, kayaking, and use of remote backcountry huts) are hazardous activities. I wish to participate and/or receive instruction in these activities with the Mountaineering Club of Alaska, Inc. ("MCA"). I recognize these activities involve numerous risks, which include, by way of example only, falling while hiking, climbing, skiing or crossing rivers or glaciers; falling into a crevasse or over a cliff; drowning; 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 or rescue. I also recognize that risk of **injury or death** may be caused or enhanced by **mistakes, negligence or reckless conduct** on the part of either my fellow participants; MCA officers, directors, instructors, or trip leaders; and the State of Alaska and its employees regarding MCA backcountry huts. 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. **(As used in this agreement, MCA includes its officers, directors, instructors and trip leaders.)**

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

**GIVING UP MY LEGAL RIGHTS** I agree to give up for myself and for my heirs all legal rights I may have against the MCA; my fellow participants in MCA activities (except to the extent that insurance coverage is provided by automobile insurance policies) and the State of Alaska and its employees regarding MCA backcountry huts. **I give up these legal rights regardless of whether the injury, death, or property damage results from mistakes, negligence or reckless conduct of others.** I understand this agreement shall remain in effect until I provide a signed, dated, written notice of its revocation to the MCA.

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

**MY PROMISE NOT TO SUE** I will not sue or otherwise make a claim against the MCA; my fellow participants in MCA activities (except as noted above for automobile accidents); and the State of Alaska and its employees regarding use of MCA backcountry huts, for **injury, death, or property damage** which occurs in the course of my participation or instruction in mountaineering and wilderness activities. Any lawsuit relating to MCA activities or this release shall only be filed in Anchorage, Alaska. The provisions of this release are severable and if any part is found unenforceable, the remaining provisions shall remain in effect.

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

**MY RELEASE OF LIABILITY** I agree to release and discharge the MCA; my fellow participants in MCA activities; and the State of Alaska and its employees regarding use of MCA backcountry huts, 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 and wilderness activities.

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

**MY PROMISE TO INDEMNIFY** I will pay all expenses, including attorney fees and court costs, that the MCA; my fellow participants in MCA activities; and the State of Alaska and its employees may incur as a consequence of any legal action arising out of **injury, death, or property damage** suffered by me in connection with any MCA activity or the use of any MCA backcountry hut.

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

**MY CONSENT TO MEDICAL TREATMENT** I consent to any hospital or medical care that may be necessary as a result of my participation in MCA activities. I understand and agree that I am solely responsible for all charges for such medical treatment, including evacuation and/or rescue costs.

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

**I HAVE CAREFULLY READ THIS AGREEMENT, UNDERSTAND ITS CONTENT, AND RECOGNIZE IT IS A BINDING LEGAL AGREEMENT**

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

Signature of Parent or Guardian (if under 18): \_\_\_\_\_

**Revised 2/19/09**

## Mountaineering Club of Alaska

President	Greg Encelewski	360-0274	Board member (term expires in 2014)	Andy Mamrol	717-6893
Vice-President	Carlene Van Tol	748-5270	Board member (term expires in 2014)	Elizabeth Bennett	830-9656
Secretary	Matt Hickey	651-270-4492	Board member (term expires in 2015)	Rachad Rayess	617-309-6566
Treasurer	Stacy Pritts	538-7546	Board member (term expires in 2015)	Joshua Clark	887-1888
Past President	Jayne Mack	382-0212			

Annual membership dues: Single \$15, Family \$20

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 Membership Committee at [membership@mtclubak.org](mailto:membership@mtclubak.org).

The *Scree* is a monthly publication of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska. Articles, notes, and letters submitted for publication in the newsletter should be emailed to [MCAScree@gmail.com](mailto:MCAScree@gmail.com). Articles should be submitted by the 25<sup>th</sup> of the month to appear in the next month's *Scree*.

Paid ads may be submitted to the attention of the Vice-President at the club address and should be in electronic format and pre-paid. Ads can be emailed to [vicepresident@mtclubak.org](mailto:vicepresident@mtclubak.org).

Missing your MCA membership card? Stop by the monthly meeting to pick one up or send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and we'll mail it to you.

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