

# the SCREE

## Mountaineering Club of Alaska

March 2021

Volume 64, Number 3



"Experience has, however, taught me that the services of a guide are needed less often than most people imagine, and I like to be alone."

— Eliza Cook

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Peak of the Month: Peak 5350, Chigmit Mountains

### MARCH MEETING

Wednesday March 3, at 6:30 p.m.

Special guest speaker, Dana

Drummond, speaks on his

adventures in the Alaska Range.

***"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—Gerrit Verbeek assisted by Dawn Munroe*

## Cover Photo

*Sleeping Sister Mountain and Kenai Lake from Trail Lake Campground.*

*Photo by Wayne Todd*

## MARCH MEETING

Wednesday March 3, at 6:30 p.m.

Special guest speaker, Dana Drummond, the owner of the Hoarding Marmot. At the age of 22 Dana took his first trip to Alaska for a 5-week trip into the Alaska Range. Join us discussion on long ski traverses, mountaineering, Alaskan adventures, and highlights of a trip to Mount Fairweather and the surrounding mountains.

Join Zoom Meeting

[https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83674706360?](https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83674706360?pwd=VUY4VElyVEpqc2xmN29BbG1OKzR3dz09)

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Passcode: 033973

One tap mobile

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## Trips

**Feb 28 - Mar 6:** Resurrection Pass Trail North OR South Ski Tour - Trip leader is Greg Bragiel ([unknownhiker@alaska.net](mailto:unknownhiker@alaska.net), 907-350-5146). The precise route will depend on snow conditions, please contact the trip leader for details or to reserve a place.

**Apr. 11 – 17th:** MCA Bomber Traverse - Trip leader is Greg Bragiel ([unknownhiker@alaska.net](mailto:unknownhiker@alaska.net), 907-350-5146). This route will cover roughly 23 miles and involve glacier travel. COVID, glacier travel and avalanche safety protocols are all required.

**July 16 – 24th–** MCA Summer Mountaineering School – Trip leader is Greg Bragiel ([unknownhiker@alaska.net](mailto:unknownhiker@alaska.net), 907-350-5146). Hiking, climbing, and glacier travel in the Talkeetna Mountains. Learn: Snow travel, ice tool use, ice climbing, glacier travel, navigation, route finding, rappelling, rock climbing, fun, exploration, leadership skills and confidence building. Basic Mountaineering instruction for accomplished backpackers. Organizational meeting March 27.

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

**Article Submission:** Text and photography submissions for *the Scree* can be sent as attachments to [mcascree@gmail.com](mailto: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.

## Announcements

### Twin Tragedies

The MCA deeply regrets to note that Tom Devine, Matthew Nyman, and Edward Watson lost their lives in an avalanche on Bear Mountain, near Peters Creek, on February 2nd. Tom, 54, served on the MCA Board from 2007-2008 and was instrumental in setting up the Alaska Ice Climbing Festival, which ran annually from 2009-2013. Matthew and Edward were friends from out of state.

The MCA also mourns the loss of Shawn Lyons, 66, also on February 2nd. Although Shawn was not involved with the MCA, he was well-known among backcountry recreators for publishing the A Walk-About Guide to Alaska series. Shawn was the first recorded individual to complete the Front Range Linkup, connecting all 12 of the peaks over 5000 feet in the Chugach Front Range near Anchorage in a single push.

### Geographic Names

The Alaska Historical Commission has requested comment from the MCA on several proposed new names for geographic features without official names.

The first proposal is to make official the longstanding name of a southern tributary of Lake Creek in the Coast Mountains as Kingsbury Creek. This stream has also been known as Clear Creek. The stream is north-northeast of Ketchikan and northwest of Hyder.

The second proposal is to make official the longstanding name of an 845-foot-elevation lake in the Trapper Creek drainage near the Alaska Range as Dalteli Lake. The lake is north-northwest of the town of Trapper Creek and extends across the southern boundary of Denali State Park.

The third proposal is to name a glacier at the head of Boulder Creek in the Cathedral Mountains as the Creasons Glacier as a commemorative name. This glacier had been called the Boulder Glacier in the 2002 American Alpine Journal, in the “MountainINFO” section of the April 2002 High Magazine (Issue 233), and in the December 2010 Scree. The MCA submitted a counter-proposal to make the name Boulder Glacier official for the feature. The AHC has requested comments on both the initial proposal and the MCA’s counter-proposal.

The final proposal is to name a 5020-foot peak in the Boulder Creek and Ship Creek drainages south of Kenai Lake as Mount Nant’ina. The late Jerry Dixon, Harold Faust, and George Peck reportedly climbed this peak sometime before 2010 and unofficially called it Mount Kenai. The name Mount Kenai was used in the September 2019 Scree.

Contact Steve Gruhn at [geographicnames@mtnclubak.org](mailto:geographicnames@mtnclubak.org) for additional information on these proposals. Please submit comments to Steve by March 8 so that he can compile them and submit them to the AHC on behalf of the MCA.



*View of Alaska Range from Bald Mountain east of Talkeetna.  
Photo by Dawn Munroe*

## Sugarloaf Mountain (3484 feet), Chugach Mountains

Text and photos by Kaleb Notte

61.063,-146.270



*Sugarloaf Mountain early in the morning.*

On the morning of January 30th, 2021, I decided to make my second attempt at Sugarloaf Mountain (3484 feet). The first time I attempted via the north ridge. At 3400 feet I was turned around by a gnarly gendarme and high winds. This time I was aiming to go up the Needle Couloir.

It was a crisp 18-degree morning. I donned my headlamp, and I began on the Solomon Lake trail. The first mile and a half was a cruiser because snow machines constantly plow through the area. Shortly after I passed Solomon Gulch, I strapped my snowshoes on. I was ready for a morning full of bush whacking and post-holing.

From 800 feet to 2400 feet the traveling was a slog sections weaving in and out of bushes and sinking knee deep in snowshoes. At 2400 feet I ditched the snowshoes and strapped my crampons on. I started sidehilling waiting for Needle Couloir to come into view. Luckily, the snowpack at this point became hard-packed so travel became a breeze again!!

The first couloir came into view and it did not look like a needle so I decided I should go to the next one. This one did not look

like a needle either, but I was tired of side hilling and decided to boot up. The travel was relatively fast just slamming my crampons deep in the snow one after another. Before I knew it the ridge line was in site. The only thing holding me back was a few 5th Class steps to gain the ridge. I was happy to have brought rope because I knew I would need to set up a rappel to get down.

The summit was now in sight less than 600 feet away. This was probably the slowest 600 feet of the entire climb making sure I was on the ridge and not on a cornice. I finally reached the summit, and I was gassed. I sat down to sink in the views and stuff my face with some Sour Patch Kids. On the way back I found the Needle Couloir, but I was fixed on going the way I came up to retrieve my trekking pole.

I got back to the spot I gained the ridge to set up an anchor to rappel off. It was an eventful anchor build compared to normal! I had to dig through snow and ice to find a reasonable anchor point. I rappelled down about 80 feet and I was able to safely snow climb down.



I snow climbed down a few hundred feet and took my crampons off to glissade the final 600 feet down the couloir. That was a blast! I retrieved my snowshoes, and I booted the rest of the way down adding in some more glissades. The rest of the climb was uneventful, and I was relieved to be back on a solid trail for the last mile and a half.



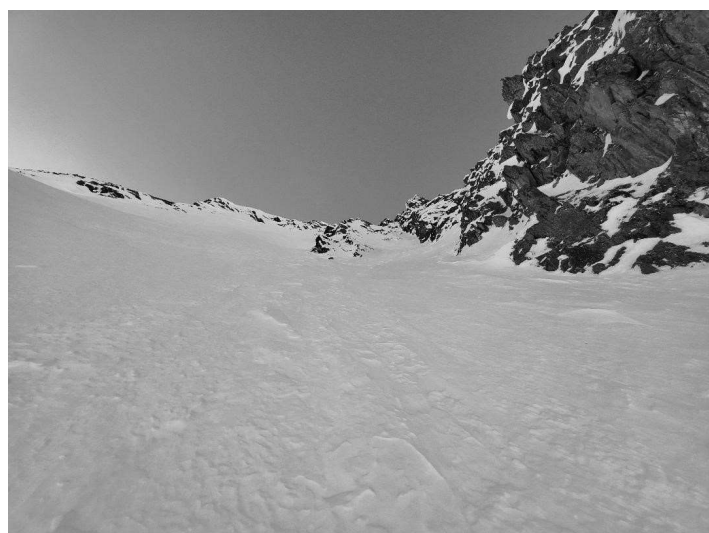
*Bluebird day*



*Gendarme that held me back.*



*Final steps to the summit.*



*Going up the middle couloir*



*Valdez from the summit.*

# Sugarloaf Mountain, 1981, Chugach Mountains

Text and photos by Matt Kinney

With Chris Larson and Jim McMahan

61.063,-146.270



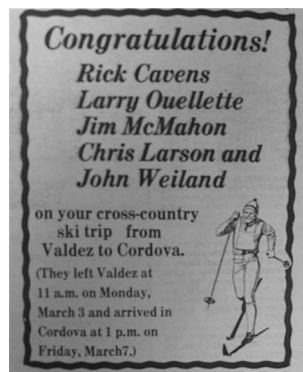
[Ed. Note: Adapted for the Scree from <http://thompsonpass.com/first-winter-ascent-of-sugarloaf-mountain-1981/>]

**February 28, 2016** - Last month I caught up with Chris Larson, an old friend who lives with his wife Kellie in Hawi on the Big Island of Hawaii. Chris is a teacher at his church's mission school and is still super fit. We began the day together paddling long and far looking for whales, occasionally spotting the telltale rising mist on the horizon. Afterward, we got some solid body surfing in at Hapuna Beach. The waves were perfect, like powder can be. Earlier this winter, I discovered my slides from the ascent of Sugarloaf Mountain that Chris and I made together, so the timing could not have been better to develop and write the story of friendship and backcountry success that took place "back in the day".

I met Larson in 1980, my first winter in Valdez. He and Kellie had moved here from Traverse City, Michigan. Our friendship immediately blossomed. Chris knew how to telemark ski and was full of the exploration urge. Early that winter, we boondocked up Sugarloaf's northerly slopes doing tele-

mark turns. By 1981, a small, eclectic group of mountaineers, including Chris and me, were racing around the Valdez mountains grabbing first ascents of mountain tops, ice falls and white water. We were into it, establishing both winter and summer first ascents. Winter ascents are defined as happening from December 15 to March 15. We couldn't wait to share our latest attempts and successes and challenged each other with the moniker "Peak-A-Week Club".

Chris Larson stands out as one of Valdez's most accomplished mountaineers and skiers. He was always in amazing physical shape that left all of us a step behind. During the nine years he lived in Valdez, he left his mark on a generation of Valdezans. Larson's Notch, which is on the route to Snow Dome, was named after Chris because he discovered the key to this route in 1985, the year before our avalanche incident on that mountain. In my guide book [Ed. Note: *Alaska Backcountry Skiing: Valdez & Thompson Pass*], this route is shown as *Snow Dome (Nemok)* after Chris's dog who died in the avalanche.



*They did the route in amazing time via Wortmanns Glacier. (Valdez Vanguard)*

As Chris and I spent the day together under the sun in Hawaii, his Alaska accomplishments rolled through our collective memories of skiing and climbing in the snowiest place in Alaska. A sample of these mountaineering accomplishments includes:

#### Valdez First Ascents

- East Peak – with John Weiland, Scott Ethrington\*, Jim McMahon (Summer)
- Meteorite Mountain – with Bob Shelton\*\* (Winter via Southwest Ramp)\*
- Mile High – Solo (Summer)
- Sugarloaf Mountain – with Jim McMahon, Matt Kinney (Winter)
- Sapphire Peak - 1987 – [Ed. Note - \*possibly Bob Shelton; \*\*possibly Jim McMahon]

#### Other

- First Ski Traverse Valdez to Cordova - 1979
- Valdez Ski Expedition – with John Weiland and others Abruzzi Route Attempt, Mt. St. Elias, 1985
- Mount Sanford – with John Weiland and AJ Bennet Winter Ascent Attempt, Feb. 1984
- Mt. Drum - 1985
- Denali via West Buttress (Twice)
- Aconcagua – 1999

#### Sugarloaf

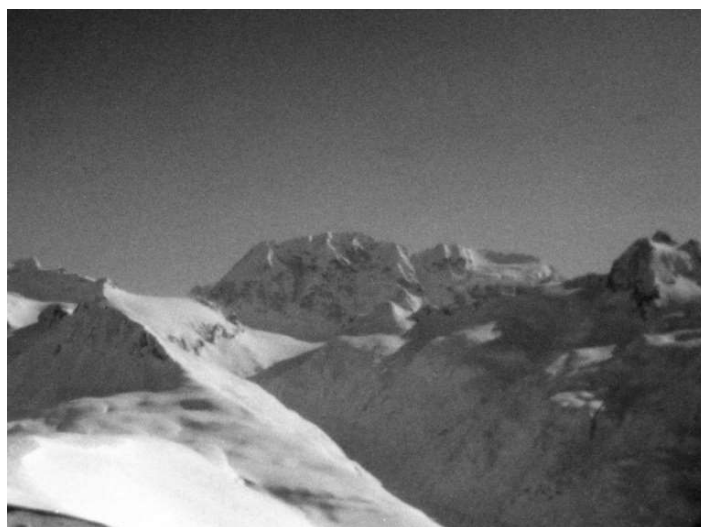
After barely a season of exploring Valdez, Chris and I along with Jim McMahon rallied to summit the iconic Sugarloaf Mountain in the winter of 1981. Whether or not it had been climbed before may be disputed, but I believe we made the first winter ascent. After conducting cursory research on the mountain's history, it could have been climbed during the summer by adventurous soldiers from Fort Lisicum or teenagers from Old Town, though no one from those periods recorded an ascent. Miners were not likely to have summited as they were more interested in following gold traces up creeks than bagging peaks.

Someone in the past certainly tried as that is the spirit of those who live under mountains like ours. In actuality it is the smallest mountain in Valdez, but that did little to dissuade attempts. Before our attempt, Bill Lorch and Kathy Embick made a dash for the peak via the north ridge and were stopped by a gendarme. Unable to traverse around Needle Col, they retreated to sea level. (Kathy later summited with Chuck Comstock after our success via the entire south ridge.)



*Somewhere on the west face (1981).*

During a cold sunrise in late February 1981, Chris, Jim McMahon and I mounted skis with packed ropes and harnesses and left the Allison Point trailhead. Once over the hydroelectric dam, we skied under the shrubby, cliffed-out west face that drops steeply to Solomon Lake. It looked impossible, but we didn't want to ski all the way around to the south ridge since that would have taken too long.



*Molar Mountain in the distant south.(1981)*

We decided to gain elevation as quickly as possible and climb straight to the summit. We dropped our skis and soon the three of us were post-holing up through the snow. Using the occasional alders that protruded through the snow, we yanked our way upward, grabbing branches and swapping the leadership position among ourselves.

We all wore Ramer avalanche beacons. At the time, ski poles connected to each other and were acceptable as "probes". Above the brush line, the mountainside became a compound



*Summit shot with Mt. Francis. (1981)*

angled snow ramp to the ridge. We scrambled up through a minor rock band after strapping on crampons and connecting ropes. Encountering a steep snow wall, we got our shovels out and tempered it enough to climb over, then stepped onto a hard and massive wind slab. We got good purchase on the concrete-like surface with crampons, a relief after swimming up to that point in knee-deep snow. My feet grew cold in my leather boots, but that mattered little to me. Chris led most the way up to the ridge.



*Port Valdez from the summit.(1981)*

Finally on the summit ridge, we gathered and agreed that we could not go down the way we came up as it had spooked us. At times, we had each thought that we may have gotten in over our heads. As we gazed north across the Port of Valdez and watched arctic air pour over Town Mountain, more spindrift was falling on our up-route, causing us to be concerned about

avalanche hazards. Ahead lay an easy walk to the summit, so we made quick work of that. After snapping some pictures, Larson went off belay and wandered toward a gendarme. McMahon and I waited nervously as he disappeared into the hidden col. About ten minutes later he came trudging back toward us. With blowing snow and the full depth of the Chugach Mountains behind him he said, "I think I found the way down, let's rope up again".



*Getting "goofy" stepping off the summit into Needle Col. (1981)*

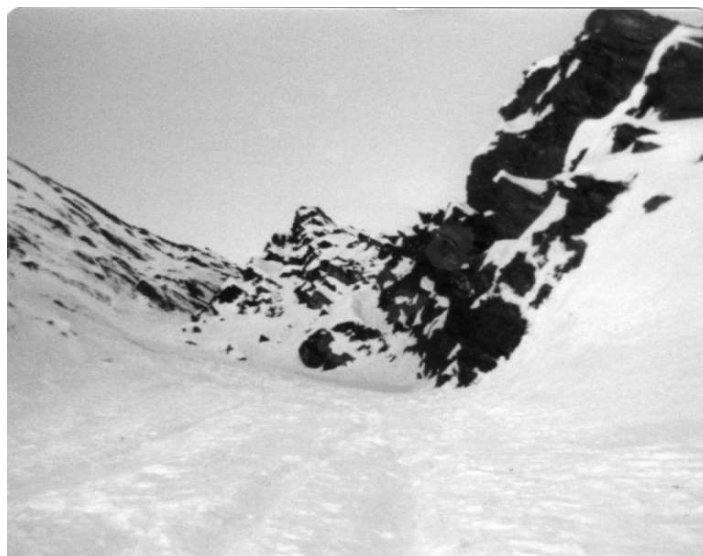
We began a steep side-hill descent, requiring the classic French technique foot and crampon work. As I took my turn on belay, the earth disappeared in front of me and a touch of nervous doubt entered my mind. Then, Chris waved and pointed. I scooted a bit further, the traverse eased, and we found ourselves at the top of what is now known as the Needle Couloir. The exit route brought us jubilation and soon the snowy earth opened up beneath us. Not only did we summit, but we were going to traverse the mountain west to east, a technical achievement climbers track.

I don't recall much of the trudge down to Dayville Road and our exit near Abercrombie Gulch other than the realization that we'd left our skis on the other side of the mountain—on Solomon Lake. The descent probably took a few hours and once we reached the road, it wasn't long before our group of Gore-Tex-clad, worn out puppies had a ride back to the trailhead.

The next day, I had to work at the Coast Guard station, but we were, of course, worried about our left-behind gear. Chris and Jim, wearing borrowed skis, raced against a storm and gathered our stash of skis and poles from the frozen shores of Solomon Lake.

During my early years in Valdez I was lucky to meet and be part of a group of skiers and climbers who seemed to know no bounds. Larson was not only a big part of those experiences but also a trusted, close friend. Today Chris has dedicated his life to his religion and teaching children, far from those days in Valdez risking his life for high adventure but at peace with why he took another road to another place.

In speaking to Chris recently he definitely gets that same shimmer in his eyes when we planned our short time together on the Big Island doing water sports. Just like 35 years ago in snowy Valdez, our body surfing sessions were full of the same enthusiasm and risk as waves pounded around us on a stretch of sandy beach. Though he is far from snow, his skis are handy just in case Mauna Kea gets a dump of tropical snow. Besides being an excellent ocean swimmer, he is pursuing the sport of free-diving. Recently he free-dived to 60 feet, holding his breath for nearly three minutes. Of course, he is trying to go deeper just as he used to go higher!



*Just under the gendarme in Needle Couloir. (1981)*



*Jim McMahon unties his crampons as Larson looks for a way back to the trailhead. (1981)*



*I'd carry this guy's fins anywhere! Hapuna Beach (2016)*



## (Wicked) Sleeping Sister Mountain (4130 Feet), Kenai Mountains

Text and photos by Wayne L. Todd

60.378,-149.481



*Kenai Lake with Crescent Lake Peaks*



*Sleeping Sister Mountain panorama with Kenai Lake*

As my desired trip plans failed to fruit I concoct a secondary plan as the forecast is impeccable. On paper it looks simple, easy and even novel.

With a typical later start than planned from Anchorage, I'm southbound with three-plus days of food and fuel, the standard light mountaineering kit but also with a medium-weight watercraft kit.

At Trail River Campground the Bandit inflatable kayak inflates nicely to a finger-flicked pinging sound. As most other gear is already water-bag packed, I'm soon loaded and paddling the two miles to Meadow Creek Campground. The sun to my left, pure blue above, the wind to my nowhere (it's glassy calm) with mountain reflections, and my peak destinations straight ahead, a half hour later I'm pulling my craft ashore to a very quiet site, despite the obvious picnic table and grill. After the difficult task

of deciding where to set my tent and sundries, including a bear can, which is not necessary as there's a metal food locker on site (and an outhouse), I'm off before 1 p.m. for the short 3-plus mile jaunt up Sleeping Sister Mountain's east flank (4130 feet), and possibly West Adair (4940 feet).

Meadow Creek is easily crossed and a paralleling animal trail makes for reasonably efficient travel, but I need to exit hard east somewhere and preferably before the really steep slopes I'd seen while paddling over. I bail from



*Kenai Lake with loaded inflatable kayak, Black Mountain and Sleeping Sister in the back-ground.*



the trail and soon encounter the Alaskan travel potpourri of damp, downed still-branched trees surrounded by dense devils club. The leather gloves and dual poles slightly mitigate the annoyance but don't do much for the slow, frustrating upward progress. I think a modified Whippet head with an inch curved cutter under the pick next to the pole would be perfect for catching and slicing devils club stems but realistically acknowledge it would also probably take off many fingers.

Not being able to see the slopes above just drives an upward-ho mentality. Numerous mini steep sections necessitate the use of all four limbs, but at least these are mostly brush-free. I'm already fantasizing about a better way down. Toward alpine, the views open up to the Lark, Andy Simons and Sheep Mountains area and the vegetated-to-the-top Black Mountain.

The alpine is a lovely reprieve/reward. A goat saunters around Point 3705 as I cross over. Descending the west side of 3705, I note a substantial gully with possible continuous and brush free travel to Kenai Lake.

Approaching Sleeping Sister and 4 p.m., I have quite the internal debate as to also hike West Adair.

The black bear grazing below that way is a -  
it's so close +  
I'm solo -  
but no one to tell me no +  
I don't want to exit in the dark or get benighted --  
don't be a wuss +  
be wise and make the conservative choice --  
push it a little what can go wrong +  
if I go for WA I'd have to rush my Sister stay -  
the route looks easy +  
it's now freezing at night -  
what about that gully to the lake +/-?

A herd of goats moves right around the corner on the summit block. On top the nearby Kenai peaks are highly accented by the curving blue waters of Kenai Lake. The peaks above Crescent Lake are prominent across the way. A robust, dominant billy goat pops up on the ridge 30 yards away, clearly checking me out. He then settles in the rocks on the north side even closer. I'd really like to know what he's thinking and/or planning. I opt for a relaxed stay on Sister Girl and work my standard oper-

ations. The Ship Creek Campground outwash looks very visit worthy and has better light exposure. What would have been my experience if I'd camped there instead but had a later start?

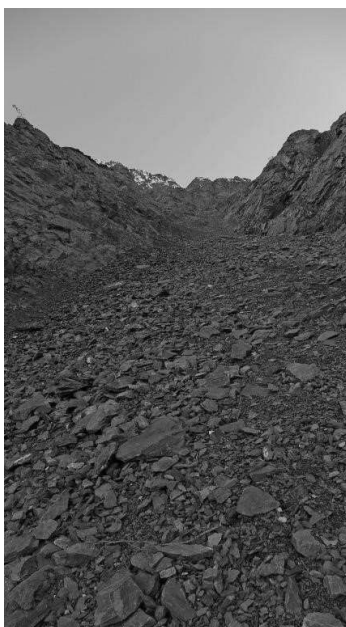
Knowing darkness approaches around 9 p.m. in mid-September, I head back but keep looking down sub-gullies that lead to the main gully. I'm soon descending slightly that direction, if not this feeder gully then that one. I'm convinced and drop into the main, mostly talus, gully making steady degress\* and feeling so lucky about this discovery. Hundreds of feet are soon thousands and then... 'Ohhh', I don't see the slope below where water surfaces out of the talus. A closer look reveals "CRAP!" I'm cliffed out above a waterfall (about 1650 feet). I now have only a few hours before dark, both sides of this gully are now stupidly steep, a sobering sinking feeling settles in.



*The Billy*

The right side of the gully looks slightly less steep to gain the brush so I clamber over a rivulet and 'Hey', another gully tops out here which ties continuously into the main gully. Hell yeah! It's a bit steeper and firmer, but with judicious pole use I'm then back in the main gully heading directly for Kenai Lake and already thinking how soon I might be back in

camp. As brush encroaches the gully on my leveling descent, I keep an eye for a magical trail exiting to the right. I don't find one and just above the lake plunge right in to 'Oh, this is bad': steep angling terrain with a dense mix of downed damp trees, devils club and alders (the least offensive). It's 'only' a mile and half back to camp though.



*The Glorious? Gully*

I proceed forcefully along, a few times losing precious elevation to walk a very short distance of flattish lakeshore, only to work my way back up a hundred or more feet. Even the lakeshore has hazards of super-slick rocks with many tree hurdles. Flashbacks to the heinous bushwhack from Burnt Island (see the August 2006 Scree) don't help. An occasional rough bear trail keeps my anger in check. A few cliff sections force me even higher up the slope. The half hours tick by as I depressingly watch my 'progress' towards camp. The propensity for injury here is quite high, but at least no one else is sharing this misery. The beautiful waters tease so close below, if only I could swim.

As dusk approaches I see a fairly continuous

longer stretch of shoreline ahead. I make my approach and for a second think, 'Nice, someone's walking the beach'. A black bear is working the beach toward camp. At shoreline, now almost three hours and an impressive mile after the end of the 'brilliant' gully idea I gingerly walk the slippery stones with poles and frequent "Hey, bears". Just shy of 9 p.m. and darkness, I make it to the glorious tent. An easy, cold food dinner can be a wonderful thing. I send another InReach "Checking in, everything is OK". I'm so done with bushwhacking, screw Black Mountain, I'm headed for Seward in the morning for a relaxing tourist venue.

Route beta:

By far the easiest and fastest route up Sleeping Sister Mountain and the Adairs, is to utilize the gully between Sleeping Sister and Point 3705, but starting where the gully intersects Kenai Lake. If you want a loop or have just a boat drop off, you could traverse over to the Lost Lake Trail from Mount Adair. See the December 2016 Scree.

Another possibly easier option is to climb the gully when it's snow-filled. Avalanche awareness would be key as there is a reason why it's brush-free almost to the lake.

Another option, learned from Harold Faust of Seward, is to ascend the northwest aspect of Sleeping Sister from Ship Creek Campground to the west ridge. He reported that aspect had tolerable brush which was minimized 15 years ago when he climbed it with Stuart Grenier and George Peck on October 2, 2005.



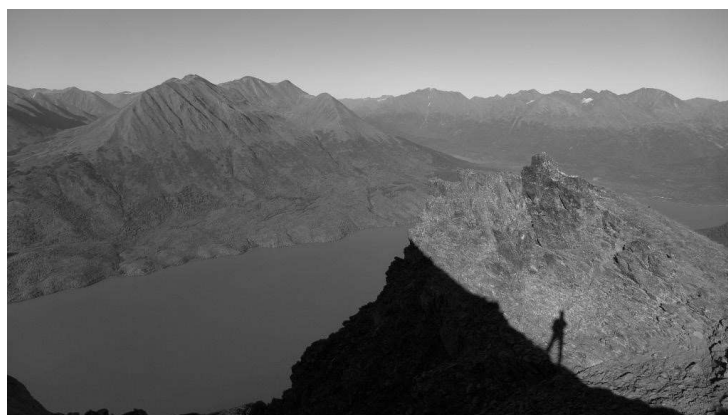
*Wayne on Sleeping Sister, West Adair in background*



*Crux spot in the gully*



*The steep area*



*Descending Sleeping Sister*

## Black Mountain (2209 feet), Kenai Mountains

Text and photos by Wayne Todd

September 12, 2020

60.387,-149.406



*Tent site, with sunshine, at Meadow Creek*

I'm adamant not to exit the tent until sunlight hits it. The interior is a little drippy and the exterior is covered with serious frost. My pee exit in the night saw crescent moon light across Kenai Lake yet still a brilliant star display.

Two nearby dancing Steller's Jays are entertaining, though I'm sure they expect some food bits with a human about. My back is tired from lying too long; the sun does not seem to be making any upward progress; I kind of need to pee again. Fine! I'll get up in shadow.

It's chilly, especially on the hands, as everything is covered in frost. I sure don't want to paddle across Kenai Lake in these temperatures. I boil water mostly just because I can. Finally, the sun breaks over the higher peaks to the east, 'Yes'. Fifteen minutes later it's blocked by Black Mountain. Really?

How long would it take me to get up Black? It's only a mile away, it's 2000 feet lower than (Twisted) Sleeping Sister Mountain, and would be a good way to warm up; when will I get here again? Despite my previous night's proclamation of 'never bushwhacking again', I'm soon packed and hiking the short beach toward the northeast ridge.

The immediate elevation launch tests my tired and battered legs, no surprise. But the initial section has modest understory with a still-fairly-intact tree canopy. I hike steadily up and slightly left, weaving over and around many downed trees, but without the standard energy sapping dense devil's club accompaniment. Occasional swales of devil's club or rusty menziesia slow my progress, but I'm so psyched to be ascending at a reasonable rate, mentally and physically. Plus, this will be a sweet route down. As the grade tapers, the brush increases slightly, but soon I'm on gentler terrain (the plateau!), which is workable by connecting lower swaths of small marshes and ponds. Low hemlock mostly covers the top, which is difficult and effortful to push through.

My Gaia points show a barely curving northeast ascent, I didn't have enough battery to record a continuous track. Without some form of GPS, it would be difficult to find the benchmark but with the aid of such amazing technology, I'm at the hemlock-hemmed benchmark a couple of hours after camp with limited neighboring-peak vistas. Another mound is nearby so I also visit that one, which has less obstructed views. On my return to the benchmark I find another one, rather close to the first. Good

luck to someone wanting to find the absolute highest point, it's definitely at the top of one of the trees.

Excited about my second peak success and wanting to move on to the next phase, plus knowing my battery life is limited, I hurry off the top a bit too far right (east). So for the next hour and a half I discover significantly more devil's club and downed trees and mini-cliffs, always still just a bit east, despite working down and left, of my much-easier ascent route. The safety glasses and leather gloves are useful. My descent is only a half hour faster than my ascent, disappointing and stupid.

Breaking camp and boat prep is now more pleasant with dry 50's temperatures, albeit now in tree shade. A quick rinse in close-by Meadow Creek is in full glorious warm sun. The conditions are so good again, I paddle directly for Trail River campground, a scenic spot two lake miles distant.

About 4 hours, 2.5 miles, 1900 feet, plus boating time.

Dan Glatz, who climbed Black Mountain the previous winter, described his winter ascent as one of his most unpleasant climbs.



*Sleeping Sister from Black Mountain*



*Loaded inflatable kayak before return crossing*



*Wayne and the hemlocks*



*Andy Simons Mountain*

## Tunneling Through Space and Time

Text by Charlie Sink

61.292,-149.018



*The rescue lift. The lift spot was directly under the helicopter.*

The view that evening from the summit of The Watchman (6410 feet) was mixed with grey and dark clouds forming to west-northwest while a view of the ice cap showed blue skies above white and blue glaciers. Earlier in the day we had blue skies and warm summer weather. I held my arms out level like a flying plane while standing one foot on either side of a small tricorn summit while the three ridges led steeply down. The southwest side was the steepest approach, the southeast side formed a complex ridge and a more straightforward ridge lay down the north. The north ridge was the least steep but contained friable rock that broke at each step upon it.

Kathy Still had called me one evening and asked me to go climbing. We have been casually meeting up on occasion to climb together in Chugach State Park but have also done climbs elsewhere. We had settled on The Watchman for a day climb, a peak I had not done but one that she had done a while ago. The peak would be one of our “day” climbs where you get up early and come back late. It was going to be the middle of the week,

Wednesday August 5, 2020. I took two days off work. One to climb and one to recuperate.

I had not raised my hands high like goal posts as I was not there to conquer the peak but to visit it. And to get down safely. I had tied into an interesting rappel sling slung like a figure of eight lying along the ridge, and I was about 25 feet above it. The views from The Watchman were spectacular as the summit views in this area generally are. Bold Peak was still visible but promising to hide, Bashful and Baleful Peaks could be seen in their finery as could Bounty Peak and The Mitre off to the east. Clouds were starting to hide the summits of Peril Peak and Mount Beelzebub, and Benign Peak which rose behind The Watchman like a large and gentle brother. I peered straight down the cliffs of The Watchman toward the Eklutna River admiring how direct the view was. Bees Haven was beginning to hide behind a dark grey to darkening shroud of mists threatening rain.

I scrambled down from the summit without taking pictures as I would normally do. I retreated to the belay anchor and unfurled my rope. I was having trouble standing on the brittle rock and freeing my hands. It took time to unsort the rope before I could throw it down along the ridge. A carabiner got away from me but stopped part way down. As I rappelled I was able to pick up the carabiner and felt like things were going well, and I slid off the end of the rope onto a good stance about halfway down the summit cap ridge.

At that spot, I quickly pulled the rope down in a neat pile at my feet. I determined that I was tired. There was a sling down below me that we had left on the climb up. I did not need to retrieve it. I could have continued down the friable north ridge to join Kathy below me but decided to be safe and do another rappel. The rope was coiled at my feet ready to go.

There were two rocks on the ridge at that point to choose from. I of course chose the bigger rock to rappel from. It was of a good dimension, several hundreds of pounds, and seemed to be resting more to the west side of the ridge while I would rappel off the east side. I put one of my large slings around a part of it and ran my rope through either side of the sling before throwing each end of the rope off the ridge. The rope ends landed part way down on shallow broken ledges with rocks sticking up. The rope ends would need to be cleared, and I thought I could stand on some of the shallow ledges to do just that.

Normally I would down climb such slopes as these but chose to get off the peak safely. I saw Kathy waiting patiently down below me hunched up with her yellow shell on. I knew we would be getting out late and probably have to move through the bushwhack in the dark before approaching the Eklutna River and bike riding back to the cars. We had headlamps. More clouds and mists were starting to form.

I climbed off the ridge and stood on the first shallow ledge. Next, I clipped into the rope and pulled up close to the rock I had slung. There were short steep sections of wall below me and the first such wall was just a little too far down to the next shallow ledge. I decided to weight the rope and test the rappel anchor. As I added weight to the rope, nothing moved. To get down the short steep wall to the next step forced me to place both feet on the wall which then fully weighted the rope. I had just brought my second foot to the rock face when I saw the rock that was now fully above me start to slowly rotate, like turning a knob, and it rotated toward me.

My perception changed. Here I was hanging off a very heavy rock over a rotten cliff face some 100 feet high and the anchor was beginning to move. Below this cliff were two more massive

cliffs that dominate the northeast side of The Watchman. I had been staring directly down to the river below this expanse and now here I was at the very top of the slope watching the rock I had tied into begin to pivot off the ridge with me hanging off the bottom of it.

My reality changed to a seemingly slow-moving focus. I did not have time to think about what I was going to do as I just did something. There was no time for multiple choice options. What I did was quickly lower myself down the short-steep face to the next shallow ledge, stepped on it, gave myself some slack to move aside from the descending rock. It worked and the boulder started to pass me by.

My mind told me in my next slow-moving thought that I was still tied to the rock. I moved back over toward the descending rock and reached out with my left hand to the far side of the rock. I had realized that I needed to clear the sling I had put on the rock. Otherwise, I would be tied to the rock. I was able to clear it and thought it was a good plan.

The only problem was in doing such an act, I had not noticed that such a large object had pushed me outward away from the cliff. The next thing I knew, my body was about horizontal, and my best laid plan was falling away. At this point of consciousness, it occurred to me that things were not going to go well. I had rotated off the ledge and my feet cleared, and I began to follow the rock down the shallow half-pipe gully below us headfirst. The boulder led the way down and I was following it down the cliff face as if I was a running back following a fullback. The boulder began to touch the cliff face here and there, shedding some of its skin. The rock was still just a few feet ahead of me leading the way and I followed it down and the rock gully began to take on the hue of a blur.

My next conscious act told me that I needed to adapt. I told myself that I would need to rotate my body into a forward summersault as in a gymnastic fall. I did not desire to be leading with my head.

I do not know if I summersaulted or not.

Somewhere in that moment I lost consciousness, like falling down a black hole where your body stretches out along the event horizon and all information is lost. Some wormholes, a physicist described, one could enter and after 400 years or so, if you could remain intact, you could come out the other side into another part of the universe into another experience, albeit a cosmic experience.

I seemingly had one. I came back to consciousness. The only problem was I was still falling headfirst. I could not see the rock in front of me anymore. I could hear it impacting badly some-



where off in the near distance but beyond my view. My view was still the blur of the rock wall passing but faster and inching closer. I watched the geologic layers of time flash by. Then a thought occurred to me, "What, am I dead?"

I came to an abrupt stop.

I was laying on my left side with my roped harness strung up-tight against my body. I sat up facing downslope. I had landed on fine scree that felt somewhat cushioned. I was sitting just below the summit cliff. For some reason, I had stopped right at bottom of the summit cliff. I felt relieved. At that moment I could still hear the boulder. It was crashing more angrily below and had successfully begun to descend bigger cliffs below.

I decided to sit up and inched back up toward the cliff to take in some air. I knew that I needed to let Kathy know that I was still alive and yelled at her after gaining some slack that I was okay.

It was not a fully correct statement.

When I had sat up, I had already noticed that my right ankle was at an odd angle. It was hanging off to the right rather than how it would normally align. "Well that's f..ked!" I had said to myself. I observed it for bleeding but only saw two spots of blood on the backside of my sock that were not getting wetter.

I had just unclipped from my rappel device when Kathy showed up. I had not lost my breath but knew that I was seriously injured. Kathy asked me if I could move over somehow to a short ridge that sticks out away from the north ridge 30 some feet or so to the northeast before it drops off. I scooted over on my butt aided by my hands. There was one short patch of heather that I could sit on and a rock that was long enough for my right leg to lie on. It was just long enough and wide enough to have my right foot dangle off its end.

Kathy began to assess the situation. She went into her pack and retrieved an In-Reach satellite transceiver that could transmit short texts. It did not take long for Kathy to get off a 911 emergency text. Of course, nothing ever works easily in these situations, and after the first message Kathy struggled with the unit. Luckily, she carried both the device and the instructions and after fumbling a bit, brought out the instructions. While Kathy was a little shook getting oriented with the device, for some reason I was quite conscious. We worked as a team. My job was to self-assess and try to be comfortable. Kathy made contact around 6:20 p.m. that evening. She began to add more information into her texts for 911 dispatcher. The In-Reach device provided GPS location, altitude, and the time. Later, Kathy would provide updated weather information.

In my assessment, I could see that I had a dislocated or broken ankle and in general, was a bit roughed up. After a little time

had passed, I noticed that I had a swelling, spreading lump on my lower back. Not good, I told myself. I had tried to lie down moments before but that was not comfortable. I advised Kathy that she might as well let the 911 dispatcher know that I might also have a broken back. She texted that information in.

After a bit, the dispatcher gave us an estimated arrival time for a helicopter dispatch. It would come from the Alaska National Guard base. Estimated time was about 2-hours and at that time, we estimated it would be somewhere closer to 8:30 p.m. before its arrival time.

Kathy helped me put on my clothes. This meant draping some of my clothes on me if I could not slip them on. Some shells, I held in place. We did the best we could for me. Kathy moved off to the side to put on her insulted top and bottoms then her outer garments.

Mists were beginning to rise from the northeast coming up from the Eklutna River while it seemed the summit pulled them up around us then dissipating as if by our wishes. On the west and northwest side of The Watchman darkening clouds developed and it began to rain. Off to the east the glacier was clear and we could still see blue sky. Kathy said something about the ice cap being cool enough to keep the rain away from us. It was our wish, yet we continued to be challenged by the mists that began to thicken around us.

Time slowly clocked away. I got tired holding myself upright and asked Kathy to come to sit by my left side and lean her back against me to help hold me up.

We talked about what would happen if the helicopter did not come soon enough. One variation was that if the helicopter could not come, she would descend in the dark and cross the Eklutna River after retreating through the lower bushwhack to get help. The forecast had predicted rain for the next day starting sometime in the earlier morning hours. Under that scenario, it would be a long night for me. It was not a hopeful thought and we passed the time trying to will the helicopter to my rescue. The weather was already ominous, and it was just a couple hundred feet behind us. On the other side of the north ridge of The Watchman it had begun to rain.

We could hear the helicopter before it arrived. It was a Pave Hawk military helicopter. It missed us on their first fly by. Kathy jumped up and waved at it. She began to gather our loose things and stuff them in our packs. Thankfully, the helicopter swung around in a counterclockwise direction, circling over the Eklutna River Valley. The helicopter flew by a second time. The crew spotted us and gave us a sign that they had. They flew another circle.

After the third circle, the helicopter started to approach us lifting its nose but for some reason started to fly by slowly and seemingly rose as they passed over us. We wondered what they were doing. The helicopter began maybe three more circle patterns. They texted Kathy to say that they could not bring their Para Jumpers (PJs) to us because our outcrop was too close to the cliff. They next texted that they would lower the PJs onto the southeast ridge outcrop below the summit cap cliff. It jutted out some 100 feet or so before falling off into the abyss. The pilots had determined that its extension was far enough for them to land the PJs.

The PJs approached us. One put a sucker in my mouth after asking me if I was allergic to some indecipherable kind of pain medicine. I said I did not know and gamely put the sucker in my mouth. The older PJ said that they could not pick me up from where I sat and asked if I could get on my feet and move over to the southeast ridge. I said I would give it a try. I told the younger PJ that I was starting to get dizzy. He pulled the sucker out of my mouth. The two PJs got me on my feet. I made two partly feeble hops on my left foot. My right uphill foot dangled precariously. The older PJ said that was not going to work and sat me back down on my perch that I had barely gotten beyond.

The older PJ talked with the pilot. The helicopter continued to make circles over the Eklutna River Valley. After a bit of assessment working through what I assumed would be their decision tree, the older PJ said the helicopter would try to come in to pluck me off my perch I was on. However, he said that they would have to do it quickly because the air drafts and the position of the cliff would make such a lift precarious for them.

The younger PJ then ran me through the protocols of how they would hook me up with a horse collar type of harness which they would pull over my head, pull a sling under my crotch, clip into the haul cable and cinch it up. I was to place my hands below the harness, under the hoist cable, while the horse collar would rest under my armpits and once the lift began would flex up under my chin.

The helicopter made another approach towards where we located on that short northeast spur. The cable was fully lowered from the helicopter. I found out later that they have 200 feet of cable. As the helicopter came in it was slightly off the northeast side of the peak from us. I looked up and the pilot was rocking the helicopter from side to side to get the cable to swing back and forth while slowly descending. It did not take long for the older PJ to grab the harness attached to the cable. The younger PJ placed the harness over my head, and I followed directions. Once the crotch strap was in place the PJ cinched me up and he clipped in and we lifted off immediately.

We were instantly 5600 feet over the Eklutna River. I grabbed a quick look down for the effect. The helicopter wash was intense as we winched up the cable. It did not take long until we were up beside the helicopter door and slid in about a foot on the cable, a built-in design function. The PJ lowered me onto the edge of the door bay and pushed me into the helicopter before releasing me. He then stuffed me into the far side of the bay. After securing a few things, the PJ asked me if I could crawl into the gurney. I did. He took my vitals and gave me a thumbs up.

The helicopter circled around once more and moved over to the southeast ridge to pick up Kathy and the older PJ and our packs. Once they were on board the door closed.

The younger PJ leaned down and said "Ten minutes to the hospital." The next time he leaned down he said, "You are one tough motherf...er!"

## Epilogue

A number of notable experiences ensued.

Watching the overhead lights wheel by on the gurney leading into the ER room where an ant-farm of activity occurred as the ER staff descended upon me was surreal. I went into surgery to have my foot straightened and to have my blood vessels aligned to work better. I was in and out of the x-ray room and the MRI room. As I was coming out of my first surgery, I was having an Ad-Astra type of hallucinatory nightmare having to recreate myself from an early Internet graphic labyrinth. I met "the" Dr. Brown who had been brought in to straighten out my foot for a second time. I begged them not to give me the same anesthesia as they gave me last time. One of the male nurses said I was funny.

I woke up later that morning in recovery by myself except for a parade of nurses that came and went. My self-assessment was that I was very beat up and exhausted from it all. Different doctors kept showing up claiming to have done different things for me. I was disoriented and they gave me narcotics for pain. A woman of the cloth stopped by to ask if I was a man of god and I gave some un-physicist-like litany on the universe and that somehow god did fit in somewhere into the intelligence of the universe. She never came back. This went on for three more days before I felt strong enough to go home. They kept forcing me to get up and to use crutches, but I had no infrastructure at home as I was living alone.

One of my friends who is a PT came in to take me home. She knew how to handle me and got me into my condo. The first night was strange. I asked a climbing partner of mine to stay overnight the next night and she slept on my couch. She got word out the next day to the climbing community and a lot of

my climbing friends showed up to give me a hand. They brought food and friendship and I got to tell my story in its different variations over and over again.

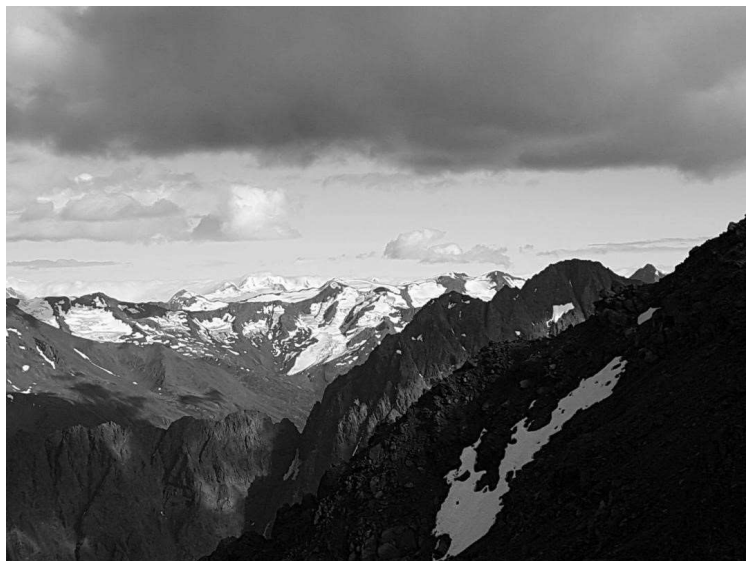
I soon realized that I needed more help. I called my wife who was living in Portland to come up and help me as I needed a lot more care than I realized. I also realized that I was going to wear out my friendships too if I did not find help and soon. I could not drive. I was lucky to get out of bed and make it to the bathroom, not always successfully. My PT friend had gotten me into the shower a couple of times as it took about two weeks before my wife arrived because of COVID and other arrangements.

I had to wait for two weeks after my foot was straightened to have surgery on my foot. My foot was too swollen at the time after my accident for surgery. I had torn off my interior, anterior, and Achilles tendons. My foot surgeon, Dr. Rueben Fox, told me that I had an extraordinarily complex surgery that he and a team of doctors had done. I thanked him then and now. I had an L2 compression fracture of one of my vertebrae. This meant I gave it a forward bevel that will not pop back. The back doctor said air would fill the void and over time I could bear more and more weight to get back to normal, whatever that is.

I am continuing to heal. Now I am walking some and I can drive. I am still doing PT. My foot still has issues. I have the promise that I will be able to ski and climb again, in a while. I hang onto that faith. I appreciate my wife, as well as Kathy for expediting my rescue competently according to the Para Jumpers and Eric Opland, whom Kathy had been able to contact. And I appreciate my friends including the Para jumpers, the helicopter pilots and our mountain rescue friends such as Wayne Todd and Carrie Wang, who I found out later had ordered the correct helicopter for my rescue.



*On the summit with my arms outstretched.*



*The southeast ridge of The Watchman, where the PJs landed and Kathy and one PJ lifted off.*

## Shawn Lyons' Horizons

Text by Frank E. Baker

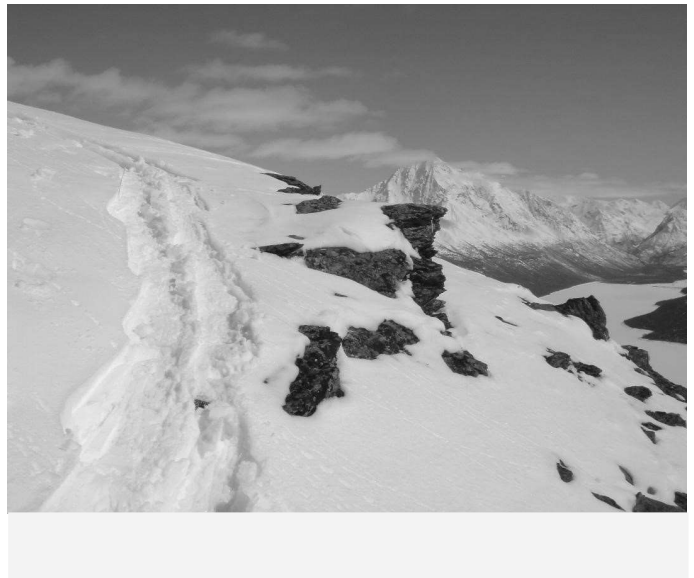
He was there before most of us,  
and went farther;  
traversing windswept ridges  
to unnamed mountain summits;  
scrambling through  
glacier-chiseled gullies;  
across rocky moraines,  
lingering in alpine meadows  
to catch the heavenly scent  
of wildflowers;  
pushing through punishing alder thickets  
and finally,  
down into the protective embrace of forests.

His tracks in the snow  
faded into the distance  
beyond the horizons we knew.  
On many hikes we'd pause and look ahead,  
wondering what Shawn would have done,  
where he would have gone.  
And the recurring answer: "farther."

He was a poet who played the guitar,  
but his odes were the untrammelled wilderness  
and his music was the mountains.  
He heard God's voice  
in the restless winds swirling  
around the peaks  
and through the canyons.

And on those endless journeys  
to new sunrises,  
God held Shawn's hand  
and walked alongside him,  
showing him the way.

*Frank E. Baker is a member of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska and freelance writer who lives in Eagle River.*



## Peak of the Month: Peak 5350, Chigmit Mountains

Text by Steve Gruhn

**Mountain Range:** Aleutian Range; Chigmit Mountains

**Borough:** Kenai Peninsula Borough

**Drainages:** Left Fork of West Glacier Creek and Right Fork of West Glacier Creek

**Latitude/Longitude:** 60° 1' 28" North, 153° 15' 14" West

**Elevation:** 5350±50 feet

**Adjacent Peaks:** Peak 4850 in the Left Fork of West Glacier Creek and Right Fork of West Glacier Creek drainages; Peak 4650 in the Left Fork of West Glacier Creek drainage; Peak 4550 in the Left Fork of West Glacier Creek drainage; and Peak 5050 in the Left Fork of West Glacier Creek drainage

**Distinctness:** 1080 feet from Peak 4850

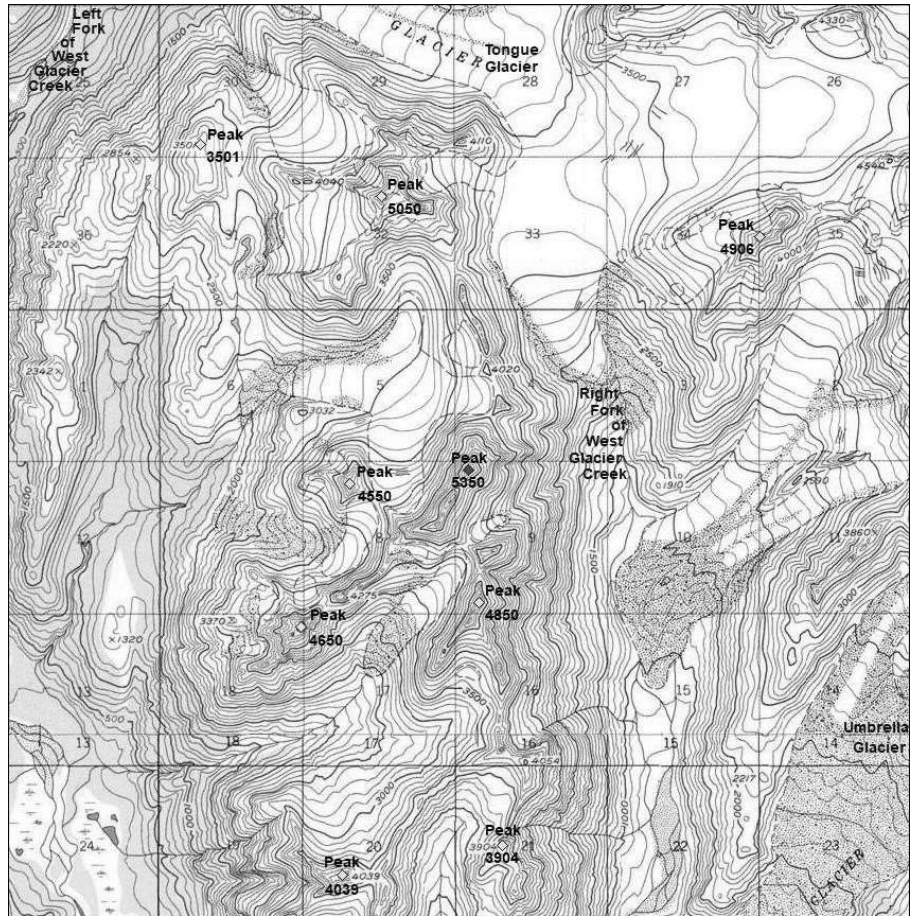
**Prominence:** 2240 feet from Peak 6260 in the Tuxedni Glacier and Right Fork of West Glacier Creek drainages

**USGS Maps:** 1:63,360: Lake Clark (A-1); 1:25,000: Lake Clark A-1 SW

**First Recorded Ascent:** May 2013 by Jimmy Kase, Azri-el Sellers, and Siemen Stoen

**Route of First Recorded Ascent:** "The Goddess," a couloir on the east face

**Access Point:** 3800-Foot-level of the Tongue Glacier



*Top half of the east face of Peak 5350, showing "The Goddess."  
Photo by Az Sellers*

In May 2013 Jimmy Kase, the late Eric Opland, Az Sellers, Kathy Still, and Siemen Stoen flew on Alaska West Air's FBA-2C1 Bush Hawk-XP in two trips from Kenai to the 3800-foot level of the Tongue Glacier in the Chigmit Mountains. En route they noticed a prominent peak that was cleaved in two by an east-facing couloir. The prospect of skiing that 3,900-foot couloir captured the imagination of Kase and Sellers.

They day after they landed on the glacier, Kase and Sellers climbed to the summit of Iliamna Volcano (10016 feet), their primary objective. The following day Kase, Sellers, and Stoen rose early and skied down the Tongue Glacier and crossed the Right Fork of West Glacier Creek. They skied to the base of the prominent couloir that had captured their attention two days earlier. At the base of the couloir, they took off their skis and began booting uphill, carrying their skis. The couloir led directly to the summit. At the top Sellers described the conditions as perfect and Kase dubbed the couloir "The Goddess," with the

approval of both Sellers and Stoen.

They skied to the base of the couloir and at sunset began the long skin up to their camp on the Tongue Glacier. The party of five returned to Kenai in a single flight.

I don't know of a second ascent of Peak 5350.

Information for this column came from Sellers' trip report titled "'The Goddess' on Peak 5350 (Aleutian Range; Left Fork of West Glacier Creek and Right Fork of West Glacier Creek)," which appeared in the July 2015 *Scree*; and from my correspondence with Sellers, Ben Still, and Kathy Still.



*Az Sellers drops in for the first turns on the descent of "The Goddess" on Peak 5350. Siemen Stoen is at left.*

*Photo by Jimmy Kase*



*Northeast aspect of the top third of Peak 5350.*

*Photo by Az Sellers*



*Top half of the east face of Peak 5350, showing "The Goddess."*

*Photo by Ben Still*



# Board of Directors Meeting Minutes

January 27, 2021, at 6:30-8:00 p.m., conducted online via Zoom

## Roll Call

Mike Meyers (President) - Present  
Nathan Pooler (Vice-President) - Present  
Curtis Townsend (Secretary) - Absent  
Katherine Cooper (Treasurer) - Present  
Tom Meacham (Director) - Present  
Heather Johnson (Director) - Present  
Andy Kubic (Director) - Present  
Luke Konarzewski (Director) - Present  
Branden Lee (Director) - Present  
Josh Pickle (Director) - Present

**Scribe:** Mike Meyers

## Committee Reports

### President (Mike Meyers)

- Board voting via Zoom went great.
- 2021 Budget approved by membership
- By-Laws 2 year term change approved by membership
- By-Laws draft to be reviewed by Board on Google Drive
- Board decided to allow Dano Michaud to use the MCA logo on a personal mug (not for resale)
- Membership dues discussion.....possible tiered system for payments.

### Vice President (Nathan Pooler)

- February 3rd Speaker - Heather Johnson.

### Secretary (Curtis Townsend)

- BP energy center is closed through June 2021. They will reassess after that date.

### Treasurer (Katherine Cooper)

- Nothing new to report.

### Liability Committee (Tom Meacham)

- Nothing to report.

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

- Nothing to report.

### the Scree (Gerrit Verbeek, Dawn Munroe)

- Audit of Scree subscriptions possible. Nathan to look into it. Canceling the REI subscription.

### Trips Committee

- Nothing to report

### Training Committee

- Recording a trip leader training event to use for future training is in the best interest of the club.

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

- Curtis has the hut trailhead signs and will deliver them to Ranger Dan Amyot.
- Bomber windows to happen in summer 2021. Foyer + more to happen if we receive a grant
- Funding for new hut discussed, will continue discussions with the potential donors. Will follow the Huts Master Plan.

### Mentorship (Lila Hobbs, Katherine Cooper)

- Nothing to report.

### Communications Committee (Lila Hobbs)

- Money has been set aside for a new website but who will head this up?
- Lila can help new board of director members transitioning in and/or current board members with this task, but is limited by evening work schedule (starts at 5 pm)
- Andy Kubic and Heather Johnson will help to manage this project
- Board liked Gerrit's "Going digital on old Screes" idea. Looking for an approximate overall price of the project.

### Calendar Committee (Vicky Ho, Lila Hobbs, Heather Johnson, Mike Meyers)

- Nothing new to report

## Date and Location of next Meeting

- General Meeting Feb 3rd via Zoom, starting at 6:30 p.m.
- Next Board Meeting on Feb 24, 2021 from 6:30-8:00 pm via Zoom.

## Mountaineering Club of Alaska

President	Mike Meyers	<a href="mailto:president@mtnclubak.org">president@mtnclubak.org</a>	Director 1 (term expires in 2021)	Andy Kubic	<a href="mailto:andy.kubic@gmail.com">andy.kubic@gmail.com</a>
Vice-President	Nathan Pooler	<a href="mailto:vicepresident@mtnclubak.org">vicepresident@mtnclubak.org</a>	Director 2 (term expires in 2021)	Heather Johnson	<a href="mailto:hjohnson2211@gmail.com">hjohnson2211@gmail.com</a>
Secretary	Curtis Townsend	<a href="mailto:secretary@mtnclubak.org">secretary@mtnclubak.org</a>	Director 3 (term expires in 2021)	Tom Meacham	<a href="mailto:tmeacham@pci.net">tmeacham@pci.net</a>
Treasurer	Katherine Cooper	<a href="mailto:treasurer@mtnclubak.org">treasurer@mtnclubak.org</a>	Director 4 (term expires in 2022)	Luke Konarzewski	<a href="mailto:lukekonzewski96@gmail.com">lukekonzewski96@gmail.com</a>
			Director 5 (term expires in 2022)	Brendan Lee	<a href="mailto:brendanlee718@yahoo.com">brendanlee718@yahoo.com</a>
			Director 6 (term expires in 2022)	Josh Pickle	<a href="mailto:joshuampickle@gmail.com">joshuampickle@gmail.com</a>

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](mailto: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](mailto: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](mailto: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 — 209-253-8489 — [membership@mtnclubak.org](mailto:membership@mtnclubak.org)

Hiking and Climbing Committee: Vacant — [training@mtnclubak.org](mailto:training@mtnclubak.org)

Mentorship: Katherine Cooper and Lila Hobbs — [mentorship@mtnclubak.org](mailto:mentorship@mtnclubak.org)

Huts: Greg Bragiel — 350-5146 or [huts@mtnclubak.org](mailto:huts@mtnclubak.org)

Calendar: Vicky Ho — 512-470-8640 or [hovcky@gmail.com](mailto:hovcky@gmail.com)

Librarian: Gwen Higgins — [library@mtnclubak.org](mailto:library@mtnclubak.org)

*Scree* Editor: Gerrit Verbeek — [MCAScree@gmail.com](mailto:MCAScree@gmail.com) assisted by Dawn Munroe (350-5121 or [dawn.talbott@yahoo.com](mailto:dawn.talbott@yahoo.com))

Web: [www.mtnclubak.org](http://www.mtnclubak.org)

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

*Major cornice on the left of Sugarloaf Mountain.*

*Photo by Kaleb Nottle*

Mountaineering Club of Alaska  
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