

the SCREE

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

April 2017

Volume 60 Number 4



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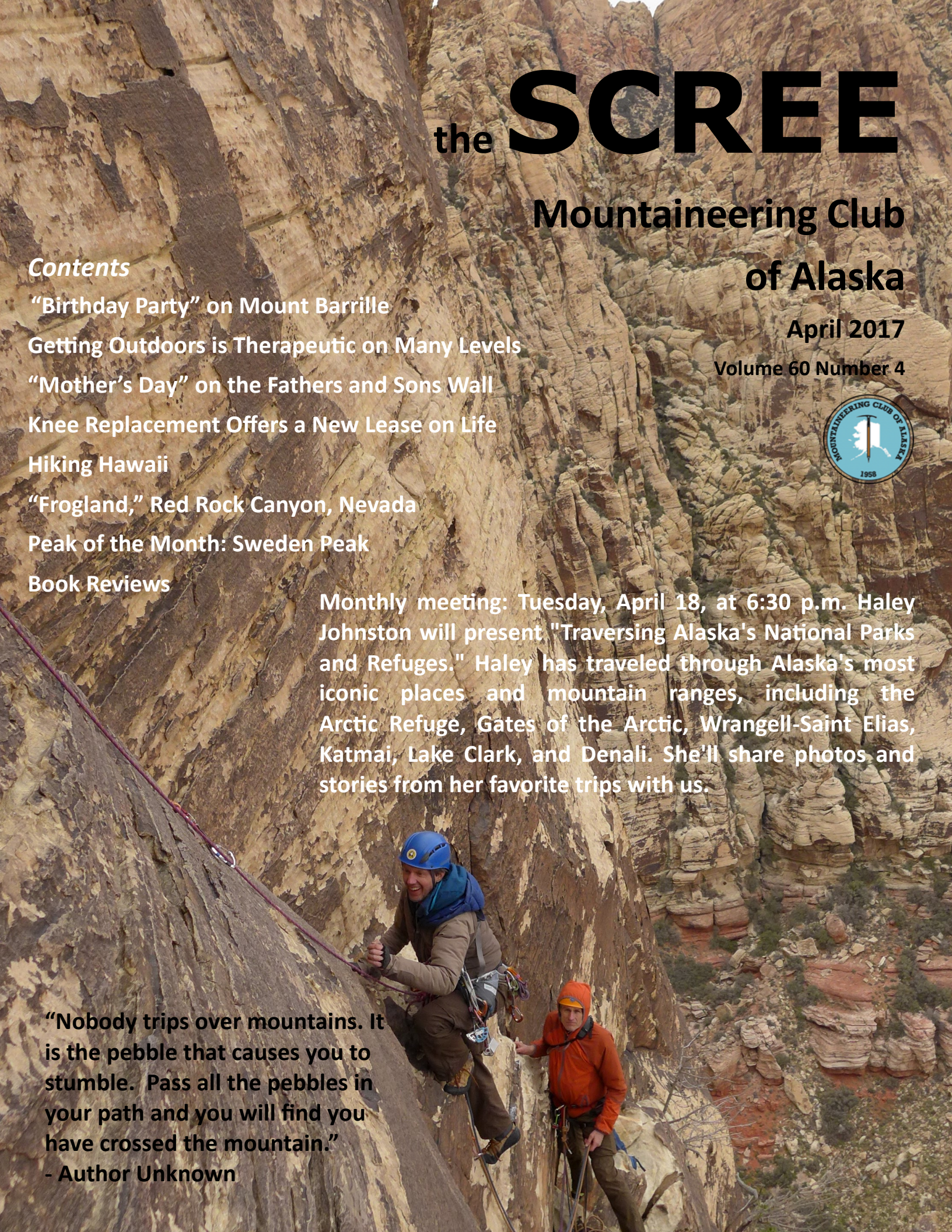
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Monthly meeting: Tuesday, April 18, at 6:30 p.m. Haley Johnston will present "Traversing Alaska's National Parks and Refuges." Haley has traveled through Alaska's most iconic places and mountain ranges, including the Arctic Refuge, Gates of the Arctic, Wrangell-Saint Elias, Katmai, Lake Clark, and Denali. She'll share photos and stories from her favorite trips with us.

"Nobody trips over mountains. It is the pebble that causes you to stumble. Pass all the pebbles in your path and you will find you have crossed the mountain."

- Author Unknown



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, April 18, at the BP Energy Center, 1014 Energy Court, in Anchorage.

<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

Kevin Downie on Pitch 4 of "Frogland" at Red Rock Canyon,
Nevada, with Randy Howell close behind.
Photo by Wayne L. Todd

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.

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Hiking and Climbing Schedule

June 17-18: Flattop Mountain sleepout. No leader.

June 23-July 1: MCA Summer Mountaineering Instructional Trip. This is a vigorous hiking, climbing, and glacier-travel traverse through the Talkeetna Mountains, the Bomber Traverse, wherein the group stays at various locations that lend to the specific instructions. Basic mountaineering skills, snow travel, ice axe/tool use, ice climbing, glacier travel, navigation, route finding, rappelling, rock climbing, fun, exploration, leadership skills, and confidence building. Glacier travel. Approximately 30 miles. Trip leader: Greg Bragiel, unknownhiker@alaska.net or 350-5146.

Choate's Chuckle

- Tom Choate

What do safe carabiners and safe yards have in common?

(answer: locked gates)

Online? Click me!



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

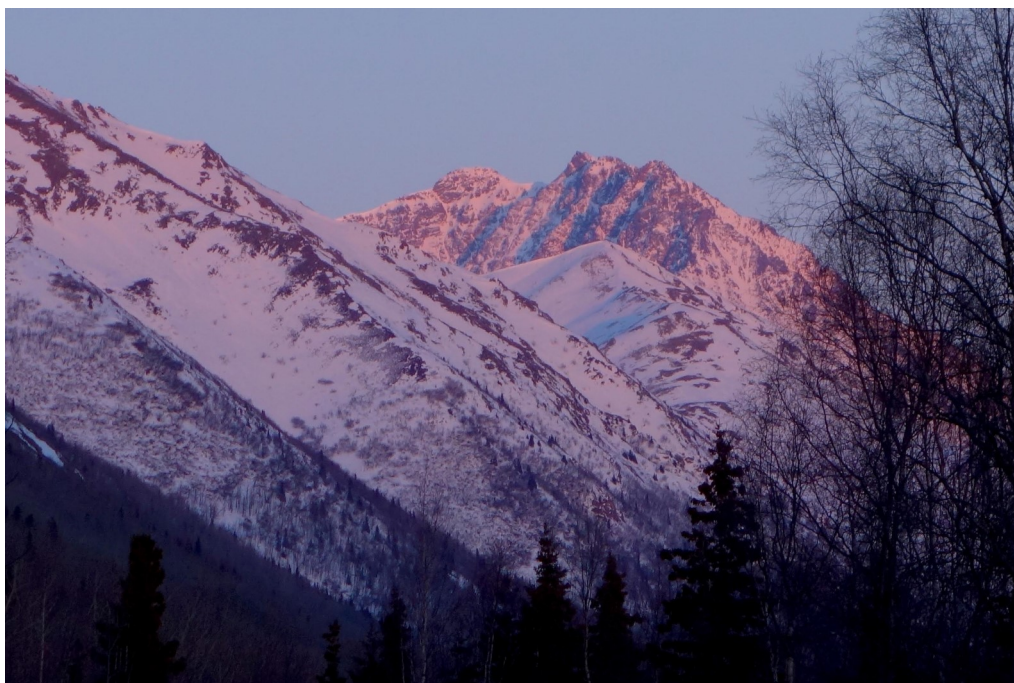
Half Century of Alaska Hiking and Climbing

The MCA's Frank Baker will make a presentation at the Eagle River Nature Center on Sunday, April 9, at 2 p.m. covering his 45 to 50 years of hiking and climbing in the Chugach and other Alaska mountains. Admission is free, but there is a parking fee at the Nature Center.



Frank Baker atop Pepper Peak in the Chugach Mountains.

Photo by Brent Voorhees



Raina Peak.

Photo by Frank E. Baker

“Birthday Party” on Mount Barrille

Text by Nicolas Preitner



The northeast face of Mount Barrille, showing the new route “Birthday Party” and the approximate line of “Alaska Primer” (Gilmore-Johnstone, 2011).

Photo by Nicolas Preitner

From April 29 to May 1, Teresa Au (my wife) and I climbed a new route on the northeast face of Mount Barrille (7650 feet). It was our first trip to Alaska, and we flew (using Talkeetna Air Taxi) to the Mountain House airstrip in mid-April, planning to warm up on moderate routes in the Ruth Gorge before attempting classic climbs on The Mooses Tooth and Mount Huntington. But while skiing below Barrille, we spotted a series of stunning, long vertical ribbons of ice flowing down the entire height of the face.

“That must be a classic, but what is it?” I wondered. We hadn’t seen anything describing that striking line in our pre-trip research. “I don’t care if it’s been climbed or not, or even if it will go,” I declared. “It looks amazing – we’ve got to try it!”

On our first attempt we were moving too slowly. On our second, we were partway up the route when the early afternoon sun triggered showers of ice from the rock faces above. A small block smashed into my helmet and broke off a large chunk. Fortunately, I wasn’t hurt and was able to duct-tape my helmet back together on the spot before rappelling.

Teresa vowed not to return, but after gazing at that glimmering,

tantalizing line while resting in base camp, she had a change of heart and was ready for more. Our strategy for our third and successful attempt, beginning April 29, was an anti-alpine start: we slept in and started climbing in the afternoon, so we would reach the slopes that were exposed to icefall once the sun had stopped shining on the faces above. We climbed light, carrying no bivy gear except for a stove.

The climbing started with 60 meters of high-quality, steep waterfall ice (WI5+), with an exciting, slightly overhanging finish of chandelier ice and some mixed moves. We continued on a steep rock chimney and corner system (M5), with traces of ice – an equally esthetic pitch, with balancey moves and good protection. We then climbed steep snow for about 250 meters until we met another vertical ice flow with chandelier ice (WI5+). We switched on our headlamps and kept climbing into the clear, star-filled night. Higher up, I spotted a little cave just big enough for the two of us to crouch inside after some chopping. Fortunately, the night was short and not very cold. We melted a few icicles to cook a freeze-dried meal, brewed up, and dozed for a bit before starting again. We finished the steep ice at first light.

A few moderate mixed pitches then led to a long vertical strip of sn'ice (AI5). The soft, hollow ice was hard to protect, and my crampons and tools would sometimes shear through without warning. My mind raced, but after two pitches the slope eased a bit and the ice became denser. Night fell again, and we rested and refueled while standing awkwardly on a narrow ice ledge. We yearned for a brief snooze, but snow started to whirl softly around us, and the icy chill seeping into our limbs made sleep impossible. The climbing had been spectacular, but I then felt a growing sense of urgency to get off the mountain, before either our judgment or the weather seriously deteriorated.

We resumed climbing before sunrise, and after a few moderate ice and snow leads, we reached the final pitch before the summit ridge. Delicate moves on verglassed rock (M5) slowed us again, but we finally reached the snowy summit ridge about 45 hours after leaving the ground. It was then snowing heavily, and we were in a complete whiteout as we climbed the few hundred meters of deep snow to the summit. The total absence of visual cues made it hard to orient or even keep balance, but we found our way over the top to the northwestern snow slopes, which offered an easy but avalanche-prone walk down to the Ruth.

"Birthday Party" (850 meters, V WI5+ AI5 R M5, steep snow) had been packed with quality technical climbing from the first pitch to the last. It was the perfect way to celebrate my birthday, which was just a few days before.

[Note: The 2016 route begins and finishes to the left of "Alaska Primer" (Gilmore-Johnstone, 2011; see page 121 of the 2012 *American Alpine Journal*), crossing that route twice in the middle section, but sharing little or no ground with it.]



Nicolas Preitner having fun with balancey moves on a mixed pitch low on "Birthday Party."
Photo by Teresa Au



Teresa Au on the delicate, mixed exit pitch just below the summit ridge, with the Ruth Glacier visible below.
Photo by Nicolas Preitner



Teresa Au seconding steep ice on "Birthday Party."
Photo by Nicolas Preitner

Getting Outdoors is Therapeutic on Many Levels – but it Takes Time

Text by Frank E. Baker

The MCA's Frank Baker theorizes there's electromagnetic energy in them-thar hills.



A young Frank Baker. Quality-of-life priorities put him in the mountains at an early age.

Photo by David Baker

After a slide presentation at the Eagle River Nature Center on April 9th covering my hiking and climbing experiences over the past 45 years, I intend to ask the audience a simple question: “Of all the things I needed to successfully make all these hikes and climbs, what do you think was the single most important item?”

I will probably hear some responses about physical fitness, equipment and skill, but with the kind of outdoor-minded folks who attend these programs, I’m sure several will readily put forth the correct answer: Time.

Seven hundred thousand. Based on an 80-year life expectancy, which I admit is a bit optimistic for some of us, that’s how many hours we have. Three hundred thousand, eight hundred. That’s a rough estimate of how many hours we’ll have left after sleep, work, and parenting/family responsibilities.

With these remaining hours, 300,800, you can pursue our individual passions; say art, academics, music, astronomy, gardening, hiking, climbing, fishing, hunting, camping, etc., unless for some reason work is your passion. And I realize that for many of us, nurturing a family is also a compelling passion.

You’re already getting my point. If your passion is the outdoors, you feel compelled to get out there often, and go as far as possible, because the time to do is obviously limited. There are bad weather, injuries, work issues, etc., that further reduce our time.

Energizing in the outdoors. I’m not sure how to prove it scientifically, but in the outdoors there is some kind of latent power. I felt it for years, but it’s equally rewarding to witness it in others. I go out with my friends, and though we all begin showing signs of fatigue as the day wears on, I also observe rejuvenation. It’s like we pull cords out of ourselves, plug them into the ground and get re-charged, like a battery. I’ve witnessed it over and over again, and it never ceases to amaze me.

I remember feeling totally wasted on the summit of 7,522-foot Bold Peak quite a few years ago – one of my harder climbs. But simultaneously, I could feel energy pouring in and welling up within me.

One might say it’s completely psychological, the mental boost of succeeding at a challenge. But I have theorized there is a scientific reason for this burst of energy: electromagnetism. Per-



Frank Baker's friends approach a cathedral of mountains near the end of Center Ridge near Turnagain Pass.

Photo by Frank Baker

haps within a huge mountain like Bold Peak, there is a gathering of electromagnetic energy, and that energy becomes concentrated toward its top. Only a theory – like pyramid power. And I suppose if you firmly believe your own theory, it becomes real to you.

But I see this physical, emotional, and spiritual uplift in so many out on the trail and in the mountains. I have never seen happier people. They are not the same ones you saw at the post office, bank, or grocery store. They have shed a pack full of burdens and are free to tune into nature's sights, sounds, smells, and rhythms. They are unleashed, truly alive and connecting with nature. It's a joy to see.

By necessity, we human beings were once much closer to nature than we are today. But it's still in our DNA and lingers in our primordial brain. We miss it. We feel incomplete when we can't touch it in some way. But 21st-century life is complicated. There are so many duties, responsibilities, deadlines, bills, home repairs, etc.

Okay, so we've done the subtraction and we each have about 300,800 hours. The task here is to **MAKE THE TIME** to do what our hearts tell us to do.

Making a choice. For 30 years I worked for a Fortune 500 company that had high performance expectations. The company put heavy demands on my time. But even at a much younger age, I knew instinctively that two things were much more important: family and the outdoors. I could have risen higher in the corporate ranks during those 30 years, but I made my choice. I refused to work the insane hours that curried favor with bosses and chained many of my colleagues to desks. I had a good career, but it wasn't superlative. I did not "walk on wa-



Frank Baker's friends ascend a ridge above and west of South Fork Valley. Cantata Peak is in the background.

Photo by Frank Baker

ter," as those who catapulted to the corporate stratosphere – those who were placed on the "fast track" list. I looked to the outdoors.

My dad was old school. He didn't see much reason to be tromping around in the backcountry if he weren't looking for gold, hunting, or fishing. I get that. But like my friends and so many folks I've met, just getting out there is reason enough. We might see some wildlife, the aerial antics of ravens, soaring eagles, an unusual cloud formation, unique wind-sculpted grooves in the snow, or in summer breathe in the intoxicating fragrance of wildflowers.

There is a calming effect. It's the air. It's life-giving, and it reaches out to us.

Sometimes we can't even describe what we find out there. And even on trips when we don't think we've found anything, we subliminally know we really have. We recognize that somewhere, on a deep and fundamental level, we have discovered more about ourselves. I think that's something worth searching for.

You still have almost 300,800 hours after reading this. The rest is up to you.

Frank E. Baker is MCA member and a freelance writer who lives in Eagle River with his wife, Rebekah, a retired school teacher. He was recently appointed to the Chugach State Park Citizens Advisory Board.

“Mother’s Day” on the Fathers and Sons Wall

Text and photo by Jimmy Voorhis



Michael Gardner climbs across ice slopes on the upper portion of the Fathers and Sons Wall.

This year Mike Gardner and I took our first climbing trip together, supported by the American Alpine Club and Mountain Hardwear’s McNeill-Nott Award. We owe sincere thanks to the American Alpine Club and Mountain Hardwear for supporting our trip financially and to Sterling Ropes for its sponsorship. Sterling makes great ropes – they handled wonderfully, stayed dry, and kept us warm (as insulation on ice ledges).

We climbed a variation to the 1995 Helmuth-House line “First Born” [*Ed. note: see pages 88 through 94 of the 1996 American Alpine Journal*] over 73 hours from May 10 to 12, 2016. Of that time we spent 30 hours waiting for weather to improve. Ours was the fourth ascent of the Fathers and Sons Wall on the North Peak of Denali. The route follows “First Born” for its majority, deviating just above the second rock band and returning just above the third rock band. All in all we climbed 500 feet of new vertical terrain and about that much contouring back to the line. Because we weren’t there to hug our moms on Mother’s Day, we named it the “Mother’s Day” variation. As for a grade? In the spirit of the past ascents: Alaska Grade 5, Scottish grade VI.

“What’s a Scottish grade VI?” Really the only thing we know about Scottish climbing is that it only happens in bad weather. Two of the three routes on Denali’s Fathers and Sons Wall were climbed by Scots; one party almost got smoked by an ice avalanche (Guy Willett and Paul Ramsden on “The Great White

Fright” in 2003 [*Ed. note: see pages 190 and 191 of the 2004 AAJ*]) and another party claimed they set out with “no tent, no sleeping bag, no idea” (Kenton Cool and Ian Parnell on “The Extraterrestrial Brothers” in 2001 [*Ed. note: see pages 100 through 107 of the 2002 AAJ*])). The first route up the wall was climbed in 1995 by Eli Helmuth and Steve House. Not one party has climbed it to the top. Last year, over pitchers of beer and Brandi Carlile harmonies, Mike Gardner and I traced lines up the few photos we could find.

Dreams / I have dreams / when I’m awake / when I’m asleep.

For both of us, it was our second trip into the Alaska Range; we thought it might be over our heads. But, if there’s one thing we’ve learned in our combined experience working on Denali, it’s this: when in Rome, you go big or go home – either way, *carpe-f-----g-diem*.

We staged for two days in Talkeetna before we boarded a de Havilland Beaver (no relation to *Castor canadensis*, the most industrious of North American fauna) and soared northward in the wash of its throaty roar. Before sun hit the North Buttress of Mount Hunter, we were camped just off the airstrip. The next morning we jaunted two-thirds of the way up the West Face of Humble Peak (a.k.a. Kahiltna Queen) before we decided it was too warm to continue. On the way down, we quadrupled the total number of snow bollards we’d ever rappelled off.

Over the next seven days we moved from base camp (about 7000 feet) up to the 14000-foot basin. As we dragged heavy sleds down the Kahiltna Glacier and up the West Buttress, it struck us how karmic our situation was. As guides, we'd laughed at people anchored by their sleds, but as climbers we were happy no one was around to laugh at us. When we arrived at 14000 feet, we planted this year's flag of civilization.

BEEP. The screen of our satellite phone read, *"Stacked lows for the next week."* It was never terrible, but never good. We tried to get a cache in at the top of the Fathers and Sons Wall, but turned around when we found scary snow conditions below the fixed lines on the West Buttress. Four days passed in a blur of skiing, gambling in-town beer on card games, and discussing the route and the weather. We thought a lot about the descent – we would either go down to Kahiltna Pass, over Mount Capps, and up the Peters Glacier (4000 feet of elevation gain over six miles) or drop off the West Buttress at around 12000 feet. We decided the latter meant less walking and more climbing.

We staged for an attempt on a "clearing window," but by the time we arrived at the start of the descent, snow fell. A sucker hole opened as an avalanche ripped across the lower part of the Fathers and Sons Wall. When we returned to camp, we decided on "go" terms – little to no new snow for 48 hours, sunlight for most of that time, and generally low winds at launch.

After four more days at 14000 feet, it looked like we would meet our terms. We got our gear ready. At 6:30 p.m., we left 14000 feet and descended to the base of Squirrel Hill. We looked at each other, nodded confirmation back and forth, and dropped in.

An easy descent on snow brought us down to a band of seracs. Skirting around them, we arrived at an ice ledge and set a rappel. I landed in an "ice moat," a feature we'd seen on a topo of the descent. A better description would have been "shark's maw." Daggers of glacial ice hung above us. The moat pinched into a gully then and opened up again. I saw some (not small) rocks fall close to my right, through the pinch. I drilled a thread as Mike descended. "Dangerous spot; move fast," was the extent of our conversation. One more quick rappel landed us underneath a boulder. Sheltered, we took a moment to breathe. There was no going back up that.

Four more rappels brought us to the glacier. We packed up a rope and Mike started across the lower Peters. Bare ice was patched with windblown snow and open crevasses. Halfway across Mike stepped on a patch of snow and disappeared. I was yanked eight feet across the ice before I stopped and started digging frantically. The rope between us slackened, and I stopped digging and started pulling in the slack.

"Mike! Mike!" I yelled. Muffled grunts came out of the hole.

His head poked out of the hole, "Holy s--t!" He'd taken a 30-foot crevasse fall and climbed out uninjured.

He led across the rest of the Peters and up over the bergschrund to the base of gully at the start of "First Born." We'd spent hours tracing lines on our camera screens, and connected a continuous white ribbon from the bottom to the top. This was the most promising option.

We kitted up and clicked on our headlamps as darkness fell. Two thousand feet passed before we stopped to brew up. We turned our headlamps off after we fired the stove, and watched the dawn run to salmon. An hour and a half later, Mike climbed out into the first rock band. The Helmuth-House topo suggested we'd find a difficult-to-protect 5.8 rock pitch, but deep snow led to thin ice, and Mike brought me up. Two more pitches of hero ice and fun movement led us through the band to any icy traverse.

Through the first rock band, the wind and snow picked up. When Mike and I switched leads below the second rock band, spindrift began to pour down from above. We couldn't climb through the cascade, so I climbed across the drainage to an ice arête where we chopped a small ledge, dozed, and traded thoughts.

"We should go down or go up." / "I'm getting nervous." / "Let's listen to music." / "It's getting better." / "It's not getting better." / "I can't get this song out of my head." / "Not much improvement." / "Time to go."

Again, we nodded confirmation back and forth. We rappelled once to gain our line. House described these pitches as "steep waves" of ice. As I climbed through them, I screamed, "Waves! Waves!" Mike yelled his agreement as he came up.

The spindrift started again, but one more short pitch brought us to a snow arête. The weather got worse and we chopped an ice ledge. After several attempts to spoon lying down, we found the most comfortable position possible – sitting up, our heads on each other and our feet nestled down low. We dragged our shared sleeping bag up over our heads and tucked it behind us. For 16 hours wind and snow were lost to us. We spoke little and slept less. The remainder of our solid food and Ray Wylie Hubbard's lyrics fortified us.

I saw this ol' dog that was chasin' this rabbit / I saw a dog that's chasin' this rabbit / I saw a dog that's chasin' this rabbit / It's on Sunday, about noon / Said to the rabbit, "Ya gonna make it?" / I said to the rabbit, "Are ya gonna make it?" / I said to the rabbit, "Ya gonna make it?" / The rabbit said, "Well, I got to."

The next day we departed in the evening when the winds calmed and the snow stopped. I led up toward a curtain of ice flowing down a weakness in the third rock band. Steve and Eli had trended left there. More traversing and one steep pitch brought us “above the difficulties” to a broad slope of blue ice. When Mike arrived, we drank deeply from water flowing down the rock wall on our left.

Mike lifted off, but soon realized this ice band didn’t connect to the upper slopes we’d eyed in the photos. He found a block and we rappelled in tandem to the ice bands. Four hundred feet of traversing brought us back in line with “First Born.”

If Hell froze over, it would look like an endless sheet of 50-degree blue ice. To us, salvation appeared as discontinuous runnels of neve. Following the snow the best we could, we simul-climbed the rest of the route; Mike led a few hundred feet until our screws ran out, and then I led until the screws ran out, then Mike led the rest. We gained the top of the ridge around 7:30 a.m. The wind was relentless, but the sky was blue. Our remaining rations consisted of two handfuls of gels and nut butter packets and one freeze-dried meal.

We decided to wait for improvement before going for the North Peak. After all, that was part of our dream. A small cornice offered some shelter from the wind. We augured in. Two hours later, we awoke cold and shivering to intermittent white-outs and strong gusts blowing snow into our shelter. We dissolved gels in hot water and sipped the drink to warm ourselves. As we sat there our choice became simpler. Eight hours later, the clouds broke enough to offer quarter-mile visibility, and that’s all we needed. Still, the walk across the upper Peters was breezy.

As we slogged through fresh powder toward the fixed lines we heard a faint “Woo hoo!” We looked up to see a group from Alaska Mountaineering School standing on the ridge at the top of the lines. Now, I almost recall that we ran right up and hugged them, but really we were trashed. We trudged up to them and noshed on their offered candy. On the walk down to 14000 feet, we stopped on a rise, turned to each other with tears in our eyes, and embraced. We stepped into camp 73 hours after we had left. There wasn’t much to say that night, and after dinner sleep came easily.



*Hurdygurdy Mountain.
Photo by Frank E. Baker*

Knee Replacement Offers a New Lease on Life

Text and photos by Frank E. Baker



Frank Baker on the Passive-Motion Machine, which at first looked to him like some kind of Spanish Inquisition torture device.

I have a new left knee. At four weeks after joint-replacement surgery, I am sitting on a log on the north shore of Eklutna Lake, eating a sandwich and basking in the March sunshine. I am now allowed to drive a car and my picnic spot was only 70 yards with a cane for assistance.

My knee is an elegantly simple mechanical device, with four main components comprised of metal alloys and plastic (polyethylene). The components make a simple hinge that I'm told will last me 15 years if I do not try to pole vault across gorges or pack full quarters of moose down steep mountain-sides.

I am extremely grateful for this 21st-century technological wonder, because based on my rehabilitation progress over the past weeks, I am now firmly convinced I will again hike and climb in the mountains.

Sipping coffee and watching two skiers about a mile away out on Eklutna Lake's white expanse, I thought about a documentary film about Tibetans and their annual pilgrimage for salt, which they sold as part of their livelihood. The trip was long and arduous, taking them over steep passes and on primitive trails along precipitous cliffs. Within minutes, weather would suddenly shift from bright sunshine to a blinding blizzard.

The story centered on an old man who had been the group's Scree—April 2017

leader for more than 30 years. After so many years of wear and tear, his knees were now failing him – and a younger man was now posturing for the position. Aside from the difficulty of the journey, the real conflict was the old man's reluctance to relinquish his important role.

He regained some status within the group when he helped the aspiring new leader make a crucial navigational decision. But for all intents and purposes, the old man knew his days of leading the annual expedition were over.

The movie was produced only a few years ago – but the idea of a total knee replacement was as foreign to the aging Tibetan as the absence of iPhones and internet to America's teenagers. He had used up his knees and it was now time for retirement.

After decades of hiking and climbing with more than 150 miles of vertical ascent, my left knee began showing signs of deterioration in 2000. I fought back with hyaluronic injections, two arthroscopic surgeries, occasional cortisone injections, glucosamine, anti-inflammatory pills, and ice. I put up a pretty good fight until the end of 2016, when my knee basically stated in no certain terms, "I'm done."

The big decision. You read about a total knee replacement and doctors and technicians tell you all about it, but you never really know until it's done and the onus is on you to rehabilitate –

to bend your knee the way a knee should bend.

After the surgery you spend a couple of days in the hospital. You suffer the requisite indignities: open gown in the back to reveal butt cheeks; white, thigh-high compression stockings (to prevent blood clots) that other patients say make you look like Nurse Ratchet from the movie *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

They've seen it all, certainly, but you still feel like a dork. Your never-ending quest to look cooler than you feel is unceremoniously quashed.

On the day after the surgery you're out walking the ward, aided by a wheeled walker and a ubiquitous harbinger, the nurse. They all tell you how fabulous your gait is and you know they're all blatantly lying. But at this point you lap it up. False encouragement is better than none at all.

They send you home on the second day after surgery and you're still quite feeble trying to get into the car. Your wife's face is written with worry, as if she's thinking, "I have to take care of this?" But it turns out that she's the best nurse of all. At home, aided by what they call a passive-motion machine, ice, and pain pills, you begin to bend the knee a little more. In a little over a week you're walking nimbly with a cane.

The work just begins. But you've just left the on ramp and merged with highway traffic on the road to recovery. It's time for physical therapy. You've been to a few physical therapists in the past. You know they're not black-hooded fiends reminiscent of torturers during the Spanish Inquisition. Actually, most of them are quite nice. But categorically, they're all no-nonsense. They're all about can-do-ism.

You look beseechingly at your physical therapist and complain, "My knee hurts and it's so stiff." They give you a blank look, as if to say, "What's your point? Do your exercises."

And so it goes. You exercise the knee and create pain to make the knee bend and eventually, conquer the pain. But the pain is manageable. From the days after surgery to four weeks down the road, the pain has seldom gone to 4, with 10 being the worst. I don't think I've ever experienced 10, but I can imagine it's akin to having to attend every Municipality of Anchorage Planning and Zoning Commission meeting for the past 10 years.

And I have to confess – I am a wretched wimp when it comes to pain. It's why I didn't play football in high school.

Learning the rehab ropes. You gradually learn that the recovering knee has a finite amount of activity for any given day. If you squander that time walking around, especially without a cane, you find that the knee becomes too stiff and sore to do the

critical exercises. So you carefully budget the activity, interspersed frequently your new-found friends – ice, Tylenol, and occasionally, on a less frequent basis, the big gun: Hydrocodone.

It's four weeks and the physical therapist measures "flexion" and "range of motion" and says "you are where you need to be, and I don't blow smoke. You're doing very well."

You want to give him a big hug. Others in the waiting room who have a clear view would probably not think it strange, since you're still wearing the Nurse Ratchet socks.

You walk out of his office with a renewed bounce. Someone told you that if total range of motion wasn't achieved in six weeks, it would never come back. The therapist says "nonsense" and affirms that you have a few months to make the knee bend all the way. You are relieved.

Progress is slow. I'm finishing my coffee at Eklutna Lake and watching three young guys getting ready to head out on their fat-tire bikes. I confess to a tinge of jealousy as I rise from the log, grab my cane, and walk slowly back to the car.

But friends, doctors, nurses, and even strangers at the Post Office, have all told me I'll be back out there soon. I hope so. One of the doctors who kept me going for more than a decade, Dr. John Frost, runs the Mount Marathon Race every year, and he is 70. I've traditionally climbed to the top on July 4 to cheer for him.

My ace surgeon, Dr. Douglas Prevost, thinks I'll be up there this year. I hope he's right. Maybe I'll make a style statement with the Nurse Ratchet socks. So far, I think they've brought me good luck.

Frank E. Baker is a MCA member and freelance writer. He lives in Eagle River with his wife Rebekah, a retired school teacher.



Scene from the March 1st picnic along Eklutna Lake – a nice break after weeks of house-bound knee therapy.

Hiking Hawaii: Two Islands and Two Distinctive Backcountry Adventures

Text by Colleen Alexis Metzger



Nearing Kalalau Beach along the Kalalau Trail.

Photo by Colleen Alexis Metzger

Hiking Kauai: The Kalalau Trail



Along the Kalalau Trail.

Photo by Colleen Alexis Metzger

Maybe we're doing vacation wrong, I thought. Isn't the idea behind a Hawaiian vacation to lounge on the beach with a fruity drink in hand? There were dozens of beaches mere seconds from the road, but Maureen Peterson and I were shrugging into backpacks and preparing to tromp 11 miles to a beach.

We were celebrating the recent arrival of 2017 by embarking on

the Kalalau Trail, reportedly one of the most scenic stretches of Kauai in Hawaii. The Kalalau Trail winds along the rugged Na Pali coastline, ending at an unrivaled beach paradise unreachable by road. We were psyched.

Kauai is ideally set up for campers, hikers, and vagabonds – the coast is dotted with car campgrounds offering stellar views and decent amenities. The night prior to our hike, we camped at Ha'ena Beach Park, a mere mile away from the Kalalau Trailhead at Ke'e Beach in Ha'ena State Park. The state park was a huge draw for day hikers and beachgoers who trekked the first two miles of the Kalalau Trail to Hanakapi'ai Beach. As we began our journey, the trail was choked with day hikers, all bottleneaking at the river crossing leading to the beach. Maureen and I crossed the river and relaxed for a bit, admiring the view, eating rambutans, and wondering at the feral cats that stalked the cairns piled on the sand. After our short break, we continued on, leaving behind the day hikers and entering a more quiet and serene part of the trail.

As we chatted with locals and other hikers about the trail, we received two bits of information: "It's muddy!" and "It's strenuous!" The first six miles didn't seem strenuous, but they were insanely muddy. The trail stayed low in elevation, and the numerous ups and downs of the trail resulted in a cumulative elevation gain of about 5,000 feet. Technically, it was not a challenging hike. Unless you're terrified of heights. The coastline reached out into the ocean like a series of fingers, and the trail followed those undulations. The trail therefore dipped into valleys, crossing streams trickling down from pointy, bishop-hat-



Colleen Alexis Metzger along the Kalalau Trail.

Photo by Maureen Peterson

shaped mountains, then extended along the edge of the ocean, providing the unnerving feeling of hiking along a sheer plummet into the teal water far below.

We splattered along the slick, muddy trail six miles to Hanakoa, a hanging valley, and the only place to camp along the trail. It was a little disappointing to spend the night in the dense foliage of the valley, knowing the beautiful coastal views were so close. But soon after we pitched our tents, a powerful deluge ended any ambition of an evening stroll. We hunkered down in our tents and had an early night.

The next morning, we started the last five miles to the beach in a misty rain. Other hikers warned us about the “scary part,” a particularly wicked finger of rock jutting out into the ocean and requiring an exposed scramble with a sheer drop. We hit this bit of exposure early in the day, and although I would not categorize myself as afraid of heights, it was definitely not my favorite part of the day.

Once we conquered the “scary part,” the rest of the trail was fairly relaxing. We saw feral goats dotting the mountainside. Far below, a boat drifted by, one passenger waving and bellowing “Happy New Year!” The trail was still epically muddy. Other hikers had assured us the second half of the trail was much drier, but the recent downpour ensured gloppy, slippery trails for the entire second day.

Then, there was a sign announcing we had reached Kalalau Beach, and the trail dove down a dusty red hill. A friendly passerby in a bathing suit (one of several partially dressed, barefoot hikers that we encountered on the trail) welcomed us and invited us to a potluck that evening. Even though a back-country permit is required, and campers are limited to a five-night stay, a small commune of long-term campers has devel-

oped at the beach. I anticipated crazed, hairy squatters guarding their campsites with sharpened seashells, but everyone was incredibly hospitable. We crossed a river, meandered through a forest, and suddenly we were on the beach, with campers calling hello and offering tips on where to camp. We set up our tents and spent the evening lounging on the beach, peeking into the sea caves, trying out the “shower” – a waterfall funneling down from the lofty peaks, and chatting with the long-term campers, who provided friendly tips like where to find ripe lili-koi and how to wash our private parts in the stream while still modestly covered. The beach was truly a slice of paradise.

The next morning we were up early, prepared to power through the 11 miles back to the trailhead. It was sunny and mercifully dry enough to render the mud tolerable. There were even more goat sightings that day; since we were some of the first on the trail we had the fun of scaring goats into the brush as we approached. In the ocean, we saw the plumes of vapor erupting from a far-off pod of whales.

We reached Hanakapai'ai Beach and were elated – only two more miles to go! But those last two miles were a shock to the system. It was a cloudless Sunday afternoon and the sudden onslaught of day hikers felt completely oppressive. We were thrilled to reach the parking lot and rid ourselves of the clot of day hikers. We celebrated our return with shaved ice, and then it was time to scrape the mud off our gear, climb on the plane to Kona, and prepare for our next adventure.

Hiking the Big Island: Mauna Loa



The summit of Mauna Loa as seen from the trail to Summit Cabin.

Photo by Colleen Alexis Metzger

Maureen and I flew over to the Big Island, where we added Leslie Robertson to our hiking team. Our goal was Mauna Loa, the world's largest active volcano. Climbing Mauna Loa was the exact opposite of the Kalalau Trail. Kalalau was warm, over-

grown, and crowded. There were constant water crossings, views of the ocean, and mild, rolling terrain. Mauna Loa was dry, cold, and barren. We saw no one on the trail at all, and had only passing encounters with other humans. And the altitude left us breathless for the entire climb.

The day before our climb commenced, we drove to Hawai'i Volcanoes National Park, where we registered at the backcountry office and car-camped close to the trailhead. The next morning we drove up the twisty, one-lane road to the trailhead and entered a whole new world. The trailhead started at 6660 feet and we quickly left foliage behind, entering an alien world comprised entirely of lava rock. The sun was burning bright, and I realized we were above the clouds, blocking out any view of land or sea – an unnerving, isolating effect. As we wobbled over loose lava rock for the first 7.5 miles of the journey, I started to get a sense of the sheer scale of Mauna Loa.

Mauna Loa means "long mountain," and while next door neighbor Mauna Kea gets the prize for being the tallest mountain on Hawaii (by 112 feet), Mauna Loa's impressive size makes it noteworthy. While the summit stands 13679 feet above sea level, from its base on the ocean floor the mountain actually rises 33,000 feet. The behemoth is comprised of over 10,000 cubic miles of mountain (one study claimed as much as 19,035 cubic miles of material), and it is always changing and growing with volcanic activity. It could fill the Grand Canyon 18 times. It's so enormous that it just looks like a large, gentle hill ... until one starts to climb it.

The altitude made each breath laborious, so I was happy to finally see a sign announcing we had hit 10035 feet and the Pu'u 'Ula'ula, or Red Hill, Cabin. A ranger and a ranger-in-training, coming down from the summit, joined us in the cabin. The trail had been deserted of other hikers all day, so it was jarring to run into other people.



View from the summit of Mauna Loa.

Photo by Colleen Alexis Metzger

The next morning we set out in the dim dawn light, the barren moonscape being slowly unveiled by sunrise: crumbled remnants of hard, black lava flow layered over ancient lava flow. Each eruption created a different color and style of rock – red, dusty rocks transitioned to matte black rocks; olive-green sand turned into gray rocks glittering with metallic, translucent streaks. The summit taunted us all day, painstakingly getting closer, recognizable by snow wavering through the heat-shimmer.

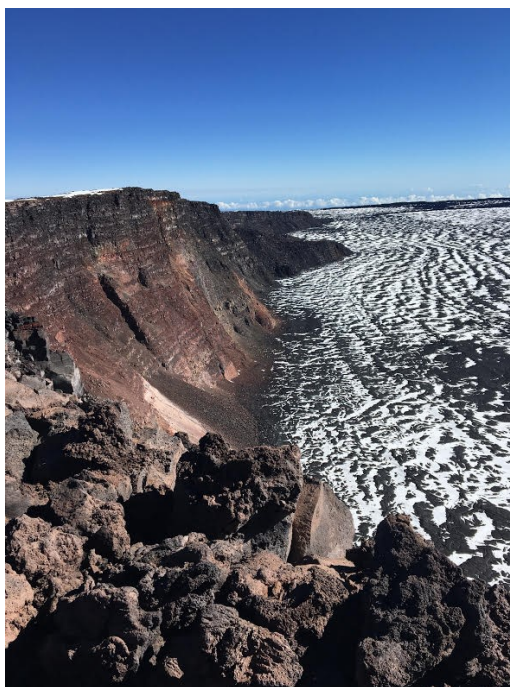
We passed smoking cones, adding to the eerie, post-apocalyptic atmosphere of the mountain.

The strangest part was the silence. It ached. Normally I felt wind fanning across my ear. I heard the clamor of birds and insects. Voices from fellow hikers. Water grinding over rock. I realized how loud plants were as they gurgled up sunlight. Here, there was no sound except for my desperate, shallow breathing and rocks clattering underfoot.

Nine and a half miles after leaving the Red Hill Cabin, we hit the split in the trail: one trail veered left toward the Summit Cabin, and the trail to the right led to the true summit. The trails circumnavigated a giant volcanic crater. There was also a third trail that headed to the Mauna Loa observatory. We marched the last 2.1 miles to the Summit Cabin, stopping at 13250 feet. We spent a restless night in the cabin, all of us struggling with the altitude.

The next morning we backtracked the 2.1 miles from the cabin to the summit

trail. As we hiked, to our left a full moon balanced on the rim of the volcanic crater while a scarlet sunrise was exploding on our right. We reached the trail junction, dropped our packs, and grabbed summit bags. Maureen, who had been feeling unwell, made the difficult and responsible choice to not go for the summit. Leslie and I started on the last 2.5 miles toward the summit, crunching across snow.



View from the summit of Mauna Loa.

Photo by Colleen Alexis Metzger

We followed cairns toward the summit. I moved slowly, each breath deliberate. Behind me, Leslie called out to me that we had reached the summit, but I couldn't believe it. Summits have a finality to them. But the mountain continued rolling along. Leslie stopped, and I walked farther. I yelled behind me that I would scout ahead. Surely I would see something. We had to be close. I noticed that the rotted footprints we had been following had disappeared. I noted vaguely that no cairns were visible ahead. I kept walking, craning my neck, looking for a clue. I turned back, and Leslie was standing at the summit, holding the trail register, looking at me like I had gone crazy. The broad, gentle scale of the mountain resulted in one of the most anticlimactic summits in existence.

A giant, decorated cairn marked the top: 13679 feet. The clouds had parted and I could see the ocean glinting far below. I stared longingly at the beach. Just 12 miles back down to the Red Hill Cabin. And, the next day, 7.5 miles back to the trailhead. We would be on the beach in no time.

Notes: We budgeted four days for the trip, and we needed every hour of each day to complete the trip. Unless one plans an extra day to acclimate, four days are really all that is needed. Since the only water sources are at the cabins, it would be difficult to break the trek up. Any questions? Feel free to contact Colleen at colleenalexis@gmail.com.



*The landscape of Mauna Loa.
Photo by Colleen Alexis Metzger*



*Red Hill Cabin.
Photo by Colleen Alexis Metzger*



*Leslie Robertson on the trail to Mauna Loa.
Photo by Colleen Alexis Metzger*

"Frogland" (5.8, 770 feet), Red Rock Canyon, Nevada

Text by Wayne L. Todd



Following protection placed by Kevin Downie, Matt Green leads the 5.7 layback on Pitch 2 of "Frogland" as Wayne Todd belays from below.

Photo by Randy Howell

Minutes tick by as I struggle just to get off the bench on "Bourbon Street." I abort and move right, still not seeing suitable protectable features, nor even a way to ascend. Eventually I scramble up with "heightened focus and vitals." I find another section difficult, though numerous sections are easier. An overhang slows me again, but at least I can place protection. I'm drained by the belay platform.



Route of "Frogland."

Photo by Wayne Todd

This is only a 5.7? But I easily lead 5.10s at the gym! And we have five more pitches, two being 5.8s? Randy Howell and I intersect here as he led Pitch 1 of "Frogland." He hears frogs as he belays Kevin Downie. I belay Matt Green, who reports numb fingers and toes.

Matt and Kevin tried this a year ago, but bailed after two pitches. They are itching to finish this route today. Kevin volunteers to lead the next two pitches, a steep 5.7 crack, then a 5.7 trav-

Scree—April 2017

erse and crack. He confesses this is so Matt will lead the following two 5.8s.

Chill is in the air and on the rocks, adding to the enlightenment. Ice puddles confirm the 28 degrees Fahrenheit that morning. Cold easily conducts through rock shoes and hand skin, making fingers numb and bodies shake by the time someone climbs, and then waits a few turns to climb again. I'm the lucky one with long underwear, but am still butt cold.

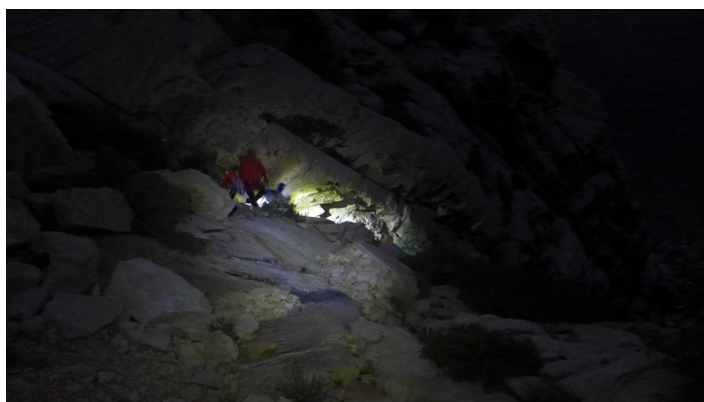
Kevin makes fine work of the second pitch, chatting as he climbs (habit or nervousness?). For efficiency, Randy leaves the pro in place so Matt can climb sport style. I struggle to remove a small cam, determine the effort futile so abandon it (later revealed to be one of many semi-permanent pieces on these routes).

Kevin leads again and is soon belaying me and Randy. This simul-belay of



Early morning shadows on the hike to "Frogland." Only the hike had direct sunlight.

Photo by Wayne Todd



The cairn-marked walk-off route from "Frogland."

Photo by Wayne Todd

the next two climbers is repeated on this climb and following days. An auto belay, like the Black Diamond Guide, is a must.

Matt gets on point for Pitch 4 up and left on a face to an arête to a crack. I've already learned on previous days climbing if the climbing looks easy from below, it's not; and this doesn't look easy. I climb differently than Matt due to protection placement on the half ropes. There is no way I would lead this, especially with no pro options. By the airy arête, Kevin and I regroup. Though steep and exposed, the rock quality and features are fantastic.

Matt leads out again, recommending the followers trail the packs through a narrow chock. We comply and eventually all get on the large chock stone. Matt is particularly proud of his pristine sandwich (and perhaps knowing he is done leading).



Randy Howell climbing under the chock stone, Pitch 5 of "Frogland."

Photo by Wayne Todd

I'm up again, 5.6 easy cheesy, except it's a roof that I fail to see how to properly protect. As I'm hanging there hesitating to make the move around the corner, I look down to see precisely where I'd impact 8 feet down on the chock-stone. I place a questionable nut. As I pull around the corner, the nut falls out and with the quick draw, slides down the rope to the belayer. Above this, the corner route is easy and I finally make steady progress. This segues to a face and rope drag is



Kevin Downie belays Randy Howell up "Frogland" with Mount Russell (with much longer and harder routes) in the background.

Photo by Wayne Todd

noted. I go far right on the face and despite using a long sling, the rope drag is now oppressive. I struggle up to a bench and find a belay spot, just 30 easy feet from the top.

Matt soon passes by me and tops out. It's dusky already. Kevin belays Randy up as the eastern glow of Las Vegas emerges. We don head torches, along with two climbers on the long face of Mount Russell (now able to place their voices). I'm slightly encouraged when Matt notes the worst pitch was the first 5.7.

Route and walk-off descriptions and cairns are wonderful things. Just the walk-off, especially in the dark, is a worthy



Matt Green (left) and Kevin Downie: Two happy climbers at the top of "Frogland."

Photo by Wayne Todd

scramble itself and would be adventuresome without such assistance. We all slowly warm up for the first time all day. We monitor the headlamp descent on Mount Russell and are a bit concerned with the very slow progress (we are all members of Alaska Mountain Rescue Group). At the car, 12-plus hours after starting our outing, we rationalize these late descents probably happen all the time.

Both Matt and I noted that our fingerprints no longer unlocked our smart phones until a week after the trip.

I was not a rock climber before this six-day climbing trip. Though still quite inexperienced, and skeptical of leading a 5.8

trad route there, I think with further climbing and pro placement, I might actually become one.

Many thanks to friends, climbers, 5.8 leaders, and patient belayers: Kevin Downie, Matt Green, and Randy Howell.

February 25. No direct sunlight was on this route at that time.



From left: Matt Green, Randy Howell, and Kevin Downie on the belay platform at the top of Pitch 1 of "Frogland."

Photo by Wayne Todd

Randy Howell topping out on "Frogland," backdropped with the Las Vegas glow.

Photo by Wayne Todd



Polar Bear Peak.

Photo by Frank E. Baker

Peak of the Month: Sweden Peak

Text by Steve Gruhn

Mountain Range: Chugach Mountains;
Scandinavian Peaks

Borough: Matanuska-Susitna Borough

Adjacent Pass: Scandinavian Pass

Latitude/Longitude: 61° 34' 23" North,
147° 23' 56" West

Elevation: 9030 feet

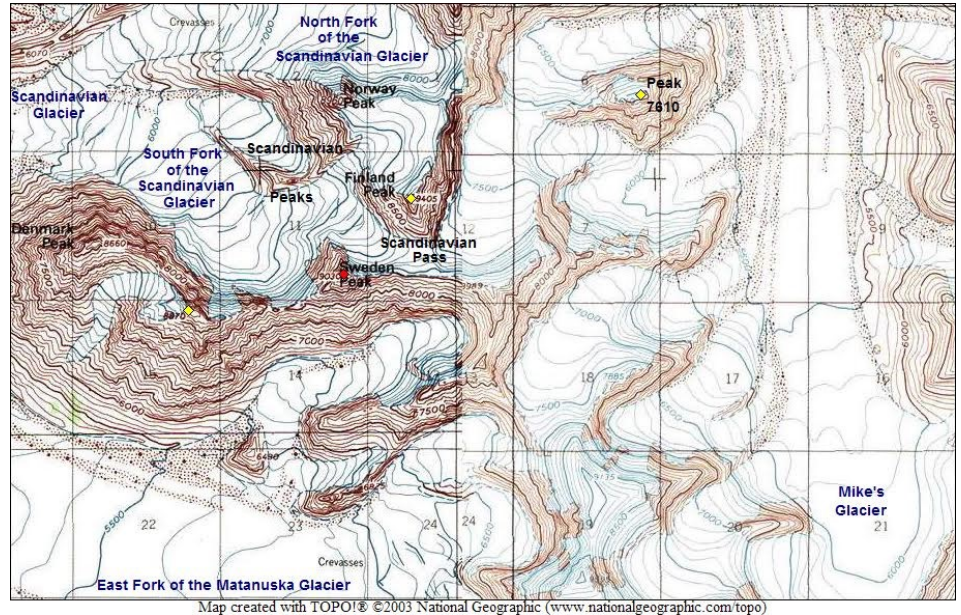
Prominence: 760 feet from Finland Peak
(9405)

Adjacent Peaks: Finland Peak, Denmark
Peak (8870), and Turtle Peak (9805)

Distinctness: 760 feet from Finland Peak

USGS Maps: Anchorage (C-2) and
Anchorage C-2 SE

First Recorded Ascent: April 12, 1997, by Cory Hinds and Elena
Hinds



Route of First Recorded Ascent: East ridge

Access Point: Scandinavian Peaks Hut

In 1975 after visiting the North Fork of the Scandinavian Glacier and claiming the first ascent of Norway Peak, Dennis Schmitt named several of the Scandinavian Peaks, including Sweden Peak, in honor of Alaskan settlers from Scandinavia. The U.S. Board on Geographic Names voted to make the name official in January 1977.

On March 30 and 31, 1997, Mike Meekin flew Jim Francis, Cory Hinds, Elena Hinds, Mike Ohms, Michelle Potkin, and Chris Riggio from his airstrip near the Glenn Highway to the 7000-foot level of the West Fork of the Matanuska Glacier. The team Cory Hinds, Elena Hinds, and Jim Francis climbed the North Peak of Mount Marcus Baker (12360), the Middle Summit of Mount Marcus Baker (12850), and Mount Marcus Baker, and then generally retraced their route to their base camp.

After weathering a storm, the entire party descended on April 7 to about the 5500-foot level of the West Fork of the Matanuska Glacier, where Meekin picked up Francis and Ohms. The remaining four members skied to the Scandinavian Peaks Hut and subsequently climbed Norway Peak. On April 10 Potkin and Riggio began their ski down the Matanuska Glacier to return to civilization. Cory and Elena Hinds proceeded to climb Iceland Peak (8870) and Finland Peak.

At 8:30 a.m. on April 12, Cory and Elena Hinds left the Scandinavian Peaks Hut and began to skin up to a col east of the summit of Sweden Peak. Reaching the col at 12:30 p.m., they donned crampons to climb short sections of steep snow and ice along the east ridge en route to the summit. They used a couple ice screws for protection. They retraced their route, down-climbing to the col, which they reached at 6 p.m., and skiing back to the Scandinavian Peaks Hut, arriving at 7:30 p.m.

On April 14 Cory and Elena Hinds skied down the Matanuska Glacier to return to civilization.

Information for this article came from Cory Hinds' trip report titled "Ski Mountaineering in the Scandinavia Peaks," which appeared in the May 1997 *Scree*; from Cory Hinds' trip report titled "Mount Marcus Baker from the North," which appeared in the June 1997 *Scree*; and from my correspondence with Cory Hinds and Dennis Schmitt.

MCA Board of Directors Meeting Agenda

Monday, March 13, 2017, 6 P.M. — BP Energy Center, Fir Room

1. Call to Order — Roll Call

Stephen Austria (Director)

Ralph Baldwin (Director)

Jennifer DuFord (Director) absent

Nathan Hebda (Director)

Cory Hinds (Past President) absent

Brian Miller (Treasurer)

Max Neale (Secretary)

Charlie Sink (President)

Katie Strong (Vice-President)

Scribe

Max Neale

2. Welcome Guests (None)

3. President's Report (Charlie Sink)

- a. Update on *Scree* publishing.

Committee Reports

4. Vice-President (Katie Strong)

- a. Discussion on Backcountry Film Festival, March 30.

5. Treasurer (Brian Miller)

- a. Holden family has completed final donation transfer. Discussion on thanking them.
- b. Brian will ask Tom Meacham about revenue cap for calendars and merchandise.

6. Secretary (Max Neale)

- a. Mike Meyers, Katie, and Max will continue to develop MCA merchandise.

7. Huts (Cory Hinds)

- a. Cory is out on a personal trip in the Talkeetna Mountains that includes assessing the solar PV potential of the proposed Holden Hut
- b. Max is looking at solar PV, LEDs, electric heating options for the Holden Hut
- c. Motion to give Cory Hinds access to a debit card to use

for hut expenses. This will draw from a sub-account used only for huts. Unanimous approval.

8. Training (Nathan Hebda)

- a. Twelve current mentors paired with 22 mentees.
- b. Mike Kelty is helping to organize a snow-shelter building course, which might happen in April. Nathan will reach out to old crevasse-rescue instructors to see if they will lead a crevasse rescue course.
- c. Summer mentor categories: rock climbing, peak bagging, technical peak bagging, etc.
- d. Need to have an attorney look at waiver and mentorship program.
- e. Nathan will search for summer mentors and mentees in April.
- f. Nathan will add mentorship program to website.

9. Hatcher Pass Report (Ralph Baldwin)

- a. Hatcher Update: no fatalities this winter, will install "Are you beeping?" signs soon – a donation to the Hatcher Pass Avalanche Center.

10. Parks Report (Jennifer DuFord)

- a. Access issues to climbing areas were discussed.

11. Hiking and Climbing (Ed Smith)

- a. Nothing new to report.

12. Library (Charlotte Foley)

- a. Will share a report in April.

13. Unfinished Business

- a. Nothing not covered above.

14. New Business (None)

15. Announcements (None)

16. Time and Location of Next Meeting

Monday, April 10, 6 p.m., BP Energy Center, Fir Room

Cold, Heat, Wind: Three Exceptional Reads, All about Nature's Pervasive Forces



Trio of books by Alaskan author Bill Streever.

Photo by Frank E. Baker



Bill Streever making fire on the gravel bars of upper Eagle River.

Photo by Bill Streever

Three books referenced here are [And Soon I Heard a Roaring Wind: A Natural History of Moving Air](#); [Heat: Adventures in the World's Fiery Places](#); and [Cold: Adventures in the World's Frozen Places](#), by Bill Streever, a scientist who is currently exploring the open seas in a 50-foot sailboat named *Rocinante* with his wife and co-captain, Lisanne Aerts.

It isn't often that one comes across three exceptionally well-written non-fiction books by a best-selling Alaskan author that describe some of the fundamental elements of nature – but each work evocative and compelling in its own unique way.

In all three books, Streever delves deeply into the natural world with the sophisticated acumen of a biologist, yet with the wonder and curiosity of a child. He writes with an experiential style that puts the reader right where he is – whether it's wading in the freezing Arctic Ocean, walking across the torrid 125-degree desert of Death Valley, in the heart of great storms in America and across the world; or on a small sailboat in the Pacific Ocean tacking into 50-knot winds.

In his latest work, [And Soon I Heard a Roaring Wind: A Natural History of Moving Air](#), Streever reflects upon the world's first weather forecasts, Chaos Theory, and artfully describes a future affected by climate change, drawing from his experiences as a scientist. Streever shares stories of wind-riding spiders, wind-sculpted landscapes, wind-generated power, wind-jostled airplanes, and even winds' effects on World War II.

In [Heat: Adventures in the World's Fiery Places](#), Streever explores how heat has shaped the human race. He reminds us how our

survival depends on maintaining ourselves within a very narrow range of temperature. As part of his exploration, Streever hikes in Death Valley at 125 degrees Fahrenheit and even braves hot coals in a California “fire walk,” deftly guiding readers through an incendiary world at the top of the thermometer.

In [Cold: Adventures in the World's Frozen Places](#), published in 2009 and on the *New York Times Best Sellers* list, Streever explores benign cold, threatening cold, and monstrous/scary cold – not only through history and science books, but also in person. His wanderings include Alaska and other frozen spots around the world. He has worked in Arctic Alaska and chairs the Science Technical Advisory Panel of the North Slope Science Initiative.

Published by Little, Brown and Company, New York City, New York, all three titles and other Streever books can be purchased through Amazon or at local book stores.

Streever's other books include [Saving Louisiana?: The Battle for Coastal Wetlands](#) and [Green Seduction: Money, Business, and the Environment](#). He has authored or coauthored more than 50 technical publications on topics ranging from plant competition to the evolution of cave organisms to environmental economics, and regularly writes book reviews for the *New York Times*.

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While no prior experience is necessary, difficulty varies.

Trip dates, difficulty levels and details are available online

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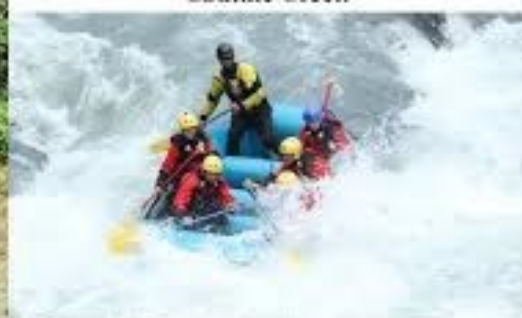
Snowscape camp above Palmer Creek



5th-7th graders on the Kenai River Trail



Sixmile Creek



Mountaineering Club of Alaska

President	Charlie Sink	258-8770	Board member (term expires in 2017)	Stephen Austria	402-540-7037
Vice-President	Katie Strong	441-0434	Board member (term expires in 2017)	Nathan Hebda	310-3255
Secretary	Max Neale	207-712-1355	Board member (term expires in 2018)	Ralph Baldwin	232-0897
Treasurer	Brian Miller	517-402-8299	Board member (term expires in 2018)	Jennifer DuFord	227-6995
Past President	Cory Hinds	229-6809			

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.

Mailing list/database entry: Brian Miller - membership@mtnclubak.org

Hiking and Climbing Committee: Ed Smith - 854-5702 or hcc@mtnclubak.org

Huts: Greg Bragiel - 569-3008 or huts@mtnclubak.org

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Find MCAK listserv at <https://groups.yahoo.com/neo/groups/MCAK/info>.

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