



MOUNTAIN CLIMBING CLUB OF ALASKA

BOX 2037

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA 99510

JULY 19

### JULY MEETING

Wednesday, July 19, 1978, Pioneer School House, Third and Eagle, Anchorage, Alaska. The main program for this meeting will be Andy Harvard showing slides of the difficult and tragic 1977 American attempt on Nanda Devi, the 25,645' giant of the Garhwal Himalaya. MCAers may recall Andy's excellent program three years ago on the American "return trip" to Dhaulagiri.

\*\*\*\*\*

### HIKING SCHEDULE

- JULY 15  
SATURDAY Johnson Trail from McHugh Creek to Bird Creek or farther. Easy one-day hike following an historic trail. Leave Fred Meyer at 8:00 AM. Leader: Pat Klouda, 243-3216.
- JULY 21-31 Wrangell Mountains, Horsfield to Chisana. We will drive to Northway (about 400 miles), departing either Friday morning or afternoon. Pilot Floyd Miller will fly us to Horsfield in his 206 (five passengers and packs) on Saturday. We will be picked up at Chisana about 35 miles later on Friday, July 28th, returning to Anchorage on July 29 or 30. Leader: Dona Agosti, 279-2901.
- JULY 22,23 Los Lake, in via Primrose Campground trail at end of Kenai Lake; camp at Lost Lake, hike out via "old" trail to Mile 5.1 Seward Highway. Car shuttle necessary. Climbers may wish to try Ascension Mountain (5710') on July 22 or July 23. Might be wise to drive down to Primrose Campground Friday night if possible. Leader: Valerie Larue, 333-7919.
- JULY 29  
and/or 30 Fern Mine. This is a scenic hike in the Hatcher Pass area - about 8 miles to MCA-maintained cabin. It can be a one-day for the energetic or an overnight for the leisure-minded. There is good climbing for the really energetic. Leave 7 AM, Fred Meyer lot. Leader: Jim Renkert, 277-0354.
- AUGUST 5 Pioneer Peak. Climbers can head for the top, hikers can stop at bench at about the 4000 foot level. Access from Knik River Road about Mile 2. There is a small parking area for cars here. Meet 7 AM, Fred Meyer lot. Leader: Bill Stivers, 277-2869.
- AUGUST 12-13 Bench Lake, Johnson Pass Trail. In at Upper Trail Lake trailhead near Moose Pass, and out at Turnagain Pass. Climbers can try for Mt. Anderson 4260' or Peak 4760. Leave Fred Meyer lot 6 AM Saturday morning in order to be on trail by 8 AM. Leader: Margaret Leonardi, 333-9105.

HIKING SCHEDULE CONT'D

- AUGUST 19 and/or 20 Chester Creek Headwaters. This is an energetic one-day hike with about 1800 feet elevation gain in two miles. There is a scenic view of Anchorage and a good camp site at this point. Emerald Lake behind Tanana Peak is accessible from here as are Knoya and Tanaina Peaks. Leave Fred Meyer parking lot Saturday morning at 7:00 AM. Leader: Dave Klinger 862-5170.
- AUGUST 26,27 Blue Lake at end of North Fork Campbell Creek. This scenic valley is reached via Glen Alps park entrance, thence to pass into Middle Fork & Williwaw Lakes, up from these lakes to pass which opens into North Fork Valley. Good chance to see sheep and other wildlife. Leave Fred Meyer parking lot 6:00 AM, camp in North Fork Valley. This will be a long hike, but worth every bit of effort to camp in this beautiful area. Leader: Emile McIntosh, 337-7413.

\*\*\*\*\*

FLAT TOP 20TH ANNIVERSARY BASH

(In Lieu of June Meeting)

June 24, 1978

by Dona Agosti

Winds gusting to 30 miles per hour didn't deter eighty hikers, ages two to seventy, from making it to the top of Flat Top (3550) for our big anniversary party. Eight businessmen who call themselves the Anchorage Krausenspieler, also hauled up their instruments (with help from Dave Klinger, Mike McIntosh and Tim Agosti) and played lively polkas and waltzes for the celebrators. Valerie Larue, MCA's new and first president, was introduced by MC Dona Agosti, and Valerie's first official duty was present Tom Meacham with an engraved ice axe, the traditional gift for past president. Tom could also have received the prize for coming the greatest distance. He was in Washington, D.C. at 9 AM that same morning. Paul Crews, first president of MCA in Dr. Rod Wilson (a later president), Gwynneth Wilson (early editor of SCREE), Norman Pichler, Hans Metz and John Dillman were introduced as charter and early members. Charter members who planned to be present but had second thoughts during the rainy afternoon were Howard (3rd president) Schuck, his wife, Elinore, and Tony & Betty Bockstahler. Paul Crews read the names of 73 members of the club as of January 1958 including Helga & Peter Bading, Eugene Morning, Gary King, Duane & Shirley Luedtke, George Mohr, Harry Pursell, Bill Schlegel, Larry & Laura Straley, George Wichman and Ray Zernia. He also read excerpts from 1958 and 1964 issues of SCREE. The 1964 issue detailed rescue work done by MCAers immediately following the earthquake. It also how Ruth Schmidt and four others found themselves trapped on Portage Lake during the shake. The evening continued with dancing, but dancers burdened by heavy boots and altitude generally lasted about half a dance. This gave a good excuse to gather by the bonfire and tell tall tales. Despite winds which gusted to 50 miles per hour at the night, nine tents remained at dawn. In addition to a group from Prospectors and another group of joggers who did not sign in, those present were: Dona, Tam, Tim & Tom Agosti, Laura Babcock, George Cottle, Paul Crews Jr. & Sr., Mike Cooper, John Dillman, Karl Forsythe, Edgar Freebottom, Andy Harvard, Rebecca Hassman, Mary Ellen Jill & Holly Irish, Jeff & Margie Keene, Karl Klemme, Dave Klinger, Jerry Kurtz, Dan Kampfer, Valerie Larue, John Lohff, Ned Lewis & son, Ned Sterling, Pierce, Emile, K & Mike McIntosh, Tom Meacham & son Scott, Hans Metz, Pat McMahon, Pat McManus, Jean McDowell, Tim Neale, John Nevin, Tom Noreen, Jan & Larry Ostrovsky, David Pahlke, Norman Pichler & two sons, Mike, Sally, Mikie, Benjy & Chrissy Richardson, Al & Liz Robins, Craig Renkert, Jim Renkert, John Steffin, David Stutzer, Tim Tenge, Petra Trendeler, Willy & Rose Van Hemert, Barb Winkley, Bill & Steve Wakeland, John Wahl and Rod & Gwynneth Wilson. The evening could safely be called a blast.

CLIMBING SCHEDULE

- JULY 15,16 Byron Peak. Cancelled.
- JULY 22,23 Ascension (with hikers to Lost Lake). Leader: Valerie Larue, 333-7919
- JULY 29,30 Fern Mine climb-in. A technical climbing party at Fern Mine. Leader r needed. Meet 7 AM, Fred Meyer lot.
- AUG 5,6 Pioneer Peak. Climbers and hikers will begin together. Meet 7 AM Fre Meyer lot. Hiking leader: Bill Stivers, 277-2869.
- AUG 19,20 Open.
- SEPT 2,3,4 Amalet. This will be three-day blitz of Amalet in the Northwest Chugac Labor Day All interested parties must contact Paul Denkewalter, 272-1811.
- SEPT 23,24 Ice climbing seminar at Matanuska Glacier. Terry Becker, coordinator, 274-7844 or 272-1811.

\*\*\*\*\*

BIG MAC ATTACK '77

June 10, 1978

by Anna Purnah (alias Valerie Larue)

On June 10th this story did start  
 And from Anchorage the 7 of us did depart  
 To Talkeetna we did scurry  
 All ready to go in a hurry.  
 We had to wait til that night  
 For our first bunch to go in by flight  
 Next day the rest of us did come in  
 And the first carry did begin.  
 At base camp a crazy dude was taking a bath  
 You had to admire him, but still get a laugh.  
 The stuff people cram into one little plane  
 Is enough to give the FAA abdominal pain.

Then: upon the mountain so steep  
 Amongst snow and crevasses so deep  
 Two guides did lead us  
 To jump and to leap.  
 Little did we know the steps we'd take  
 Nor the camps that later we'd make.  
 Snow in a black tarp we try to melt  
 Which we should have used for baths  
 due to the way we smelt.  
 The bloody loads that we did carry  
 Hardly did they ever vary.  
 Up and down the mountain we went  
 Heaven only knows the energy we spent.

Two carries we'd make to gain altitud  
 To see how was our intestinal fortitud  
 As we made our every rise  
 We tried to acclimatize.  
 The food was good  
 I felt like a shoat and  
 We drank enough to make one float.  
 Making popcorn at 11,000 was quite a  
 It's taste was something you couldn't  
 One morning at 2:30 we were "awoken"  
 The cheery words from the boss were

7:00 AM is what he thought it was  
 And we all stumbled out still in a fus  
 Since breakfast was ready, we ate and

Everyone their good humor hopefully

Windy Corner was not as bad as expecte  
 All roped in we were well protected.  
 Then a climber in the group up ahead  
 Fell in a crevasse - 30 feet they said  
 14,000 was a massive plateau  
 Opening the world & pointing the dist

An impressive dinner we had that night  
 Milkshakes and steaks were soon out of  
 sight

(Cont'd Page 4)

164 was a breathtaking sight  
And the big mountain's shadow glowed  
in the night.

Day and night merge as one  
In Alaska the north on June 21.  
With this phenomenon time's not the same  
Life flows continuous, smoothes out the change.

For three days we were stuck at 172  
It can be so boring you don't know what to do.  
Finally, a carry to Denali Pass we did make  
Our determination to the summit it did not  
shake.

With seven in a tent did we try to sleep,  
but actually it was just our sanity we tried  
to keep.

Two Italians at 182 we did greet  
With frostbitten fingers that looked like  
raw meat.

The boss fixed 'em up, gave them something  
to eat  
Got them moving, down the mountain they beat.  
Then the summit day it came  
I doubt if we'll ever be the same.  
What peace it was to get to the top  
and for 20 or so minutes make a stop.  
But our energy did not relent  
and down to 15,000 in a storm we were sent.  
We slid on the icefall and fell on our head  
And sometimes wondered why we weren't dead.  
Next morning we hustled quickly without eating  
For playing with avalanches is quite self-  
defeating.

Karsten's Ridge I'd say is quite hairy  
We trudged downward not to tarry.  
The snow on the ridge was lousy at best  
And we all were needing a rest.  
We were thoroughly test of our endurance  
Subconsciously wondering about life insurance.  
At the bottom, we finally sat down  
The liquid consumed was enough to drown.

Next stop ahead was the NOLS group  
They offered us coffee, tea, even sou  
They showed us prisms they'd carried  
the t

To help Mr. Washburn determine where  
Brown party did  
They succeeded in their efforts and  
helped finish a  
How the pioneer climbers the summit d  
f

That same night like elves we did fro  
Thru what might appear a cascade ice  
Then we got up & were hauling ass  
To make it over Moganagall Pass.  
Green grass & stream we finally did s  
and occasionally a real alive tree.  
Next day we hoofed it to Turtle Hill  
Where the view of the scenery makes y  
heart stand sti.

The McKinley River was our last big g  
But thru it without mishap we did stre  
A bonfire was built and we got dry  
While an incredible sunrise lit the s  
Then to Wonder Lake without relent  
Where we waited 2 hours for a bus to l  
se

From bus to train, we got a seat  
And immediately began to eat.  
After running a food bill so steep  
Heads nodded, then fell asleep.  
Finally to Anchorage town we came  
The hustle and bustle were the same.  
Friends and loved ones came to greet  
The boss deposited us in his van bus.  
The next night we gathered and had a

For a long time no one got off his sea  
Then dispersed, each his own way did  
A beautiful trip:  
Now at an end.

\*\*\*\*\*

# EAST TWIN PEAK (5873)

June 3, 1978

by Dick Tero

After three trips in three years, Roger Porter and I finally climbed East Twin Peak. Not that it is that difficult, but twice previously we had been turned back by weather and darkness, both attempts being in the fall. Our schedules didn't permit us to wait on Saturday to see if other climbers went up Saturday-Sunday as planned, but we did see and hear the club members that by 2 PM were returning from their hike to the pass. Friday evening we had camped at the base of the snow gulch hoping for an early start, only to be fogged in until 1 PM. Once up the gulch, we moved to the right, up the scree chute to the ridge, then left to the top. No register, so we planted an old ice axe Roger found. Fog lifted briefly for a super view and a neat glissade down.

CHICKALOON, KNIK, NELCHINA TRAIL REVISITED  
Memorial Day Weekend, May 27,28,29, 1973  
by John Nevin

The third bi-annual trip on this trail took place under sunny to cloudy skies in spite of the forecaster's ominous warnings. After stashing a vehicle at the end of the trail, an army of 19 started up the trailhead at Purinton Creek, to be joined later the four McIntoshes. The 700 foot elevation gain at the beginning did not seem to affect people nearly as much this year. The seven mile walk to Boulder Flats was pretty, uneventful and not too wet. Happy hour started about 4:00 PM, and a short time later the McIntoshes arrived in great haste. The wind was blowing in their direction. Three of us, returning from a hike in the evening through a swamp, suddenly found ourselves in a game of tag with a young moose. The moose was it and determined to tag one of us. After 20 minutes of tree circling, etc., the game changed to hide and seek with the moose still it - fortunately.

Next day everyone did their thing in this beautiful area, hiking up to East Boulder, chasing sheep (some of us saw over 50), climbing peaks on Anthracite, providing guide service for wayward hikers, or just camp sitting. Moose were near the camp, a few bear tracks were found and Marty saw one wolf. Back along East Boulder we found a large area of several acres completely covered with moose droppings. Must have been a convention. A large area of Boulder Creek was wall-to-wall ice and snow except for the main channel, while some hikers found upper channels warm enough to wade.

Sunny skies found us heading out along the ridge overlooking Boulder Canyon and awesome views of the Chickaloon and Matanuska Valleys. A couple young bridge builders got us going, and later the mighty Sawmill Creek Bridge Project was completed. My thanks to Tim Agosti for trail finding, the McIntoshes, Dona, Priscilla Legg, Marty Bassett, Bobbie Geiger and husband Wayne, Jean McDowell, Bill Wakeland, Loretta Higgins, Maggie Leonard, Nancy Merin, Jerry Jost, Virginia Evans, Ann Honhart, the West family and Charlie, and Terry "Sack Rat" Rees for an enjoyable trip.

\*\*\*\*\*

BICENTENNIAL PARK IN-DIRECTISSIMA  
by Jack Duggan

Ever on the lookout for new and exciting climbing challenges (and too lazy to drive down the Seward Highway), "buildering" neophytes Jeff Babcock, Jeff Keane and Jack Duggan tried a pleasant summer evening circumnavigation of the Bicentennial Park wooden deck supporting the statue of Captain Cook. Nearly out of beer, and with the sun setting quickly across the inlet, the daring trio elected to "go for it".

Suspended precariously from Jack's etriers, Jeff B. and Jack each tried to traverse around and under the "rooflike" platform. Runners were passed around every third and fourth railing rung and tied off. The hanger proceeded from anchor to anchor in the fashion, backed up by a belay from the ground below. Tall supporting beams extending well out from beneath the floor finally proved the group's undoing and efforts on this route were abandoned for want of long runners and adequate daylight.

Jack's exploratory attempts at an alternative route were substantially hindered when an inebriated "4th Avenue type" in the company of 2 companions grabbed the tied-off climbing rope and announced that he wouldn't let Jack jump (rappel) to his death until Jack saved his soul through this fellow's assistance and prayers.

Jack's tugs on the rope went unheeded as the drunken evangelist hung over the railing harranguing the assembly about the evils of drink and the path to salvation. Rather than see the lay preacher "jump with him" as he declared he would, Jack climbed back up and over the railing and allowed his soul to be saved to the cheers of Jeff B. and Jeff K.

Having lost, in the course of the above exchange, that razor-edge alertness necessary on any rigorous first ascent, the disappointed climbers abandoned the monument to the now reclining clergyman and his cohorts and drove off exchanging ideas about workable protection devices for their next attempt.

\*\*\*\*\*

COOPER LAKE TO UPPER RUSSIAN TO RUSSIAN RIVER CAMPGROUND

June 17, 18, 1978

What's new on this trail? For one thing, bears and beavers. The beavers had managed to dam a bend in the river causing a two foot deep torrent to rush down the trail at about the three or four mile point. This time dams were opened to divert the stream to its original channel. We reached Upper Russian (9 miles) in six hours only to find we were preceded by two float planes and hordes of campers. About a mile down the Russian River we found a flat bench right on the stream and made camp. The evening's bonfire activities ended abruptly when the rain put it out. Shy two sackhounds, the group departed camp next day at 6:45 AM, discovered a brand new Forest Service cabin about Mile 10½, stopped for lunch at Lower Russian and viewed the ever inspiring sight of salmon jumping the falls a quarter of a mile downstream. Several took the river trail down, others the main path. Having organized a complicated transportation list beginning early Friday morning, the group was assured of a beautiful view site back at the campground. The Father's Day potluck, plus Baron of Beef cooked in the Agosti trailer, plus John Nevin's watermelon, stamped out freeze-dried memories. Salmon were being caught right and left, but don't expect to get into the campground just any time. They're even stopping them at the gate these days. By the way, the sackhounds caught up at dinner time. Who was there? Lino, Dona, Tam, Tom, Dave & Tim Agosti, Emile, Kathy & Mike McIntosh, John Nevin, Marty Bassett, Bob & Teri MacGill, Craig Renkert and Liz Nielsen.

\*\*\*\*\*

MCA MT. SANFORD TRIP

May 27-June 5, 1978

by Greg Higgins

Our trip began under less than ideal circumstances when our leader and organizer, Dr. Thaler, broke his leg one week before departure. Tom Meacham then did an excellent job completing details and actually leading the trip (with assistance from Greg Higgins and John Lohff). The group, consisting of John Lohff, Tom Meacham, Steve Van Gor, Steve Wider, Ken Blue, Kent Parks, Lee Freitag, and myself, departed Anchorage late Friday, May 26, for the long drive north to Gulkana. We spent the night in an old trailer beside Wilson Air Service. Next morning we flew out of Chistochina one at a time with gear in Supercubs flown by Bill and Lynn Ellis. Our landing site was Win Ridge at 4,000 feet, but we had hoped to land closer to the Sheep Glacier to avoid the extra day of hiking. This first day was spent adjusting to the reality of heavy pack on our hike to the ridge that overlooks the toe of Sheep Glacier. A lone grizzly and many caribou with newborn calves were seen on the walk up. Late that afternoon, the Ellis's air-dropped our remaining gear on the ridge at approximately 6000' where we set up camp. Day 2 began with a lateral-downhill traverse onto the glacier that was most

difficult than expected because of the deep snow and awkward gear-loaded sleds. In early afternoon we finally reached the glacier. After roping up, we hiked into the first obvious collection of ice blocks and camped near them on the lateral moraine. heavy wet snow fell that evening and most of the night. We awoke early on Day 3 to cloudy, gloomy skies. Continuing upwards in knee-deep snow, we stopped at about 7000' and unanimously elected to make this our base camp. While one half set up camp, the remainder carried food and gear upwards for another thousand feet to a cache site. Day 4 dawned clear, but the weather became progressively threatening as we moved upwards. Camp was made at about 9500' beside the large nunatak that commands the lower glacier. Again one half set up camp while the rest of us backtracked to recover our cached gear. Before we could return to our new camp, we were again engulfed in a heavy wet snow storm. This storm continued all night and the next morning. By afternoon, sun had come out and we used the opportunity to dry gear and relax. Three of the more energetic carried another cache load upwards for about a thousand feet. It was apparent at this time that our ten days were rapidly dwindling and if we were to have a chance at the summit, we would need good weather for two to three days. We therefore opted to attempt a long push to 13,100' on the following day and try for the top from there if weather permitted. That night another snow storm drifted in, but had stopped by the time we arose at 3 AM. Progress upwards was slow in the new snow. By the time we surpassed the nunatak and turned towards point 13,100, we found ourselves in a steady windstorm of 40 MPH with gusts to 55 MPH. Air temperatures were 25 F. Fast flying windblown lenticular clouds were visible high above and thick billowing white clouds continuously bubbled off the summit in front of us. Heavy gray-white cumulus built from the valleys below. It was apparent we were not going to get the weather we needed. Around 3 PM at an elevation of approximately 10,500' we decided to retreat. Bypassing our higher camp, we moved all the way down to base camp again through a heavy wet snow storm. All the next day the storm continued and we spent our time tent-bound reading and waiting for better days. In the early morning hours of Day 8, the snow finally stopped. Much of the snow we had hiked through the previous week was now gone, despite the constant snows received above. We regained the ridge late that afternoon under the watchful eye of a solitary Dall sheep. Snow again, so we camped on the ridge rather than push on to the airstrip at Windy Ridge. During the next day, the skies gradually cleared revealing beautiful vistas of Sanford and Drum. We met Jim Hale and his party of six on our way down. They had been camped in the valley below and were just starting up. (Editor's Note: Jim and party made it to the summit.) Our attempt to contact our pilots with Jim's CB radio was unsuccessful, so we spent the night near the airstrip at Windy Ridge. Unusually clear skies gave us excellent views of Mt. McKinley and the entire Alaska Range from Kimball on the east to Russell on the west. Day 10 dawned clear and at 6:15 AM we heard the sweet sound of our Super Cub on its way to Windy Ridge with 4 Japanese climbers. They told us they had been at Glennallen the past week waiting for the weather to clear. We flew out one by one to Chistochina where we were ready to leave by noon. Looking back over our shoulders on the drive to Anchorage, we noted that the mountain was again clouding in.

\*\*\*\*\*

Steve Hackett and Deborah Heebner were married on June 28, 1978 at Rosie Creek Ridge College, AK. The wedding ceremony was conducted by former MCA member Rev. Ev Wenner and was witnessed by Ev's wife and Clem Ranert of Fairbanks.

\*\*\*\*\*

Climbers and Hikers, you outdid yourselves this month. Sorry we couldn't include the great write-ups. Coming next issue: Pete Sennhauser's story of the April 28th North Triple Peak/Kitchatna Mountains climb. Jack Duggan's Mt. Hunter episode. Steve Markiewicz's write-up of the Korohusk climb. Brad Craig's story entitled, "Will Rise in Ruth's Gorge". Stay tuned.