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RA meeting, Monday, July 22, 8 P.M. Willow Park Hall. Lowell Thomas will show a film of the Austrian Olympic preparations. We will also have the climbing school graduation ceremony ... so don't miss this meeting.

LEAVE FOR CAMP MOUNTAIN SUMMER OUTING - July 21-28
Cost \$68.00 plus food. If interested contact Marge Prescott BR 6-6943 or SK 3-2211 before Thursday July 18.

RA MEETING - June 29-30 - by Gregg Erickson

With clear weather and at least moderately favorable forecast, the Mountaineering Club moved into the mountains for its first annual encampment on June 29/30. Glimmers of all sorts dribbled into the site, the tarn lake at the end of Rabbit Creek, the first intrepid mountaineer arriving sometime around noon, the last (my brother Trip) arriving (after an important date) at 3:30 a.m. (1) For the meeting itself approximately 5 people had the ambition to hike the three miles. Among them, these interesting specimens: one more on CRUTCHES (no fooling), two girls who carried all their gear in JUVENILE BAGS, Mr. Marathon racers who RAN the three miles, as well as Mr & Mrs DeVoe followed by a raft of kids.

After the meeting adjourned at 10 p.m. some retreated to the security of the city, but tents remained snugly filled with confident mountaineers. In the morning tents and mountaineers remained, but snuggles and confidence were as lacking as was the sun. Basting quick retreat in the rain, everyone returned safely to civilization, taking their lunches, duffle bags, kids and memories.

PIKOR PEAK KOKTOYA June 15 by Dale Hagen

ou didn't miss anything by not going. In the first place, only the chairman of the climbing committee, Dave DeVoe, and myself showed up at the Safeway parking lot. In the second place, the weather was lousy. Thirdly, we didn't do any mountain climbing. But anyway, Dave and I put on our rain gear, jumped off from the Cottis' homestead, and without too much difficulty picked up the trail across North Campbell Fork. We also took up a couple of the Cottis' dogs, which were good company and perhaps preferable ear food, preferable to us we hoped. After figuring out which direction to head on the trail (uphill) and fixing cow bells to swing freely, we marched on. Man! Did we see some big bear tracks.

about 4:00 p.m. after "It's just over the next rise" for the 19th time, we hit the lake at the head of the valley. It was snowing, and the clouds were nearly on the ground. Definitely a high country, other-world setting, and the dogs were spooled out of their pots. Dave said it was a nice hike, put on dry socks, and headed for home, walking out in 2 1/2 hours. I pitched a tent and being very tired, sacked out until 9:00 the next morning.

In the morning the ground was covered with snow, and small sloppy avalanches were sliding out of the clouds down the slopes. I said to hell with this and packed up, hiking out in 3 1/2 hours. Well, you see, Dave had a lighter pack.

3000 ft. ASCENT OF PIONEER PEAK June 23 by Phil Colbert

will club, alder and class 6 moss was the first obstacle to be overcome by a quartet of climbers from Anchorage, seeking to approach the north wall of Pioneer Peak. The bitious foursome, consisting of Gregg Erickson, Dale Hagen, Paul Gross, Jr. (Grosser) and myself, resigned themselves to the inevitable battle of the brush, confident in our conviction that there was no easy way out and that torment and misery must enter every mountaineer's life sooner or later. Four hours later the battle-weary group argued upon the open slopes of one of the northern buttresses at 3000', and readied

itself for the remainder of the (unreadable)

the cloud-hidden peak warned them of loose snow, and soon they were gazing in amazement at the sight of avalanches thundering by on all sides with the furor of a Wagnerian finale.

Discouraged by the prospect of a sudden encounter with an avalanche the group decided that a retreat would be in the best interests of strategy and safety. A short rappel over some more class 6 brush and moss brought them to an avalanche chute and then BRUSH, BRUSH and more BRUSH ... and finally the road at 5:30 p.m. Unanimous opinion: "We'll be back."

MOUNT MARATHON RACE, SEWARD, ALASKA July 4, 1963 by Scott D. Hamilton

"Victory belongs to the firstest with the mostest" – Confederate proverb.

It was perhaps the most colorful Mt. Marathon Race since 1915, with 49 competitors (32 last year) eight military or civilian teams (4 last year) four biathletes breaking Sven Johansen's record, and three women athletes finishing for the first time. The MCA team had trained hard for 6 weeks with weekday trips to Indian Mountain and weekends in Seward itself on the course, MCA had the largest team, but was not the firstest to the finish line.

Two days before the race, both Seward (6) and MCA (10) teams were uncertain as to who would run. The tragic death of Dennis Hitt, Seward Team Captain, Monday July 1, on Mt. Alice, placed a dark cloud over the race three days later and threatened to disrupt both teams. Another factor was that Hoeman, Johnston, and Ells of our team were to leave on a McKinley Expedition the very day after the race, and Ells of our team had been dispatched with his work to Fairbanks until 2 days before the race. Upon a plea from Mr. Hitt, the Seward team agreed to run, with Dave Johnson running for Seward in Dennis' uniform; Vin Hoeman, our first man in last year, declined to run and ties up expedition loose ends for the others; Cliff Ells came back in time to be our solid third man required for team points.

Perhaps the fighting spirit of our team was show the day before Dennis Hitt was killed on Alice; when roused from sleeping bag slumber in the Stockard apartment and found it was raining and Mt. Marathon shrouded in overcast. A John Philip Sousa record coaxed each man out on Main Street to begin final trials. "The Race weather couldn't be worse than this glop," we agreed. The times clocked that day were proof of six weeks' hard training on Indian Mountain, charging up the 45 degree slope amidst porcupines, devil's club and loose stone. We could remember the light of the Midnight Sun when we sprinted along Indian Mountain ridge amidst snowbanks for the summit and comparing times before charging from the slopes like mountain goats to Seward Highway below. This year the MCA placed ahead of the Biathlon #4, and Jim Nelson beat six of the sixteen Biathlon Team runners. Here are the results:

<u>Name</u>	<u>1962 Best Time: 52 33.7</u>	<u>1963 Best Time: 48 37</u>	<u>Improvement</u>
1. Vin Hoeman	11 th (2 nd Civ.) 64 21		
2. Jim Nelson	14 th (4 th Civ.) 67 05	14 th (3 rd Civ.) 59 20	7 min 45 sec
3. Scott Hamilton	19 th (7 th Civ.) 73 03	18 th (6 th Civ.) 60 45	11 min 23 sec
4. Clifford Ells	20 th (8 th Civ.) 75 04	24 th (8 th Civ.) 68 56	6 min 8 sec
5. Bob Layman	-	30 th (12 th Civ.) 75 28	-
6. Dave Johnston	-	31 st (13 th Civ.) 76 55	(for Seward)
7. Jerry Smith (U. Minn)	-	33 rd (15 th Civ.) 78 18	
8. Bill Woodward (Harvard)	-	34 th (16 th Civ.) 80 16	
9. Don Keating (Wash. State)	-	35 th (17 th Civ.) 81 08	
10. Tony Turinsky	-	37 th (19 th Civ.) 89 29	

Holding a team together is difficult, and we were fortunate in having four members in the same apartment to start with. Smith, Woodward, Keating and Turinsky were “two-week-wonders” thrown in the breach when we failed to recruit some “tigers” from the Climbing School. The MCA provided special running shirts ordered from the South 48. Although Jim Nelson missed one of the two civilian individual trophies by a few seconds, he was presented with a plaque by his team-mates as Best Athlete (not at Club expense). Yours truly was voted honorary citizenship by the Seward City Council and given a plaque for efforts to assist the Race in 1962 and 1963, and a chance to judge the beauty contest for Miss Seward (!) The best performance of the MCA men was the father-and-son combination of Dr. Bob Layman (who lost twenty pounds down to a trim 160) and his 14-year-old son, Gregg, who ran unofficially.

The team makes an appeal to all MCAers who have color slides, movies, or photographs of the race, to join in with other Anchorage people in sharing them with the runners from the many teams who competed at the Ft. Richardson Officers’ Club, and if you would show such photos, it would give us for the first time an idea of exactly what the race did look like. You’ll have your chance to run next July 4th, when Sven Johansen plans to run again. You too can be another Pheidippides, although this mountain is rougher than the plains of Marathon.