

the SCREE

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

April 2020

Volume 63, Number 4

"... and if truly no stone, no sérac, no crevasse lies somewhere in wait for me, the day will come when, old and tired I'll find peace among the animals and the flowers."

– Lionel Terray



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APRIL MEETING:

Canceled

"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."

*This issue brought to you by: **Editor**—Steve Gruhn **assisted by** Dawn Munroe*

Cover Photo

*Getting ready to ski a 7700-foot run Peak 8010 in the Eastern Chugach Mountains while Tobey Carman carves turns below.
Photo by Ryan Hokanson*

APRIL MEETING

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Hut Needs and Notes

If you are headed to one of the MCA huts, please consult the Hut Inventory and Needs on the website (<http://www.mtnclubak.org/index.cfm/Huts/Hut-Inventory-and-Needs>) or Greg Bragiel, MCA Huts Committee Chairman, at either huts@mtnclubak.org or (907) 350-5146 to see what needs to be taken to the huts or repaired. All huts have tools and materials so that anyone can make basic repairs. Hutmeisters are needed for each hut: If you have a favorite hut and would like to take the lead on checking on the hut and organizing maintenance, the MCA would greatly appreciate your help!

Mentorship Program

Calling all rock climbing enthusiasts and seasoned peakbaggers. Summer is right around the corner and we have new mentees who are looking to build their rock and alpine skills. If you are interested in connecting with and mentoring beginner and intermediate folks seeking technical experience, please email: mentorship@mtnclubak.org.

Article Submission: Text and photography submissions for *the Scree* can be sent as attachments to mcascree@gmail.com. Articles should be submitted by the 11th 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. Send high resolution file photos separately, including captions for each photo. 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 don't forget to submit photo captions.

For the MCA Membership Application and Liability Waiver, visit <http://www.mtnclubak.org/index.cfm?useaction=members.form>.

Online? Click me!



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

Announcements

Trips

May 16: Bear Mountain/Mount Eklutna loop day hike. Non-technical on- and off-trail hiking on tundra and up steep, possibly muddy, icy, snowy, and slippery slopes with a bit of exposed scrambling on loose rocks. Eight-mile loop with more than 1,500 feet of elevation gain. Risks include slipping/falling and hypothermia. Bring water, snacks, extra clothing layers, and ice grippers. Mary Vavrik is the trip leader. 907-345-3934/907-306-7686; mvavrik@gci.net. Meet at 9:30 a.m. at Fred Meyer Eagle River, northwest side of the parking lot. Look for a gray Highlander, license plate EEJ68.

June 19: MCA Annual Summer Solstice Campout on Flattop Mountain. No leader.

July 10: Rabbit Lake hub meet-up camping Friday night. Break into side groups Saturday morning for North and South Suicide Peaks and Ptarmigan Peak – event format over rigid trip format.

August 7: Eklutna Lake hub meet-up camping Friday night. Break into side groups Saturday morning for East and West Twin Peaks and Bold Peak – event format over rigid trip format.



Eagle Peak, which, though much lower in elevation, is shaped much like K2, which lies in Pakistan's northwestern Karakoram Range.

Photo by Frank E. Baker

Winford Crosby "Dub" Bludworth, Jr. (1941-2020)

Text by Harry Bludworth



Photo courtesy of Harry Bludworth

My loving brother, Dub Bludworth, passed away unexpectedly Tuesday, February 18, 2020, at home in Salt Lake City.

Dub was born May 21, 1941, on Galveston island, off the coast of Texas, in the Gulf of Mexico. His full name was Winford Crosby Bludworth Jr. Dub was a short version of Dubbie, which derived from a young cousin unable to pronounce W.C. – the nickname the family had been shooting for.

Dub would have defined himself as an adventure seeker more than anything. He was often in uniform throughout his youth, first in the Junior Police during elementary school. He progressed through the Boy Scouts, the ROTC, and finally was a member of the 101st Airborne Infantry – the Screaming Eagles! Dub loved to brag about having taken off in a helicopter 10 times, yet never having landed in one.

It was after three years in the service that Dub got Pa to move to Alaska the summer of 1966. He drove the entire 4,300 miles from Galveston to Anchorage, while Pa and I enjoyed the country.

He got a job with the Alaska Railroad loading and unloading at the Anchorage yard. He progressed to heater car fireman, truck driver, and finally, crane operator. He worked at the Alaska Railroad the entire 13 years he lived in Alaska, residing in both Anchorage and Moose Pass.

In February of 1967, my ninth-grade teacher, Kyle Atkins, asked if I might want to go climb a mountain. Dub asked to go along. We made the first recorded winter ascent of West Twin Peak. Dub was hooked on mountains after that. He and I set our sights on climbing all the summits of the Anchorage Front Range.

Dub made the first recorded ascents of 12 peaks in Alaska in 1968 and 1969 (Blackcliff Mountain, Mount Thor, and Eska Mountain in 1968 and Bench Peak, The Caboose, El Tercero, The Engine, Helios Peak, Lark Mountain, Paradise Peak, Solars Mountain, and The Tender in 1969).

He joined the Civil Air Patrol while in Anchorage, but only went on a few flights as a spotter. He was also a member of the Alaska Rescue Group, now known as the Alaska Mountain Rescue Group.

Dub completed 49 of the 50 state high points; he did not summit Denali. He was the first person to accurately locate and go to all Utah county highpoints. He traveled the outline of the 48 states and went to five continents. He had 20 grandchildren and after retiring he hiked over 23,400 miles of long trails all across America.

When he was in his late twenties, his right foot was crushed in a hydraulic trail-gate. It crushed every bone in that foot, fusing them upon healing into one bone. He walked all those miles on that foot, quite often in real pain. He learned to set the pain off to one area of his mind so he could enjoy what was happening at the same time.

After I left Alaska in August 1969, Dub went 10 years without climbing. When he moved to Salt Lake City in 1979 or 1980, he became a Boy Scout Troop Leader. One trip into the Uinta Mountains in northern Utah and, in his words, "*I was like an alcoholic that had been dry for 10 years and was twice as bad after that first drink.*" It was then that he began bagging both state and county highpoints. We did the western and New England highpoints together.

Peak 8010, Eastern Chugach Mountains, First Ascent and Ski Descent

Text and photos by Ryan Hokanson



View of the Copper River to the west from the summit of Peak 8010.

Peak 8010 is an infamous Eastern Chugach peak located on the eastern shore of the Copper River, upstream of the Bremner River and within Wrangell-Saint Elias National Park. It's notable for the outstanding prominence of its western flank, going from the summit at 8010 feet to the Copper River, at about 300 feet, in a single fall line, over roughly two miles of horizontal distance.

As one of the taller peaks in the region, 8010 is visible from many of the summits around the Thompson Pass area. The heli-ski operators get an especially good view of it when operating east of the pass. Some of them have even informally given it the name Spirit Peak, which is a somewhat confusing name, because there is a named peak 12 miles to the north called Spirit Mountain. [Ed. note: On bivouac.com this peak is called Dewey Peak. It was one of the most prominent previously unclimbed summits in the state.] Since 8010 lies inside a designated wilderness, helicopter operations on the peak are prohibited.

I am unaware of any previous ascents of 8010, though several people have tried in the past, including me. There is an old tale of Chet Simmons landing Doug Coombs somewhere on 8010 back in the early days of Thompson Pass heli-skiing, but details are

sparse. There are also rumors of a popular air taxi operator landing in the high glaciated basin to the east of 8010, and skiing something on the eastern aspect; however, it's unknown if this party summited.

On March 5, 2019, Tim Stephens, Tobey Carman, Jon Cobb, and I launched on snowmachines from the town of Chitina and headed down the Copper River, arriving at the base that evening. After a night of camping out on the river ice, we began skinning on March 6 up a large and obvious alluvial fan draining the northwest aspect. Amazingly, we were able to skin through 3,500 feet of alders without touching a single bush due to the nice drainage we were following. Some roped crevasse route finding led us to a bergschrund, where Jon Cobb elected to stay. Tim, Tobey, and I continued cramponing through worsening surface conditions, generally staying to the climber's right of a sweeping rock band, finally breaking through it 500 feet from the top. We changed over on the summit under clear and calm skies, and skied our ascent route, meeting up with Jon midway down. After 7700 feet of skiing, we all reached the river, and our camp, where we spent another night and then motored back to the truck without incident.



The northwest face of Peak 8010, showing the route, which started in the delta above the right-most snowmachine, cutting up and left to the obvious drainage above the left-most snowmachine at timberline, then went up in the basin, trending up and right below the obvious rock band, and popping through for the final bit to the top.

Tim Stephens coming off the summit of Peak 8010.



Peak Grand Union (4525 feet), Kigluaik Mountains

Text and photos by Ian McRae



Peak Grand Union from the north, with the Grand Union Glacier, westernmost living glacier in North America.



Nick Treinen on the summit of Peak Grand Union with the west face of Mount Osborn in the background, March 2019.

The Kigluaik Mountains remained formless, an undifferentiated mass of bumps and ridges, until one summer when bean-counting, list-keeping, peakbaggers from Washington came to the Seward Peninsula and showed the locals the way of the Marilyn. Now armed with a rudimentary knowledge of the laws of prominence, the Kigs could be devolved into a series of definable summits. Down the Vin Hoeman rabbit-hole I fell, doomed to take the easy walk-ups from the south instead of north walls and real routes.

Peak 4500+, formerly a mere northwest shoulder of Mount Osborn, emerged under the spotlight of prominence as the second-highest summit in the range, a veritable “K2 of the Kigs,” except that it was an easy walk-up from the south. It suddenly seemed desirable, and worthy of a grand name, “Peak Grand Union” because it was the high point of the six-forked Grand Union River drainage to the north. The formula for climbing Grand Union would be: make many failed attempts over several years until a high snow year came, snowmachine north 35 miles over Mosquito Pass, hang an east off the Cobblestone River flats, and take advantage of the big snowpack to access the five-mile long “West Cwm of Osborn” from where Grand Union looked to be an easy, blue-square run from the south.

Years of ridiculous shenanigans were eventually required for what should have been a simple bag. Twelve attempts spanned four years before Nick Treinen and I finally motored up the West Cwm of Osborn on April 2, 2019, and made the ascent of Grand Union. The reason for so many bails? Not difficulty, nor remote-

ness, nor weather – “GLUE of TOWN” was the reason. GLUE may be defined as a force which attracts a climber back toward town, tent, addiction, car, or relationship. GLUE costs an expedition time, energy, gear, and personnel by creating friction in every phase of its execution. Eventually a bail is precipitated, a bail founded not upon exigencies of the climb itself (weather, difficulty, fortitude), but rather, to actions made before the climb ever started, the bumbling and dithering that took place under influence of GLUE.

In Nome, partners phase in and out. Drew Maurer was a true GLUE Master, entangled in webs of Front Street chaos, his entropy and dissolution exceeding even mine, but he had an old snowmachine, and had skied the steeps on Saint Lawrence Island. Drew was to form the first phase of Peak Grand Union expeditions. We were rumpled and disorganized. Nome retracted us time and again like the big GLUE POT it is. Expeditions never departed before 2 p.m. On our first attempt, we went up the wrong cwm of Osborn. On the second attempt, Drew became obsessed with penetration of the West Cwm proper by snowmachine, a feat he finally achieved through hideous effort in the bushes that I witnessed from the opposite wall of the valley, having been wise enough to leave my snowmachine below on the Cobblestone. We climbed the wrong mountain (Point 3800+) that day. A ground blizzard came on. We tried to leave, but the West Cwm had already closed around Drew’s machine like a phagocyte around a foreign particle. We abandoned the sorry thing in its subnivean pit and rode double all the way back home through raging sketch-weather on my trusty Bearcat. Our third trip was a rescue mission

wherein any Grand Union attempt was eclipsed by the Fitzcarraldian epic of digging Drew's machine out of the cwm. Our fourth trip, we never made it out of Nome, languishing instead in the fleshpots of Nome, the mountain far away, with GLUE Index Levels at maximum.

David Panepinto formed the next phase of Grand Union attempts. A less entropic partner than Drew, it still wasn't enough to overcome the friction of impedimenta. Our strategy was to camp on the Cobblestone and ski (David skiing on a splitboard) the five miles up the cwm, obviating the need for snowmachine penetration. But a subtle interface of HOUSE GLUE and JOB GLUE retarded initial velocity on Friday night of our first attempt. On the second attempt, we stayed too long in the tent discussing *The Princess Bride*, which chain-reacted a bail from near the summit later in the day, like Wiessner and Gombu high on K2. There were other bails. Never could the GLUE be cut. Peak Grand Union took on white-whale status, even though it had started out as a mere shoulder of Osborn.

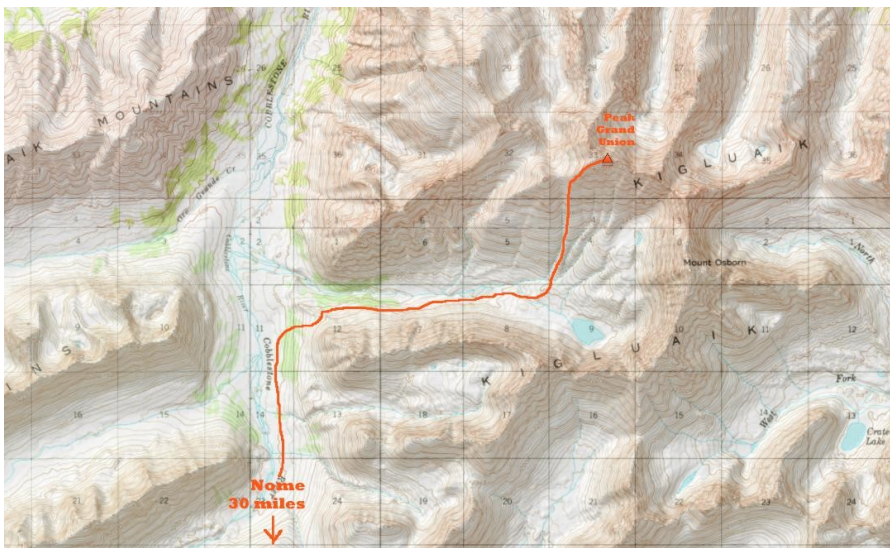
Finally, the Nick phase brought success on Grand Union. Nick had found a line in William Oquilluk's *People of Kauwerak* that seemed to indicate the known center of the Kigs universe was located on the flanks of Peak Grand Union at some kind of giant eagle feather, and so agreed to go on a snowmachine mountaineering trip in April 2019. Something about Nick's free spirit, unfettered by peakbagging epistemology and nomenclature, caused the GLUE to lift like clouds over the Kigs, plus the huge winter snowpack that permitted snowmachine access to the West Cwm sans Drew-like epics. The last few hundred feet were a little too icy for skiing off the top. Nick tellied from near the top, and I lower down. On the summit, Nick asked me if I felt elation at our eventual success after so many attempts, but I had to explain that the whole Peak Grand Union thing was really just kind of a grim joke to ameliorate the giant carbon footprint I made over an insignificant bump on a ridge, though the peak did look nice from the north, and we did have a ton of fun, justification enough. Nick and I motored back to Nome, where the GLUE of TOWN drew us back in with its subtle, but persistent, gravity.



Nick Treinen heading for the summit of Peak Grand Union.



Nick Treinen looking up at the narrow entrance to the West Cwm of Mount Osborn. Treinen and Ian McRae snowmachined over the high shoulder at right.



Map showing the Mosquito Pass area and access of the West Cwm of Mount Osborn.

Peak 4764, White Mountains

Text and photos by Shane Ohms

August 17th—18th, 2019



White Mountains locals.

It had been a subpar week in terms of weather and the upcoming weekend was clearing up for what looked to be a decent adventure somewhere north of Fairbanks. Riding on the excitement of my recent packrafting trip on the Nenana River (see the Schist Mountain trip report in the December 2019 *Scree*), I was inclined to incorporate packrafting on this, the next adventure. I'd read an online write-up on packrafting Bear Creek to Sheep Creek and decided that that would make a fine objective. I reached out to the one Fairbanks person I knew who packrafted, but being either a Tuesday or Wednesday, I wasn't too surprised that the notice wasn't early enough for him to commit. Friday rolled around and wheels spun while "*So here I go, again on my own!*" played on the radio.

I camped at the Ophir Creek Campground. It was good weather on a Friday night and I was surprised to find myself alone in the campground. The Ophir Creek Campground would be the end point of my trip, so to get to the trailhead, I needed bike 15 miles to the start of the trail that would take me up into Moose Creek. About three miles into the bike ride with a heavy pack, I realized that I could have used my car to drop the pack at the trailhead and then I could have enjoyed the bike ride without the additional 30 pounds or so on my back. Oops. It was still a nice brisk morning, and only two vehicles were passed along the road. Anyhow, I made it to the trailhead at about 11 a.m. and after 500 feet of ele-

vation had reached a pass. I ran into a guy on a 4-wheeler who was returning from a trip to Quartz Creek (Quartz Creek is a creek in the headwaters of my route, which feeds into Bear Creek, which joins with Champion Creek to form Beaver Creek). I inquired about the water level, and he said that with the week of recent rain it was actually quite high. I had also read a write-up on a packrafting trip that started up in Quartz Creek and I remembered it saying that high water levels were necessary, otherwise it would be too shallow to float. I had been bestowed some juicy information on current high-flow conditions, conditions that probably don't hap-



Shane Ohms on the Saturday morning approach.

pen to coincide with nice weather all too often. In a matter of five seconds my party of one had reached a consensus that it would be a good idea to raft from the headwaters of Quartz Creek. I said goodbye to the 4-wheeler guy and after our little interaction I wouldn't see another human being 'til work on Monday morning.



Shane Ohms and the 4-wheeler trail rising from Champion Creek (center).

The walk was a long, uneventful 4-wheeler trail. Knowing that a 4-wheeler had recently covered all that territory helped quell worries of bears during the periods spent below timberline. A good view of Mount Prindle was afforded before dropping down to Champion Creek. Champion Creek was a pretty big crossing and I think it would require wading even in a dry spell. That was the farthest I'd ventured into the White Mountains since my only other White Mountains trip up Peak 5043 (south of Mount Prindle) in the fall of 2016.



Mount Prindle's tor-riddled southwest ridge

After crossing Champion Creek and getting a ways up above timberline, I could see little white sheep and tors in the distances. Nearer to me, I ran into a family of four caribou. The 4-wheeler trail brought me to a cool-looking set of tors on which I intended to bivvy. It turned out that the exact tor I had picked out was currently inhabited by sheep, so I chose the one right across from them and took some pictures of them when they came down to feed on the grass. I had made good time thus far and the hour was only 7:30 p.m. I was not one to sit still, so I decided to make an objective out of Peak 4764 at the head of Preacher Creek about eight miles away. If you went to a map, you would discover that there was absolutely nothing interesting about Peak 4764. But it did have 700 feet of prominence (which is more than 500 feet) so it meant a

little something to me. I imagined myself trying to convince another human being to climb that peak with me. The conversation would probably go something like this:

Me: *"So, *insert friend name here*, I have this idea for an amazing trip to climb some no-name, virtually flat point out in the middle of nowhere. First we will need to bike 15 miles, then walk a brainless 4-wheeler trail with packs for 14 miles, then we will split off on a 16-mile side-quest over monotonous hills, one of which is sort of technically a peak. Then we take a 2-mile dip down to a creek, an easy-going 30-mile float back, and then a 1-mile home stretch across an ankle-twisting tussock field. Care to partake?"*

**Insert friend name here*: "Why not just climb Mount Prindle? It's taller, closer to the car, and have you seen the pictures? It's got these awesome tors! Who has even heard of Peak 4764?"*

Me: *"....."* (internally knowing they would be correct in every possible way, but still wanting to climb the stupid little point of my heart's desire).

Yeaah ... not in a million years would I be able to convince someone to accept such a proposition. So, being a solo traveler operating under the direction of my will and my will alone, I took to the northeast for the stupid little point that brings people like me great joy. If I didn't climb it now, I'd probably never get the chance again.



Shane Ohms on the summit of Peak 4764. The midnight sun has gone for the season.

I passed some tors, crossed one swamp. It started to get dark. I spooked up some sleeping caribou, causing my heart to jump as my mind initially interpreted the movement as wolves running in close proximity. I passed over Peak 4750 before reaching the summit of Peak 4764 a little after sunset (11 p.m.). No signs of previous ascents were found, but it was dark and I didn't have it in me to search this baseball field of a summit plateau. I'd had motivation enough to drag get myself out there, now I needed to think of

something to get me back. I looked back on the dimming expanse of eight miles and I could pretend to pinpoint my tor in the distance. I'd stopped walking and the night's cold tapped me on the shoulder. My bivy sack and down quilt – that would be my motivation. Back over the hills and through the swamp, which I then had to probe ahead of me with my trekking pole, listening for splooshes. My shoelaces iced over. There was now fog and darkness that challenged my navigation. I went in one decently large circle. Every rustling shrub or discolored rock looked like a wolf. At 3:30 a.m. I made it back atop my bivy tor. I didn't know where my sheep neighbors had gone. I bundled up, but it was a cold night nonetheless. Summer was basically over.

In the morning, it was a cold sunny day. Termination dust sat across the way on the 5000-foot reaches of Mount Prindle. A little snow remained in the shadow of my tor. The sheep were back and grazing right below my feet. Since I'd modified my trip to start in the headwaters of Quartz Creek instead of Bear Creek, I had a longer float to cover on that fine Sunday. I packed my things and got on with it. Down at Quartz Creek, I was pleased to find the creek had more than sufficient flow. I inflated my raft and set out. The GPS and my good camera were stowed in my raft vestibule among other items. My phone was in a waterproof case in my pocket and tied off to a belt loop. It was bluetoothed to my GPS and would serve as camera and navigation for the rafting portion of the trip. I got to rafting and all was great. I was being whisked horizontally back to the car at the leisure of gravity. I had to get out to walk around some sweepers, which took a bit of time, but the going was fine.



Shane Ohms and the locals on Sunday morning.

There was a corner coming up and I wanted to stop and have a little more time to see if it would require getting out and walking around. So I got over to one side and grabbed some alders to anchor myself while I had a look. I'd done that a few times before and it worked. This time the water must have been a little faster

because I succeeded in anchoring myself – but my packraft kept going! I was in the water and instinctively grabbed onto my packraft. A lot of stuff started to happen in a short amount of time. I saw my yellow paddle drifting away from me and it didn't take two seconds to calculate how worthless the packraft I was holding was without that paddle. I was swimming where it was deep, tromping through water where it wasn't – all with my packraft under one arm. I went by two more bends like that and the paddle was gaining ground on me all the while. I realized that eventually there was going to be a sweeper waiting behind one of those corners and with the status quo, I was not going to reach the paddle in time. Without skipping a beat I beached my raft on a gravel bar and took off running. The gravel bar ended, then I was swimming, found another gravel bar, then I was running (running and swimming in wet clothes is exhausting), but I was gaining measurable ground on the paddle. I looked down at one point and realized one of my crocs was gone and my bare foot was slapping rocks with the same vigor of a sprinter doing the 100 meters. "Oh well," I think to myself, not slowing down in the slightest. I was swimming again and I was closing the gap on that runaway paddle, but the chase had gone on for too many bends, eventually there was going to be a sweeper around one of those corners and that would end the chase. The paddle got caught up on some brush along the shore. (Finally!) I was getting closer. Closer. Closerrrr. It broke free as I was within 20 feet of it. Damn it! We went around another bend (again no sweeper, thank God) and the creek straightened out for a ways.

On the right hand side of the creek there was a tree that had fallen in line with the creek and its root mass was pointing upstream. The paddle was heading straight for it. I could see the trajectories of myself and the paddle lining up similar to the way a trap shooter tracks a clay pigeon across the sky before pulling the trigger. I knew that if I went for the paddle, I would reach it just before it went under – but I would not have enough time to avoid the root mass myself. I pulled the trigger. My fingers curled around the paddle and then I was immediately bracing for the root mass. My left arm hooked securely around a big protruding root. Both feet were just able to touch the bottom and keep my body from being wrapped under the root by the powerful force of water. My shoulders and head were above the water, but I was not having fun there. My right hand was holding my paddle, but one end of the paddle was under the root mass, acting like a sail attempting to drag the rest of it under. My sunglasses were balanced on one ear and my nose. I was able to statically hold that position, but I needed to get out and that meant one of my four appendages needed to do something new. My left arm was my lifeline, so that sucker was staying right where he was. I moved my left foot. As soon as I lifted it up - Schoomp! It instantaneously got sucked four

inches farther in the amount of time it took me to plant it back down again. Ok, then; the next move wasn't going to come from my feet. That left my right hand. I was able to shimmy the paddle up 'til it was out of the water, then I laid it up atop the root mass. I quickly affixed my glasses as I brought my right hand to join my left arm on the nice root. My adrenaline had been exhausted back on the third or fourth bend, so I collected myself before doing a seal lift up onto the root mass.

I rested for a while, then walked back to my packraft. I had lost my crocs, my hat, and my phone. All replaceable things. My right toe had a decent cut, acquired somewhere during the sprinting on rocks. I took a break at the next sunny bank to squeeze water out of my clothing. The sun was out, but it was mild air temperature on account of wind and my now-soaked self could feel it thoroughly. After two more bypassed sweepers I was finally released



from the traumatizing Quartz Creek and floating more happily down Bear Creek.

Bear Creek was more predictable and less mentally taxing (longer straightaways and fewer bends). There were only four big log jams that required walking around, and they were much less frequent than the sweepers of Quartz Creek. They made for some rather lengthy portages, walking through the pine needles and branches that littered woodland floors – a procedure that sucked a lot more when wearing only wet socks. From there on out, the entirety of the float was spent staring into the sun and at its reflection on the water. If I hadn't retained my sunglasses, finishing this trip would have been, in a best-case scenario, extremely challenging. In time, I entered Beaver Creek and when the hill on my left started to come down to join the creek, I guessed at which path across the tussock field was the lesser of the evils. I hopped out of the creek when convenient, hastily packed my belongings, and made out for my vehicle, which was reached at 10 p.m. After collecting my bike, I was heading back to Fairbanks and reflecting on an unfortunately eventful trip. The main take-away here would be to packraft with someone (duh). It seems pretty obvious, but even in simple I/II waters, a partner who is still in a raft could help recover gear much faster and safer than the owner could as a swimmer. Also, having sunglasses is a big win.

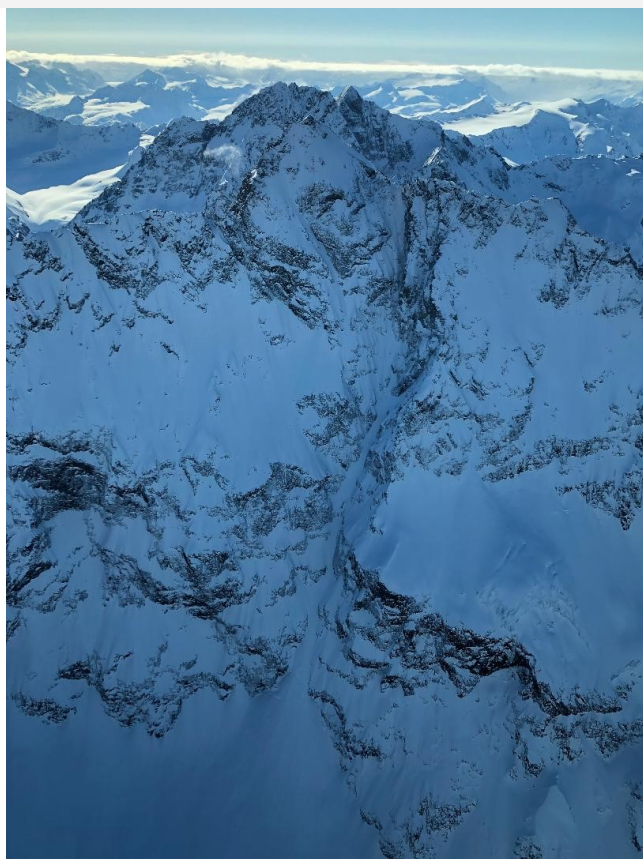
Shane Ohms exiting Beaver Creek. The worst mile was all that remained.

Map of Shane Ohms' 78-mile round-trip route to reach Peak 4764.



Bashful Peak (8005 feet), Western Chugach Mountains, First Known Ski Descent

Text and photos by Ryan Hokanson



The northwest face of Bashful Peak (8005 feet), the tallest peak in Chugach State Park. The peak had long been sought after as a ski descent, and Ryan Hokanson and Samuel Johnson succeeded on April 28, 2019, via the central couloir and upper ramp system at left.

Photo by Ryan Hokanson



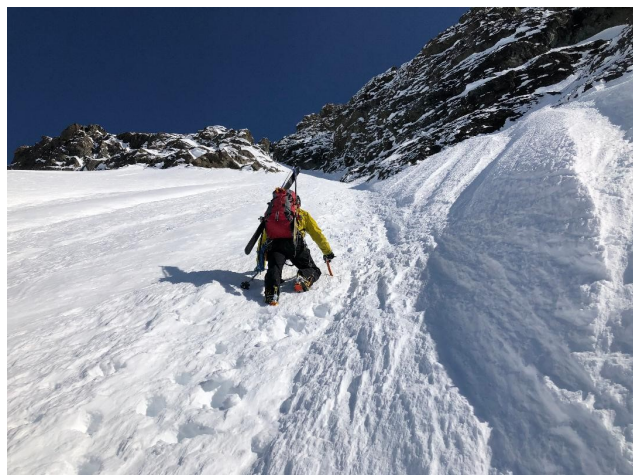
Ryan Hokanson skiing the northwest face of Bashful Peak.

Photo by Samuel Johnson

At 8005 feet, Bashful Peak is not only the tallest peak in Chugach State Park, it is the park's only peak over 8000 feet. It has long been sought as a ski descent, and has seen attempts by Chugach hardmen such as Zach Schlosar, Aaron Thrasher, Mike Burmeister, and Carl Oswald. This northwest face was first climbed in July 1965 by Art Davidson and Hisazumi Nakamura.

In mid-April 2019, the Western Chugach received a series of storms over a six-day period that dropped four inches of water, resulting in an enormous snow load. Our hopes were that the week of high pressure that followed would allow for reasonable stability.

Early on the morning of April 28, 2019, my brother-in-law Samuel Holmes Johnson and I began hiking from the East Fork Eklutna River Trailhead, after driving the 10.5 miles of dirt road around the Eklutna Lake reservoir on a borrowed side-by-side. After 2,500 feet of heavy alders and devil's club, we arrived in the basin below the north face and began skinning toward our objective. As we skinned up the avalanche debris cone, we found variable, but soft, conditions. Once in the main couloir, however, things began to firm up. We elected to cache our skins and Verts because crampons seemed ideal. After scrambling a small rock band in the couloir, we exited out climber's left onto a hanging ramp system. We connected that to a large snowfield and angled back climber's right to the base of a steep hanging ramp, which took us up and left to the summit snowfield. By that time we were wallowing, but we were amazed that the stability was very good. We eventually hit the ridge just to the climber's left of the rocky summit nipple, where we left our skis and scrambled the remaining 15 vertical feet to the tippy top. After a few photos we skied the line, enjoying outstanding deep-powder conditions, with massive sloughing being the only real detractor.



Samuel Holmes Johnson heading into the upper ramp.

Photo by Ryan Hokanson

Citadel Peak (8305 feet), Northwest Face, "Agent of Chaos," Neacola Mountains

Text and photos by Elliot Gaddy



Ryan Driscoll below the northwest face of Citadel Peak, showing the line of "Agent of Chaos" (3,500 feet, V M5+ AI4 A0), climbed by Driscoll and Elliot Gaddy in late March 2019. This line had been attempted in May 2016 by David Fay, Craig Muderlak, and Drew Thayer, who reached the ridgeline adjacent to the big rock tower (see the August 2016 Scree). A direct route up the rock tower, the northwest buttress, was attempted in early May 2015 by Jon Bracey and Matt Helliker (see the April 2016 Scree).

On March 29, 2019, Ryan Driscoll and I flew into the Neacola Mountains. With a sustained high-pressure system in place, we hoped to avoid the prolonged storms for which the range is known.

As soon as we landed, we went on a reconnaissance ski and decided the most inviting objective was an unfinished line on Citadel Peak (8305 feet), attempted by David Fay, Craig Muderlak, and Drew Thayer in 2016 [Ed. note: See the August 2016 Scree and page 134 of the 2017 American Alpine Journal]. They had reported good climbing, but challenging snow conditions on a line they called the "Sliver," an obvious couloir on the right side of the northwest buttress.

Ryan had only been in Alaska for 24 hours and was feeling tired from traveling, so we decided to get a late start, leaving camp around 10 the next morning. An hour later and a two-mile ski away from base camp, we tied in and started climbing the initial snow. Four pitches of steep, snowy simul-climbing with occasional rock gear put us at the base of the deep couloir.

The day had warmed by that point, and spindrift avalanches were rather continuous. We found harder mixed climbing than the initial attempt reported, potentially due to lower snow levels, which made for some difficult climbing through several rock steps. Ryan had to pendulum out of one crack system to gain a snow ramp,

but I was able to climb the pitch clean while following. The hardest mixed climbing we encountered was a pitch of M5+, and we climbed some pitches of water ice that would be classic at any crag.

At the top of the couloir, as the sun was setting and the winds were picking up, we were met with a double-corniced ridgeline that we had to traverse to gain the buttress above. The higher buttress provided good anchors for a bivy and we set up our tent on a small snow ledge we stamped out, but we stayed tied in for the night while sleeping.

The next morning, we did one 70-foot rappel to access a rightward traverse on snow to the base of the upper couloir. Three pitches of ice and mixed climbing and an interesting traverse under a large cornice put us on the snowy summit cone, and we walked up to the top. We descended the southeast ridge to a glacier that led down to the North Fork of the Pitchfork Glacier, where we walked back to our skis and then back to camp. Our most pressing concern on the walk back up-glacier was the state of our camp, as our skis and poles had been chewed by a wolverine. We were relieved to see that, despite many tracks pacing around our camp, our post-climb carnitas had been spared. We called our route "Agent of Chaos" (3,500 feet, V M5+ AI4 A0).



Ryan Driscoll climbing alpine ice in the couloir on day one of the ascent of "Agent of Chaos" on Citadel Peak.



Ryan Driscoll climbing an aesthetic ice pitch on the upper northwest face of Citadel Peak during the first ascent of "Agent of Chaos" (3,500 feet, V M5+ AI4 A0).

"Mind Shaft" on a Sub-Peak of Copper Mountain (2795 meters [9170 feet]), Canadian Rocky Mountains

Text and photos by Mat Brunton



Southeast face of Copper Mountain, showing the "Mind Shaft" couloir skied by Marcus Baranow, Mat Brunton, and Nick Grant.

I spent a week in the Canadian Rocky Mountains (based out of Lake Louise) while driving back to Alaska after a three month 2019-'20 snow-season road trip during which I explored the terrain, snow packs, and avalanche programs of Canada, Montana, Wyoming, and Utah.

I skied a lot of great lines in the Alberta Rockies between Banff and Jasper, but the culmination was definitely joining Canadians Marcus Baranow and Nick Grant on this Copper Mountain mission to ski the "Mind Shaft" couloir.

The line has been on Marcus' to-do list for over a decade, but the stars had yet to align. It is primarily south facing and over 1,000 meters (3,300 feet) long, which makes timing extremely difficult in terms of having acceptable snowpack stability when there is snow top to bottom and for the long approach (that requires elusive snowpack conditions to get through the thick forest). The bottom is relatively low in elevation and the line is obscure, not being visible from civilized areas. It was a likely first descent.

Read Marcus' trip report at
<http://confessionsofaskibum.com/2020/01/25/the-mind-shaft/>.

Nick and Marcus put in a lot of work the week before, route-finding

and breaking trail through the thick and relatively low-elevation forest on the north side of Copper Mountain. We mainly followed that route, with some hindsight deviation to make it more efficient, to the base of the north ridge that ran to a sub-peak of Copper Mountain. From the end of their pre-established trail, we poked through steep trees into the alpine. I was really hoping the "Mind Shaft" would go, as I did not want to ski this manky, brushy mess back to the highway where we had started. Marcus had told me that if we were able to ski the "Mind Shaft," we'd be able to exit to Nick's car via a groomed nordic trail.

The forested sloggng ended and the travel became much more interesting once we reached the alpine.

The first crux of the route was a semi-technical section of the ridge on which we had no beta, other than Marcus' years of binocular and satellite-imagery research. It consisted mostly of crotch-deep booting with a bit of easy mixed climbing to avoid tits-deep booting up a small slope that could avalanche.

The sketchiest part of the route came after the booting where we transitioned back to skis and skins in order to punch across a short, but unavoidable, avalanche-prone slope with massive exposure.

Minus in-and-out visibility that at times was like being inside a ping-pong ball, during which we followed Marcus' GPS in order to avoid getting too close to cliffs or steep slopes, the travel in the upper alpine became relatively cruiser.

Nearing the "Mind Shaft," the bigness of the terrain became obviously spectacular.

The second crux of the route was decision-making upon our arrival at the "Mind Shaft's" entrance. Visibility was an issue, and we struggled to decide how to manage the massive 1,000 meter-plus line if we skied it. We also had no intention of skiing the line without avalanche control work, for which I brought my handy "backcountry bomb" cornice-cutting tool.

I quickly learned that interior Canadian Rockies cornices behave much differently than the more coastal Alaskan cornices with

which I have experience. Marcus warned me about that: the rocky and faceted "root" of the cornice wouldn't be prone to easy release on a large scale. We spent about an hour and a half calving off a couple refrigerator- to sofa-sized cornices. While that cornice-dropping project was probably more labor-intensive than any I'd done before, it also produced the biggest avalanche I'd ever gotten from such a project. The effort was a success as most of the upper "Mind Shaft" released, and as we began our descent, we realized the incredible extent the debris had run (600 to 700 meters).

Looking back up at the line from the apron (or fan, as Canadians seem to like to call it), it seemed even bigger from the bottom.

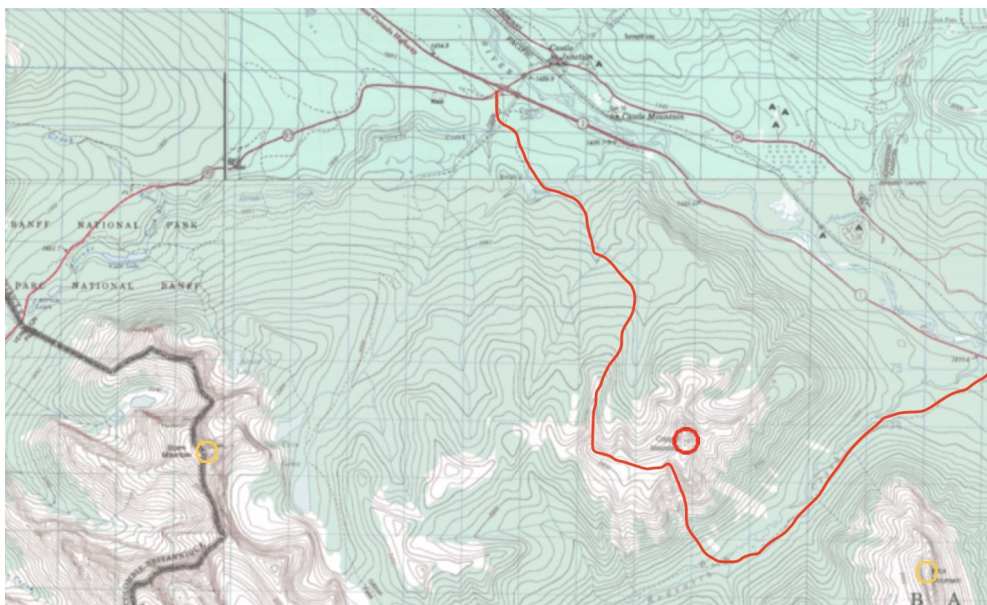
[Ed. note: For a video of the trip, visit <https://anchorageavalanchecenter.org/trip-reports/canada/alberta-rockies/mind-shaft/>.]



Looking back up at the line of descent from the apron (or fan, as Canadians seem to like to call it), it seemed even bigger from the bottom.

Top: The first crux of the route was a semi-technical section of the ridge.

Bottom: Nearing the "Mind Shaft," the bigness of the terrain became obviously spectacular.



Peak of the Month: Mount Orville, Fairweather Range

Text by Steve Gruhn; photos by Paul Knott

Mountain Range: Saint Elias Mountains; Fairweather Range

Borough: Unorganized Borough

Drainages: Johns Hopkins Glacier and North Crillon Glacier

Latitude/Longitude: 58° 44' 10" North, 137° 16' 15" West

Elevation: 10495 feet

Adjacent Peaks: Mount Wilbur (10821 feet), Mount Wright (8863 feet), and Peak 7803 in the Johns Hopkins Glacier drainage

Distinctness: 1745 feet from Mount Wilbur

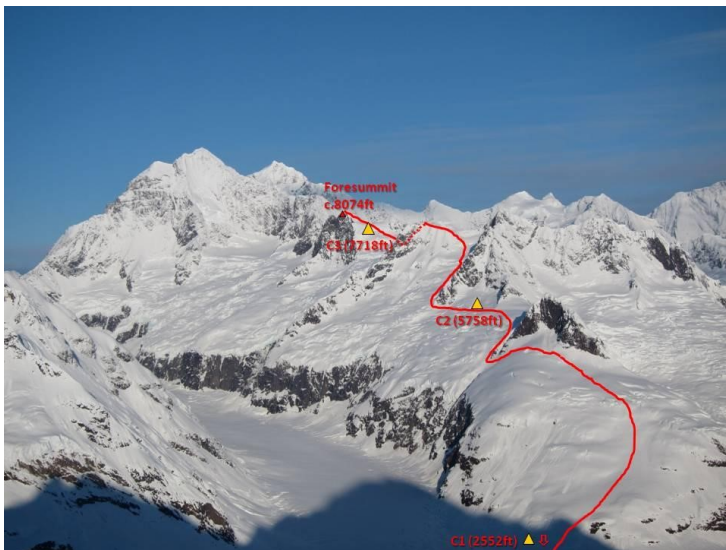
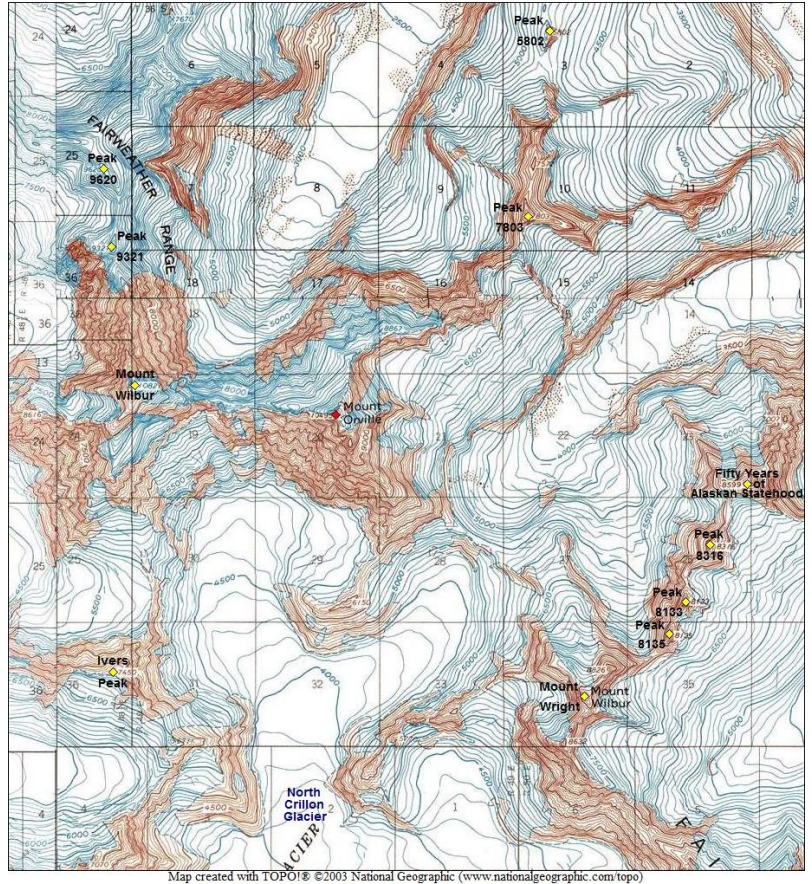
Prominence: 1745 feet from Mount Wilbur

USGS Maps: 1:63,360: Mount Fairweather (C-4); 1:25,000: Mount Fairweather C-4 NW

First Recorded Ascent: Late April 1995 by Steven Carroll, Philip Kauffman, and Patrick Simmons

Route of First Recorded Ascent: South ridge

Access Point: North Crillon Glacier



East aspect of Mount Orville showing the route and camps that Paul Knott and Vaughan Snowdon used in April 2011.

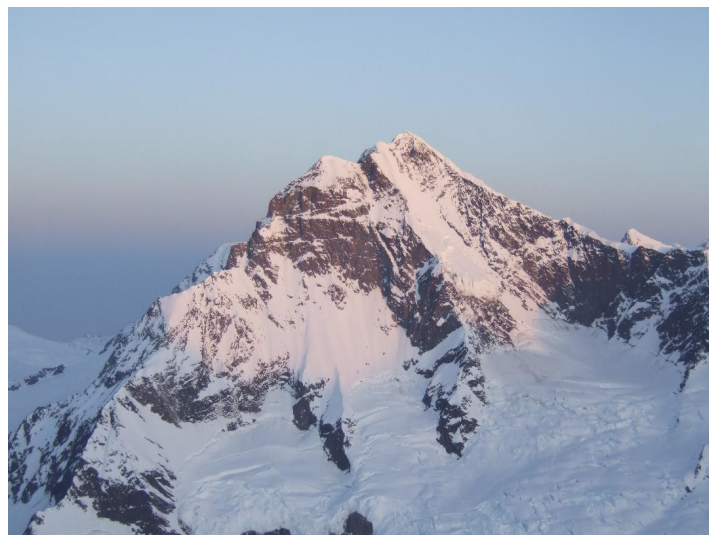
On December 17, 1903, Orville Wright made the first controlled, sustained flight of a motorized, heavier-than-air aircraft (the *Wright Flyer*), which his brother Wilbur and he had designed and built. Perhaps more than any other state, Alaska has experienced widespread benefits from the Wright brothers' invention. In an October 16, 1961, letter to Leone J. Mitchell, Superintendent of

Sitka and Glacier Bay National Monuments, Senator Ernest Henry Gruening proposed to honor Orville and Wilbur Wright by naming a pair of nearly symmetrical mountains south of the Johns Hopkins Glacier in Glacier Bay National Monument (now Glacier Bay National Park) as a memorial to the brothers. The basis for the proposal was to honor the individuals who had invented the means of conveyance that had made Alaska accessible and had contributed to the development of the state. In 1962 the Domestic Names Committee of the U.S. Board on Geographic Names voted to make official the name Mount Orville, in honor of Orville Wright, for the lower eastern summit of the nearly symmetrical pair of peaks. By my count Mount Orville is the 263rd highest peak in Alaska, the 119th highest peak in the Saint Elias Mountains, and the 22nd highest peak in the Fairweather Range.

On May 19, 1975, Ken Loken flew Clark Gerhardt, David Jones, and Craig McKibben from Juneau to Lituya Bay, where the three passengers disembarked on a rocky beach near the terminus of the North Crillon Glacier. Two days of hiking up the North Crillon Glacier brought them to the basin south of the ridge between Mount Wilbur and Mount Orville. After reaching the summit of Mount Wilbur in late May, the trio attempted the east ridge of



Northeast aspect of Mount Orville in April 2011 showing the upper north ridge on the right skyline.



East aspect of Mount Orville as viewed from the summit of Fifty Years of Alaskan Statehood on May 2, 2009, showing the southeast ridge at left.

Mount Orville, reaching somewhere between 7500 and 8500 feet on May 31 before bad weather, soft snow, difficult climbing, and slow-moving avalanche rivers of isothermal snow with no safe zones in which to hide forced a retreat.

In 1991 Philip Kauffman and Patrick Simmons attempted the south ridge of Mount Orville, but turned back due to rotten snow conditions and technical challenges.

On June 14, 1991, Mike Ivers flew Sam Grubenhof and Silas Wild from Yakutat to the 4000-foot level of the North Crillon Glacier. On June 16 the pair attempted the southeast ridge of Mount Orville, but turned back at 8400 feet due to rotten snow conditions. The duo turned their attention to Mount Wright, reaching the summit on the 19th, and Peak 7209 between the North Crillon Glacier and the South Crillon Glacier, reaching the summit on the 23rd. Ivers returned to the North Crillon Glacier on the 24th and flew the pair back to Yakutat.

In 1993 Phil Kauffman and Patrick Simmons returned to Mount Orville for another attempt, this time bringing Steven Carroll with them. They did not reach the summit.

On April 18, 1995, Steve Carroll, Phil Kauffman, and Patrick Simmons were flown to the North Crillon Glacier. There they met a four-person team led by Joe Lackey who were attempting Mount Wilbur. Over the next week the two parties maintained radio contact with each other. Carroll, Kauffman, and Simmons ascended the south ridge of Mount Orville and radioed to Lackey's team that they had reached the summit on April 24. Shortly after they reached the summit a storm dumped a large amount of snow on the region. On April 25 Lackey's team found the bodies of Carroll, Kauffman, and Simmons – all three still roped together – partially buried in avalanche debris at the

5000-foot level of Mount Orville. They had presumably been caught the day before by an avalanche at the 7000-foot level and swept off the face of the mountain.

Glacier Bay National Park and Preserve reported that the south ridge of Mount Orville was successfully climbed again in 2006, but didn't report any other details of that ascent.

In April 2011 Paul Swanstrom flew Paul Knott and Vaughan Snowdon from Haines to the 3800-foot level of the west shoulder of Peak 7260 in the Johns Hopkins Glacier drainage. They then attempted the northeast spur of Mount Orville, turning back at 8100 feet on April 20 after four days of climbing due to an approaching weather front and the technical terrain between them and the summit. They returned to Haines a few days later.

In April 2012, after Drake Olson flew them from Haines to the North Crillon Glacier, Florian Hill and Will Wacker attempted the south face of Mount Orville, but foul weather stymied their plans.

I don't know of a third ascent of Mount Orville.

The information in this column came from a trip summary that appeared on page 13 of the September/October 1975 *Mountain* (Issue No. 45); from Gregory C. Markov's trip report titled "Mount Wilbur, Fairweather Group," which appeared on pages 438 and 439 of the 1976 *American Alpine Journal*; from Rick Mossman's report titled "St. Elias, Fairweather and Peaks in the St. Elias National Park and Glacier Bay National Park," which appeared on pages 127 and 128 of the 1992 *AAJ*; from Wild's trip report titled "Mount Orville Attempt and Ascents of P 8900 and P 7209," which appeared on page 128 of the 1992 *AAJ*; from Kauffman's trip report titled "P 7450 ("Ivers Peak") Ascent and

Mount Orville Attempts, Fairweather Range," which appeared on pages 127 and 128 of the 1994 *AAJ*; from Stephanie J. Komarnitsky's article titled "Troopers suspect avalanche in deaths," which appeared on page B2 of the April 27, 1995, *Anchorage Daily News*; from a note in the "Passages" column on page 38 of the August-September 1995 *Climbing* (Issue No. 154); from Mossman's report titled "Glacier Bay and Wrangell-St. Elias National Parks and Preserve, Annual Mountaineering Report, 1995," which appeared on page 189 of the 1996 *AAJ*; from a report titled "Avalanche; Alaska, Glacier Bay National Park, Mount Orville," which appeared on page 15 of the 1996 *Accidents in North American Mountaineering*; from Glacier Bay National Park's webpage on Mount Orville's mountaineering

history, accessible at <https://www.nps.gov/glba/learn/historyculture/orville.htm>; from Knott's trip report titled "Mt Orville (10,495'), north ridge, attempt; Peak 7,400+', northwest ridge, attempt," which appeared on pages 124 through 126 of the 2012 *AAJ*; from Bill Ruthven's summary report titled "Glacier Bay Climbing (USA)," which appeared on page 330 of the 2012 *Alpine Journal*; from Hill's YouTube video, accessible at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9dt1371TFNM>; and from my correspondence with Knott and McKibben.

Board of Directors Meeting Minutes

February 26, 2020, at 6:00-8:00 p.m., BP Energy Center, Alder/Cottonwood Room

Roll Call

Mike Meyers (President) - Present
 Gerrit Verbeek (Vice-President) - Present
 Curtis Townsend (Secretary) - Present
 Katherine Cooper (Treasurer) - Present
 Tom Meacham (Director) - Present
 Jonathan Rupp Strong (Director) - Present
 Lila Hobbs (Director) - Present
 Andy Kubic (Director) - Present
 Heather Johnson (Director) - Present
 Nathan Pooler (Director) - Present

Scribe: Curtis Townsend

Committee Reports

President (Mike Meyers)

- **Action – Nathan to look into MCA Shirts/Hats/Beanie/ Buff.
- **Action – Andy has MCA letterhead, now in search for pro deals.
- Communication with club
 - Meetup is paid for until July, but then goes away.
 - Free ListServe continues headed by Carlene Van Tol.
 - Important news can be posted on membership sign-in page.

Vice-President (Gerrit Verbeek)

- **Lila and Jonathan to seek quotes for migrating current website to a new platform due to payment errors.

- March Speaker – Chris Erickson, 2017 16-hour Martin Takac crevasse rescue.
- April 1st Speakers – Ines Papert and Luka Lindic at Bear Tooth; Tickets \$15.
 - **Curtis to cancel the MCA general meeting for April once Bear Tooth is booked.
 - ListServe and MCA website to have link for early purchase tickets for MCA and American Alpine Club.
 - MCA to split profits for this fundraiser with Ines and Luka.

Secretary (Curtis Townsend)

- **Curtis – November 18th new board meeting date (cancel old date).
- The BP Energy Center is not currently taking room reservations for 2021 until April 1, 2020, due to transition activity associated with the BP Alaska sale. On April 1, 2020, reservations can be sent in.

Treasurer (Katherine Cooper)

- REI has been sent invoice for calendars.
- *Andy and Nathan to research MCA Tent/Awning for functions.

Liability Committee (Tom Meacham)

- By-Laws – Tom and Mike to get together for lunch to discuss.

Parks Advisory (Tom Meacham and Ralph Baldwin)

- June 13, 50th anniversary Alaska State Parks celebration at Arctic Valley.

Awards Committee (Tom Meacham, Charlie Sink, Max Neale)

- Meeting to be called in March for award nominees.

Trips Committee (Needs chair)

- Mary Vavrik to lead a hike up Mount Eklutna and has been sent the information to get started.
- March 21 at 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.: Turnagain Takeover (Heather). There will be several other booths, Chugach National Forest Avalanche Information Center, Ski AK, Black Diamond. Will be a small group activity like skiing Center Ridge or Tincan.
- May – MCA R.A.C.E [Recreational Alpine Cooperative Event].
 - Two groups: Capped at 20 teams of two.
 - ◆ Beginner – race to Mint Hut
 - ◆ Advanced – race to Mint Hut, then to Bomber Hut
 - Are we charging a fee?
 - We need to develop a plan to reduce liability.
 - ◆ Safety plan, forecast plan, volunteers with radios and first-aid kit, etc.
 - ◆ Mandatory to have a partner, helmet, micro-spikes or crampons, rope, harness, two prusiks, ice screw, mountain axe, avalanche gear?
- June 19 – MCA Annual Summer Solstice Campout on Flattop Mountain.
- July 10 – Rabbit Lake hub meet-up camping Friday night. Break into side groups Saturday morning for North and South Suicide Peaks and Ptarmigan Peak – event format over rigid trip format.

- August 7 – Eklutna Lake hub meet-up camping Friday night. Break into side groups Saturday morning for East and West Twin Peaks and Bold Peak – event format over rigid trip format.
- September – MCA Annual Matanuska Glacier Icefest.
- October –
- November –
- December – MCA Annual Christmas Party.

Huts Committee (Jonathan Rupp Strong, Greg Bragiel, Cory Hinds, Vicky Lytle)

- Hut instructional signs with specific warning on fires/lack of oxygen (Chugach State Park meeting)
- It was discussed to perform maintenance on the other MCA huts (Eklutna Traverse huts ventilation concerns) (clean up and drop off items in the Talkeetna Mountains) while helicopters are out there this summer.

Mentorship (Lila Hobbs, Katherine Cooper)

- Katherine to lead a women's only trad-climbing clinic this summer. Discussed as acceptable.

Library (Gwen Higgins)

- Lila to connect with her regarding new donation request.

Date and Location of next Meetings

- General meeting on March 4, 2020, from 6:30 to 9:00 p.m. at the BP Energy Center.
- Next Board meeting on March 25, 2020, from 6:00 to 8:00 p.m. at the BP Energy Center.

General Meeting Minutes

March 4, 2020, 6:30 p.m. at the BP Energy Center

- Treasurer's report, everything is caught up. If you tried to pay via Paypal and it didn't work out, contact Katherine Cooper.
- Rosie's Roost re-skin might possibly cost more than expected. If needed, there will be a vote to increase budget.
- Talkeetna Mountains maps are for sale tonight. Eklutna Traverse maps are almost ready to be released.
- Mike Meyers reported on the Serenity Falls Hut trip, three people showed up. It was very windy. Ice was terrible.
- March 21, Heather Johnson reported on the Turnagain Takeover. There will be demonstrations, avalanche awareness. Come and meet up with other skiers.
- April 1 meeting will be at the Bear Tooth. Ines Papert will be

- presenting on alpinism. General public tickets go on sale March 10. MCA members can purchase tickets starting March 4.
- May 9-10, Andy Kubic reported on the Bomber Hut to hut event. Celebration at the Mint Hut. Registration will open the 25th of this month.
- Steve Gruhn reported that Dub Bludworth passed away. He was part of the Moose Pass contingent of the MCA.
- Three people stood up and introduced themselves tonight.
- Ten-minute break.
- Chris Erickson, lead mountaineering ranger on Denali, presented on crevasse rescue in the Alaska Range.

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

President Mike Meyers mcmeayers24@msn.com
Vice-President Gerrit Verbeek 903-512-4286
Secretary Curtis Townsend 355-9820
Treasurer Katherine Cooper 209-253-8489

Director 1 (term expires in 2020) Jonathan Rupp Strong 202-6484
Director 2 (term expires in 2020) Lila Hobbs 229-3754
Director 3 (term expires in 2021) Tom Meacham 346-1077
Director 4 (term expires in 2021) Heather Johnson hjohnson@mdausa.org
Director 5 (term expires in 2021) Andy Kubic andy.kubic@gmail.com
Director 6 (term expires in 2021) Nathan Pooler Nathan.lee.pooler@gmail.com

Annual membership dues: Single \$20, Family \$30

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. Material should be submitted by the 11th 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: Katherine Cooper or 209-253-8489 or membership@mtnclubak.org

Trips and Training Committee: Vacant—training@mtnclubak.org

Mentorship: Katherine Cooper and Lila Hobbs—mentorship@mtnclubak.org

Huts: Greg Bragiel—350-5146 or huts@mtnclubak.org

Calendar: Vicky Ho—512-470-8640 or hovcky@gmail.com

Librarian: Gwendolyn Higgins—library@mtnclubak.org

Scree Editor: MCAScree@gmail.com Steve Gruhn assisted by Dawn Munroe (350-5121) dawn.talbott@yahoo.com

Web: www.mtnclubak.org

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



*Marcus Baranow and Nick Grant skiing on the upper alpine slopes of Copper Mountain on the approach to the "Mind Shaft" couloir.
Photo by Mat Brunton*

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