

the SCREE

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

August 2010

Volume 53 Number 8



"Death leaves a heartache no one can heal
Love leaves a memory no one can steal."
~Irish Proverb

Monthly Meeting

Wed., August 18th @ 6:30 PM

Program: Clint Helander will present video and photos from expeditions to the Revelation Mountains.
(Higherdreams.blogspot.com)

2010 ICE Festival
Mount Shasta Avalanche - Continued
A New Snowbird Hut!
POM – Mount Angayukaqsaq

The Mountaineering Club of Alaska

www.mcak.org

"To maintain, promote and perpetuate the association of persons who are interested in promoting, sponsoring, improving, stimulating and contributing to the exercise of skill and safety in the Art and Science of Mountaineering"

Join us for our club meetings the 3rd Wednesday of the month at the BP Energy Center, 900 East Benson Blvd., Anchorage, Alaska

www.akpeac.org/conference/BPEC_map_06-04-03.pdf

Cover Photo: Charlu and Tom Choate on the "Couple's Hike" in 2005 to Snowhawk Valley and Temptation Peak; photo by Greg Bragiel. See the Memorial note for Charlu in this issue.

Article Submission:

Text/video/photography submissions for the Scree can be sent as attachments to mcascree@gmail.com. Do not submit material in the body of the email. We prefer articles that are under 1,000 words. If you have a blog or website, send us the link. Cover photo selections are based on portraits of human endeavor in the outdoors.

For best viewing of the Scree on a monitor using Adobe Reader, click on 'View' and 'Full Screen'

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October 15-17 Paria Canyon - Utah/Arizona

Tired of rain? Meet me for a trip down the most beautiful slot canyon in the world, where it rarely rains, and if it does, we'll skedaddle to safety while it rushes by. I have a limited number of permits for this mellow, 38-mile, three-day hike from White House trailhead to Lee's Ferry. Plan on wet boots (or sneakers) as you cross the warm, ankle-to-knee-deep Paria every 15 minutes, making your way toward the Colorado River. Dates cannot be changed. We will meet in Page, Arizona, on the 14th and spot a vehicle. Mileages from airports: Las Vegas - 277, Phoenix - 279, Salt Lake City - 386. Leader: Willy Hersman, mcak@gci.net



Mount Shasta Avalanche - Getting Down the Mountain

by Steven Frisch

All photos by the Author



The Shadow of Mount Shasta

If I could just make it down to treeline, all the real dangers would be over and everything else would seem trivial. Once there, I could simply walk continuously day and night until I came to a highway so that I could get to a hospital as soon as possible. I'd heard about frostbite being less severe the quicker it was treated.

Right now it didn't look like I was on a glacier, but fearing that there might be one directly below, I headed sideways across the mountain, hoping to find a ridge. I went along very slowly through the whiteout, peering ahead desperately to make out the faint form of anything that might lie in front of me, and realizing that I might die in the next five minutes. I was

extremely shaken up not only because I had already almost died, but because even when I had accepted my own death, I couldn't accept dying without being able to say goodbye to my mother. It was as though I couldn't leave without acknowledging the permanent end of our relationship and also expressing appreciation for all she'd done for me throughout the years.

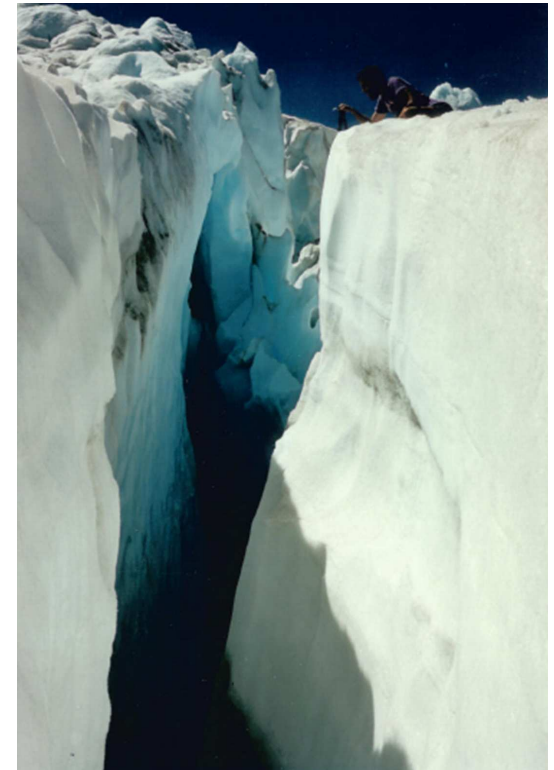
I was shocked when I came to a ridge fairly soon; it seemed almost too good to be true. I

started heading down on the snow, keeping within a short distance of the rocks. But things weren't working out: the slope was steep and had a hard, icy crust on top so that I kept on falling. Every time I fell I would strike the hard surface, not even trying to brace my fall since both hands were frostbitten and awkwardly wedged under my clothing. I thought about descending along the crest of the ridge, but I didn't see how I would be able to take off a gaiter, and then a crampon, without even one good hand to work with. If I didn't take them off, I would almost surely fall on the rocks and then might find myself completely incapacitated.

Huge gusts of wind picked up large amounts of snow, completely whiting

everything out and occasionally knocking me over. The exposed parts of my stomach had become surprisingly painful from the gusts, but I couldn't find a better place to put my right hand. I had tried putting it under my hood next to the left hand that was very frostbitten, but then too much wind got in and my ears started hurting. I decided it was obviously better to have my stomach hurt than my ear because I couldn't lose my stomach to frostbite.

Crevasse on Hotlum Glacier



I continued downward. At times the whiteout was so dense I couldn't even see what lay right in front of me. In absolute terror I would ever so slowly put one foot out in front and slowly shift my weight onto it, hoping not to fall into a crevasse. It was at times like this that I would begin to think, "Maybe I should really just stay right here," but the idea of just standing there or sitting down in the snow didn't seem very promising either. Besides my wanting to get off the mountain, I also felt as if I were being compelled to get down by an external force. It was as though a crowd of cheering spectators at a sports event were yelling, "Go! Go! Go! Go!" I kept thinking to myself that if I could just get down to treeline I would definitely live in the end.

Icefall

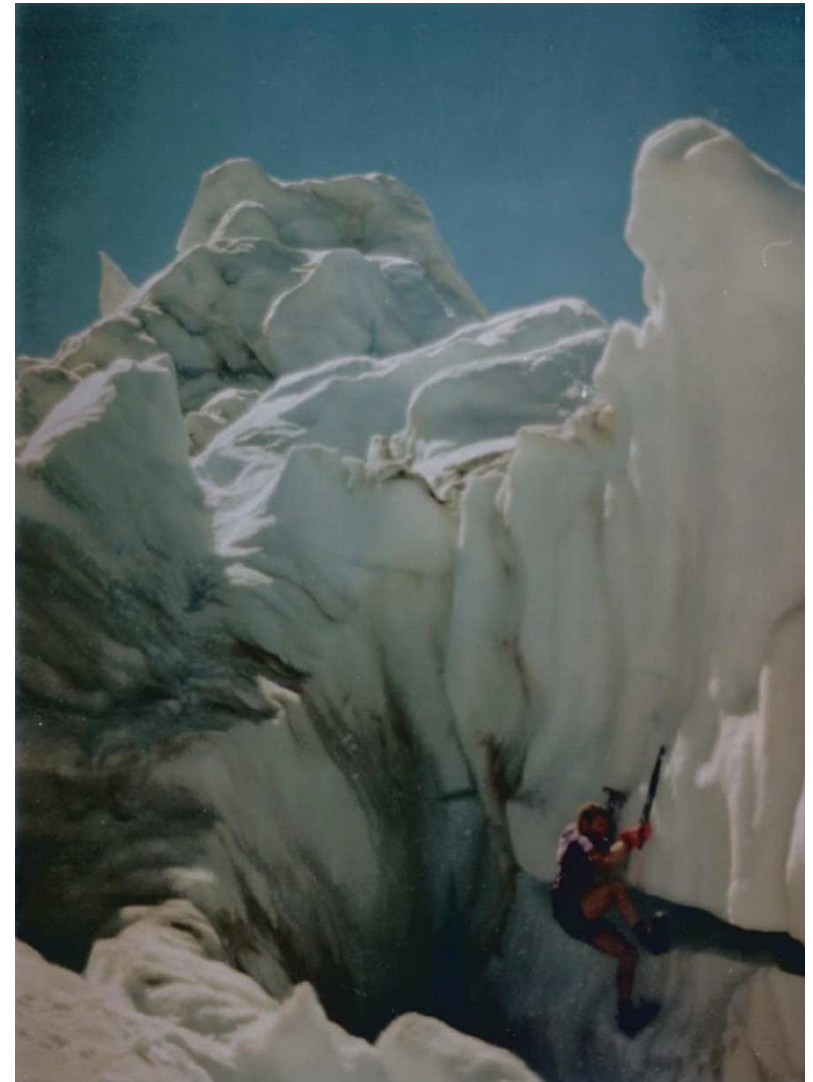


The slope had leveled out a bit, but now the snow had become so deep that I sank in up to my waist and had to use a considerable amount of effort to move through it. I looked up and noticed that the ridge abruptly ended in a cliff. As I stood there, it kept vanishing and reappearing through the whiteout. It gave me the uncanny feeling that if I continued onward through the deep snow, I would never be seen again. I could imagine all the long deep dark crevasses perfectly hidden under the snow that an able-bodied climber could fall into so easily, let alone someone like myself. I felt as though the deep snow was a sign that if I continued onward it would continually deepen, until I would suddenly and silently fall without a trace into a crevasse. Engulfed in whiteness with snow up to my waist, I stood in this barren and isolated place, wondering what to do. Then, as though being brought back from the edge of existence, the ridge re-emerged from the whiteout. Rocks constantly rolled down its sides, and it was streaked by huge streamers of high-speed windblown snow. All around me was a harsh and unrelenting beauty that could so easily snuff me out of existence, especially now that my hands were useless.

I had read in mountaineering books how people were usually killed on the descent, especially after there had already been a

minor accident. Should I stay where I was, or should I descend? Right now there was one thing I knew for sure – I was still alive. I could climb up the end of the ridge and just sit there. Sit there ... in such an incredibly desolate,

Author Learning to Iceclimb in the 1980s



exposed spot. The feeling of isolation would be *extreme*. I would have nothing to do but look occasionally at my frostbitten useless hands. The storm might last a week or even longer. It would be too unbearable to stay.

It was much easier, psychologically, to head down the mountain knowing I might die, than to decide to stay there and wait out the storm. Also, I could justify the descent by thinking that even if I did stay I might not be able to wait out the storm and would then have to descend later anyway, but with no food or fuel left.

I decided to head straight down. Again, I was dominated by an overpowering drive to get down at all costs. I kept pushing and plowing through the snow. In places it was so deep I could barely move through it *at all*, even though I was going downhill! The exertion made me incredibly thirsty. But even if I could

manage to open my pack, get out the canteen, and open it, I would probably discover that the water that was left in it would be frozen.

Then I came to long hard bumpy snow ridges that protruded a few feet above the rest of the snow. Horrified, I realized that this was probably what I had been so scared of all along--the beginning of a glacier. I had gone over a ridge before being hit by the avalanche, so I was now slightly further south. Could it be that I was directly above the Wintun Glacier? Again I thought about staying where I was, but decided instead to continue as far as I could manage. After all, I could see only about 20 feet in front of me, so for all I knew my fears were unfounded and there were no real obstacles or crevasses between me and treeline.

As I walked along the top of the ridges, I actually began feeling optimistic, probably because of the enormous physical relief of being able to walk freely instead of every step being so exhausting. Then my luck ran out. The ridges started getting larger and more jagged, forcing me to walk along even more precariously balanced with one cramponless boot always slipping, when I couldn't even put my

hands out at my sides for balance.

Then something struck me. The peculiarity of the terrain seemed very unlike any glacier I'd ever been on before. It seemed very eerie. What could these ridges be? They ranged from four to eight feet high and were extremely bumpy: bumps on top of bumps. They had strange protrusions on them and occasionally a ridge would abruptly end or start. I began to wonder if, whatever they were, I should even be walking on or near them. One winter on the Sierra Buttes I saw trees which, after having repeatedly been snowed on and had the snow melt, had majestically become completely encased in ice, resembling awe inspiring huge ice pillars. The ridges were similarly bumpy but they were ridges instead of pillars and I couldn't see any branches. "What if....," I thought. "Could it really be..." that I was already down off the worst part of the mountain and these were trees, but so snowed over I couldn't see any branches? I hoped so much that this might be true. I started kicking away frantically with my crampon at one of the bulges, hoping to see a branch. I couldn't find one. I wanted so badly to see a branch; I kept on kicking and kicking. None emerged. This was so puzzling. If these weren't trees, and I wasn't on a glacier, what on earth could I possibly be on?

I continued onward, no longer worrying about crevasses but slightly scared of the weird shapes that were so close by. They were so interesting and varied, as though they had their own personalities that I



could begin to imagine them moving by themselves. I was completely alone now and also in a very bizarre state of mind; what would I do if they really started to move?

It was such a strange world, walking along endless rows of bumpy, snowy shapes or practically swimming through the deep snow that lay between them. Had it been the right decision to continue onward when I'd first encountered the strange ridges? I felt very disoriented and had lost all sense of time, so for all I knew there might be even less than an hour of daylight left. All the time the visibility stayed within 100 feet, giving me the impression that this was all of the world that really existed. Everything was enshrouded in gusts of windblown snow, as if to contribute to the alienness of the terrain.

Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw something. I stopped and looked closely. I smiled. A branch! Could it be that it had been blown up by the wind from lower down? I pulled on it but it seemed pretty solid. I continued downward. Then I saw more of them. Trees! They really were trees! Rows and rows of trees, some short and some bent over, all engulfed and connected by so much snow and wind! I climbed back on top and went walking along the tops of snow engulfed trees! How incredible! It was exhilarating enough walking along on top of them knowing what they were, let alone that I was down – really down – from the mountain! I had doubted so much that this would ever come true and now I was

here. Considering my extremely slow progress through the snow along the ridge down to the treeline, the distance was probably much shorter than it had seemed. As luck had it, the avalanche had probably brought me practically clear down the mountain, dumping me off not far from treeline!

Seracs on Hotlum Glacier



As I continued onward there was less snow and ice embracing the trees, so I was forced to wade through the snow on the ground. I kept trying to find places where the snow wasn't as deep, between trees, around crustier parts of the surface, but there were none. In some places it wasn't that dense and I could push through it even though it was waist

deep, but in other spots it was heavier and I struggled tremendously to get through. My forward progress was pathetic. In some places it became so painstakingly slow that it was like trying to climb a ladder with someone on my back. I tried moving through the snow in different ways, but it didn't seem to make any difference.

Huge gusts of wind blasted through the trees and across the surface of the snow, streaking them with ice crystals and snow. At times the gusts threw me off balance and I could no longer bear the pain on my exposed stomach. I took my right hand out from under my shirt and pulled it up into my sleeve. I then noticed

that my stomach had turned black where it had been exposed to the storm. It looked as though I had one long bruise extending from side to side. Considering that the icy blast had been enough to frostbite the external layer of skin, and it had also been blowing up my shirt, I was surprised I had felt only moderately cold.

The slope I was on was mostly clear of trees and the few it did have weren't that big. I was hoping that lower down, in the real forest, the larger trees would block some of the wind and also have retained some of the snow in their branches. I needed so desperately for the snow to lessen in depth. I thought about heading directly south until I came to McCloud or Highway 89, but as I looked at my compass I noticed that south was frequently horizontal along the slope and

sometimes even uphill. I considered heading straight down the mountain in a northeasterly direction, hoping that the snow would be less deep lower down; but if I did go down and there wasn't less snow, I would only have put myself farther away from my destination. Despite my recent exhilaration in discovering that I was down, I suddenly realized that I might still really be in trouble. I had no way of knowing how fast I was moving through the snow. It might be only one-tenth of my regular walking speed, or even slower, considering how frequently I was resting. If it had taken me 1 day to get in, it might take me 10 days to get out. If I couldn't get water by eating snow and I had only a one-day supply of fuel left, I would have to go nine days without water – something that is not humanly possible. Also, because of the extreme

physical effort I was undergoing I would need more water than usual, and I doubted that if I persevered eating snow that it would make up the difference. Even if I stayed where I was and managed to survive on snowballs without dying of exposure, it could take weeks until the snow would consolidate enough so I could get out. By that time I would be so weak from a possibly gangrenous hand and from having gone so long on almost no food and water that I certainly wouldn't make it out.

The snow was now so deep in places I was able to rest by merely leaning back as I stood, only slightly sinking into the snow. I rested, realizing how serious a mistake I had made yet again, and that I did not see any way I was going to be able to survive this....

MCA Board Meeting Minutes

August 4, 2010

In attendance: Greg Bragiel, Jayme Dixon, Ross Noffsinger, Mark Smith, Wayne Todd, Carrie Wang

The following topics were discussed.

New website, will be worked on in a couple weeks.
Trip leader incentives.
July picnic low turnout.
MCA library housing.

Rock climbing, and other technical clinics.
Ice climbing festival 2010.

Human waste issue, especially at Mint Hut. Need users to NOT urinate in that outhouse. Pursuing plans for a fly out human waste system.
Hut poaching issue.

Photo calendar, horizontal this year.

Upcoming MCA elections.

Name submissions for trip leaders, instructors, Scree authors for AMH gift certificate drawing.

Problems with PayPal account.

Next Board Meeting: October

Respectfully submitted,
Wayne Todd

Charlu Choate Some Remembrances

by Tom Choate

Charlu's first connection with the MCA was in August 1963 when she joined Vin Hoeman and me after our successful (MCA) expedition which made the first north-south traverse of Mount McKinley (summitting both peaks and sleeping at 20,300 feet). Then we put in a new variation on Mount Hunter and made first ascents of the Middle and South peaks of Hunter. While the group was walking the length of the Kahiltna Glacier on the way out, Charlu was trying to find out from the Park people and the airdrop pilot if we were OK. In those days nobody knew much and there was no money for search flying.

Charlu had her first of many Alaskan adventures just after this, as I, in an effort to appease my worried wife, suggested we make a backpack to the Peters Glacier. It started out badly: she lost her footing in the famous McKinley River crossing and her borrowed ice axe was never seen again (I could only grab her as she was on the way downriver). We did get to the glacier, only a few thousand mosquito bites later, and were awestruck by the world's highest continuous icewall (the Wickersham Wall is over 15,000 feet tall) that had been climbed for the first time by a group I had met on the top of McKinley.

Although Charlu was born and raised in the Midwest, her grandparents had a summer cabin near Rocky Mountain National Park and as a teenager she began her love affair with mountains on visits there. Her parents decided to move there and bought a rental cottage business in Estes Park, Colorado, in 1954. Now, all year long they could explore on foot, ski, and horseback, so she was already an accomplished mountain girl by the time she entered Colorado State University in the fall of 1956. Within a month, I, fresh back from Alaska, discovered her on a mountain club outing, and a romance began. There was an engagement honeymoon in 1958 that involved climbing some of the Teton Mountains, but it wasn't until Charlu joined me in doing graduate studies in Missoula, Montana, that further mountain romance led to a wedding in September 1962.

Charlu had majored in Botany and Ecology, and after the McKinley adventure, we went on an exploration of Europe on the way to jobs in several countries where she learned lots of "exotic" plants. During those years she assisted with labs at various universities, an activity she continued here in Anchorage. Field courses were naturally her favorite, and after Tom retired she did summer work with the National Park Service and the Chugach National Forest.

Charlu was not to become an official MCA member until after she and I returned to Alaska after 16 years of overseas teaching in places like New Zealand and Zimbabwe. There was never a year without lots of backpacking

and some climbing, often with young children. Those adventures can't be listed here. There were many adventures in Alaska over the last 30 years, several of them during club outings that she joined. She was especially enthused when Greg Bragiel started "couples" overnight backpacks.

Rock climbing was not her favorite, although she had a few courses over the years and even took glacier travel once. She always preferred easier wild country trips where she could take the time to find flowers along the way. Always an exuberant enthusiast, she made a good interpreter at Portage and on the ferries through Prince William Sound. She liked people and one could almost always pick out her voice in a crowd as she talked.

Many readers can recall her telling adventure stories (somewhat embellished) and how she did not like me chipping in with my own version. I will close with a few examples:

Did you hear about the time she was trapped in an airplane in Katmai National Park by a grizzly that climbed up on the floats?

Or about the time the canvas canoe got swamped in rapids on the Middle Fork of the Koyukuk when the family drove to the Brooks Range for the first time?

How about the time when the (supposedly grade II) Tazlina River gained 18 inches overnight when an ice dam (undescribed in guides) broke and she and I were tossed into rapids with floating logs and couldn't get to shore for over 10 minutes?

And the time when I "made" her scramble up steep, rotten granite, over terrifying dropoffs in the Talkeetna Mountains while making the first ascent of a double little peak (although I allowed her to suggest the flower name "Sedum Peak") ?

She will be missed. Now we can only listen to my exaggerations and I don't have that great smile.

(ED. Charlu Choate passed away June 12 after a year-long illness)

Peak of the Month: Mount Angayukaqsrq

by Steve Gruhn

Formerly named Hub Mountain, Mount Angayukaqsrq was officially named in 1977 for the Inupiaq word for “a younger old man” – one able to care for his family, but not yet an elder.

On August 9, 2006, Greg Griffith and John Mitchler flew from Kotzebue to Lake Kangilipak some 21 miles north of Mount Angayukaqsrq. They began their hike over the tussocks and grasses and set up camp on the north ridge of Mount Angayukaqsrq four nights later. On their fifth day, they ascended the broad and gentle north ridge to the base of the steep scree slopes immediately north of the summit block. They described the scree slope as easy, but indicated that the rock blocks on the summit were a welcome relief from the scree slopes.

Their descent and return to Lake Kangilipak took three and a half days and included a brief trip to the summit of a 3410-foot peak they had named Jiffy Pop in reference to its rounded shape.

John Mitchler's trip report appeared in the June 2009 *Scree*.



Angayukaqsrq from the summit of Jiff Pop to the North-Northeast

Mountain Range: Brooks Range; Baird Mountains
Borough: Northwest Arctic Borough
Drainages: Salmon River and Tutuksuk River
Latitude/Longitude: 67° 42' 32" North, 159° 24' 8" West
Elevation: 4760 feet
Prominence: 3510 feet from Peak 5371 in the Kavachurak Creek drainage of the Schwatka Mountains
Adjacent Peaks: Peak 4048 in the Tutuksuk River drainage, Peak 4033 in the Tutuksuk River drainage, Peak 3899 in the Nanielik Creek drainage, Peak 4034 in the Tutuksuk River drainage, Jiffy Pop (3410), Peak 3036 in the Nanielik Creek drainage, Peak 2874 in the Salmon River drainage, and Peak 2610 in the Salmon River drainage
Distinctness: 1710 feet from Peak 4048, Peak 4033, or Peak 3899
USGS Map: Baird Mountains (C-1)
First Recorded Ascent: August 13, 2006, by Greg Griffith and John Mitchler
Route of First Recorded Ascent: North ridge
Access Point: Lake Kangilipak

Mount Angayukaqsrq is the highest point in Kobuk Valley National Park. It was this distinction, as well as being the highest point in the Baird Mountains, that drew Greg Griffith and John Mitchler to the region in August 2006.



Typical Scree on the North Ridge of Mount Angayukaqsrq



A New Snowbird Hut!

Snowbird Hut Fundraiser Sponsored by The Alaska Section of the American Alpine Club

This summer marks the rebuilding of the 30 year old hut with a new 18' by 18' hut that will sleep 6 people. The Snowbird Hut is beautifully situated in the Talkeetna Mountains on the northern edge of the Snowbird Glacier. This location is a year-round destination for backcountry skiers, climbers, and adventurous hikers. Please join us for a pig roast, live music, beer and hut construction update at the Alaska Rock gym. Web site: www.snowbirdhut.com

Date/Time: August 14th, 6:00pm – 10:00pm

Location: Alaska Rock Gym 4840 Fairbanks Street, Anchorage

Price: \$25.00 at the door

Contact: Cindi @ 339-9681 with questions



The Old Hut has served well

alaska section american alpine club presents



snowbird hut fundraiser

saturday • aug 14
alaska rock gym
6:00pm - 10:00pm

\$25 at the door • cash or check only please
climbing • pig roast • mooses tooth beer
slideshows • live music by: BACK ACRES
for more info **242 9753**

additional donations will be graciously accepted
alaska rock gym: 4840 fairbanks street • 562 7265



snowbirdhut.com

Online Registration
Starts Aug. 1st.
Late Registration
Sept. 29th
Mail-in Registration
Available until
Sept. 27th

\$65*

Teaching others to climb!



Ice Climbing Festival 2010 October 1st-3rd

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

MCA Ice Climbing Festival
6694 DeLong Landings Circle
Anchorage, Alaska 99502

Phone: 907-382-0212
Website: www.mcaak.org
E-mail: mca_icefest@yahoo.com

Do you want to learn how to climb ice? Or just hone the techniques you already know? Come join the Mountaineering Club of Alaska and its volunteer instructors for a two-day instructional ice climbing weekend on the Matanuska Glacier. After climbing all day on the glacier, camp out in an established campground and socialize with other climbers around the bonfire at night.

Each day you will head out onto the ice in a group of 6 students and 2 instructors. Instructors will teach you skills such as: knots, belaying, equipment, climbing communication, foot placement, tool placement, movement skills, anchors and rope management techniques.

MANDATORY PARTICIPANT MEETING

Wednesday, Sept. 29th
at 7pm

Location TBA

PLEASE BRING YOUR
CRAMPONS, CLIMBING
BOOTS and HARNESS to be
inspected.

*COST for the event is \$65
if you register before 9/29.
COST does not include
membership fees, gear rentals
or transportation.

MCA Ice Festival Registration and Questionnaire

Directions: Please answer all applicable questions and submit with payment to the Ice Festival Coordinator. Mailing info at the end.

1. Have you attended a previous MCA Ice Climbing Festival?

Yes No

If so, what experience level? (please circle one)

Novice Beginner Advanced Beginner
Intermediate Advanced

2. Do you have previous experience with: (circle all that apply)

- a. Walking in crampons
- b. Belaying/belay commands
- c. Ice climbing (if you circle this option please answer questions 2a & 2b)
- d. Rock climbing

2a. If you have ice climbing experience, how many times have you been?

- a. 1-3 times
- b. 4-6 times
- c. 7-9 times
- d. 10 or more times

2b. If you have ice climbing experience, do you have experience leading? Please explain (i.e. climb names, rating and dates).

3. Please list one goal that you have for this weekend?

4. Special Requests:

Instructors: _____

Want to be paired with friends: _____

Contact information:

Name: _____

Home Phone: _____ Cell Phone: _____

Email: _____

Emergency Contact:

Name: _____

Phone: _____

Relationship: _____

SUBMIT REGISTRATION AND PAYMENT TO:

**MCA Ice Fest Coordinator, 6694 Delong Landings Circle,
Anchorage, Alaska 99502**

Must be mailed before 9/27.

***MCA Membership is required to participate.**

**Please include a check or money order for \$65, all monies
should be made out to MCA**

SIGN AND INITIAL THIS RELEASE OF LIABILITY— READ IT CAREFULLY

I _____ (print name) am aware that mountaineering and wilderness activities (including hiking; backpacking; rock, snow, and ice climbing; mountaineering; skiing; ski mountaineering; rafting and packrafting, kayaking, and use of remote backcountry huts) are hazardous activities. I wish to participate and/or receive instruction in these activities with the Mountaineering Club of Alaska, Inc. ("MCA"). I recognize these activities involve numerous risks, which include, by way of example only, falling while hiking, climbing, skiing or crossing rivers or glaciers; falling into a crevasse or over a cliff; drowning; failure of a belay; being struck by climbing equipment or falling rock, ice or snow; avalanches; lightning; fire; hypothermia; frostbite; defective or malfunctioning equipment; and attack by insects or animals. I further recognize that the remoteness of the activities may preclude prompt medical care or rescue. I also recognize that risk of **injury or death** may be caused or enhanced by **mistakes, negligence or reckless conduct** on the part of either my fellow participants; MCA officers, directors, instructors, or trip leaders; and the State of Alaska and its employees regarding MCA backcountry huts. I nevertheless agree to accept all risks of **injury, death, or property damage** that may occur in connection with any MCA activity, including use of MCA furnished equipment and MCA backcountry huts. **(As used in this agreement, MCA includes its officers, directors, instructors and trip leaders.)**
_____ (initial that you have read this paragraph)

GIVING UP MY LEGAL RIGHTS I agree to give up for myself and for my heirs all legal rights I may have against the MCA; my fellow participants in MCA activities (except to the extent that insurance coverage is provided by automobile insurance policies) and the State of Alaska and its employees regarding MCA backcountry huts. **I give up these legal rights regardless of whether the injury, death, or property damage results from mistakes, negligence or reckless conduct of others.** I understand this agreement shall remain in effect until I provide a signed, dated, written notice of its revocation to the MCA.
_____ (initial that you have read this paragraph)

MY PROMISE NOT TO SUE I will not sue or otherwise make a claim against the MCA; my fellow participants in MCA activities (except as noted above for automobile accidents); and the State of Alaska and its employees regarding use of MCA backcountry huts, for **injury, death, or property damage** which occurs in the course of my participation or instruction in mountaineering and wilderness activities. Any lawsuit relating to MCA activities or this release shall only be filed in Anchorage, Alaska. The provisions of this release are severable and if any part is found unenforceable, the remaining provisions shall remain in effect.
_____ (initial that you have read this paragraph)

MY RELEASE OF LIABILITY I agree to release and discharge the MCA; my fellow participants in MCA activities; and the State of Alaska and its employees regarding use of MCA backcountry huts, from all actions, claims, or demands, both for myself and for my heirs, dependents, and/or personal representative, for **injury, death, or property damage** occurring in the course of my participation or instruction in mountaineering and wilderness activities.
_____ (initial that you have read this paragraph)

MY PROMISE TO INDEMNIFY I will pay all expenses, including attorney fees and court costs, that the MCA; my fellow participants in MCA activities; and the State of Alaska and its employees may incur as a consequence of any legal action arising out of **injury, death, or property damage** suffered by me in connection with any MCA activity or the use of any MCA backcountry hut.
_____ (initial that you have read this paragraph)

MY CONSENT TO MEDICAL TREATMENT I consent to any hospital or medical care that may be necessary as a result of my participation in MCA activities. I understand and agree that I am solely responsible for all charges for such medical treatment, including evacuation and/or rescue costs.
_____ (initial that you have read this paragraph)

I HAVE CAREFULLY READ THIS AGREEMENT, UNDERSTAND ITS CONTENT, AND RECOGNIZE IT IS A BINDING LEGAL AGREEMENT

Dated: _____ Signature: _____

Signature of Parent or Guardian (if under 18): _____

Revised 2/19/09

General Rules for Participation on MCA Sanctioned Trips

1. Participants shall familiarize themselves with the *physical demands*, *anticipated terrain* and *potential hazards* associated with the proposed trip. Examples include, but are not limited to:

Physical Demands: Estimated elevation gain, distance and duration.

Anticipated Terrain: Trail hiking; bushwhacking; off-trail hiking on tundra, snow, ice, scree, talus or boulders; exposed hiking on steep slopes covered with snow, ice, slick vegetation, scree, talus or boulders; scrambling on loose rock; exposed scrambling on loose rock; technical snow, ice, rock and/or mixed climbing; stream crossing; glacier travel on snow, ice and/or scree.

Potential Hazards: Avalanche; falling while skiing, hiking or climbing; falling into a crevasse; being struck by falling rock, snow or ice; attack by a bear, moose or insects (bees, wasps, mosquitoes, biting flies, etc); lightning; fire; carbon monoxide poisoning; suffocation; frostbite; hypothermia; drowning from falling through snow, crossing a stream, packrafting or kayaking; injury from use/ misuse of equipment. Note that it is impossible to predict all potential hazards that may be encountered while participating on MCA sanctioned trips.

2. Participants may be required to demonstrate the skills and experience necessary to participate on any given trip.

3. Participants shall sign-up on the club sanctioned trip sign-up sheet.

4. Participants shall read, initial and sign the Release of Liability Agreement prior to departing on the trip.

5. The trip leader may refuse participation to any member for any reason. If someone feels that they have been discriminated against or treated unfairly, they may present their case to the Hiking and Climbing Committee and/or the Executive Committee.

6. Proper clothing and equipment is required to participate on club sanctioned trips. The trip leader can require special equipment and refuse participation to any person that is ill-prepared (e.g. inappropriate clothing, footwear or gear). See recommended equipment list at the end of this policy.

7. Participants shall follow the leader's instructions. Participants shall not go off alone, return or rush ahead without permission from the leader. Participants shall not ford a stream before the leader assesses the situation. Remember, this is a club trip and the leader must know where all participants are. Anyone intentionally separating from the group without the leader's

approval shall no longer be considered a participant on the club sanctioned trip.

8. The trip leader has the authority to split the group (fast and slow), dependent upon current conditions and experience level of the participants. The leader must appoint a qualified co-leader to lead the second group using the guidelines specified under Trip Leader Responsibilities.

9. **Glacier Travel:** For trips requiring roped travel over glaciers, knowledge of crevasse rescue, and ice axe and crampon skills are required. A basic understanding of ice and snow anchors is also required.

10. Participants who in the leader's opinion, put themselves or other members of the group in danger, shall be subject to sanction by the club. Sanctions may include, but are not limited to, reprimand at the general meeting, exclusion from future trips, termination of annual membership, or lifetime exclusion from the club. The Executive Committee, and only the Executive Committee, shall have the authority to issue sanctions.

11. Number of people on club trips:

Minimum: For safety reasons, three people minimum. Trips undertaken with fewer than the minimum required participants shall not be considered club sanctioned trips.

Maximum: Registration on any particular trip must be restricted to a safe and manageable number of members. The Leader and/or Hiking and Climbing Committee shall determine the maximum number of participants. In trail-less areas or State and National Parks the maximum number depends upon the trail and campsite conditions, but will generally be limited to 12 people.

12. In general dogs are not allowed. Among the reasons are bear problems. Well behaved, bear savvy dogs may be approved at the discretion of the trip leader and all trip participants. Approval must be unanimous and must occur prior to meeting for the trip.

13. Firearms are not allowed on club sanctioned trips, unless approved by the trip leader and all participants. Approval must be unanimous. Aerosol bear repellent is preferred in lieu of firearms.

14. If you find you cannot participate after signing up on the roster, please let the leader know as soon as possible, for transportation and gear-planning and so someone else can go. If you are the leader, help find a replacement.

Revised 6/18/10

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

President	Wayne Todd	522-6354	Board member	Jayne Mack	382-0212
Vice-President	Ross Noffsinger	336-2233	Board member	Mark Kimerer	360-5935
Secretary	Brian Aho	223-4758	Board member	Travis Taylor	382-4823
Treasurer	Tim Silvers	250-3374	Board member	Mark Smith	868-3155
			Board member	Tony Lutes	242-3559

Annual membership dues: Single \$15, Family \$20

Dues can be paid at any meeting or mailed to the Treasurer at the MCA address at right. If you want a membership card, please fill out a club waiver and mail it with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If you fail to receive the newsletter or have questions about your membership, contact the club Treasurer. The Post Office will not forward the newsletter.

The 'Scree' is a monthly publication of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska. Articles, notes and letters submitted for publication in the newsletter should be e-mailed to the Scree Editor. Articles can be submitted anytime.

Paid ads may be submitted to the attention of the Vice-President at the club address and should be in electronic format and pre-paid.

Missing your MCA membership card? Stop by the monthly meeting to pick one up or send a self-addressed stamped envelope and we'll mail it to you.

Mailing list/database entry: Yukiko Hayano and Randy Plant - 243-1438
Hiking and Climbing Committee: MountaineeringClubofAlaska@gmail.com
Huts: Greg Bragiel - 569-3008
Calendar: Stuart Grenier - 337-5127
Scree Editor: John Recktenwald - 346-2589
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