

# the SCREE

## Mountaineering Club of Alaska

April 2021

Volume 64, Number 4



"The sun was warm but the wind was chill. [...] But if you so much as dare to speak, a cloud comes over the sunlit arch, a wind comes off a frozen peak, and you're two months back in the middle of March."

— Robert Frost

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Point 3772 to Point 3960, Western Chugach Mountains

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Peak of the Month: Mount Garrett (6495 feet), Coast Mountains

### APRIL MEETING

Wednesday April 7, at 6:30 p.m. Kakiko Ramos-Leon will present stories from multiple seasons of climbing Denali as a guide and NPS volunteer.



**"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

Peter Hinds ascending The Ramp in the Western Chugach Mountains.

Photo by Wayne Todd

## APRIL MEETING

Wednesday April 7, at 6:30 p.m.

Denali is back open in 2021! Join us for Denali climbing stories with 'Kakiko' Ramos-Leon. Kakiko has climbed Denali several times as a guide and volunteer, including the less-traveled Muldrow Glacier route. Kakiko was born and raised in Mexico. He first came to Alaska in 2005 to climb Denali and moved here in 2010. Since then, he has pursued his passions of snow and mountains by volunteering for local mountain search and rescue groups, volunteering for the Denali National Park Service, working seasonal jobs, and guiding on Denali.

Join Zoom Meeting <https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83674706360?pwd=VUY4VElyVEpqc2xmN29BbG1OKzR3dz09>

Meeting ID: 836 7470 6360 Passcode: 033973

One tap mobile

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## Scree Digitization

*The Scree* has been published every month since October 1958 (with the exceptions of October 1961 and May 2004, both due to unexpected personal crises faced by the editors at the time). This sixty-year record of trip reports, exploration, and access and conservation issues in southcentral Alaska contains large amounts of information not found in any other source and represents one of the Club's most significant assets.

Starting with November 1998, editions contain digitized text which can be searched either as downloaded files on a user's computer, or online with a search function in the MCA website member portal. The 482 earlier editions are currently available in .pdf format containing scanned images of the text which is not searchable.

The MCA Board has approved a project to fully digitize the text of those older issues, so that they can continue to be a world-class asset to Club members in the digital age.

Online? Click me!



## Trips

**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.

**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.

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

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

## Announcements

### Current Hut Needs, Notes & Inventory

Text by Jonathan Rupp Strong and Greg Bragiel

**Hut Needs and Notes-** If you are headed to one of the MCA huts, please consult the notes below to see what needs to go to the huts or be fixed. All huts have tools and materials so that anyone can make basic repairs. 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!

**Mint Hut-** Painting exterior with red oil paint. Clean downstairs ceiling. Lantern mantles. Fire extinguisher. Future considerations: Stainless steel counters, replace 32" front door

**Bomber Hut** – Fire extinguisher. All windows on main floor are boarded up. Scrape and paint outside wood. Clean with TSP and paint inside walls of hut. Supplies are on site. Window replacements with foyer / deck addition are being planned for Summer 2021. **Many thanks to Jason Hall and his team for maintenance and measurements done September 18-19, 2020.**

**Dnigi Hut** – Evaluate hut structural integrity, mold concerns. **Many thanks to Richard Rasch for delivering supplies on a helo mission, July 9, 2020 at his own expense, and thanks again Richard and his group for maintenance done on recent trip.** Future needs: vents- (flies entering)! Bear deterrents in rough shape. Future considerations: Probable rebuild of deteriorated walls.

**Holden Hut** – Need a window for entry hall or door. Latch on latrine needs attention (freezing closed) **Many thanks to Randall Williams and Caroline Storm for cleaning and supplies brought September 27-28, 2020.** "...overall, hut is in fantastic condition, no damage to report."

**Pichler's Perch** – No stove fuel present. Coleman stove working. Helo mission planned to change poo barrels out Spring 2021. As of March 16, 2021: Human Waste barrels: 3 empty, 1 full. **Many thanks to Brad Nelson and Alpha Aviation for May 17, 2020 helo mission to install a vent and deliver supplies.** Supplies to go in: none.

**Hans' Hut** – Install window hold-open clasp. Helo mission planned to change poo barrels out Spring 2021. As of March 16, 2021: Human Waste barrels: Human waste barrel 1/2 full. 1 empty in hut. 1/3 gallon stove fuel present. Coleman stove working. Supplies to go in: none. **Many thanks to Brad Nelson and Alpha Aviation for May 17, 2020 helo mission for maintenance work and to deliver supplies.**

**Rosie's Roost** – 1 gallon stove fuel present. Coleman stove working. Human waste barrels: 2 empty barrels on site. **Urgent-Door latch/ handle needs to be replaced Alert!!- Bears have been feeding on human waste in barrels and were observed multiple times during maintenance trip.** Securing lids of Human Waste barrels

imperative!!

**ALL EKLUTNA TRAVERSE HUTS** – ET travelers should take trash compactor bags along. Human waste system WAG bags have been used inappropriately. WAG bags are for packing out NOT placing into onsite human waste barrels. For depositing human waste on-site, use 5 gallon bucket lined with trash compactor bag, place tied bag into onsite human waste barrel.

**Scandinavian Peaks Hut** – None. **Kelly Mann reports** "...was just at the Scandinavian Peaks hut and it looked great, door was closed..."

**All Huts** - The MCA Board of Directors has decided to phase out the Coleman cooking stoves in the huts. In the future, as a stove fails, it will not be replaced. Be prepared- take your own stove. Additional supplies available for placement at any hut: WAG bags (approx. 100) for human waste collection/pack out along Eklutna Traverse. One functional Coleman stove. Tools: saw, pliers, screwdrivers, metal snips, stapler, hammer, paint tray, 2 roller brushes, 4 paint rollers, door lock set, crowbar, caulk gun, socket set.

### Geographic Names

The Alaska Historical Commission has requested comments from the MCA on a proposal to change the name of North Suicide Peak to North Yuyanq'Ch'ex and to change the name of South Suicide Peak to South Yuyanq'Ch'ex. The peaks comprise the Suicide Peaks in the Front Range of the Western Chugach Mountains in Chugach State Park. Interested members may request additional details from, or provide comments to, Geographic Names Committee Chair Steve Gruhn at [geographicnames@mtclubak.org](mailto:geographicnames@mtclubak.org) by April 9, 2021, so that he can compile and submit them on behalf of the MCA in advance of the next scheduled AHC meeting.

The text of the proposal reads:

"North and South Suicide Peaks (15 miles SE of Anchorage, Alaska) are inappropriately named, derogatory, hurtful and culturally dishonoring. Therefore, we are asking for these peaks, which are traditionally located on Dena'ina Athabascan lands, to be renamed as N. and S. Yuyanq' Ch'ex, which means Heaven's Breath in Dena'ina Athabascan. In 1951, these mountains were named by some non-Alaskan Railroad workers who didn't consider the First Alaskans (Dena'ina/Athabascans), as well as all Alaskans' tragic and ongoing battle with suicide. The new name, proposed by several Athabascans, is Yuyanq' Ch'ex (Heaven's Breath), and is an appropriate name on many levels: 1. It accurately describes the geographical features (which is traditionally how the Dena'ina name their places). 2. It is compassionate toward all who have lost loved ones to suicide, which is especially important because Alaska's rural communities have up to 4 times the national suicide rate. 3. It is culturally honoring to the First People of Alaska. 4. It is a hope-filled name that can inspire many to live and not commit suicide. "

## Mount Gannon (Peak 8,900+) Straw Hat Ridge, Alaska Range

Text and photos by Mark Westman, with Paul Roderick and Charlie Sassara

62.762, -152.044



More than ten years ago, Paul Roderick excitedly told me about an aesthetic peak that he had been looking at in the Alaska Range, five and a half miles west-southwest of Mount Russell. At nearly 9,000 feet in elevation, it stands up on the horizon as an icy pyramid left of Mount Russell when viewed from the air above Talkeetna. However, the peak is not visible from the ground because it is so far from town and is hidden behind the much closer Dutch Hills, and thus maintains some obscurity.

Paul is my brother in law and the owner of Talkeetna Air Taxi. When he's not flying climbers or scenic passengers to and from the mountains, he's often playing in those same mountains with friends or family, scouting remote landing sites with his personal aircraft, finding secret stashes of powder to ski, and bagging peaks that starry eyed Denali aspirants never notice as they fly on over them, bound for glory on North America's highest mountain.

Every March, Paul flies clients to the various villages in western Alaska to watch the Iditarod sled dog race. This flight path to places like McGrath, Ruby, and Takotna takes him right over the Alaska Range between Mount Russell and the Cathedral Spires of the Kichatna Mountains.

This is an area of the Alaska Range that remains largely unvisited and unexplored. Stuck between the iconic peaks of the Denali

area to the northeast, and the notorious granitic Kichatna Spires to the southwest, the peaks in this part of the range lack the prominence of altitude of their neighbors, and are composed largely of a loose black shale rock that makes highly technical outings unappealing. In addition, this area is a natural low point in the barrier the Alaska Range presents to the persistent south and southeasterly atmospheric flow, and as such experiences higher wind velocities than one would generally find at similar elevations in places farther east, such as the Ruth Glacier. The higher ridges and peaks are often plastered in rime ice of the sort that one would find on peaks in Patagonia or Peru. As it is with the Kichatna area, the remoteness and persistent stormy weather also make airplane access in and out a more complicated process often fraught with long waiting times.

But this is real Alaskan mountain wilderness. The potential for authentic, exploratory mountaineering experiences are nearly limitless at this time, and as a search of the climbing journals will reveal, very few of the peaks between Mount Russell and the Kichatnas have ever been attempted. For the alpinist looking for moderate mountaineering challenges in a breathtakingly scenic and wild locale, absent the crowds and incessant noise of overhead scenic aircraft, this place is idyllic.

Mount Russell is one of the most attractive mountains in the Alaska Range and is a frequent query of visitors to Talkeetna, as its pyramid juts above the horizon in plain sight from the overlook in Talkeetna. Yet very few climbers have ventured to this 11,800 foot peak. To date, the mountain only has seven known ascents. It is much larger in scale and more difficult than it appears, and the peak is almost constantly raked by the wind. West of Russell, the only truly dominant peak on the horizon until the Kichatnas is 8,700' Mount Dall. Ascended only once, in 1970, the mountain is composed of a conglomerate rock the consistency of frozen mud and which proved very difficult to protect. Everything else in between is a sea of unnamed peaks, nearly all of which have never seen a human visitor.

Immediately west of Russell are a succession of attractive summits reaching around 9,000 feet in elevation, overshadowed only due to their proximity to the authentically stunning Mount Russell. The peak that Paul had been eyeing is the furthest west of this group, and is surrounded by two offshoots of the Dall Glacier, the major glacial artery of the area. Paul and I had flown over the peak a few times during flights to McGrath and while on a number of exploratory day flights. We'd had loose plans to try it on some early spring day through the years, but our busy schedules and fickle weather had stood in the way. Until 2010, I was annually engrossed in prolonged climbing trips in the Alaska Range, and then for the next ten years, I worked at Denali National Park as one of the mountaineering rangers, a position which monopolized my personal time in the spring and made climbing on my own time in the Alaska Range, with all the attendant weather uncertainties, a difficult proposition. Paul's hectic business schedule similarly stymied his free time.

But the spring of 2020 was different for all of us. COVID-19 had severely curtailed Paul's business, and I had chosen to leave Denali to pursue wildland firefighting, which left me some open time in the spring for the first time in a decade. Paul and I were well quarantined, and, given he's family and was in my "covid pod", we decided to give this peak a go when some nice weather arrived on May the 6th. Best of all, Charlie Sassara, who is one of my personal heroes, and who had been dutifully isolating himself in Anchorage, would be joining us.

There's something to be said for having a pilot in the family with an airplane to use for the whole day. Paul, Charlie, and I met up at the Talkeetna airport at 9 a.m. We loaded Paul's turbine Otter and launched by 10 a.m. By 10:30 we had landed on a small glacier beneath the east face of Peak 8900+ at about 6000 feet elevation. It was a perfect spring day- not a cloud in the sky in any direction, not a breath of wind. Paul put the plane "to bed" by covering the wings and engine, and we began skinning uphill through a small icefall that led to the base of the mountain proper. Right away, we wished we had gotten up earlier, as the snow stuck to our skis in huge

clumps, and the heat was stifling. We stripped down shortly into it, and not long after, Charlie and I gave up on skiing and decided to just boot it the rest of the way.

After a lot of tiring work in the hot sun, we reached the base of a steep snow and ice slope leading to a col beneath the north ridge of the mountain. After changing into crampons, Paul led off up the slope with Charlie and I following. A short bit of ice gained the col and a tremendous view to the west and southwest towards the Kichatnas, Mount Dall, and down into the Tonzona River on the interior side of the range.

We turned left and began cramponing up steepening ice slopes that converged into the spine of the mountain's north ridge, the wind having scoured the ridge down to bare ice for much of the way. About halfway up, the ridge was blocked by an overhanging crevasse, a feature which would force us out left onto a long traverse across and then up 50 degree ice. At this point, Charlie turned to us and grinned. "Fellas, I think I'm all good here. My legs are tired. I'm going to sit and enjoy my lunch and this nice view. You guys go finish it up". I was filled with an abiding respect and envy for Charlie's superior ability to just be out here, for the sake of being out here.

Paul and I continued simul climbing up the shadowed ice slope for several ropelengths, regained the crest and tightroped a short exposed knife edge, then navigated a complex set of summit crevasses. We reached the top just a little over three hours after having left the airplane. The 360 degree view was as good as anything I've seen in the range. Russell knifed skyward to the east, with Mount Foraker peeking over its shoulder. Distant peaks of the Revelations and Tordrillos appeared to the southwest. The rivers and lakes of the upper Kuskokwim headwaters rolled away to the north. "This is a really good one", Paul exclaimed wistfully. "We finally did it".

We started down. I constructed two V-thread anchors but otherwise we downclimbed with running protection. Charlie had descended to the col to await us, enjoying the bright warm sunshine. "What a day!", Charlie said cheerily as we crunched back into the col and were reunited.

We downclimbed from the col, face-in at first, then booting face out until we reached the bergschrund. Paul began skiing while Charlie and I punched downhill on foot to where our skis awaited. The entire bowl was now shaded and the snow- mashed potatoes on the ascent- was still the same but overlain with a 2-3" breakable crust. Charlie and I laughed uproariously at each other's spectacular successive wipeouts as we survival skied our way back to the airplane.

We arrived to the plane to find Paul brewing hot drinks on the Reactor. The mountains above us glowed in the early evening sun. We relived the day, snacked up and rehydrated, loaded the plane, and lifted off.



Paul charted a course in a circular pattern over our peak for some scenic aerial photos, then wound a serpentine route past Mount Russell and Mount Foraker, glowing golden and red in the evening light, before turning the Otter towards Talkeetna. For as long as I can remember, the pre or post climb flight with Paul is always about getting you fired up for the mountains and getting full immersion in their power.

Paul and I decided to name the mountain after our friend, Ted Gannon, who recently passed away at age 84. Paul met Ted in 1991 when he first came to Alaska. Ted had climbed Denali previously, in 1984, and was hanging around Talkeetna looking for a climbing partner. Paul showed up in Talkeetna to climb Denali, solo and with no plan. Ted and Paul hit it off and decided to head up Denali's west buttress. They reached 14,000 feet before the weather drove them down. But Ted became a lifelong friend.

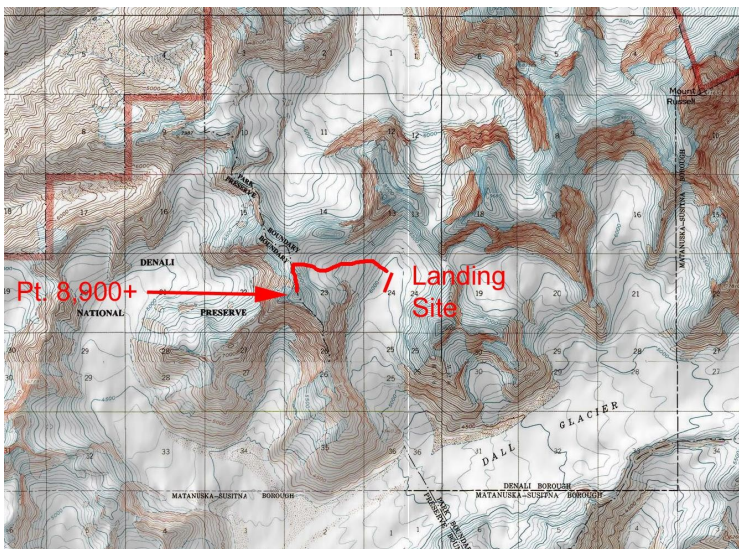
Ted grew up in Washington's Methow Valley and joined the Peace Corps in 1963. He lived in the remote village of Kusma in Nepal for many years, becoming deeply connected to the people and culture. He was fluent in Nepali and went back to the country repeatedly for the rest of his life. He lived alternately in Seattle and the Twisp area when not traveling or climbing. Ted was an eccentric person who proudly declared himself to be an "alien living among humans"- in reference to his decidedly eastern philosophy on life that he carried as a person living in the west. In his later years, Ted spent many spring seasons in Talkeetna, helping out the office and ground staff at Talkeetna Air Taxi. But he could just as easily be found eating cinnamon rolls at the Roadhouse, dancing at the Fairview Inn at 2 a.m., and at any time, discussing eastern philosophies, human relationships, and the ending of violence with anyone who was willing to participate. Ted was an unmistakable entity wherever he went, with his colorful sweatpants and a large straw hat.

My wife Lisa and I, along with my late friend Joe Puryear, had spent a month in Nepal with Ted in 2000. Ted frequently lent me his apartment in Seattle's Capitol Hill neighborhood when he was overseas and I was working temporary assignments for a civil engineering consulting firm in Seattle over the years. Anytime I was working in Seattle, Ted and I spent long hours over countless evenings at restaurants or walking the streets of Seattle talking about life and philosophy. Even when his ideas were confounding, he exposed your ego and forced you to think critically. He was an authentic and unique individual, the kind of person you'll never meet twice in a lifetime.

Paul and I also dubbed our north ridge route, the "Straw Hat Ridge". We are certain that Ted would have enjoyed the climb, and the happy conversations in which Paul, Charlie and I engaged.

Such a quick hit to this part of the range was only really possible by having a family member with a plane that could be left waiting at

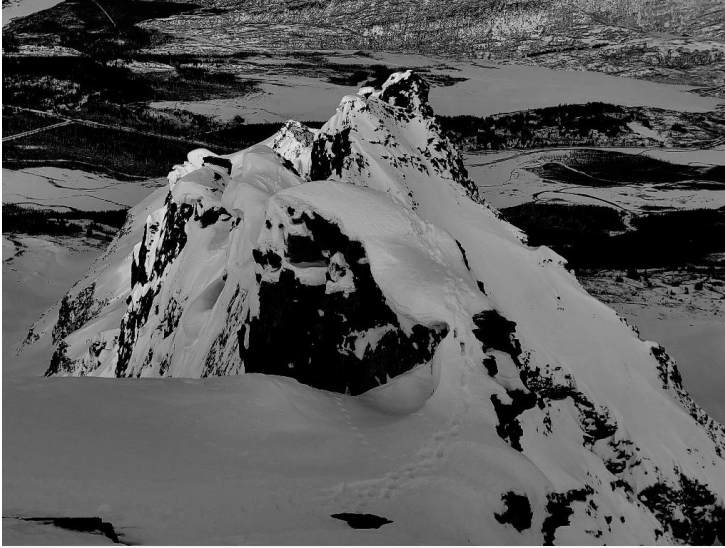
the base. And to be sure, all three of us being over 50 and encroaching on geezerhood makes the idea of sleeping in a real bed after climbing a mountain a highly attractive proposition. And yet, as chic as "smash and grab" alpinism has become in the modern era, I'd recommend that future visitors to these parts take the extra gear and spend a little more time here, listening to the song of the mountains and forgetting what trivialities occupied your mind back home.



## Mount Francis (5426 feet), Chugach Mountains

Text and photos by Kaleb Notte

61.042,-146.206



*The ridge of Mount Francis*



*Mount Francis*

What a climb this was! This had everything you could think of. I originally had this climb planned out for February 13, 2021. Started in the dark with headlamp cruising down the Trans-Alaska Pipeline (TAPS) trail. I started getting this weird feeling in my gut. I got to the top of a hill and I saw glowing eyes staring me down standing in the middle of my path. I stood there trying to make out what it was. That is when it started approaching me. I started backing up cautiously and I saw the glowing eyes slowly following me over the hill. After about 10 minutes it stopped and turned around. I had no idea what it was but clearly it was protecting something.

This brings me to the morning of February 15. I began my climb a little after sunrise. Once again, I was powering down the TAPS trail. I started trucking up the hill where I had my encounter. I get to the top and there was a moose standing in the same spot. I looked around and I saw two babies in the trees. So now I know what was approaching me and why. She was protecting her young. I cut to the trees on the right and slowly made my way around them giving them proper space. When I was at a safe distance, I emerged back on to the TAPS trail for another mile.

After 2.25 miles I arrived at the bushwhacking section. I stayed just left of the creek draining from the small glacier above. I was

weaving in and out of trees pulling myself up on the alders. Navigation was easy because the northern ridge of Francis pops out between the trees. This section went smooth besides a few slaps in the face from pesky alders that did not want to own up.

Emerging out of the trees unveiled a spectacular view! Mount Francis on the west and Bobs Knob on the east and an endless view of mountains south. The travel here was super smooth and quick. There were solid blue ice formations on the west side and beautiful powder everywhere.

I continued snowshoeing the rest of the way to the eastern couloir. This was one of the best-looking couloirs I have seen. I ditched my snowshoes at the bottom and put my crampons on. Snowpack was perfect for slamming ice axes and crampons into. No signs of any potential avalanches. The travel was smooth and the beautiful walls of the couloir surrounding made it peaceful.

The top of the couloir is where the crux began. It was about a 40 foot wall of snow, ice and rock. It was slow moving, with every swing of my axe ice and snow rained down me. I slowly carved the path ahead by removing blocks of ice and snow off the couloir wall to expose good foot and hand placements. After this the incline becomes bootable again up the ridge line. The ridge was full of some gnarly cornices. I stuck strictly to the



rock. The section I had to walk on the snow I delicately examined each step to confirm I was on the ridge proper.

The ridge line was only about 200 vertical feet to the summit, but it took just under two hours from the top of the couloir to the summit. The final steps to the summit I was gassed but when the horizon came into view, I felt reenergized. A perfect 360 of surrounding peaks and the entire city of Valdez in site. It took just short of 8 hours to reach the summit.

The ridge scramble back was straight forward I just followed my footprints back. About 50 feet above the crux was a solid anchor point. I used 2 twin ropes for a full-length rappel down. I took a few steps down the couloir and I decided to full send a glissade down. I took off my crampons and used my axe to control my speed down. This was a 1200 foot grown-adult slide, but I felt like a kid! It took only 4 minutes down compared to the 1.5 hours up.

Final part of the climb out was chill. I finished the bush-whacking portion with headlamp donned. Stepping onto the TAPS trail was a huge relief. I finally was on solid ground instead of sinking 6 inches with each step. I was a little cautious in the area I ran into the moose's, but they were nowhere to be found. 3 hours later I arrived at my car and collapsed with the heat on.

Total stats: 11 miles 7k vert and 11 hours. Thanks to Matt Kinney for the beta.



*North ridge of Mount Francis*



*Cornice on Mount Francis*



*Halfway up the Eastern Couloir*



*Couloir of Mount Francis*



## The Ramp (5240 feet), Western Chugach Mountains

Text and photos by Wayne Todd

61.089, -149.545



*Peter Hinds on The Ramp, O'Malley and Hidden Peak backdrop.*

### *The Ramp: Chugach Front Range Link-Up intersection*

*July 30 2020*

The headwind is so strong biking becomes more effortful than hiking. I ditch the bike lower than typical off upper Powerline Trail. And the wind is cold; it's July but feels more like October. An advantage to a blustery day like this is zero flying insects, they're either grounded or blown way out of their home turf.

I can't imagine what all human activities have occurred in this bowl over the decades. Every time I pass through something else is found, today it's a rusty screwdriver. At South Ship Lake Pass I'm wondering where to hang out to hopefully meet Peter Hinds, who's somewhere along the Chugach Link-Up travelling north to south.

I continue to West Ship Lake Pass and fortuitously gain cell coverage. Cory Hinds, who's on (Big) O'Malley Peak, reports Peter just left there headed for Hidden Mountain and then The Ramp. Perfect, I now have his location and a destination. Plus remaining at the pass is not thermally possible without winter clothing or seri-

ous shelter. It's screaming windy and cold.

Hiking up The Ramp is pleasantly overly warm in the moments the east wind is blocked. And to think Peter has likely been battling this for most of the long day. Frequent glances along the east ridge reveal no movement. Shortly after I settle in at the top and report another "no sign yet" I see Peter moving up the ridge closer than expected.

Minutes later he's on top looking fairly relaxed, comfortable and not showing signs of already having ascended nine peaks! After his gel and water consumption and pleasant visit (the gale has been in his face all day), he's down the south ridge of The Ramp headed for Avalanche Mountain. Avalanche

Mountain and the Suicides look nasty with flowing dark clouds obscuring the upper ramparts.

He's become quite the athletic young man from the boy I witnessed growing up. I descend after seeing him skirting The Wedge. It's so impressive to see such athleticism, especially in mountain terrain and harsh weather.

Once biking again, I have my fastest exodus ever and it's bizarre moving along at 20+ mph with no head wind, despite the trailside brush shaking dramatically.

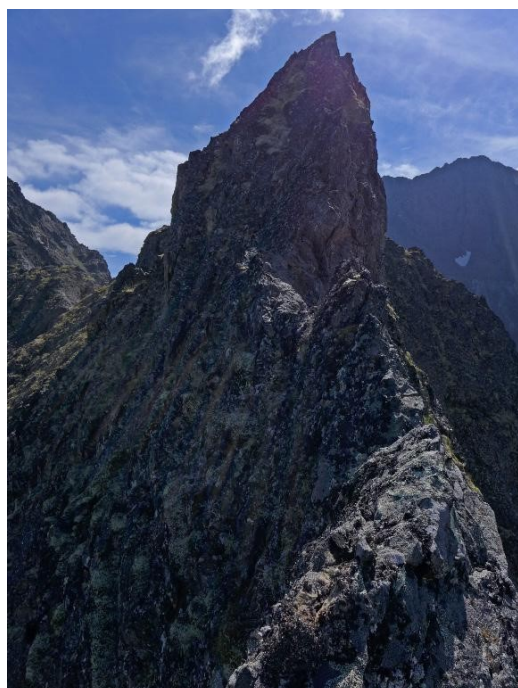
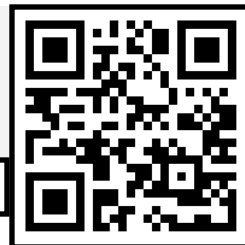
The next report is that Peter finished the 12 peak linkup in less than 17 hours! His buddy Nick Jablonski jogged in and accompanied him for the last couple miles out Rabbit Creek Valley.

In later correspondence, Peter thinks he knows how to complete the linkup even faster, especially if not running against headwinds. Next year, who knows how fast he might complete this 12 peak, approximately 40 mile and 20,000 foot gain endurance challenge. He believes the linkup is much about mental fortitude as mind over matter.

## North Avalanche Mountain (4505 feet), Western Chugach Mountains

Text and photos by Wayne Todd

61.068, -149.520



*The ridge preferred*



*North ridge of Avalanche*

On the quest to find new local terrain, my attention falls on North Avalanche Mountain. On a previous trip I stopped at South Ship Lake Pass due to a late start and feeling rather ill-equipped as the route looked to be of just stout steep rock (I had two axes and crampons, but no rope or partner). Perhaps I'd mistaken a steep snow gully on the west side of Avalanche Mountain proper for a North Avalanche route. [Ed. Note: 'South Ship Lake Pass' refers to the pass from South Fork Campbell Creek to Ship Creek between Avalanche Mountain and The Wedge]

Today is much better with an earlier start, a reasonable forecast (though it's quite gray biking up Powerline Pass) and a good inkling as to what I'm in for (rock scrambling). After the customary bike hiding, I hike upward toward South Ship Lake Pass. As a solo traveler, my pace varies to my whim at the moment, and I stop for as little or long as wanted for plant and other pictures. The little hesitation at the pass is to appreciate the beauty of Ship Lake (and the bluer sky this direction) and confirm my route plans. Some of the route looks quite steep, but I attribute that to foreshortening. The approach terrain dictates a steady down and right direction, but I hug the steeps to lose the least amount of elevation.

After a scree slope, my route ascends again to the massive boulder field. This field is comprised of boulders up to jet size (one even looks like the front half) and stretches for half a mile from the base of Avalanche well into Ship Lake. A noticeable gray area of recently-exposed rock lies just below the summit of Avalanche. This mark dwarfs the size of the Rainbow Peak failure. About halfway down a much larger gray area is now exposed. I'm curious if these recent slides are from the 2018 earthquake, if the upper failure triggered the lower failure, and what the boulder field looked like before all the new geology relocation. The temptation is to play in and around all these boulders, but there is active rockfall about twice an hour.

At the base of my planned route the initial section looks easy enough on semi-vegetated slopes. The mostly dry rock and foliage is noted and appreciated. Where this segues to steeper terrain, I opt for a direct ascent to the northwest ridge rather than gentler ascending terrain to the right (this is likely an easier route). The angle gradually increases and soon is at my "fun factor" limit. After deciding not to descend or traverse right because the ridge line is "so close" and surely the terrain would be easier there, I continue up, realizing that down-climbing this would be



difficult and risky. I also know that much of the local north-facing terrain is very steep, which I will soon re-discover.

To the ridge, what a relief, except “Crap,” it’s clifty on the north side. And the ridgeline is very narrow and steep on both sides. After weighing options while straddling the ridge, recounting the numerous local mountaineering accidents this summer, and aware that a bike helmet offers little protection from a fall here, I decide up and along the ridge is the least risky, and it’s more natural to ascend. An initial *au cheval*, transitions to a crawl and then to a hands-on-the-ridge-with-feet-on-the-north-side traverse. The rock is already plenty crappy, but the north side is also wet, along with the smears of moss. The terrain abates after a gendarme and I’m quite relieved, even though I still can’t see the entire ridgeline. The ridge is workable and the last summit block is reasonable scrambling, but there’s already the thought of “how to get down?”.

I take a really long break on the owl(?) pellet and small-boned critter summit. The day is splendid, the views of all the Bird Ridge peaks are unhindered, the rolling clouds from the South Ship Lake Pass never advance, and the ridge to Avalanche is impressive. Too impressive, actually, as that was one of my options for retreat, but looks like a fun route for a rope-gun partner that enjoys really steep, crappy rock.

I don’t really want to drop all the way down to Indian Creek Pass; I could probably work the northeast ridge down and return along Ship Lake or there was the possibly continuous scree slope at the saddle between North Avalanche and Avalanche. With trepidation I descend that direction first. The first gully I peer down is not descent friendly and I’ve had enough nervous adrenaline for the day. The next gully is ... YES!, easy terrain all the way to the boulder field. Why didn’t I ascend this way? Soon I’m back in the boulder field and noting my steps from earlier.

The weather has totally cleared when I reach South Ship Lake Pass, I glance at my ascent route again before descending to the mostly gravity-propelled, non-motorized, two-wheeled, speedy contraction (i.e., the always fun and fast bike ride out the Powerline Trail back to Glen Alps.)

August 14, 2020

Fifteen miles (but almost 12 on bicycle), 4,000 feet of elevation gain.



*North Avalanche, southwest aspect*



*Stonehenge on North Avalanche*



*Routes: South West side. Blue: ascent route, purple: preferred (?), orange: easiest*

## Point 3772 to Point 3960, Front Range: Mini-Link-Up,

### Western Chugach Mountains

Text and photos by Wayne Todd



60.999, -149.563



*East view of Falls Creek Valley, Indianhouse and 3772*

One of the innumerable linkups that can be done in the Front Range. For the average mountaineer who is unable or unwilling to do a dozen peaks in one outing and wants minimal crowds and new terrain, it is as follows:

Start at the social trail for Indianhouse Mountain\*, follow this up and up to the saddle between Falls Creek and Indian Valley. Hang a left (west) away from Indianhouse\*\* proper, and travel the rather short distance out to Point 3772. The inlet views with dual, or more, mountain ranges can be grand.

Return to the saddle, but drop left (north) into the east branch of Falls Creek. Follow this lovely valley out, but stay a bit high on the north side to catch a brief ride on the main Falls Creek trail until completely above brush line, then make a hard left (northwest) off trail, losing just a bit of elevation to cross Falls Creek before ascending to Falls Creek Ridge south of South Suicide Peak. Rather than visit the busy South Suicide, make a left (southwest) at the ridgeline out to Point 3960 or beyond. The peak-bordered inlet views can be even more spectacular than from 3772 (weather and visibility dependent).

Return along the ridgeline (add South Suicide Peak if desired or keep linking west), dropping back to the Falls Creek Trail (or perhaps visit Falls Lake at the headwaters of Falls Creek along the way) and exit this trail.

Just a couple hundred yards, or less, before the Falls Creek Trailhead, make a left (east) onto the old roadbed which is hiked intermittently. Follow this trail, which eventually follows under the powerlines, back to the car. The trail is good, but in a few places is a bit boggy or briefly brushy (though that usually means the trail is a few feet to the side).

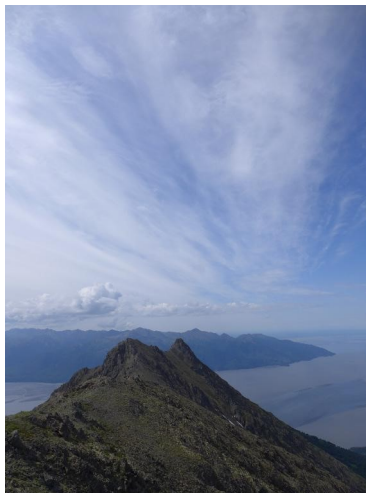
Besides great mountain and inlet views, dozens of plants fall along foot (blooming if your timing is good), calming waters cascade lower, numerous animal sightings are possible, or if really lucky you'll encounter friends hiking up the Falls Creek Trail and get invited to dinner.

For the complete experience, stop at Water World for a waterfall rinse (preferably clothed unless you want to cause a serious highway accident).

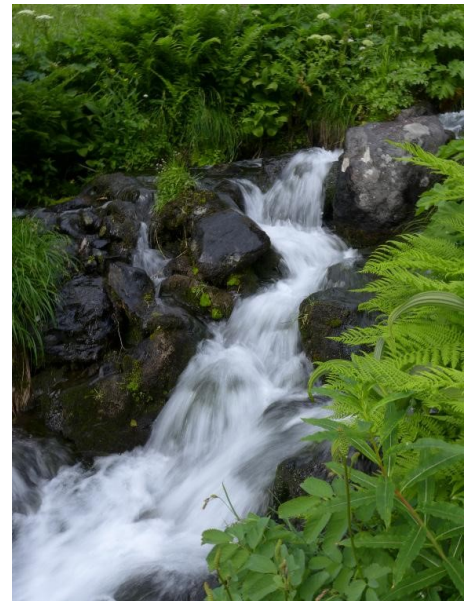
Nine miles, 5,200 feet of elevation gain, about six hours.

\*~MP 104. There is very limited parking here and is best approached from the east with all the crazy Seward Highway traffic. Consider reversing the loop by starting at the Falls Creek Trailhead.

\*\* If interested in climbing Indianhouse proper, this ridgeline is NOT the way.



*West view from Point 3960*



*Falls Creek*



## Sukakpak (4459 feet), Brooks Range

Text and photos by the Slow-Plodding Human Porter (SPHP)

67.603, -149.742



*Sukakpak Mountain from the Bettles River. Photo looks south.*



*Sukakpak Mountain from the pullout near milepost 203 of the Dalton Highway where Lupe started her trek. Photo looks east-northeast.*

[Ed. Note: Adapted for the Scree from <https://www.adventuresoflupe.com/?p=7246>]

*Day 15 of Lupe's Summer of 2016 Dingo Vacation to the Canadian Rockies, Yukon & Alaska!*

Dead ahead! There it was - the most famous mountain along the Dalton Highway in the Brooks Range - Sukakpak! Lupe was thousands of miles from home, over 90 miles north of where the Dalton Highway crossed the Arctic Circle. Sukakpak Mountain (4459 feet) was one of the top highlights Lupe had come all this way to see.

Still hard to believe the American Dingo was really, actually here! The 'Slow Plodding Human Porter' (SPHP) drove slowly past the mountain, to see it from various angles. After crossing the Dietrich River near its confluence with the Bettles River, 'SPHP' parked the Pontiac G6. Lupe went over to the Bettles River to admire Sukakpak from the north.

Sort of late in the day to consider climbing such a large peak, but Lupe and SPHP were

full of enthusiasm! The weather was good, 60°F with thin white clouds, and only a light breeze. 'SPHP' drove back to a pullout near Mile 203, the obvious place to begin any ascent of Sukakpak.

Lupe headed east for the mountain following the driest ground she could find until she got above the initial marshlands. Below Sukakpak's towering west face, Lupe turned south-southeast, climbing steadily. Near the south end of the mountain was a chute. The Carolina Dog headed for it. The chute was steep, full of boulders and small trees, but not too hard a climb.

Unfortunately, the terrain beyond the upper end of the chute didn't pan out. Scary steep!

*"Loopster, we can't keep going this way! Sorry, sweet puppy, but we are rapidly getting into trouble. I can't do this, and a mistake would be terrible. We have to go back down!"*

Slowly, carefully, all the way back down to the chute, then down it, too. Lupe lost



*Above the wetlands heading for the chute. Photo looks south-southeast.*

hundreds of feet of elevation. What a waste!

Was there still time to climb Sukakpak, today? 'SPHP' wasn't certain. Might as well try. Lupe could always turn back. Below the chute, SPHP slowly traversed a boulder field to the south. Upon reaching the forest, Lupe could turn east and start climbing again. After considerable effort, the ground leveled out on a short south ridge. The view was discouraging. 'SPHP' had thought this ridge would lead directly to the easiest way up Sukakpak. To the north, though, was an exceedingly steep rock slope. Farther east, across a deep drainage, was another ridge like the one Lupe was on, except it was larger and higher.

Lupe was going to have to lose a bunch of elevation again crossing the drainage. No other reasonable choice. OK, whatever. *"Puppy, ho! Onward!"*

At least navigating the drainage was all straightforward. Down, then up, staying N near the rock. Long and tiring, but not scary. Lupe made it to the main ridge.

The upper ridge was gently rounded at the top. It stretched miles to the south-southeast, gradually losing elevation. Lupe now had a huge sweeping view of the Bettles River valley to the east.

Now next to Sukakpak's rocky south face, the only way up from here was north. Nearly all vegetation was about to be left behind. The slope looked steep, but it wasn't as bad as going up from the lower ridge would have been. Spotting a faint use trail, Lupe started up.

The route was plenty steep, especially near the start. The use trail was braided and full of loose rocks, but they were small. Up and up, Lupe went. Panoramic views of the Brooks Range were becoming incredible! A sense of being at a great height grew steadily. Unfazed, the Carolina Dog led the way.

Gradually, the slope lessened. Lupe arrived at a roomy, rounded area, the flattest spot since starting up. Close at paw to the west, 'SPHP' did not see, but only perceived, the presence of towering cliffs. The terrain to the east, an incredibly steep slope dropping a



*Approaching the west face of Sukakpak.  
Photo looks east-northeast.*

thousand feet or more, was also more sensed than seen. Very close to the north-northeast was a small ridge, not high at all - 10 or 20 feet, which could be easily walked up. This ridge led higher up to the west, connecting to a nearby high point.

What would Lupe see on the other side of that small ridge? Suddenly filled with both hope and apprehension, 'SPHP' followed the unconcerned American Dingo up onto the little north-northeast ridge. Unmistakable, half a mile to the north-

northeast, there it was - the true summit of Sukakpak! It wasn't all that much higher, a few hundreds of feet. Lupe was almost there!

Off to the northwest, a slightly lower south summit was in view, too. Lupe was closer to it. A faint trail was visible traversing Sukakpak's barren, upper east slope from below the south summit to a saddle between the two high points. The trail went all the way to the true summit.

Climbing west on the little ridge to a nearby high point, perhaps only 50 feet higher than where Lupe was now, was clearly the only route from here to the trail below the south summit. Lupe and 'SPHP' started up. The ridge narrowed near the top. Lupe went right on up, but 'SPHP' crouched down before the final few steps, ultimately collapsing against the rocks a foot or two below the absolute top.



*Lupe on her way up toward the chute of  
Sukakpak. Photo looks northwest.*

Just as tightly as 'SPHP' gripped the rocks, fear gripped 'SPHP.' Lupe came close, to see what was the matter. Petting her helped a little. To the north, the steep slope of the east face of Sukakpak dropped away ever more steeply many hundreds of feet into the abyss. The views were daunting enough. What was only sensed, but still unseen, was terrifying. Just a few feet west of Lupe, were perceived, but unseen precipices of ghastly dimension.

From here, a narrow, level ridge, only a couple of feet wide, extended 20 feet northwest to a rise only inches high. To the right was the start of the long slide into the abyss. To the left, the unseen precipice. Close by, nothing could be seen beyond the little rise 20 feet away. Farther off, the ridge clearly con-



tinued for quite a distance, ultimately leading to the false south summit.

Taking the narrow, level ridge would be like walking the plank. What was beyond the little rise? 'SPHP' feared a drop-off of some sort. Climbing straight down a wall of rock even a short distance from such a narrow perch was unthinkable. Lupe and 'SPHP' were only day hikers, not mountaineers! Sukakpak was the first real mountain Lupe had ever climbed in Alaska, and the sense of complete isolation and imminent danger was overwhelming. What was Lupe doing up on this little point of rock in the sky 90 miles north of the Arctic Circle?

Minutes ticked away. At a vast height, Lupe and 'SPHP' sat immobile, surrounded by fabulous wild mountains of the Brooks Range. Yet, courage could not be summoned. The monster, Fear, only grew.

*I'm sorry, Loop. I'm truly sorry! I can't do this. It's too much. I know you could have made it, and you are so very close, sweet puppy, so very, very close, but I need to go down. Let's try to get a photo or two, first. It's over.*

A few quick photos, and Lupe and SPHP started back down. If the American Dingo was disappointed, she didn't show it. Fifty feet lower, back where Lupe had first climbed onto the lower part of the ridge, 'SPHP' had her pose with the true summit of Sukakpak in the background. It was to be her souvenir photo showing how very close to success Lupe had been.

Only a couple of steps down off Point Fear, a tremendous sense of relief flooded into SPHP. Yeah, it was too bad Lupe didn't get to finish her climb of Sukakpak, but not doing something stupid was just smart. She had gotten to see the mountain, and make 90% of the climb. Just being here, seeing Sukakpak, getting this far, and seeing these awe (not to mention, terror) -inspiring views was a tremendous accomplishment. It



*The slightly lower south summit is seen on the left, the true summit more distant on the right.*

to Sukakpak's long south-southeast ridge. Time to descend.

'SPHP' hesitated. Lupe gazed up wonderingly. She was smiling. What was the hold up? What was going on? There was a problem. 'SPHP' couldn't go down. Fear lay in that direction, too - a fear that was growing fast. Not the fear of falling, but yes, still the fear of doing something stupid.

Fear of regret, fear of failure, were both waiting to ambush 'SPHP' only a little farther down the mountain. And 'SPHP' knew it. If 'SPHP' went down any farther, it was certain Lupe would never be back to claim success. Yes, Lupe and 'SPHP' would always remember being here, on glorious Sukakpak Mountain so close to triumph - and 'SPHP' would always remember being a coward.

Lupe was more than 3,000 miles from home. She had come all this way to Sukakpak Mountain to climb it. The summit of Sukakpak, the most famous mountain along the Dalton Highway, way up here north of the Arctic Circle, had been the most

coveted of all the peaks SPHP had hoped Lupe would be able to reach on her Summer of 2016 Dingo Vacation. It was to have been her crowning glory.

A mental war raged. 'SPHP' hadn't even seen the feared drop at the far end of the "plank". Was it even real? Conditions were perfect for climbing Sukakpak - no wind, no snow, no ice, comfortable temperatures, blue skies and white clouds. One of the things



*Heading for the true summit. Photo looks north-northwest.*



bugging 'SPHP' was the feeling that maybe Lupe wasn't really on the correct route. It seemed like she had to be, but mountains can be tricky. Did the cliffs southwest of Fear Point exist, or was there an easier way up from that direction? Lupe and SPHP went over near the edge of the roomy, rounded area to take a look. Still nervous, 'SPHP' got only close enough to see that those cliffs were real enough. No way in hell would any sane person go up that way.

*Loopster, let's try again. No guarantees, but let's take another look. I've at least got to see what it is I'm afraid of. Maybe I can do that much now.*

The second time was easier. Fear made 'SPHP' crouch again near the top, but did not pin 'SPHP' to the ground. 'SPHP' walked out onto the fearsome "plank". Two or three steps, then ... JOY! Jubilation!

*Loop, LOOP! You're going to make it, sweet puppy! We're on our way! Oh my God, to think we almost left! It would have been an epic fail!*

What 'SPHP' saw beyond the inches high rise at the end of the plank was a slight dip, nothing more. There was no big drop. That was all a figment of 'SPHP's imagination. A step or two down, that was it! A clear, though seldom-used trail stretched NW along the narrow ridgeline toward the south summit. Lupe and 'SPHP' made rapid, joy-filled progress.

The whole trek from the "plank" to the summit of Sukakpak Mountain was amazing! So easy, full of joy, happiness, and breath-taking views. A short scramble up a slope of loose dirt and rock brought Lupe to the top. Success! Wonderful, stupendous, glorious, success! Lupe was here, at the summit of Sukakpak!

A small cairn sat at the top of the mountain on a tiny area with little extra room. Cliffs immediately to the west and north. Lupe and SPHP relaxed a foot or two SE of the cairn. The unfamiliar feeling of having conquered fear added to the joy of being here. All around was the splendor of the Brooks Range, countless wild peaks bathed in the slanting evening sunlight of the far north.

SPHP praised Lupe and stroked her soft fur. What a day it had been! First time ever on the Dalton Highway, crossing the Yukon River, reaching the Arctic Circle, and finally - these never to be forgotten moments of fear, cowardice, courage and joy on Sukakpak Mountain!



*At the true summit. Photo looks north.*



*Starting back, still near the true summit. Looking south-southwest along the trail.*



*The lower south summit of Sukakpak is bathed in sunlight on the left. Much lower down is bare, rounded Peak 2929 (Center). Photo looks south-southwest.*



## The Return of Careless Ev(eryman)

'Careless Everyman' or 'Everybody' was a series of cartoons published in *the Scree* in 1971 as a reminder that everybody is at risk to certain common blind spots and mistakes. The month after this comic was originally published, an avalanche claimed the lives of MCA members Grace Hoeman and Hans van der Laan. This winter, avalanches have also claimed some valued members of our community and during the preparation of this issue a series of observed natural avalanches and human-triggered near misses has been reported. This comic is not to belittle the victims or suggest they were careless, it is to drive home the need to be cautious and that none of us are immune, whether it is 1971 or 2021.



*Reprinted from the Scree, April 1971*

## Peak of the Month: Mount Garrett (6495 feet), Coast Mountains

Text by Steve Gruhn

Mountain Range: Coast Mountains

Borough: Haines Borough

Drainage: Main Branch of the Meade Glacier

Latitude/Longitude: 59° 11' 41" North, 134° 51' 42" West

Elevation: 6495 feet (based on the 1:63,360 USGS map; the 1:25,000 USGS map indicates a summit elevation of 6440±40 feet)

Adjacent Peak: Peak 7235 in the Main Branch of the Meade Glacier drainage

Distinctness: 1335 feet from Peak 7235

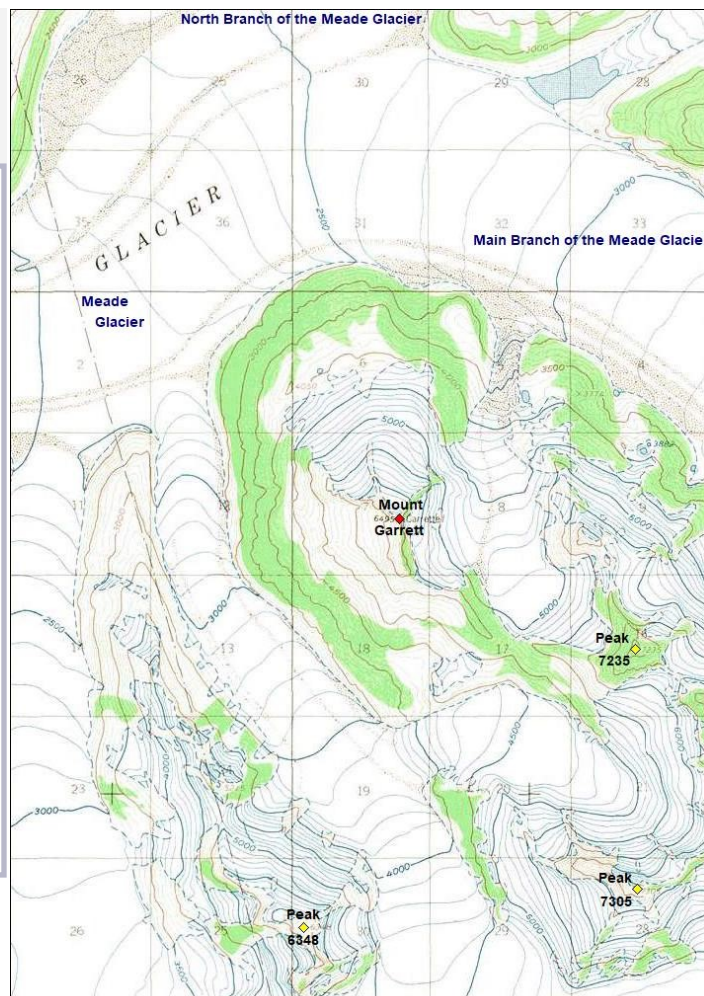
Prominence: 1335 feet from Peak 7235

USGS Maps: 1:63,360: Atlin (A-8), 1:25,000: Atlin A-8 NW

First Recorded Ascent: 1907 by Ora Miner Leland, Wirt Foster Smith, and other members of the International Boundary Commission's United States Party East of Lynn Canal

Route of First Recorded Ascent: Northwest glacier

Access Point: Lynn Canal



A dispute over the exact location of the Alaska-British Columbia boundary arose during Russian occupation of Alaska and continued after the U.S. purchased Alaska from Russia in 1867. The U.S. claimed a boundary that was no less than 35 miles from the coast. Canada claimed a boundary of 35 miles from the mouths of the fjords and British Columbia claimed a boundary that included most of the mainland of southeastern Alaska and several islands in the Alexander Archipelago. The Klondike Gold Rush of 1898 brought the issue to a head. After repeated unsuccessful attempts to resolve the issue, the Alaska Boundary Tribunal met in London, England, in 1903 to determine the fate of the boundary. The U.S. had three representatives on the tribunal, Canada had two, and the United Kingdom had one. After several tie votes, a compromise was struck that favored the claim of the U.S.

In 1904 the U.S. and Canada set out to survey and demarcate the Alaska-Canada boundary established by the Alaska Boundary Tribunal. In southeastern Alaska the process involved establishing boundary points in mountainous terrain, starting at a point near the head of Portland Canal. The line between the points would be the boundary. Several survey teams with representatives from both nations were sent out to various regions along the boundary. Due to the length of the border, the rugged country it crossed, and the short field seasons, the survey teams would take over a decade to complete their work.

In the 1907 effort to survey the boundary east of Lynn Canal, Ora Miner Leland led the United States Party to establish several triangulation points from which a survey network could be completed between the coast and the boundary several miles inland. To establish a triangulation station atop the peak immediately south of the confluence of the North Branch of the Meade Glacier and the Main Branch of the Meade Glacier, Wirt Foster Smith, the assistant surveyor in charge of the climbing party, led Leland and the rest of the team up the glacier on its northwest flank and reported that the upper portion was steep and travel especially difficult at the bergschrund. The summit was separated from the northwest ridge by a deep notch. To mark the station, Leland's team cemented a 4-inch-long, ¾-inch diameter copper bolt into a 3-inch-deep hole drilled in the center of a 4-foot-square flat rock on the summit.

The triangulation point was dubbed "Garrett," presumably in honor of Seymour Stanton Garrett, an assistant surveyor for the U.S. party of the Alaska boundary survey during the summer of 1907. As part of his duties, Garrett (and Smith) assisted in the triangulation and topography portions of the preparation of 3 of the 13 maps (Sheets 8, 9, and 10) presented in the final report of the boundary survey.



The 1960 Atlin (A-8), Alaska, USGS map added a final “e” to label the triangulation point “Garrette.” That error has been continued on subsequent federal maps.

In a 2018 guide to the Alaskan panhandle and northern British Columbia, Earle R. Whipple added the “Mount” and called the peak Mount Garrett.

I don’t know of a second ascent of Mount Garrett.

The information for this column came from the 1908 *Swarthmore College Bulletin* (Vol. VI, No. 2); from the “Five Year Record, Class of Nineteen Hundred and Five, Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University,” published in 1910; from the International Boundary Commission’s 1952 “Joint Report upon the Survey and Demarcation of the Boundary between Canada and the United States from Tongass Passage to Mount St. Elias;” and from Whipple’s and my “The Alaskan Panhandle and North British Columbia: A Climber’s Guide,” published in 2018 and revised in 2020.

## Board of Directors Meeting Minutes

February 24, 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) - Present  
Katherine Cooper (Treasurer) - Present  
Tom Meacham (Director) - Present  
Heather Johnson (Director) -  
Andy Kubic (Director) - Present  
Luke Konarzewski (Director) - Present  
Branden Lee (Director) -  
Josh Pickle (Director) -  
Visitors: Matt Nedom, Gerrit Verbeek

**Scribe:** Curtis Townsend

### Committee Reports

#### President (Mike Meyers)

- By-Laws draft to be reviewed by Board on Google Drive
- Tom Meacham shared his proposal for a tiered system for membership payments. The Board voted in support of this, with an edit by Katherine Cooper to make it effective starting 2022.

#### Vice President (Nathan Pooler)

- March 3rd Speaker - Dana Drummond

#### 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)

- Moving forward with transcribing the Scree to make them searchable.

#### 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 delivered the hut trailhead signs to Ranger Dan Amyot
- The earliest a new hut can be constructed, in line with the Master Plan, is 2025.

#### 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?
- Andy Kubic presented on the first meeting held to discuss updating the website.

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

- REI owes us for 31 Calendars - Katherine to send invoice via Paypal.

### Date and Location of next Meeting

- General Meeting March 3rd via Zoom, starting at 6:30 p.m.
- Next Board Meeting on March 31, 2021 from 6:00-8:00 pm via Zoom.

## Mountaineering Club of Alaska

President Mike Meyers [president@mtnclubak.org](mailto:president@mtnclubak.org)  
Vice-President Nathan Pooler [vicepresident@mtnclubak.org](mailto:vicepresident@mtnclubak.org)  
Secretary Curtis Townsend [secretary@mtnclubak.org](mailto:secretary@mtnclubak.org)  
Treasurer Katherine Cooper [treasurer@mtnclubak.org](mailto:treasurer@mtnclubak.org)

Director 1 (term expires in 2021) Andy Kubic [andy.kubic@gmail.com](mailto:andy.kubic@gmail.com)  
Director 2 (term expires in 2021) Heather Johnson [hjohnson2211@gmail.com](mailto:hjohnson2211@gmail.com)  
Director 3 (term expires in 2021) Tom Meacham [tmeacham@gci.net](mailto:tmeacham@gci.net)  
Director 4 (term expires in 2022) Luke Konarzewski [lukekonzarzewski96@gmail.com](mailto:lukekonzarzewski96@gmail.com)  
Director 5 (term expires in 2022) Brendan Lee [brendanlee718@yahoo.com](mailto:brendanlee718@yahoo.com)  
Director 6 (term expires in 2022) Josh Pickle [joshuampickle@gmail.com](mailto:joshuampickle@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](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>.

*Wayne Todd in the boulder field on North Avalanche Mountain.*

*Photo by Waye Todd... with timer assistance*

Mountaineering Club of Alaska  
Box 243561  
Anchorage, AK 99524-3561