



OCTOBER MEETING . . . Ben Crawford Memorial Park, 3rd and Eagle, Monday, October 13, 8:00 PM. Election night . . . Pay your dues . . . Dick Snyder will show slides of the Canyonlands and Glen Canyon areas, Utah.

The Nominating Committee has selected the following slate of officers for the coming year. Nominations may also be made from the floor at the October meeting.

President	Randy Renner
Vice President	Steve Hackett
Secretary	Margaret Wolfe
Treasurer	Dick Snyder
Director (for a 2 yr term)	Frank Nosek

Bill Davis will continue being director for the second year of his 2-year term.

The Climbing and Hiking Schedule will be announced at the October meeting.

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PARADISE PEAK 6050'

June 29, 1969

DAVE JOHNSTON

(Paradise Peak is on the Seward B-6 quadrangle, Range 1 East, Township 2 North, Section 13, Seward Meridian. Our approach, via the West Ridge, is on the Seward B-7 quadrangle. Peak location $60^{\circ} 16' 4''$ N., $149^{\circ} 11' 30''$ W.)

The sun was an orb of opaque magenta flashing psychedelic pinks from Turnagain's high tide. On the trip, behind the tinted windscreen of Fred Cady's Yellow Submarine, were Grace Hoeman, Hans Van der laan, Dick Holdaway, Dave Johnston and, yes, Fred Cady. The Submarine reached Moose Pass despite the oppressive 11,000' overburden of forest fire smoke and there, about 0832 hours, June 28, we added Harry and Dub Blubworth and their patriotic VW to our party. At mile 13.5 North of Seward, we parked and donned our packs. Fred donned some neck-high waders too that had us sneaker-clad river crossers feeling ill-prepared and a bit jealous till we found our route across the South Fork of the Snow River was only ankle deep. (Bear in mind that I'm 6'7". I think it came up to everyone else's knees.)

Paradise Peak was named for Paradise Valley over which it looks, but the name fits the peak too. Ed Cooper's fine 8 X 10 of the peak, which inspired us to try the climb, would convince you too that the name is appropriate. It was good we had the photo in

mind as we sloshed through the river, for the barely discernable mountain outline six miles away through the smoke was anything but paradisaical.

Mossy forest of hemlock, a covey of spruce grouse, and then a deep slough. No waders, no sneakers now--we cached them at the river. But look, just upstream, a great $2\frac{1}{2}$ ' diameter cottonwood log bridge! We parade across and march on to the next stream, and again we're spared wading by a cottonwood log.

The Snow River pinches us occasionally out of the bottomland cottonwood groves and up and over spruce and moss ridgelets. Now and then we utilize a section of moose trail. It's a hot humid day and our two or three rest stops at streams still running through the parched forest are most welcome. We contour southeastward toward our peak and find five eggs in the nest of a Wilson's Warbler at Ca. 700'. The yellow parents flit about worriedly. At 1000' we make the usual hopeful deviations in route trying to outwit or outshirk the solid green alder jungle ahead. As always, the inevitable occurs and we find ourselves dangling along by our arms. Dick and Fred inspire us to hang on tight, reminding us that pumas may be lurking in the crevasses below. This particular alder patch has the usual dusty dead bark in the eyes, devil's club prickles, evil oaths and shredded skin, but is unique perhaps with its cobwebs full of little white inchworms. I later pick fifteen out of Grace's hair!

At 1400', quite some time later, we escape like refugees to the stream boulders and proceed on foot (as opposed to arms) to the glacier tongue at 1700'. We balance up the steepish glazey ice on not-too-well-cemented cobbles to where the glacier levels out and becomes rubble covered. Here we traverse up left off the glacier at 2200', over a sharp-crested lateral moraine and down to camp at 2350' in a snow gully. We pitch the tents on snow, then sit in little scree nests in the moraine being served a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -hour five-course banquet by Dub. What a feed!

At 0330 the stove starts up. I burrow deeper. Three minutes to four, Fred's rattling our tent. Ten after four we're back in our scree nests mechanically gobbling oatmeal. And about 4030 we're waddling up the heather ridge, still asleep, really. The ridge narrows down and becomes knifey at 4800' so we drop down the left side and contour around on a 2' wide ledge. It's exposed and I wake up despite the warm sun. Above, rotten rock demands close attention, especially for the fellow below. Grace leads and does a fine job of step-kicking on the snow sections, some of which reach perhaps 35'. These snow humps on the ridge alternate with rubbly sections of rock from 5000' to 5600'. At 5700', the ridge becomes knifey again and we belay one exposed ten-foot deep notch down which one can jam nicely in a solid crack. Only solid rock of the climb! We climb the last 300' on the glacier that descends from within 50' of the summit, giving wide berth to the huge cornice curling over the ridge to the north and wary of the hanger-sized crevasse below to the south. And at 1050 hours, we gather on top. It's warm and sunny as Dick adds rocks to make one of his famous "carrotons", but visibility is disappointing: less than ten miles through the smoke.

We descend the ascent route (west ridge) except that at 3900', we leave the ridge and descend a 1400' couloir of almost continuous snow so fast our ears are plugged at the bottom. It's a bit suncupped for a standing glissade, but fine for heel stepping and skating. A skate traverse carries us right into camp where we drink gallons.

Grace, Harry and Dub elect to return via our walk-in route. Dick, Hans, Fred and Dave cross the glacier at 2300' and climb a couple of hundred feet onto a beautiful shelf that contours around the north side of Pk. 4502'. Huge bulldog-like centurions whistle, alpine flowers bloom, happy meltwater streams cascade under convenient (for us) snow bridges. Birds sing among gnarled timberline hemlock, and best of all, the alder down below us! We make good, easy progress. Our birdseye view is advantageous and we descend through the alder barrier quite easily, soon hitting a section of corduroy road and sawed-down hemlocks. The cutting was probably done over 20 years ago and the logs lie where they were felled. We drop straight on down and hit our approach route with $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to go, which we follow back. It takes $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours out from camp versus 7 hours in, and we take far more rests coming out. By 2200' we're back at the Yellow Submarine sipping our well-earned celebration beers. Bloody nice climb!

PIONEER PEAK

July 26-27, 1969

FRED M. CADY

"Hear ye, hear ye. The court is now in session. Standing before this court, the honorable Judge Pioneer presiding, is Fred Cady, charged with cruelty to dumb animals. It is reputed that the defendant, with hardly any forethought at all, led twelve people astray in the wrong valley of Pioneer Peak. It is also reputed that the defendant caused said dozen people to bushwack and side hill for the most miserable seven hours of their lives, going up, and an equally miserable period of five hours descending. What do you plead?"

"Guilty, your honor."

"Humm, do you have anything to say for yourself?"

"We did make the summit."

"Which summit?"

"O well, the counterpoint--but we did build a cairn to try to make it higher; and of the eleven people on the summit, later joined by George Mark, who soloed up the right valley, nine had hard hats. As for the Devil's Club, it was decided by the group that that is all a communist plot."

"Isn't it true that by your rash act you led Dave and Sally Johnston also up the wrong valley and caused them to climb the south peak of Pioneer?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Well, we will leave it up to the jury. Clyde Martin, Lotte Kramer, Martin Friedrichs, Peter Vlasveld, Buddy Jaidinger, Dave Albert, April Allen, Chuck Pease, Jim Kross, Katie Hammond, Randy Renner and Chuck Gasta, what is the verdict?"

"Guilty."

"And the sentence?"

"Make him run naked through the Devil's Club!"

GLACIER SCHOOL

August 13, 16-17, 1969

FRED M. CADY

Pichler's Perch was invaded on the weekend of the 16th and 17th of August by 21 MCA'ers during the annual glacier school practice. The previous Wednesday many of the gathered at the Bat Cave at AMU for a theoretical session. Helped by Steve Hackett, Russ McInnes, April Allen and a few assorted ex-cavers, Fred Cady explained the use of crampons, ice axes, glacier clothing and prussik knots.

The weather report and the skies looked forbidding but as the mob, seven ropes of three, trudged up the glacier (See "Thirty Hikes" #6), the sun broke through the clouds. We climbed for about six hours to reach the cabin, built by the MCA to honor Joe Pichler. After a short rest and a bite to eat, we went back to the glacier for a workout with crampons and ice axes on some of the ice slopes below the cabin. Axes glashed in the sun as the group attempted to reduce the glacier to chips. We returned to the cabin for the usual glop feasts and by nine PM, everybody had gone to bed.

Sunday morning found the group ready to go about 9:00 AM, so Steve, Grave Hoeman, Dave Albert, and Fred demonstrated boot-ice axe belays, both static and dynamic, and ice axe arrests on the steep snow below the cabin. The group cheerfully joined in to practice the techniques and at one point, a person could see five or six climbers gleefully leaping over the brink to test their belayer's skill. Ice axe arrest practice also went well and soon we started down the glacier to find a suitable crevasse for rescue practice. Steve, Dave and Fred demonstrated the Bilgeri and then the group found out that managing the ropes was not as easy as it looked. Two "accident" sites were soon in action with a third rope set up for prussiking practice. Those eager beavers not on a rescue rope started chopping ice and some of the group even chopped a message in the ice wall for the trip leader. "GO FRED -- they did not specify where."

At the close of the afternoon, Steve, Dave and Fred demonstrated the pulley haul, pointing out the "Z" form to be remembered.

Those taking part in the practice session were: Grace Hoeman, Dave Albert, April Allen, Chuck Pease, Randy Renner, Carol Phillips, Buddy Jaidinger, Steve Hackett, Francis Henry, Brigitte Ressel, Ivan Brudie, George Mark, Charles Kibler, Barry Kircher, Ken Martinson, Bob Sites, Art Ward, Mike Finnagan, Dave Hunke, Katie Hammond and Fred Cady.

BIRD PEAK 5505'

September 1, 1969

CHARLES KIBLER

Larry Swanson, Trent Swanson, and I originally had a two-day climb planned up Koro-husk and Kiliak, but the weather was cloudy on Sunday, and still partly cloudy on Labor Day. So on Monday we just rode down the Seward Highway until we found a mountain with fairly good weather conditions. We selected Bird Peak (5505') located at Township 11 North, Range 1 East, Section 33 on the Anchorage A-7 quadrangle, since it is the highest mountain in the Bird Creek area, which then seemed to have the best weather--partly cloudy.

We rode about one mile on the dotted road up Bird Creek Valley shown on the map. From there we walked across a partially collapsed bridge, followed a trail through wet grass along Penguin Creek Valley and followed it about two miles to its end. Then we climbed through wet grass, alder, and up rock to about the 2500' elevation, contoured above timberline about 2 miles to the face of point 4840', then climbed it from its west face, from which we saw a bald eagle. Point 4840' had a cairn on top, which diminished our chances of a first ascent. We added a register, then continued along the ridge to Bird Peak. This area consists of a thick layer of shale and some conglomerate in which we believe we saw some leaf fossils.

Attaining the peak at about 5:00 PM, we found no evidence of previous ascent--a first ascent after all? We were about half finished constructing the largest cairn we had ever seen (which is on Matanuska Peak) when to our grave disappointment we suddenly noticed a cairn about 20 feet below the peak. A cairn that far away could easily have been missed completely. Now we have made a mere second ascent--the first being made by Vin Hoeman, Dave Johnston, and Cliff Lewis on June 9, 1963. We moved the register to the new cairn--about 5 feet in diameter and 7 feet high--which can easily be seen from point 4840' over a mile away. About this time the weather cleared up, offering us an excellent view.

We figured on getting out in 3 or 4 hours, but the hour we spent on the peak, the hours we spent rolling boulders by the ton down the mountainside (maybe that's why we saw no moose, bear, or mountain goat!) and our general slow pace brought us to Penguin Creek at about 8:00 PM. We followed game trails for about a mile. The other two miles to the end of the logging road could have been a pleasant hike through large spruce timbers; however, we had a seven-hour nightmare feeling our way through it at night. In another hour we arrived back at a lonely Seward Highway.

BOLD PEAK 7522'

September 5-6, 1969

BILL STIVERS

On September 5, at 8:15 AM I started up the trail paralleling the North Fork of the Eklutna River. At 9:05 AM, I reached an area open to the north. Two waterfalls were on the right and a gorge on the left. I followed game trails through grass and a few alder to the gorge.

At about 10:30 AM I deposited my camping gear in a small grassy cirque at about the 3000' level in the gorge. The gorge becomes quite narrow and steep a few hundred yards beyond this point, so a gully to the right (east) was climbed. Upon reaching the top of the gully, I paralleled the stream running down the gorge by traversing grassy, dirt, and rock slopes for about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Just before reaching a grassy cirque (about 4000'), the floor of the gorge can again be followed. This cirque would make a good campsite for a future climb. There are grassy areas on each side of a small stream, and the view is magnificent in all directions. I saw an ewe and lamb on the high walls above on the first day and on the cirque floor the next day.

Beyond the cirque the gorge bends right (northeast) and walking is fairly easy over lateral and terminal moraines.

Just beyond the moraine, the stream bends from northeast to northwest. The stream was crossed to the east at this point and Bold's southeast ridge (about 5700') was quickly reached. This ridge was climbed to the northwest until intercepting Bold's NNE/SSW ridge at about 7000' and about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile south of Bold Peak.

It was then 4:00 PM and I had decided to return to camp at that time. I reached camp at 6:30 PM.

On Saturday, September 6, I was up at 5:00 AM. I ate breakfast and broke camp, leaving my gear ready for pick-up on return trip that afternoon.

At 7:00 AM I was on my way, covering the same route as the day before. I reached the 7000' ridge and climbed north a short distance to reach the peak at 12:30 PM. It was a clear, beautiful and windless day. There was about 2 feet of snow on top of the mountain.

After scraping off some snow, I found the cairn and register. I placed the register in a new container.

At 4:30 PM I had returned to the campsite where I rested briefly. I reached by truck at 7:00 PM.

I believe the climb described was the first ascent to Bold Peak from the North Fork of Eklutna River.

TRIDENT 6050' \pm 50' (Kenai Mts., First Ascent)

BOB SPURR AND CHARLES McLAUGHLIN

June 30-July 2, 1969

With a belated departure at 1:00 PM on 30 June, Bob and I left Anchorage in the "Green Gander" to make another attempt on 6050 located in the Paradise Lake-Snow River area approximately five miles east of Ptarmigan Lake. The previous attempt was made on June 7, 8, and 9, but typical Kenai weather turned us back after an appetizing, albeit brief, view of the impressive gendarme-studded ridges and glacial ice falls of this massive peak (ca. 14 square miles at base). A rough and steep mining road succumbed to the 4-wheel drive, but approximately 3 miles in Falls Creek we reluctantly left the truck at 4:30 PM. Ascending to 2900' to the headwaters of the Falls Creek, we located a grassy knoll to erect the logan under a blanket of valley fog at 8:00 PM. An early start (for us) of 7:15 AM on July 1 began the 15-hour ascent day. First up the snow field to the col separating Falls Creek and Ptarmigan drainage, down the steep east slope to Ptarmigan Creek tributary, up to the col at the origin of the north ridge of Trident and around to the 4500' level on the glacier which lies against Trident's north side. A quick lunch was consumed before starting the slog up the glacier. Ominous clouds urged us on to the most rotten rock imaginable just west of the saddle in the east ridge. Bob led precarious rock and one ice-snow finger to the broad ridge produced by the joining of the east and south ridges. Three obvious gendarmes competed for the title of "The Summit" and none of the three appeared easy; hence, the name "Trident." A pause that refreshes and another snack gave us time to consider silently to ourselves the sanity of continuing having experienced other than solid rock formations below. We prepared the slings, carabiners and rope for climbing and scrambled along the ridge to the base of the first gendarme. A traverse on the south face and up the broken, but often fairly solid rock, led us over the top of the most easterly gendarme and toward the middle one which appeared to be the highest. Bob peaked over the top of the summit block at approximately 5:30 PM. Reaching this relatively lofty but rather secure height required seven rope belays (one with anchor) and a sling on the summit plus the three belays up the snow-ice finger and rotten rock on the north side of the peak. A shakey cairn was erected but a register left in the tent won't be found. A long return trip brightened by the sighting of sheep, goat and bear (with three cubs!) completed this rather tiring day. We returned to the truck the following day shooting pictures of wild flowers which colored the verdant valley floor.

MINT GLACIER 6550' - 50' (First Ascent)

CHARLES McLAUGHLIN AND WAYNE GEHMAN

July 20-21, 1969

A banker's start of 8:00 AM Sunday morning commenced what became a rather extended day of climbing and hiking. Wayne and I left Fort Richardson and drove the infamous "Green Gander" to mile 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ on the unimproved Little Susitna Highway (mostly traveled by four-footed bovine). The weather was marginal for rock climbing but we hustled on in to just below the lake near the Mint Glacier. After the rush in through often impeding brush, a rest was in order before pushing on to try to reach the summit before the weather ruined another weekend. We trudged off from "base camp" at the 4100' level at exactly 3:00 PM hoping to see how 6693 looked from the top. Boulder hopping and scree scrambling led us to the south ridge which runs to the east side of the 6550' spire marked on the Anchorage C-6 quadrangle (spire just south of 6693). Upon reaching a break in the ridge between gendarmes we climbed into the paraphernalia with which climbers insist on cluttering their bodies. Then the fun began. Wayne and I ran the ridge, alternating leads, to finally traverse out on the east side of the peak just below the summit block and then up on to the north ridge and into the fog of the swirling clouds hanging in the sky at an altitude of about 6400'. We happily arrived at the summit of the unnamed spire, thinking that it was 6693, at an hour generally reserved for such activities as nightclubbing (11:00 PM). Well, while congratulating ourselves for a rather superb climb, the fog lifted briefly to show us that there exists a peak somewhat higher to the north of where we stood. 6693's virginity was not accosted at that late hour by these two very tired climbers despite thoughts of such an adventure. Reaching 6550 (one of the Three Bell Spires we assume) had made for the most sustained rock climb that I have ever done, so the pleasure was great despite the slight disappointment suffered in the clearing fog. There were approximately seven rope leads of class five (5.1 to 5.7 approximately), several class four and a little class three on the lower levels of the ridge. It was definitely not the easiest way to the summit, very enjoyable! The descent required what I call fifth class down climbing to reach the large and hazardous scree gully which runs to Mint Glacier from the col between 6550 and 6693. The mountains in this area take obvious joy in frightening rock falls much too frequently. The evidence of these awesome games was scattered along our path to the camp at 4100'--- boulders as large as small houses were not uncommon! We stumbled (in the true sense of the word) into the sleeping bags at 2:00 AM (it was a tad dark). Rising at 10:00 AM revealed gathering rain clouds which urged us on down the valley during a refreshing rain shower, and into the cab of my patiently waiting 4-wheel drive truck.

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BITS AND PIECES

FAREWELL TO . . . Bob Spurr, who did a wonderful job as president of MCA this year. He will be missed by all of us. Bob is now at the University of Alaska in Fairbanks. His address is 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile Farmer's Loop Road, Fairbanks 99701. He welcomes MCA'ers to drop in anytime. . . . Fred Cady who took over as treasurer this summer. He is now studying for a Master's degree in electrical engineering at Cal Tech in Pasadena. . . . Lotte Kramer, who is spending the next few months climbing in Nepal. . . . Dave and Sally Johnston, who believe in endless summers and so are spending this "summer" in New Zealand. They plan to come back next spring.

Dub Bludworth writes from Moose Pass that Harry's address is now 516 Sixth Street North, Nampa, Idaho 83651. Dub wants climbing partners -- he plans to be climbing in the Moose Pass and Seward areas about every other weekend and invites anyone to join him.

Steve Hackett and Karen Courtright left from the second Reed Lake at 6:30 AM Sunday, August 24th. Three hours later via the SW ridge, they ascended Lynx Peak (6536') in the Talkeetna Mountains.

Karen Courtright climbed Baked Mountain (3695') after a 16-mile hike into Katmai National Monument.

On August 24, Wayne Gehman, Larry Swanson, Charles Kibler, and Alex Alexander made what appeared to be the second ascent of Little Matterhorn, 6410'. They ascended the southwest ridge to the summit and descended down the south face and walked out along a small creek that drained into Mirror Lake.

In "Trail up valley south of Eklutna Lake" Tony Bockstahler describes his interesting coloration of the east fork of the Eklutna Glacier runoff stream. This valley has attracted many hikers, hunters, and climbers and it would be nice to have a name for it, which in addition to accurate geographic description would identify it. In the past "Beauty Creek" was proposed and submitted in appropriate form to the Alaska State Board on Geographic Names. The Board rejected this name as another feature had been given this name (200 miles away). Maybe the name "Bountiful Creek" would satisfy the Board, and we are planning to submit this name. Peak 6810' at the head of the east fork was climbed for the first time by a group of us on September 21, and we propose the name "Bounty Peak" or "Bountiful Peak" for it. Everyone with ideas on the matter, please make them known.

SCREE is published monthly by the Mountaineering Club of Alaska, which is affiliated with the Anchorage Department of Parks and Recreation. Editor: Liska Snyder, Typist: Marty Corcoran. Staff: Carol Devoe, Joanne Merrick, April Allen, ~~Betty Thieleen~~ *Chuck Pease*. Please send material for the November SCREE to Liska Snyder, 2806 Alder Drive, Anchorage 99504, by October 24. December

November 21.