

the SCREE

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

September 2016

Volume 59 Number 9



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Mandatory Ice Fest participant meeting.

"Strength doesn't come from what you can do. It comes from overcoming the things you once thought you couldn't."

- Rikki Rogers

The Mountaineering Club of Alaska

www.mtnclubak.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 meeting at 6:30 p.m. on Tuesday, September 20, BP Energy Center, 1014 Energy Court, Anchorage, Alaska.

<http://www.alaskageology.org/graphics/meetingmap.gif>

For the MCA Membership Application and Liability Waiver, visit

<http://www.mtnclubak.org/index.cfm?fuseaction=members.form>.

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Cover Photo

Andy Anderson beginning the crux ice pitch on
"Thunderstruck" on Thunder Mountain.
Photo by Kim Hall

Article Submission: Text and photography submissions for *the Scree* can be sent as attachments to mcascree@gmail.com. Articles should be submitted by the 24th of each month to appear in the next issue of *the Scree*. Do not submit material in the body of the email. Do not submit photos embedded in the text file. Send the photo files separately. We prefer articles that are under 1,000 words. If you have a blog, website, video, or photo links, send us the link. Cover photo selections are based on portraits of human endeavor in the outdoors. Please submit at least one vertically oriented photo for consideration for the cover. Please submit captions with photos.

Monthly Meeting: Tuesday, September 20, at 6:30 p.m. Mandatory Ice Fest participant meeting.

Hiking and Climbing Schedule

September 23-25: MCA Ice Fest, Matanuska Glacier. Email mcaicefest@gmail.com for details.

December 23: Flattop Mountain sleepout. No leader.

Choate's Chuckle

- Tom Choate

If you plan your trip menu to include fresh meat, try to finish it up in the first two days. One climber who didn't discovered that it had changed to fish:

on the third day it smelt.

Online? Click me!



Check the Meetup site and Facebook for last minute trips and activities. Or, schedule one that you want to organize.

Information Wanted: Stewart Homestead Road to McHugh Peak

Recently a landowner has gated and closed the Stewart Homestead Road to any foot traffic. This road or trail leads up Potter Creek from the last subdivision street (Steamboat Drive), through the former Stewart homestead, to the McHugh Peak area.

This trail has been used for public access to the McHugh Peak area of Chugach State Park since at least the mid-1960s. It is listed in Bill Hauser's [30 Hikes in Alaska](#) (1967) and in Helen Nienhueser's [55 Ways to the Wilderness](#) (1972). The landowner who is blocking access has only owned his property since 2012.

The Municipality of Anchorage is attempting to persuade the landowner to remove the gate. If this is not successful, then litigation will be the next step. If that step is taken, there will be a need for witnesses who can sign affidavits attesting to their use of the Stewart Homestead Road for access to Chugach State Park. The more witnesses, the more details, the longer the length of use, the better.

Please contact Tom Meacham at tmeacham@gci.net or 907-346-1077 if you can attest to having used the Stewart Homestead Road in the past, for access to Chugach State Park and the McHugh Peak area.

MCA Ice Fest

Friday, September 23, 2016, at 7:00 p.m. -
Sunday, September 25, 2016, at 5:00 p.m.

Matanuska Glacier - 66500 Glacier Park Road, Sutton, Alaska 99674, [View Map](#)

Want to learn to ice climb or improve your current techniques?

Learn modern ice climbing techniques, rope management skills and socialize with other local climbers in a weekend out on a local glacier. All abilities welcome. Must be at least 18 years old. We capped the event at 90 students this year!

Cost: \$75. (MCA membership required \$15-20).

Registration is only available online and opens September 1st. Registration will close September 18th. Register online at https://www.eventbrite.com/e/mountaineering-club-of-alaska-ice-climbing-festival-2016-registration-27087378077?utm_campaign=201308&ref=esfb&utm_source=Facebookenivtefor001

Mandatory Meeting for Participants is Tuesday, September 20th, at 7:30 p.m. at a location to be determined.

Contact: Jayme Mack, 907-382-0212

Visit www.mtnclubak.org and the Training web-page for more information or email: mcaicefest@gmail.com.



Matanuska Glacier
Photo by Dawn Talbott

Tim Neale: A Remembrance

By Tom Meacham

I was acquainted with Tim Neale for more than 30 years through the MCA and other connections, but I don't recall going on any climbs or hikes with Tim. Instead, my most vivid recollections are from running footraces (and particularly trail races) with him: several annual Heart Runs, the Mount Marathon Race (numerous times), and the Bird Ridge Run, which Tim had founded. He was a fierce competitor, and always a top age-group finisher, particularly when there was any uphill involved.

Tim was also pretty strong-willed (some might say "hard-headed"). As founder and organizer of the Bird Ridge Run (three miles uphill, 3400 feet of vertical gain), Tim got to set the rules. One early rule was that there was a Men's Run, and a Women's Run. One year, when Nancy Pease (an equally strong-willed competitor) told Tim at race start that she wanted to run in the Men's Run because she wanted the increased competition to push her to a faster time, Tim said, "No: there is a Men's Run and a Women's Run."

Well, Nancy ran with the men anyway, and set a spectacular time, easily quicker than all but a few of the men. When she returned to the start area, Tim told her that she was disqualified and her time would not appear in the results, because there was a Men's Run and a Women's Run ...

As I recall, within a year or two Tim had the women running at the same time as the men, in a single field. Tim later re-named the Bird Ridge Race as the Robert Spurr Memorial Hill Climb, in honor of longtime MCA member Bob Spurr (who had died in a fall while training on North Maroon Peak in Colorado, and who had set some spectacular age-group finishing times on Bird Ridge).

Before the start of this year's Robert Spurr Memorial Hill Climb on June 19, race director Brad Precosky told the assembled runners that the race's founder, Tim Neale, had passed away just a few days before. We all observed a minute of silence, followed by a resounding cheer for Tim; and then the 2016 race began.



Photo by Willy Hersman

Remembering Tim Neale

By Willy Hersman

When I heard that Tim passed away, memories of what he meant to the MCA and to me filled my mind. Tim was the leader on my first MCA trip. He introduced me and others to the Chugach Mountains. He was a memorable person, and a great asset to the club, as an organizer of numerous outdoor classes, trip leader, and club President (1979-1980). Tim's motive for playing an active role was a mixture, like many of us - a need for adventure, desire to meet and share with others, desire to give to the community, and that unexplainable desire to keep MCA traditions and history going. I recall he kept in his garage the old mimeograph machine that the early club used in the '60s to make copies of *the Scree*. "You never know when it might come in handy," he said.

I won't make a list of ascents or mountaineering feats for Tim; it wasn't important to him, though he did those things. He helped organize the first mountain race up Bird Ridge, the Crow Pass race, and 30 times ran in the Mount Marathon race. He was actually more interested that others were safe and not left behind. Tim would often lend a hand to someone to get past a dicey move, or keep on route, or fix a ski binding. He was a natural mentor. He wouldn't pull out in front of you, unless he thought you were O.K. on your own, and wanted to jump ahead as a challenge. And then there was no way you were going to catch him.

I recall once when we skied to Bomber Pass and he showed us the old wreckage on the glacier, lamenting he did not know much about it. Later he called the U.S. Air Force to find out the history, but they told him they never give out such information. So, he called the National Transportation Safety Board to report a plane crash. "Oh no, that's not a new crash, that B-29 crashed in 1957 on its way to Elmendorf in a snowstorm."

Tim was pretty quiet about Vietnam, as far as I remember, but eventually he was one of its victims. That's a shame. We could use more like him, even today.

The Resurrection High Route

Text by Lee Helzer



Paul LaFrance atop Peak 4295, the first peak of the journey, with an excellent view of the next few peaks.

Photo by Rob Whitney

No doubt many of you reading this trip report have spent time on the Resurrection Pass Trail. For those who have not, it is a 38.8-mile multi-use trail linking Hope to Cooper Landing via the 2600-foot Resurrection Pass. The trail offers spectacular hiking, biking, or skiing with eight public use cabins along the way to make a multi-day trip a bit more comfortable. In this trip report I will talk about the Resurrection High Route, an alpine traverse roughly paralleling the Resurrection Trail to the west with this variation designed to maximize summit bids.

Route History

As part of the 2008 Quintessential Alaska Adventure Running Series #5 (orange line) Rob DeVelice fabricated a route that started at the Hope Point Trailhead and followed the ridge south along the boundary between the Chugach National Forest and the Kenai National Wildlife Refuge (KNWR) to the headwaters of Cannonball Creek where a pack trail returns runners to the Resurrection Trail to complete a loop in a single day. In July 2009 Rob DeVelice invited Anne Ver Hoef and me on a more leisurely-paced go at the route. After a bivy and Peak 4580 we opted to bushwhack down to the Resurrection Trail for an early exit, but I vowed I would return to complete the route.



The Resurrection High Route

Graphic by Lee Helzer

Route Planning

On a crummy day late in October 2015, I pulled up Google Earth and started planning a point-to-point version of Rob's original Quintessential route. To my delight, the route nearly planned itself. There was a big red boundary line on the topographic map that pretty much went exactly where I wanted to go. I roughed out the initial path and found 18 peaks along the way. I noticed with a few modifications I could include a few more peaks and if I added in some out-and-backs still a few more. I totaled up the miles, peaks, and elevation and thought aloud, "Holy s--t!" The final route variation (blue line) would start from the Devils Pass Trailhead and target 31 peaks across 65 miles of alpine tundra, accumulating over 36,000 feet of elevation gain and loss before finishing at the Hope Point Trailhead. My general rule of thumb is 10,000 vertical feet translates to a hard day, so with some quick math, that means I was looking at 3.6 days averaging 18 miles per day.

On Route

Fast forward nine months to mid-July. I pulled up the seven-day forecast and saw nothing but sunshine predicted over the upcoming three-day weekend. "This is the weekend!" I thought and started scrambling to find partners. I was able to convince Rob Whitney and Paul LaFrance to join me. We left Anchorage in two cars

right after work on a Thursday evening. We dropped a vehicle at the Hope Point Trailhead and headed to the Devils Pass Trailhead.

The first 10 miles on the Devils Pass Trail passed by without event and we camped in close proximity to Juneau Creek. Friday morning Rob's watch sounded the wakeup call at 5:15 a.m. and by 6:30 we were swimming up the alders and willows toward Peak 4295. Fortunately, this would be the extent of our "bushwhacking" for the trip and the morning dew that soaked our trousers quickly dried in the morning light. Once on the ridge, travel was straightforward and obvious from peak to peak. Water sources were more abundant than expected, requiring only minimal effort to guess where the next one would be to keep our reservoirs full enough.



*Above the Devils Pass Cabin, looking southeast down the Devils Creek valley.
Photo by Rob Whitney*

After we reached the top of Peak 4515, Rob Whitney and Paul opted to take the direct route north (pink line) to Peak 4450 where they would wait for me to catch up. I split west to Peak 4202, then Peak 3965 before rendezvousing with them at a truly massive rock cairn on the top of Peak 4450. From the top of Peak 4450 we scanned the ridge containing Peak 4350, trying to determine the true high point. We ultimately determined the northern portion was slightly higher than the southern part. At the valley between the peaks, Rob and Paul opted to forge ahead and establish a camp while I dropped my pack and headed up the north side of Peak 4350. At the top, I was not 100-percent certain that the north was taller, but didn't feel it was worth investigating and opted to trust my judgment from the superior vantage point. It would be good of someone to confirm the true summit location and kick over my cairn if the south turns out to be taller. I returned to my pack and headed down-valley to where Paul and Rob had managed to find the

one perfectly flat spot in the entire valley to set up the tent. I whipped up some dinner and spent the next hour convincing my tired legs they had one more peak in them, rather than getting up early to do Peak 4250. I managed to find some motivation and cranked it out. By the time I returned to camp, Paul and Rob were fast asleep.



*Paul LaFrance (left) and Lee Helzer above the Devils Pass Cabin, looking southwest toward Juneau Lake and the Cooper Landing area.
Photo by Rob Whitney*

Saturday at 5:30 a.m., Rob's watch sounded again, but none of us were in any hurry to leave the warmth and comfort of our cocoons. Eventually we got moving and by 7 we were hiking toward Peak 3950. The views steadily increased along with the welcomed appearance of goat trails. We debated camping in the vicinity of Wolf Peak, but Rob liked the idea of pushing a bit farther to the deep lake north of Peak 4580. It was a great decision. To descend Peak 4580 we took a hidden, but well-established goat trail on the sharp ridge to the northeast of the



*From the summit of Peak 4283, looking south over Juneau Lake.
Photo by Rob Whitney*

marked summit. The spectacular views and slight exposure easily made the descent the highlight of the trip and a satisfying end of the day as the sun sank in the sky. We set up camp on a small flattish spot roughly 100 yards from the lake.

Sunday at 5:30 a.m., I awoke to Rob's watch and the sound of boiling water. To my surprise Paul had not only gotten up early to get water going for us, but managed to retrieve the base of the stove from my stench-ridden pack without vomiting. I really should have left my shoes and socks out of my air-tight pack so they could air out. Lesson learned. Thanks to Paul, we were rocking and rolling toward Peak 4318 by 6:45 a.m. We continued north, bagging peaks until the out-and-back to Peak 4167. Rob and Paul opted out and continued toward Peak 3955. I dropped my pack and lightly jogged the surprisingly good goat trail to the summit and returned. Determined that I could catch them, I shouldered my pack and sped off. Despite my best efforts, I reached Hope Point without even a glimpse. I took a moment to soak in the 31st summit then headed down, eager to quench my thirst on one of the delicious beverages we had the foresight to stash in the river under the bridge a few hundred yards before the trailhead. Rob and Paul met me at the trailhead, already showered up and a few doughnuts deep. What a trip!

It is important for me to note that post-completion of my variation of the High Route, Steve Gruhn pointed me to the trip report published in the January 1999 *Scree* titled "KNWR Ridge Traverse" written by Tim Kelley. The traverse he and Wiley Bland completed in June of 1998 is a similar alternative to access the same great terrain and worth digging it out of the archives to read.



Paul LaFrance (left) and Lee Helzer on the summit of Peak 4450, the third peak of the trip. Yes, seriously kindergarten counting.
Photo by Rob Whitney



Lee Helzer (left) and Paul LaFrance heading for Peak 4283 on the morning of Day 2 with blue skies.
Photo by Rob Whitney

Thursday						Saturday						Sunday					
Total	Time	Activity	Miles	Gain ft.	Loss ft.	Total	Time	Activity	Miles	Gain	Loss	Total	Time	Activity	Miles	Gain	Loss
	19:47	Start					7:02	Start					6:47	Start			
	22:50	Camp	10	1900	550		7:47	3950	1	1,150	50		7:19	4318	1	1,000	100
	3h		10	1,900	550		8:47	4156	0.9	650	500		8:35	4250	1.3	800	700
Friday																	
	Time	Activity	Miles	Gain	Loss	Total	9:35	4150	2	700	750	Total	10:04	4550	2	1,150	1,100
	6:27	Start					12:44	4330	2.6	1,300	1,670		11:03	4045	1.3	700	1,100
	7:44	4295	1.1	1,800	0		13:35	4150	1	1,300	570		12:59	4167	3	1,700	1,500
	8:53	4246	1.5	900	950		14:41	3820	1	750	850		14:30	3955	2.5	1,200	1,450
	10:16	4450	1.3	1,250	1,050		15:48	4140	2.5	1,700	1,800		15:29	3966	1.6	800	800
	11:32	4283	2	1,110	1,200		16:45	4355	1	850	700		16:22	Hope Point	1.2	1,000	1,150
	12:20	4350	1.3	1,000	1,000		17:53	4250	1.5	1,000	1,000		17:39	Finish	3	0	3,500
	13:52	4308	2.3	1,150	1,220		19:28	Wolf Peak	1.6	1,250	1,100		Totals: 44.5 hours moving time, 70 hours total; 65 miles; 36,410 feet of elevation gain, 37,230 feet of elevation loss.				
	15:24	4515	2	1,300	1,250		20:47	4580	1.5	1,500	1,200			* - Subtracted time spent eating dinner to be consistent with other times.			
	16:19	4202	1	750	970		21:35	Camp	1	0	1,500						
							14.5h		17.6	12,150	11,690						



*Looking west toward Swan Lake, Peak 4283, and Peak 4450 from the summit of Peak 4246.
Photo by Rob Whitney*



*Paul LaFrance descending the sharp ridge northwest of Peak 4580 to the deep lake.
Photo by Lee Helzer*



*Paul LaFrance with one more peak to go!
Hope Point in the distance.
Photo by Rob Whitney*



*Lee Helzer (left) and Paul LaFrance on the summit of Peak 4355, the "19th" peak of the trip. Yes, still finger counting before we gave up totally with all the counting. Actually, it was the 20th peak; we apparently lost count.
Photo by Rob Whitney*



*Rob Whitney enjoying some well-deserved doughnuts at the truck.
Photo by Paul LaFrance*



Paul LaFrance on the last day. It was a slog out, but the goat trails were a real treat.

Photo by Rob Whitney

Thunder Mountain, South Face, “Thunderstruck;” Mount Providence, South Face, “Outside Providence”

Text by Andy Anderson



Kim Hall skiing below the south face of Mount Providence on the approach.

Photo by Andy Anderson

The reports began trickling in before we even got on the plane to Anchorage – shoulders deep on the glacier, rivers of spin-drift, and helicopter evacuations due to avalanche danger. The snowiest spring in recent memory had left the Alaska Range buried, and the extended forecast didn’t look promising.

Kim Hall and I quickly sidelined the large, funnel-shaped face that was our primary objective and scrambled for a backup plan. After much debating over beers in Talkeetna, we hopped in Paul Roderick’s plane and flew to the southwest fork of the Tokositna Glacier on April 11. Much to our surprise, during our two weeks on the glacier we had stacks of bluebird days and primo conditions, and we climbed three routes on the south faces of Mount Providence (11250) and Thunder Mountain (10920).

Upon landing, we immediately spied a pyramidal rock buttress on the left side of Providence that looked to be split by an aesthetic mixed couloir. The next day we had a leisurely breakfast, clicked into our skis around 9:30 a.m., and skinned up to the central bowl that funnels Providence’s expansive south face.

Encouraged by cold temperatures and no visible instability or sloughing, we crossed the bergschrund around 11 a.m. and began climbing up the leftmost couloir toward the triangular rock formation.



A view of Mount Providence’s south face from the air, showing the line of “Outside Providence.”

Photo by Andy Anderson

After approximately 1,500 feet of simul-climbing up 50- to 70-degree snow, we took an obvious left exit out of the main couloir, over a small fluting, and up a left-trending snow ramp toward the base of the buttress. The end of the ramp revealed the beautiful, narrow cleft we had seen from base camp. Three stellar, rope-stretching pitches of mixed climbing followed, including some rolling ice and névé, a bouldery step, and a slightly terrifying bout of unprotected vertical trenching through sugar snow. We arrived at the prominent notch at the top of the buttress, slightly detached from Providence's heavily corniced west ridge, around 6 p.m. and began our descent from there. Despite not going to Providence's summit, "Outside Providence" (800 meters, IV M5 WI4) is an aesthetic line with quality climbing – a perfect warm-up for bigger and harder routes in the area.



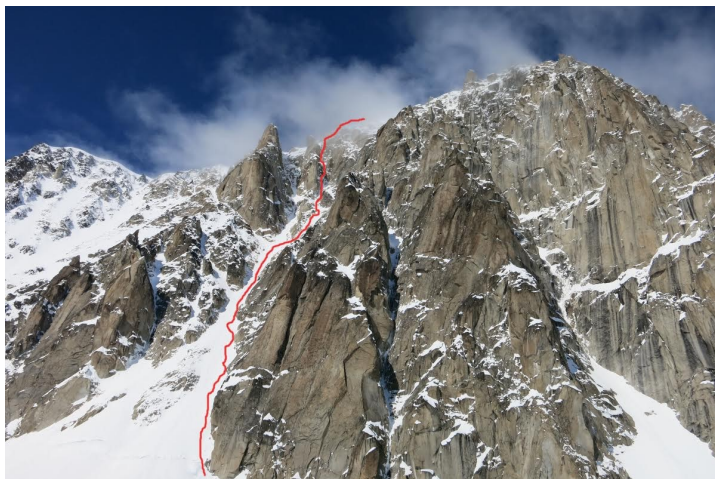
Kim Hall beginning the crux mixed pitch of "Outside Providence" on the south face of Mount Providence.

Photo by Andy Anderson

After several days of rest and a quick ski upglacier, we turned our attention to the south face of Thunder Mountain, where we saw a narrow, possibly unclimbed system that looked to be choked with ice.

Crossing the bergschrund at 7 a.m. on April 15, we climbed 1,000 feet of steep snow before branching right on a steep, rising traverse to gain the ice system, where another several

rope lengths of simul-climbing brought us to the meat of the route. After an easy mixed choke, several 70-meter pitches of steep, wild, and difficult ice steps brought us to some blue-collar sugar trenching with decent rock gear that took us up and out of the gully. From a spectacular belay on top of a fluting, we headed right up a narrow, moderate mixed slot, after which a short, yet spicy, step of vertical ice led to more unprotected trenching and the ridge. We traversed several hundred feet east to a corniced high point at 10850 feet, beyond which lay a massive blank gendarme and large overhanging cornices. We descended from there.



A view of the left side of Thunder Mountain's massive south face, with the line of "Thunderstruck" marked.

Photo by Andy Anderson

"Thunderstruck" (1,000 meters, V WI5 M4) shares its start with "Maxim" (Huisman-Isaac, 2004 [Ed. note: See pages 191 and 192 of the 2005 American Alpine Journal]) in the major couloir system just left of "Ring of Fire" (Cordes-DeCapio, 2001 [Ed. note: See pages 231 through 233 of the 2002 AAJ]). (Geoff Hornby, long believed to have made the first ascent of Thunder

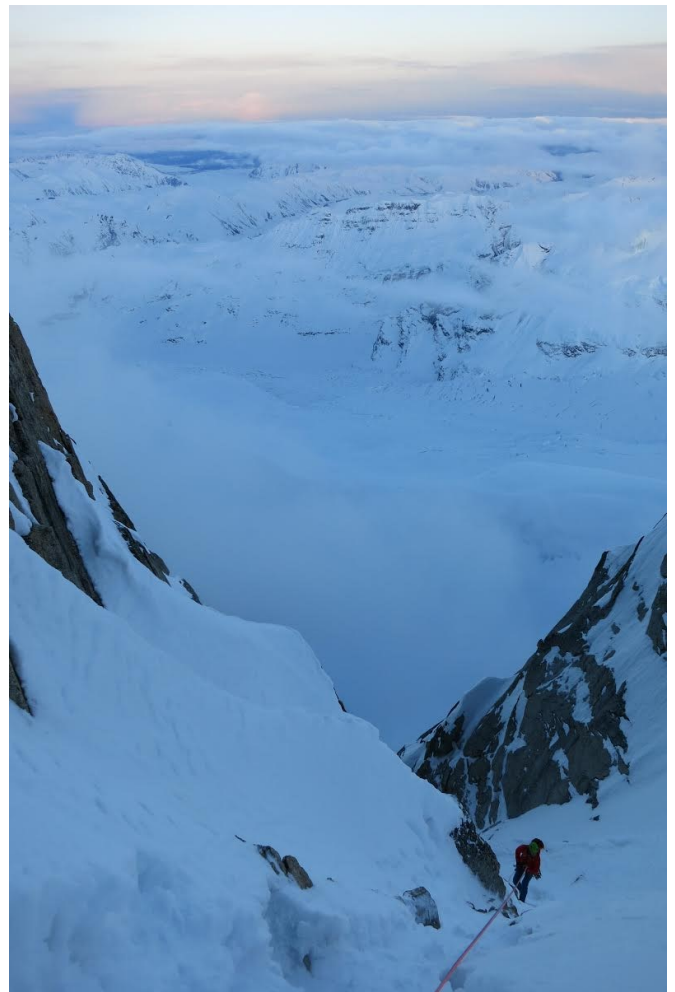


Andy Anderson on the summit ridge of Thunder Mountain with Mount Foraker in the background.

Photo by Kim Hall

Mountain with David Barlow in 1993 [*Ed. note: see pages 82 through 86 of the 1994 AAJ*], now says it's unclear whether they climbed beyond this corniced high point to the true summit, as they were climbing in a whiteout with no altimeter. If that is the case, the true first ascent of the peak was made by Kelly Cordes and Scott DeCapio in 2001, via their route "Deadbeat" [*Ed. note: see pages 231 through 233 of the 2002 AAJ*].

After a week of base-camp lounging, many sausage breakfast sandwiches, and a pair of nasty head colds that almost had me throwing in the towel, we recovered enough to load our packs for one more outing. On April 22 we repeated "Deadbeat" to the base of the 60-foot summit cornice, which looked ready to part ways with the mountain, in 20 hours round-trip from base camp. Finding pitch after pitch of challenging ice and mixed climbing and a direct, aesthetic line to the summit, we agreed this route alone was worth a trip into this rarely visited fork of the range. Having exhausted our supply of Stoppers and tat, we spent a few more days eating cookies and working on our tans before winging it back to Talkeetna.



*Andy Anderson rappelling Thunder Mountain in the fading daylight.
Photo by Kim Hall*



*Kim Hall comes up a tenuous pitch on the upper mixed buttress on
"Deadbeat" (Cordes-DeCapio, 2001).
Photo by Andy Anderson*

Mount Rumble

Text by Brendan Lee



We camped on the northern side of Bombardment Pass for a quick four-hour nap until daylight returned. Mount Rumble towers in the distance.

Photo by Brendan Lee

After finishing up a day at work, I met Nathan Hebda in Eagle River on Friday, July 29th, around 6:30 p.m. Our plan was to climb Mount Rumble over the course of Friday evening and Saturday. Using a strange strategy that has worked well for us all summer, our plan was to press until darkness, cook a hot meal, sleep three to four hours, then wake up very early and get back to the pursuit.

At 7:00 p.m., we were cruising up Ram Valley and heading for Bombardment Pass. Once we reached the rock glacier in Ram Valley, we were unsure what was the most efficient path, so we lost a little bit of time picking our way through the giant boulders. We eventually found a smooth path (relatively speaking) on the southern end of the valley; this helped us get back on pace. As we moved up the rock glacier, Bombardment Pass came into view, low-lying clouds crowded around the summit of Korohusk Peak, adding to the scenery and mystery of our surroundings. While on the rock glacier, we couldn't help but notice the massive holes on the northern end

of the glacier. We didn't know the science behind them; we hoped they didn't form suddenly, as that would be an abrupt surprise to our otherwise pleasant evening. Around 10:30 p.m., we had reached Bombardment Pass, and filled up on water, we were unsure if we would find any more before setting up a

small camp. Going up Bombardment Pass, we took the gully that is farthest climber's left; it was the standard Chugach kitty-litter climb, equivalent to going the wrong way on an escalator. At 11 p.m., the light was fading and we reached the top of Bombardment Pass, leaving the clouds behind us. I opened my stride and crested Bombardment Pass, and then I stopped dead in my tracks; I saw it: the beastly shadow rising up from Peters Creek and into the still, night sky – Mount Rumble. As Nathan topped out, I turned around. "It's out," I told Nathan, his eyes lit up and

he seemed just as impressed as me. We both stood in awe, and wondered what adventures lay ahead as the intimidating silhouette of Mount Rumble towered in the distance. Daylight



Brendan Lee on a rock outcropping in the south gully of Mount Rumble.

Photo by Nathan Hebda

was fading fast, so Nathan and I agreed we were in a good spot to set up camp for a hot meal and quick nap. By pure luck, we camped near the start of the “sheep highway” to Peters Creek, so our resumption of movement in the morning would entail minimal route finding. We finally got to sleep around 12:30 a.m., and set an alarm for 4:30 a.m. I wondered why it was getting so cold for a July night; then I realized we were camping above 5,000 feet. I put on my extra layers and climbed into my sleeping bag. As I drifted off to sleep, I could hear the occasional release of rock off Koro-husk Peak. “So they weren’t kidding when they named this place Bombardment Pass,” I thought to myself.

A few hours later my alarm was going off; I unzipped my sleeping bag and was greeted by the cold, clammy, morning air. Nathan was obviously stoked. “Oh, yeah! Mount Rumble!” he declared. I lay back down for three more minutes of shut eye and mumbled something back like, “Yeah, dude.” Thirty minutes later we had our bags packed and were on the sheep highway heading for Peters Creek. It was a crystal-clear morning. When we reached the grassy slopes that emptied into Peters Creek, we traversed across the valley and to the southeast, hooking up with the second sheep highway that ran into Peters Creek. Both these sheep trails made the traveling exponentially easier. We crossed Peters Creek around 7:30 a.m. and began heading for the southern gully that ran down Mount Rumble and opened up near Rumble Pass. As we climbed up and out of Peters Creek, we were greeted by a beautiful sunrise over Bellicose Peak. The cool morning began to fill with warmth and light; I finally took off my jacket. Once in Mount Rumble’s southern gully, we looked up and noticed the obvious split, we noted the right fork was the correct path for our planned route. We boulder-hopped up the wide gully, and got to the fork in no time. I took careful notice of the fresh rockfall in the gully, and the large overhanging crud above;

Nathan and I agreed to move swiftly through this section: after a close call with rockfall on Benevolent Peak earlier this summer, I will never dismiss rockfall as “probably won’t happen

here and probably won’t happen now” ever again. At 10:45 a.m., we had reached the 6,800-foot level, and reached the top of the southern gully. We traversed out of the gully, climber’s right across a small sidewalk. We connected a short and fun series of third- and fourth-class gullies to reach the summit ridge at 7,200 feet. The final 350 vertical feet along the summit ridge was one of the most rewarding ridge walks I’d had in Chugach State Park. To our right were the Raisin Glacier, Transcendence Peak, the Kiliaks, Ram Valley Peaks, and Peters Creek. To our left were low lying clouds, with Bold Peak, Bashful Peak, Benign Peak, and even Baleful Peak occasionally poking their respective summits through the clouds. The clouds danced around Bellicose and Peters Peak for an amazing sight. At 11:45 a.m., we reached the 7530-foot summit, and continued to enjoy the beautiful day that was

panning out on Mount Rumble. We signed into the register, took photos, reminisced about previous climbs, and plotted future climbs on the peaks that surrounded us. We must have stayed on the summit for an hour before we reluctantly packed up and began the long trip out.

The down-climb from the ridge back to the gully was uneventful. We made good timing down the gully, taking advantage of the loose scree to expedite the process. When we arrived back at Peters Creek, we had extra time to spare, so we stopped at an abundant patch of blueberries and enjoyed! Heading back up to Bombardment Pass, we were thankful to have the sheep trails to travel on. We arrived back to our camp at 6:30 p.m., for an approximately 13-hour camp-to-camp day, with one hour spent on the summit, and extra time spared for blueberry consumption.

We cooked some food at camp, enjoyed the sunshine, and packed up for the trip



After topping out the main south gully, Nathan Hebda climbs on the upper south face of Mount Rumble to link up with the summit ridge.

Photo by Brendan Lee



Nathan Hebda near 7,000 feet on Mount Rumble. The walls of the south gully can be seen behind and below him.

Photo by Brendan Lee

back to the car. The time from Bombardment Pass to our exit from Ram Valley was just over three hours; we made great time going back, as we utilized the efficient terrain we discovered on the south side of the rock glacier in upper Ram Valley.

Once we returned to Eagle River, Nathan and I shook hands and parted ways after a great trip. I headed straight for the local McDonald's for some much needed hotcakes and hash browns (now available 24 hours a day!), it was a greasy and fattening welcome back to civilization.

Mount Rumble was a great climb, with amazing views in an amazing setting. Nathan and I both agreed the biggest hurdle to Mount Rumble was simply getting all the way out there. The two key intersections for us were taking the climber's-right gully at the fork, and finding the correct side-walk out of the gully. I'm thankful for an amazing day in the mountains spent with great company!



Nathan Hebda enjoying the views on the summit ridge. Five thousand feet below is Peters Creek.

Photo by Brendan Lee

Brendan Lee on the summit of Mount Rumble.
Photo by Nathan Hebda



Beautiful scenery in the upper Peters Creek Valley.
Photo by Brendan Lee.

Memorable Quotes and Notes from the Annals of *the Scree* – Part 2

Compiled by Frank E. Baker

August 2016 Scree

Gravity Defying: Lang Van Dommelen to Chris Williams on Peak 8733 off the Sheep River Glacier in the Talkeetna Mountains during a July 15-22, 2016, trip: “How the f--k did you climb that without bringing down the whole pitch on me and Gus?” Williams responded with a blank stare and then bluntly said, “Levitation.” The third member of the team was Gus Barber.



Gus Barber on the first pitch of “Funding Denied” on Peak 8733.

Photo by Lang Van Dommelen

July 1976 Scree

Hair-Raising Ascent: On a 1976 summer climb of Mount Williwaw in the Chugach Mountains at the headwaters of the Middle Fork of Campbell Creek, Fritz Rieger commented in his report: “While trudging up the gully, we were warned by the thundering rumble of rare electrical storms in the area. Bob Planck (who knows something about physics) seated himself stop his pack about 30 feet below the summit crest and began calculating the electric fields at the summit – which were capable of making everyone’s hair stand ‘bolt’ upright.” He also noted that had any of the party had the foresight to carry a fluorescent bulb, it would have been glowing. Team members also included Sharon Crawford, Bob Williams, Paul Janke, and Durhane Rieger.

March 1985 Scree

Wildlife Abounds: On a July 28 – August 4, 1984, trip into the Arrigetch Peaks in the Brooks Range, Karen Forsythe and a large group encountered several bears and moose. In her report, Forsythe noted: “Excitement struck as we rounded a corner to see the rugged Arregetch Peaks with a grizzly bear serving as tour-guide of the area. The bear was a friendly sort who came close to welcome us to his valley. He must have thought us rude and unfriendly when all we did was shout and shoot flares at him. But keeping his friendly attitude, he strolled on ahead showing us where the choice blueberries were to be found.” Others in the group were Don Hansen (leader), Sue Rostin, Guenter Rostin, Pam Bearden, Chris Cadieus, Mary Jo Cadieus, Bob Cadieux, Tim Dugan, Joe Dugan, Linda White, and Sandra Cosentino.

September 2000 Scree

Maynard Mountain, inside and Out: On an August 19, 2000, climb of Maynard Mountain (4140 feet) that lies above one of the two tunnels to Whittier, Tim Kelley commented: “When you think about it, there aren’t too many places in North America where you drive through a mountain first, and then set off to climb it.” In his report, Kelley noted that the peak was first climbed December 8, 1968, by Vin and Grace Hoeman and Bill Babcock via the northwest ridge.



June 1986 Scree

Finding “Grace” near Mount Marcus Baker: Two days after a May 19, 1986, successful climb of 13176-foot Mount Marcus Baker, Stuart Grenier, Tom Choate, and Willy Hersman skied across the Knik Glacier from their base camp to Peak 10540, about 2-1/2 miles east of Mount Goode. They climbed the north ridge and found a narrow summit, where they enjoyed lunch and views of Prince William Sound. Hersman noted in his trip report: “It is a graceful-looking peak and we decided to name it Mount Grace in honor of Grace Hoeman.”

August 2011 Scree

Climbing the Unclimbable: “The first time you see Mount Mausolus, your eyes almost blur out of focus. The complicated west face flaunts all a mountain can offer. Gothic cornices droop over snaking, cliffed-out couloirs. Hanging glaciers defy gravity, while house-sized blocks of dispelled ice rest broken several thousand feet below. Granite towers jut skyward in iconic profile. There seems to be no logical way to crest its snowcapped summit.” – Comment by Cliff Helander, who along with Scotty Vincik, made the first ascent (March 15 – 17, 2011) of the 9170-foot peak in the Revelation Mountains. On the summit, Helander spread the ashes of fellow climber and friend, Seth Holden, who in August 2010 had been killed in an airplane crash.



The west face of Mount Mausolus. “The Mausoleum,” a 4,500-foot route, takes the obvious snow chute to the direct ice line to the summit.
Photo by Clint Helander



The upper half of the west face of Mount Mausolus. Two thousand, five hundred feet of continuous ice led to an unprotected simul-climb up 400 feet of 60-degree snow to the summit (hidden from view).
Photo by Clint Hedlander

March 1967 Scree

Pastoral Scene Darkened: In March 1967 Nick Parker, Bob Spurr, and Gerry Garland made the first winter ascent of Pastoral Peak (4764 feet), located on the Kenai Peninsula. Their route took them through the Taylor Creek valley. They unofficially named the mountain “Pastoral,” referring to the excellent conditions they had. Upon their return they found their car stripped – so one of the party had to hitchhike to Anchorage for assistance.

December 1985 Scree

No Turkeys at the Mint: In a December 1985 trip report, Willy Hersman commented: “For the last half dozen years or so somebody has gone up to the Mint Glacier Hut for Thanksgiving; sometimes it was a simple group, sometimes it was very elaborate, with whole turkeys, dressing, yams, etc. Some people may have even complained that it was a bit too crowded. This year the Mint Hut was a cold, lonely place, left to the sleeping marmots. Mike Miller and I knew something was different when we broke fresh tracks up the Little Su Valley on Friday, after Thanksgiving.”

July 2014 Scree

Three Musketeers on Mount Hayes: Preparing for a climb of 13832-foot Mount Hayes, the highest mountain in the eastern Alaska Range, Angela VanWiemeersch noted: “I remember feeling like we were the three musketeers, getting ready to embark on an epic battle. However, I later realized that we were more like the three Ninja Turtles avoiding a run-in with their archenemy Shredder.” After a 72-hour siege, the trio of John Giraldo, Jason Stuckey, and VanWiemeersch successfully summited on April 24, 2014, via a new route that they named “Thicker than Thieves.” The mountain was first ascended in 1941. Link to a video report on the climb: <https://vimeo.com/108365101>.



John Giraldo (right) and Angela VanWiemeersch enjoying the views of the Hayes Range.

Photo by Jason Stuckey

Motivation Comes Both from within and Without

Text by Frank E. Baker



Frank Baker, 71, on Lion Head, overlooking the Matanuska Glacier.

Photo by Frank E. Baker

I confess to being a motivation junkie. I get my fixes from spectacles like the Olympic Games, Alaska mountain-running events, the Mountaineering Club of Alaska, friends, books, and movies.

My motive is selfish. Motivation is infectious. The supreme determination that vaults some people to extraordinary heights inspires me to pursue my own goals, albeit modest by comparison.

I often wonder where human motivation and drive come from. Is it nature – a built-in genetic asset? Or is it nurture, something cultivated in our environment over time? I suspect it's probably a combination of both.

Wherever it comes from, I believe motivation is one of the most powerful forces in the known universe.

Doggedly determined scientists discovered DNA and mapped the human genome, but supreme will and determination kept them focused on their objectives. And while rocket fuel propelled us into space, motivation provided the initial thrust.

Throughout human history, from pyramid construction in Egypt to the fruits of the Renaissance to the Wright brothers' first powered airplane flight, human motivation has been the constant prime mover.

People with critical injuries or debilitating diseases sometimes win against overwhelming odds, and doctors often attribute patients' recoveries not simply to medical treatment, but also

to their sheer will.

Today, we have the incredible story of Syrian teenager Yusra Mardini, an Olympian swimmer, who fled her war-torn country and escaped to Europe; which included swimming three hours in the Mediterranean Sea and helping pull a boat to safety that held 18 refugees.

And then there is U.S. swimmer Michael Phelps, 31, who made a comeback in this, his fifth Olympics (2016 in Rio de Janeiro), to help his team win the 4x100-meter freestyle relay. And then he went on to help win the 4x200-meter freestyle relay and personally top the 200-meter butterfly to rack up a total of 23 gold medals at this reporting date.

Closer to home, Anchorage's Tom Choate, a longstanding MCA member, successfully summited Denali in 2013 at age 78, just three months shy of his 79th birthday. It was his fourth Denali summit.

From left: Bruce Kittredge, Steve Gruhn, and Tom Choate on the Kahiltna Glacier in May 2013 en route to Choate becoming the oldest person to stand on Denali's summit.

Photo by John Brueck



When we see this level of commitment to reach the apex of human achievement, whether it's in Olympic athletes, mountaineers, ballet dancers, musicians, engineers, doctors, scientists, teachers, or others, we can't help but become energized.

This is the main reason I am a loyal fan of Mount Marathon runners in Seward on the 4th of July, when I climb to the top to watch hundreds of them give the mountain their best shot. I unashamedly become a mountain-runner groupie, cheering everyone on. Slow or fast, they're all winners in my book.

This goes back some, but standing on Race Point's wind-blown summit in 1981 and watching Bill Spencer on his way to setting a course record of 43 minutes, 23 seconds that would stand for 32 years, was a game-changer for me. I think that moment in time, not my legs, has pulled me to the top nearly every year since then to watch the race.

As I said, it really rubs off. My first mentor was my father, who was a part-time gold prospector when we lived in Seward. As a child I asked him how he was able to get up the rugged Kenai Mountains. He pointed to his legs and said, "Forty percent

here," and then pointed to his head, "sixty percent here."

Today, with great hiking friends and a membership in the MCA, I am continuously exposed to people testing their limits, and it motivates me to push myself harder.

Young or old, Olympian athlete or weekend outdoor adventurer, we all must face limitations. And it might be harder for older folks such as me to dig deep for motivation to get off the couch.

But in my experience, such efforts bring great rewards. A short walk soon becomes a longer walk. A walk might become a lengthy hike, or eventually, a strenuous climb.

I'm 71 and still climbing mountains. Some say I'm obsessed with physical fitness and venturing outdoors. It's probably true. But even in this age of sophisticated health care, it's the best medicine I can find.

And I wouldn't be doing it without the most important prescription of all: motivation, which I receive in regular doses from others.

Frank E. Baker is a freelance writer who lives in Eagle River.

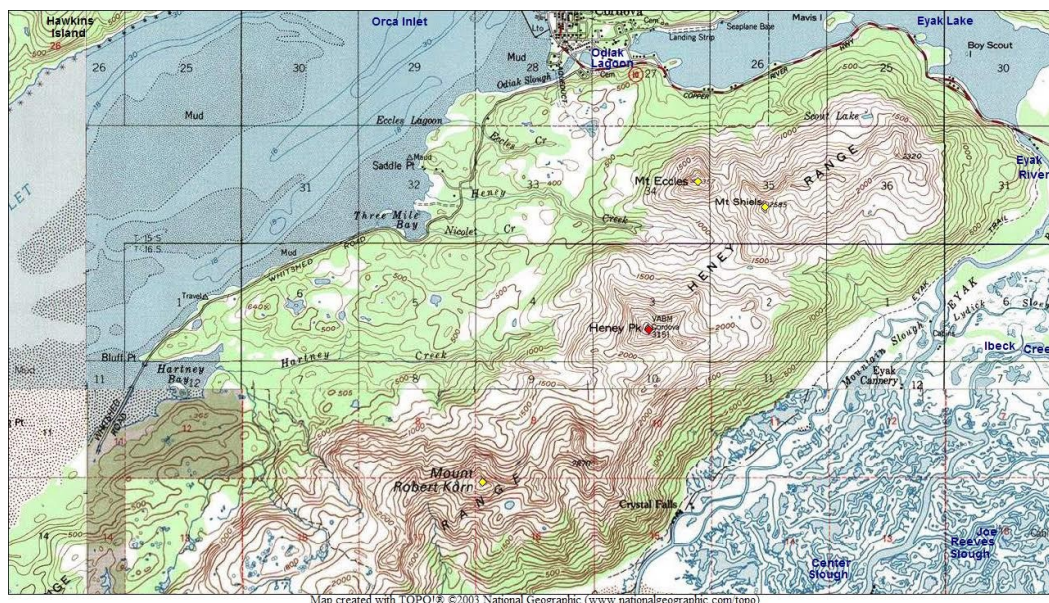


"Painted Hills" on north side of the Sheep Mountain complex near Gunsight Mountain, caused by mineralization. Caribou Creek can be seen winding from the Talkeetna Mountains.

Photo by Frank Baker

Peak of the Month: Heney Peak

Text by Steve Gruhn



Mountain Range: Chugach Mountains; Heney Range

Borough: Unorganized Borough

Drainages: Hartney Creek and Heney Creek

Latitude/Longitude: 60° 30' 23" North, 145° 44' 13" West

Elevation: 3156 feet (962 meters)

Prominence: 3130 feet from Peak 3470 in the Humpback Creek and Power Creek drainages

Adjacent Peaks: Mount Robert Korn (2950) and Mount Shields (2546; 776 meters)

Distinctness: 936 feet from Mount Robert Korn

USGS Map: Cordova (C-5) SW

First Recorded Ascent: 1933 by Alfred M. Sobieralski and a U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey party

Route of First Recorded Ascent: Southwest ridge

Access Point: Three Mile Bay

Heney Peak is the highest point in the Heney Range south of Cordova.

Heney peak was named in 1927 by the U.S. Forest Service for Michael James Heney, who had started construction of the Copper River and Northwestern Railway in 1906. In 1928 the U.S. Board on Geographic Names voted to make the name official.

In 1933 Alfred Sobieralski led a U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey party to establish survey stations in an effort to accurately locate Middleton Island. One of those survey stations was on the summit of Heney Peak. The party took a boat from Cordova to Three Mile Bay and then hiked southeasterly, keeping in open country, to a long ridge leading up the mountain from the southwest. They hiked up the ridge until they were even with the base of a thousand-foot avalanche chute, which they then climbed to the sharp ridge and the summit. The climb took about three and a half hours from Three Mile Bay. During the establishment of the survey station and the subsequent

surveying, the peak was ascended and descended in all directions, but the route via the southwest ridge from Three Mile Bay was determined to be the best. The party drilled a hole in an outcrop of bedrock near the summit in which they cemented a standard survey disk stamped "Cordova 1933."

A USGS party visited the summit in 1951 and another USC&GS party took a helicopter from Cordova to the summit in 1965. The 1965 USC&GS party estimated that the survey marker was eight feet below the summit.

The summit has been occasionally visited by Cordova residents in recent years.

The information for this article came from USC&GS field notes available at <https://www.geocaching.com/mark/details.aspx?PID=UV3438>; from the December 1934 Field Engineers Bulletin of the USC&GS; from Donald J. Orth's Dictionary of Alaska Place Names; and from my correspondence with Albert E. "Skip" Theberge, Jr.

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Annual membership dues: Single \$20, Family \$25

Dues can be paid at any meeting or mailed to the Treasurer at the MCA address below. 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 Membership Committee at membership@mtnclubak.org.

The Scree is a monthly publication of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska. Articles, notes, and letters submitted for publication in the newsletter should be emailed to MCAScree@gmail.com. Articles should be submitted by the 24th of the month to appear in the next month's *Scree*.

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. Ads can be emailed to vicepresident@mtnclubak.org.

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.

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