

SCREE

Editors: Helga Bading &
 Large Prescott,
 c/o Box 2037, Anchorage
 Vol. 6, No. 2

Mountaineering Club of Alaska,
 Box 2037,
 Anchorage, Alaska
 January, 1964

The new MCA flag will be flying at the January 20th meeting at the Willow Park Hall. Program of the evening is a display and discussion of winter mountaineering equipment. John Dillman, chairman. Suggestions welcome.

INDEPENDENCE MINE - Jan. 25/26 - skiing, climbing, snowshoeing. Come for two days, or only one - call Dave DeVoe to register (FE 3-1492). To carry through on our meeting program, MCA/ARG members want to stress winter mountaineering safety and pass along views on frostbite prevention, how to detect avalanches, how to splint with a skipole, and fiddle around with building snowcave ... and other interesting bits and pieces. So come and have fun at the Mine; contribute your own ideas or learn something new to enjoy winters in the mountains.

FIRST AID COURSE - anyone interested in taking an advanced first aid course, register with Helga at the Jan. 20th meeting. In order to wear your rescue patch you must have advanced first aid, but even if that isn't your goal, all climbers and hikers should have this knowledge.

Our SECRETARY, Vin Hoeman, has left Alaska. The Executive Board has appointed Dale Hagen to be our new Secretary.

Our TREASURER reports that our balance as of Jan. 1, 1964 was \$816.08 (plus)

The purpose of the MCA COMMITTEE ON GEOGRAPHIC NAMES is to secure official approval of the simple, unusual, alliterative, non-eponymic, and descriptive names that we propose for features in the mountain areas with which we are familiar. - Our policies are as follows:-

- No names of persons, living or dead, shall be proposed;
- Duplication of existing names will be avoided within reasonable area limits.
- Changes of long-standing names used on maps and in literature will be opposed;
- Attempts will be made to adhere to a central theme in areas where several features are to be named;
- Local names which conform with our policies, or are acceptable to us, but not yet official, will be proposed;
- We will avoid naming features in areas not yet explored on the ground, for to name them would rob their future explorers of the privilege;
- We recognize the difference between names for major features requiring approval, and guide book names for minor features of interest only to mountaineers.

Our policies date from August 15, 1963 and the recently activated State Geographic Board is interested in adopting them also.

SHORT NOTES ON MCA MEMBERS

Vin Hoeman, past Secretary of MCA, is departing Jan. 15 for Washington, and the central Pacific. Vin has accepted a position with the Smithsonian Institution as assistant research curator. He will leave for the central Pacific; Hawaii, Midway, Palmyra & Christmas Island, etc. about Feb. 1. Vin will be mainly working with birds of that area - he'll also climb mountains he can find. His address is: Div. of Birds, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

-) Lloyd Morris will complete his studies at the Univ. of Syracuse and depart for India in February. He will be employed by the A.I.D. - and is interested in taking time off to visit the Himalayas. He would appreciate hearing from anyone familiar with the area or who has contacts. His present address: 410 University Ave., Syracuse, N.Y.
-) John Samuelson leaves for Europe sometime in January. He is planning on spending a year there, bicycling around, climbing, touring ... and having fun in general.
-) Gwyn Wilson and family are spending the winter in Morocco after having lived in Switzerland last summer. The children are now attending an American school in Morocco and we will see them all back in Anchorage next fall. (In December, Rod, Gwyn and the children climbed Mt. Vesuvius - maybe we can have a write-up for Scree?) Their address: 4 Sidi Amar, Tangier, Morocco).
-) Lois Willard became Mrs. Richard Gunther on November 19, 1963.

BUSINESSMAN'S ECONOMY CLIMB

Oct. 21, 1963 by Paul Crews, Sr.

On a recent trip to Juneau, I stopped off at Cordova to transact a little business, but was able to complete this early in the afternoon. It was warm, sunny day and the Heney mountain range about 2 miles SE of the city presented a spectacular sight, and inasmuch as I had to wait till next morning for my plane, I decided these peaks - Mt. Eccles (1500 -1700 ft) in particular - had to be investigated. Thus was initiated the so-called businessman's climb' (or pass the clothes brush, Betty, I have tundra cuffs).

Equipment for such outing is important - many unforeseen obstacles are bound to make their appearance. A hasty survey showed complete readiness: street shoes reinforced by light rubber overboots, a business suit and light raincoat. Thus equipped, complete with pocket slide rule, hotel key, and safety pin, I embarked on the venture.

The first mile I walked on the road from town and reached a point below Mt. Eccles I felt was the proper place for the transition to the second phase of the climb. This meant taking off uphill through a narrow belt (400') of hemlock forest, carpeted with moss and devoid of underbrush. This suited me well as I truly intended to go only as far as it was 'safe'; that is, without spoiling my impeccable appearance. I soon emerged into a parkland carpeted by meadow, heather and dwarf juniper. It was the first time since I'd been away from the Olympics (13 years) that I have enjoyed this type of alpine meadow. The renewal of pleasant memories was certainly worth the trip thus far.

The upper limit of the parkland terminated gradually into scattered thickets of blueberry and wild current bushes, about 3' high. There was still an occasional berry (fermented but good!). There were also a few clumps of alder and some devil's club. My progress between these thickets was without pause. Eventually the 'scattered' thickets became 'broken' and I stopped to study the situation. After all, I had to maintain that crease in my pants! I determined that by carefully parting the clumps I could pass them without much wear or tear.

Then a quick glance down from whence I came and up where I was going told me I was almost through the brush and into the scree and heather slopes (about 1000' elev.). I was truly optimistic and still hung onto that crease! Here was a final spurt through the brush and I realized - contrary to my recollections to JCA - that there IS something worse than alder yet, as I sought out the alder to avoid the berry bushes! Ultimately I parted the wall of thickets and stepped into the foot of a glacier cirque, the peak itself not its head - 500' higher. Somewhere in the labyrinth below I had acquired a slight scratch to my trouser leg. No matter - head of me lay the summit!

The route led to one side of the cirque up a lateral moraine with nothing more than a 2-II-2.2 grade. I noted with some concern how much time I'd lost in those d... berry bushes. It would be touch and go. However, having made this momentous decision many times before, I charged 'on to the top'. The most that could happen would be a night out, and I'd be down by timberline and make a bivouac out of my raincoat. After all, they did without a raincoat on Everest.

In gathering darkness I reached the summit to find no cairn but patches of new snow. I took time to tighten my low-cuts and empty the quart or so of berries I had gathered in my 'arctics' before charging back downhill. The crease in my pants was still with me.

The first part was beautiful - scree just right for those huge heel-braising leaps that cause your ears to pop from altitude change. It ended all too soon ... then the blasted blueberries once more. Alder at least goes with the grain', but the berries went in all directions. Ultimately I got to the timber belt with a margin of light left, undoubtedly due to my skillful conquest of the berries. In the half-light I noticed there was still a semblance of crease in my pants, and took off post haste for the final trek down.

To make the story complete, I must confess that total darkness in the timber plus a saturated bed of heavy moss, plus slick show-soles considerably hampered my day. On top of this I encountered a truck driver who completelyrenched me from the only puddle in the whole mile of road I finally lost the last press of my pants (damn that Hoffa anyway).

PS: there was no hot water in the shower when I got back to the hotel.

ENGUIN RIDGE, West End - 3,255' December 2, 63 by Dale Hagen

We assembled at Ernie's along Turnagain Arm. Brad Reed, Len Doucette, and I. We waited patiently for others to show, but a Detroit clunker had malfunctioned. No others.

About noon we stopped staring at the new falling snow and commenced our glorious expedition. We took our objective about three thirty, encompassed all sides and below by an opaque curtain of falling snow. Brad made a mess of hot gruel on/in his Optimus .. we also left a register, but my pen didn't bite very well on wet paper. Descending was slippery-fall-down, dark, and altogether gay.