

MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF ALASKA

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MEETING, TUESDAY JUNE 26

At the next MCA meeting which will be held as usual at the Willow Park Recreation Hall but as unusual at 7:30 p.m. there will be a movie called "Antarctic Crossing" which is about the Sir Vivian Fuchs and Sir Edmond Hillary Expedition across Antarctica.

MCKINLEY SCOREBOARD:

As to date there have been three expeditions reported to the top of THE MOUNTAIN. These include:

- 5 Austrians out of Anchorage to the peak on May 17th.
- 6 (5 males and 1 female) out of Fairbanks to the peak on May 20th.
- 7 out of Seattle to the peak on June 10th. This last party has been tagged locally as the "Canterbury Pilgrims" since it includes a "wife", a priest, a doctor and who knows, maybe, even a yeoman.

In addition a seven man team lead by Helmut Reithel has explored in the Russell-Forsaker area. John Dillman of MCA and Bob Goodwin of Girdwood were both in this party. Three of its members climbed Mt. Russell.

CLIMBING SCHEDULE:

The Rock Climbing School continues at the Rocks on Thursday evenings.

Marguerite St. Pauley would like to lead a group into Upper Russian Lake on the weekend of June 23rd-24th. If interested call SK 40177 or SK 40178 (duty phone). Marguerite is willing to hike on any Saturday or Sunday with anyone who would like to join her. A telephone call would arrange the details.

MCA BOX: The MCA now has an official mailing address which is Box 2037, Anchorage.

ENGAGEMENTS: Bill Davis, newly appointed Temporary Dean of AMU, to Nancy Yaw.

CANAPE PARTY (or "Fireweed Yum-Yums")

by Scott D. Hamilton

The "do-it-yourself" canape party on Tuesday, May 22nd, fortunately was bolstered by the culinary skills of Mrs. Glen Fuller of Armour Starlite Frozen Foods. Lavish servings of more rout ine boneless chicken, packaged beef and pork provided the substance to match the ingenuity of the more gourmet-minded alpinists. The result was a Smorgasbord of sorts that would have made the Anchorage-Westward envious of the low cost, if not the content. This "poor man's buffet" was the raison d'etre of the evening. Among the savory items were scrambled pancakes, meat and rice served on the 1960 McKinley Expedition, data nuggets, rations, and many other "favorite recipes" for eating among the high peaks.

A blue-ribbon jury appointed and headed by President Duncan faced the difficult task of selecting the winning dish ("most delicious though least appetizing looking selection"). This jury would be worthy of judging mince-meat at the Alaska State Fair, for taste buds were fairly bursting with delight. While many MCA climbers were still trying to swallow and digest the items, "Fireweed Sprouts" offered by John Vincent Hocman was awarded the grand prize. Fireweed Sprouts are no relation of Brussels Sprouts and are considered by some truly as comparable to eating grass, to be used for survival necessity only. The sprouts were beautifully and artfully arranged in a brown paper sack with the come-hither slogan, "Try them. They're good".

The prize was a can of "most delicious looking but least appetizing" PARD dog food reduced by Swift, rivals to Armour Co., with instructions for feeding puppies, mature dogs, or cats. Mr. Hocman has neither dog nor cat. Upon receipt of the grand prize, Vincent commented, "I will serve it at the next meeting as hash". Envious alpinists have wondered about the source of Hocman's speed and endurance, aside from spartan eating and clean living, and now the secret is made known: "fireweed sprouts", now known as Hocman's "yum-yums". It is rumored that this strength-building delicacy will be served to the MCA team before their race up Mt. Marathon July 4th, in hopes of scoring an upset victory over Sven Hanson.

TWIN PEAKS, 5873 and 5401

by Vin Hocman

After an unsuccessful sojourn May 5th looking for good rock up the Matanuska River finding it all rotten, John Dillman and I were tempted by King Mtn. Granite Mtn, ers Peak, and Pioneer Peak, but we finally decided on Twin Peaks for a Sunday Climb. Then referred to as the "Goat Rocks" by M.C.A. members, but called Twin Peaks on all the ps, we decided to yield to the map nomenclature. That evening we fought our way through the bear-hunting traffic to get up to Lake Eklutna and made camp at the foot of our respective climb.

The morning dawned clear and we had no excuse for staying in the sacks once it was light, but still it was after six o'clock before we headed toward the mountains. Bear were seldom venture off the roads unless they actually see a bear, so we were no longer

attracted by them as we left roads, and soon trees, behind us. As we wound our way up some rocky cliffs we came upon an ancient eagles' nest, and much to our surprise found a peregrine on top of it eating kinnikinnick! Other wildlife moved up the slope ahead of us in the form of mountain sheep. One of them didn't retreat as we approached, however, and examination proved it to be a large dead ram, perhaps a hunter wounded in last fall. The horns of his fall-corn horns came off easily, so we asked them to retrieve on our descent.

The ridge we climbed led to West Twin, and we wanted to climb the higher East Twin first, so with much effort in the patches of soft snow, we managed to traverse to the pass between the two. There was nearly 1000 feet of rockclimbing to the summit and we had to help each other for nearly all of it. As with most Alaskan rockclimbing, the greatest danger was from dislodged rocks, rather than falls. Finally about eleven o'clock we reached the snow-covered top on which is an old surveying frame. A salmon-egg jar containing our axes was buried in the snow at the base of the flag-frame. The other side of East Twin peak would be much easier, and that is undoubtedly how the survey people did it. We went down the same way and up the much easier West Twin Peak, which John had climbed twice last summer, as was proved by the scraps of paper in a register can on the summit.

It was only one o'clock and we wanted to climb the 5250 foot rock tower on down the ridge to the west, but we wasted too much time getting down to the pass between West Twin and this rock, for which I propose the name "Goat Rock" since it's not named on the map and should certainly have one. Anyway we decided to leave it for another day and got back to the car by 5:30 p.m.

EVERETT MOUNTAIN, 4285'

By Vin Hoeman

Sunday, May 20th I was up Eagle River all morning looking for maple nests and on the way down I ran into Ed Fisher and Dr. Don Kottelcamp looking for bears. I suggested we go up the side of Mount Everett, as the map calls the rocky peak 5 miles in on the north side of Eagle River, to see if we could photograph some mountain sheep I'd noted many days in. So we parked at the school-bus turnaround and without too much difficulty made our way through the buffaloberry brush to a basin at timberline under the rocky cliffs. A dozen or so sheep and two goats were visible, but they were forgotten when we spotted a black bear ambling through a timberline alder thicket. Rifles had been left below, but Don started to stalk the bear with his .38 pistol. Luckily for the bear, and perhaps for Don too, the wind changed suddenly and the bear bounced over the ridge with a nosefull of that terrible man-stink. Since we'd already started up the ridge after the bear, we continued to its crest and I went on up to the mountaintop. On the foggy summit was a horned lark, but he flew away willingly enough leaving me to make a small cairn in which I deposited a register bottle. It had taken three hours to reach the summit, but only one was required to descend.

by Marguerite St. Palley

PTARMIGAN LAKE, May 26th

On a not-so-bright but early Saturday morning, May 26, a group of ambitious mountaineers consisting of Marge Proseott, leader, Charlyn Leeper, Hans Thielson, Betty Clement and Marguerite St. Palley set off for a hike to Ptarmigan Lake about 30 miles north of Seward. The weather during the long drive was gusty and rainy, and there did not seem to be much indication that it would change for the better. In spite of the weather, the scenery was, as usual, magnificent, and the soft green of the trees on the mountain slopes showed that Spring was definitely here. Our persistence was rewarded, for as we approached our starting point, the Ptarmigan Camp Ground, it had cleared considerably and turned out to be an ideal day for hiking. Even the mosquitoes were at a minimum except perhaps when we sat down to eat, and they would gather around to see what they could share with us. There were signs of bear but no sight of them (hurray!); several types of birds; many porcupine and small creatures of the forest as we proceeded along the trail. The trail itself is well defined. It is winding, and for the most part, a very good walking trail, with occasional sudden climbs or descents along the river where it was muddy under foot. The trail is quite scenic and all along the way we were either within sight or sound of the river which drains from Ptarmigan Lake; sometimes right alongside of it; sometimes high above it. We were temporarily lost as we approached a clearing. The trail seemed to lead away and the lake journey in sight. After we wandered around for 20 minutes or so, we recalled a slight path leading in another direction and we followed it. It led up a steep grassy slope which could or could not be a trail made by a bear. The bear tracks on the ground gave us an uneasy feeling. However, a couple of the members of the group ascended the grassy slope and found a very well worn trail which ran along the side of the mountain like a shelf, and from there on we had no trouble reaching the lake. Apparently the trail we had been on joined another trail originating from somewhere on the Seward Highway. The higher trail was very impressive and worth the effort it took to find it. We had a spectacular view of the surrounding countryside and the towering mountains, and finally, the blue-green beauty of Ptarmigan Lake. There was no one to be seen except our group at the lake. On exploring the nearby area, we found a small log building by the lake about the size of a clothes closet, hardly enough for even a small hermit. Someone probably made this his home at one time, though, because Marge found a battered coffeepot in the building. After an hour or so at this lovely spot, we reluctantly decided it was time to make the return trip. When we arrived at the camp ground, the group separated. Marge and Charlyn stayed behind to do some camping and the rest of us returned to Anchorage.