

the SCREE

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

February 2022

Volume 65, Number 2



"No matter the risks we take, we always consider the end to be too soon, even though in life, more than anything else, quality should be more important than quantity."

– Alex Honnold



Contents

Benench'iltledi, Talkeetna Mountains
The Bomber Traverse, Talkeetna Mountains
Peak 4515, Western Chugach Mountains
Beyond Dora Peak, Hayes Range
Peak of the Month: Peak 1975, Lyman Hills

FEBRUARY MEETING

Wednesday February 2
at 6:30 p.m.

Cory and Peter Hinds will present
their father-and-son trip to Chamonix.

"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

Bomber Traverse. Craig standing in the last rays at Glacier Pass.
Photo by Yelena Prusakova

FEBRUARY MEETING

Wednesday February 2, at 6:30 p.m via Zoom.

Cory and Peter Hinds will present their father-and-son trip to Chamonix.

Join Zoom Meeting

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

Meeting ID: 836 7470 6360

Passcode: 033973

One tap mobile

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January Board of Directors Meeting Minutes.....

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

Training

MCA Spring Ski Tour, March 30- April 6, 2022- The Bomber Traverse- Must be a competent backcountry traveler, skier or snowshoer, and have 'Avy 1' training. Organizational meeting February 26. To sign up please contact trip leader Greg Bragiel (unknownhiker@alaska.net)

MCA Summer Mountaineering School, July 15-23, 2022- The Bomber Traverse- Basic Mountaineering instruction for accomplished backpackers. 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. Organizational meeting March 5. To sign up please contact trip leader Greg Bragiel (unknownhiker@alaska.net)

Waterfall Ice Climbing – Success

Thanks to Pat Schmalix and Kristen Sommers for instructing.

Upcoming Event - Face to Face with Ines Papert and Luka Lindič

March 3rd at 7:30 p.m., Bear Tooth Theater, Anchorage.
This will be a fundraiser benefiting Ines, Luka, and the MCA. Tickets will go on sale mid-February, with an early access period planned for MCA members to be announced. This will also function as the MCA's March General Meeting. Hope to see you there! See p.14 for more details.

Article Submission: Text and photography submissions for *the Scree* can be sent as attachments to mcascre@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

Geographic Names Approved

At its December 9, 2021, meeting, the U.S. Board on Geographic Names approved the names Naqsralugiaq Pass and Dalteti Lake. Naqsralugiaq Pass is the approximately-3560-foot pass between the Itkillik River and Summit Lake in the Endicott Mountains of the Brooks Range and is within the Gates of the Arctic Wilderness. Dalteti Lake is the one-mile-long lake at an elevation of 845 feet at the head of Trapper Creek in the Peters Hills of the Alaska Range; its northern portion is in Denali State Park. The MCA's Geographic Names Committee endorsed the proposals for both names.

Budget Approved

At the January General Meeting on January 5th, MCA membership voted to approve the 2022 budget as published in the December 2021 Scree.

In-Person Meetings Off the Horizon?

The BP Energy Center revised their planned opening from mid-January until at least June, 2022. The MCA Board plans to evaluate the risks of meeting in-person and respect case counts in Anchorage and Mat-Su, but would like to at least explore other options for venues.



A common sight but a little different with all of the autumn foliage contrasted against an unseasonably early blanket of snow. 7,522-foot Bold Peak in Chugach State Park. Sept. 26, 2021 from the outlet dam.

Photo by Frank E. Baker

The West Ridge of Benench'iltledi (5728 feet), Talkeetna Mountains

Text and Photos by Shane Ohms



Marianna Mallory coming down the gully of Benench'iltledi.

I learned the name from the book "Shem Pete's Alaska." Previously, this peak was known within the confines of my mind (and Caltopo account) as Flerovium Peak, a name I'd derived, like a few others in the area, by pacing off from surveyor point Antimony (the only name printed on topo maps for miles) in a grid-like fashion on an overlain image of the periodic table of elements.

These 'Elementary Mountains', cradled between Honolulu Creek and Hardage Creek, have had a sweet spot in my heart ever since I looked into them on Google Earth back in my college days. I'd made a try at skiing one of them my senior year in college but that didn't work out; that was over two years ago. Furthermore, it was cloudy on that trip so I still lacked any reconnaissance photos of the area whatsoever.

I wanted to climb Benench'iltledi by the west ridge. I had some good beta on the approach for from Roman Dial's packrafting page: <https://packrafting.blogspot.com/2009/06/honolulu-hoop.html> which yielded more beta than I often possess.

Benench'iltledi would make for a good first trip into these mountains.

On Sunday, June 27, 2021, Marianna Mallory and I drove bright and early from Fairbanks to the roadside pullout where the approach begins. Marianna and I had only done one other trip together, two Mays prior. We climbed 9800 ft. White Princess

and she caught my weight in a crevasse fall at 8000 ft. This trip didn't bear any more thrill than that time; it proved to be a very nice day.

We started with a boggy walk under power transmission lines, followed by open woods and an occasionally flagged trail. At one point, the trail brought us to a major bear baiting station (a caution if you go during active bear hunting). Fortunately, we didn't come across any bears. Next was the moose "trail," which was pretty painstaking as we forced our way through dense, rigid alders. Then we moved through a low shrub clearing (very nice), followed by some sidehilling on caribou trails as the stream rose to meet us on our contour. Now we were in the tundra valley.

We walked up the valley a bit before taking the first convenient opportunity to gain the west ridge of Benench'iltledi. We hit the ridge at an elevation of 4000 ft. I originally suspected the west ridge would be class 3 with some possible class 4. It turned out to be just class 3, (maybe a single move of class 4 but probably not even), and unlike the north side, the south side is not very exposed. So we tended to the south side whenever we strayed from the ridge to skirt an outcrop.

We summited at 4:30 p.m., and found no signs of prior ascents on top. We built a cairn fashioned with a caribou antler I'd found on the ridge 500 ft. below the summit. We enjoyed views

of Denali, cool beer, and salty goldfish, and I took good pictures of the Elementary Peaks to the north for future use.

For the descent, I wanted to poke a gully on the north side a little way farther east on the ridge. If the gully was a go, it would save us decent time. If it didn't, well, we'd just have to backtrack on the west ridge.

The gully was awesome.

We had to get around a fat (~7') cornice, and then have that looming overhead in the heat of the day for a couple minutes as we descended. I thoroughly love good 'boot ski' conditions, and these were them. Boot skiing also saves the knees from impact on the descent.

We followed the valley back to our approach tracks, and from there back to the car by the same way before driving back north to Fairbanks.

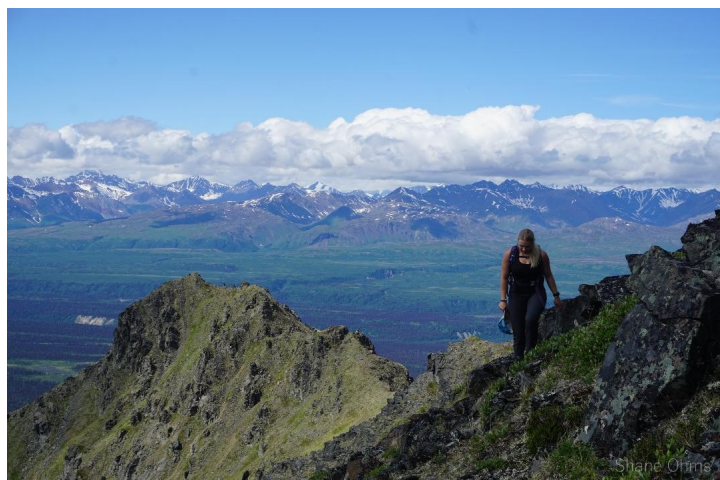
Now! I saved the best picture for last. Before we exited the valley we had a golden moment when a marmot mama, followed by her 4 babies, came out of their home and posed for us in the sun! It was the most adorable thing ever! All photos from this trip can be found at <https://fromrockstorivers.com/2021/12/27/the-west-ridge-of-benenchiltledi-peak/>.



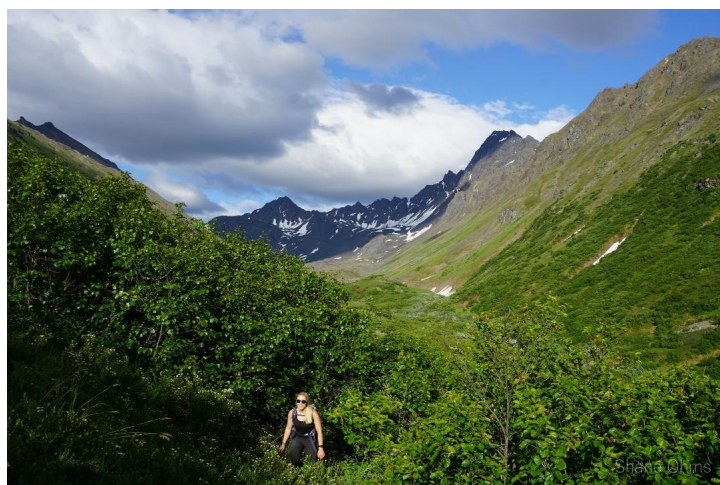
Shane Ohms near the summit of Benench'iltledi.



Marianna Mallory descending the east ridge to the gully of Benench'iltledi.



Marianna Mallory on the West Ridge of Benench'iltledi.



Marianna Mallory, all smiles at the end of the day.

Early Season on the Bomber Traverse, Talkeetna Mountains

Text and Photos by Yelena Prusakova



Approaching the Mint Hut

At six a.m. in his lifted black van, Craig and I are debating how much room we will find in Mint Hut that afternoon. A dusting of snow kicks up in the dark of an untracked highway but in my mind the hut door is already swinging open with the jovial sound of voices and flickering light. It's a cold Thanksgiving morning and we are about to flavor something rich.

It is also my third week in Alaska. A generous early November snowfall and a couple extra days off have driven me to proposition a hut trip to new strangers. Today it is Craig, an equally recent Jackson Hole transplant with a New Zealand accent, who I take a liking to immediately based on the spartan plywood aesthetics of his ride and the telling wear of his personal gear. Within three days we've rented, borrowed or bought what is missing and pressed "go" on the Bomber Traverse.

Eight miles into the easy beginning we realize exactly what breaking trail in dry conditions will feel like - the boulder field below Mint Hut is large and lumpy and none of the snow has stuck. Despite the generous volume it is somehow also a transcendental airy dusting. We toddle around it like navigating a cluttered attic space with sheeted shapeless lumps, finding what is beneath to be real hard.

"Some years the snow goes to the roof of the hut," Craig points out as we finally peek into the boulder pit that hides Mint Hut. It is already sunset and much later than we expected to arrive. Spreading out our gear in the empty hut, we commandeer both

benches and prepare for our favorite shared activity, tea-time. I check the logbook to see exactly how old the zip-lock bag of hard buns is - likely one month old - and reach for the freebie salami instead. This marks Thanksgiving, and although it's a quiet one, it is exactly good. That night, we bury ourselves in the abundance of MCA blankets like real hut-royalty.

The morning of our second day is a slopping portion of last night's teaser. Like Mama Bear slapping down a ladle full of just-add-water mashed potatoes, our plates pale with the uniformity of a single ingredient. Except these potatoes don't come hydrated. As it turns out, Alaskan snow is much drier than the snow of California, Oregon or Jackson Hole, and is won over purely by calories.

We break trail up to Back Door Gap, cutting ten switchbacks between wind-pack and wind-drift with Craig's long stride winning most of this progress. Occasionally a disappointing crunch reveals a rock as we paddle through the sugar. "It's only a matter of time! It's just time, Craig!" I pep, but as our track steepens the pass seems only to draw away from us. At this pitch, the rocks start to feel slippery and precarious until I finally abandon my skis in the last 100 feet. Tossing them uphill in front of me, I'm not sure anymore what I'm doing, and it feels sloppy. I'm crawling through sand at a beach with no water. My feet punch through to a disappeared footing trying to find a flat spot that is at times deep, at times slanty and yes, my hands are

also swimming. The snow works its way into my boot liner as my narrow pantleg recedes. My Queensborough roots spill out of me as I'm grumbling all genres of f#@&s.

Having clawed my way to Craig, I am re-dignified with the blessed vast view of a clear day. The endless mountains of Alaska reinforce why we came here and I am filled with the feeling that there is so much more to do. Still, I can also see that my misplaced fantasies of an easy rolling ski down to Bomber Hut are inspired by descriptions of spring conditions. More rock fields await to scar my expensive skis and on this run I will hit at least 30 of them.

Sparing no time in the chilling pass we weigh our options for overcoming the cornice hovering over the Pennyroyal Glacier. As we gingerly peek over it, we can see that not enough snow has formed on the other side to make this drop convenient. We are framed by rocky outcrops and our best dismount is where the 5-foot cornice tapers to a 1-foot lip.

Craig commits leftbound, tries to jump turn, loses balance and spills sliding fifty feet below. I am wishing for my helmet now. I remind myself that its safer to own it or not do it. Before my muscles freeze with the pangs of uncertainty, I briskly jump the lip into the opposite direction. The sound of my landing immediately gives away the narrow rightbound ramp which I am aiming for as a slab. It releases its powder veil onto Craig, burying him knee deep. Fortunately, the committed momentum carries me across the grinding grit and I hold, scraping loudly back onto snow-cover. Having no advantage of growing up skiing, the cost of winning ground out of adult amateurism comes also with the knowledge that my mistakes will hurt a lot more when they happen.

Turning back I watch Craig dig out his knees. There is some unspoken understanding between us that this leisurely trip is more complex than we expected. That morning, I discovered that the aged InReach I've borrowed is not charging, which has put us out of a critical safety net. "That could have gone differently. That went well." I offer up. My pep is now peppered with realism. Craig and I don't waste time debating risk and keep moving.

Five hours later we have elapsed the meager distance of 3 miles. Reaching the Bomber Hut we decompress into tea time. Now that our day has stopped spinning some nagging details are floating to the surface. A mysterious lump on Craig's pointer finger grown and reddened. The Coleman propane canister we've carried doesn't fit any available stoves and we ration our Jetboil canister. It emerges that neither of us can feel our feet in the 0°F temperatures and I estimate that my left foot went

numb within the first hour that day. My left toes are now not moving.

As I roll my foot for hours between two hot Nalgene's, Craig and I slowly brainstorm how to tackle our third day. At this moment, he reveals himself as a flexible partner, and I am quietly grateful that he accepts my ideas. "I want to be at Snowbird by noon, so we have the option to stay or to go. Let's leave at dark." I carefully frame my intention as more of a statement and less of a question. Temperatures at Snowbird Hut are expected to be another ten degrees lower. We have no kerosene and don't know whether the American Alpine Club hut would come with the same generous serving of spare sleeping bags. This time, cracking open the logbook we find that the last visitors were a month back and not last week. The bolstering Alaskan crowd we expected has not materialized.

The next morning, I pack a toe warmer into my left foot and we drop towards the valley at 8 a.m. as planned. The 1700-foot climb out of the low point exhausts the both of us, but we make decent time nonetheless following the faintest of outlines of the month-old track which saves us some tricky route-finding through micro-terrain.

Coming up to Snowbird Lake, I am intent on keeping elevation and not repeating yesterday. Instead of dropping to the lake and scrambling up another boulder sugarhill, I swing us rightbound onto steeper but harder snow. Here it is wind-packed but at least it's short. The fall line looks gross and I look only up as Craig takes us through it. The last switchback is a precariously balanced pivot that I watch him execute while holding my breath. After we reach the hump he is drained and falls behind. I take his baton and continue to pull our little team of two up the remaining 400 feet fueled only by a reliable second wind.

Coming around the bend out of the drafty shaded valley, the sunlight hits me and it feels simply like God on my cheek. I am counting minutes uphill, its 12:45 p.m. now, so very close to my mental margin of "lunch-time". We bust into Snowbird Hut, racket around for kerosene, and don't find any.

I recognize a familiar level of desperation in my calorie-matrix - it's that point when I can't tell if I'm shouting or I'm talking and decisions start to happen briefly and quickly. I've prepared my mental decision tree from last night exactly for this moment of fatigue. "What do you think?" I ask. "I can go either way" Craig answers, sensing that I have a clear agenda. "No Kerosene. No blankets. It's going to be -10°F. Forty-five minutes here, and we go". Again, he has the good heart to let me call it.

My feet feel wet and frigid and I spend a desperate 15 minutes boiling snow into two Nalgene's to get my left toes to move and

liberate them from the claws of coldness. I change my dry socks for thicker socks and replace the un-activated toe warmer to a second one which will also not come to activate. We eat lightly and Craig watches me pour gulps of miso soup into my mouth and down my face. The clock runs out.

By 1:45 p.m. we are pulling at the rope of the last mile to Glacier Pass and the ball's back in Craig-court. In the last two days together, we have managed to find a natural rhythm to alternating our energy buckets. In the shrinking distance, the setting sun glazes the rim of Glacier Pass, pushing every extraneous thought out of my way. I lock into a purist meditative trudging trance like a moth to a flame.

When at last, we step through its boundary, the open expanse that is flooded in peach light floors the both of us like two people emerging out of a damp cave. We high five and celebrate.

For our remaining hours that day we are chasing the sunset. Even at this moment of triumph we still have far to go. Much like Back Door Gap or the path up to Snowbird, the way through is not straightforward. Whatever its formal geology, the drainage logic of Alaskan rock piles is a stumbling of Venn-diagramming cones. Drawing a loping zig-zag, I navigate us down several miles to the Reed Lakes foot path, which we reach at dusk.

The remainder of the trip is a mile-long flat slog towards a skate ski track, then another two or three miles scraping in the dark towards the paved road. The 11th mile is not downhill. Truly beat, I drag myself towards Craig's receding headlamp. When we do reach the road, we find a kind-hearted soul to give us a ride back to the van a mile away.

The distances on the Bomber Traverse are not too great but conditions had changed what should have perhaps been more easily earned. Although we both had ample warm clothes, we did not walk away untouched. Stripping off my socks at home, I find that I won two blue toes on my left foot, which is as close as I've yet come to frostbite.

A week later, a puzzled California acupuncturist is leaning over my feet. "Can you feel this?" - the Chinese medicine-man asks pushing a needle half an inch into the tip of my big toe. "No, unfortunately". "How about this?" he hooks a pulsing electrical signal to it. "Not yet!" Three weeks would pass when by will-power or by luck, the nerve would slowly wake back up. And at least for the moment, Craig and I have both dipped our toes into the Alaskan backcountry in more ways than one.



The cornice and rocky drop over Back Door Gap



Tea time at Bomber Hut



Climbing out of the valley to Snowbird Hut

Peak 4515, Western Chugach Mountains

Text by Martin Ksok



Martin Ksok with the ridgeline and summit of Peak 4515 in the background.

Photo by Greg Encelewski

After climbing Esbay Peak I did not know what to expect from this peak; would the endless bushwhacking be repeated?

The base of Peak 4515 is obtained from a higher elevation on the Bird Valley Trail, and I hoped that would help in avoiding unpleasant vegetation.

What I experienced was completely surprising. The way in is long but aided by bicycles for the first four miles (four wheeler accessible if you have the means). The rocky ATV trail is often muddy and blocked by deep puddles but the gradient is low and fast on the way out. A once washed out bridge has been replaced, allowing you to take a left at the first junction, cross over Penguin Creek and follow its north side to save some distance before reaching a gate. Another couple of miles on foot (recently cleared) over a decent, although in places very wet, trail (calf deep) brings you to the ford.

A rope spans the width of the foot-numbingly cold creek, providing an aide for the crossing. On the opposite shore I was surprised to find open, vegetation free, avalanche-cleared slopes allowing fairly easy, but still wet passage.

Shortly before Bird Creek Pass the trail veers close to 4515's west shoulder and provides an excellent ridge walk to the summit. Greg Encelewski and I attained the peak in the summer of 2020 after most of the snow had melted off. I imagine a ski approach would also be pleasant.

We clocked-in at nine-and-a-half miles on the top and we still had to travel that distance to get back, so we had to end there. In retrospect a traverse over the Kinglets to Crow Pass would have been nice, but we would have had logistical issues with the bikes and shuttles.

On our descent we ran into three black bear hunters who I can't imagine were pleased to see someone travel from the direction in which they were heading.

The use of bikes shines on the return as it turns a potential trudge into half of one – just avoid the rocks and don't get bogged down in the deep puddles.

Beyond Dora Peak (5572 feet), Hayes Range

Text and photos by Shane Ohms



Peaks seen from the 5000' contour north of Point 4987.

Peak 6056 (labeled as 6100 in the photo)

Peak 5452 (labeled as 5500 in the photo)

Friday night after work I found myself at the end of the Usibelli Coal Mine road, making my way toward Dora Peak. The bugs were ferocious down below, so I hardly took a break until I came to my first summit: Peak 4050. I didn't have much of an idea about what lay ahead but I had two days and two legs, and with them I would ride the ridge as far back as I could while still leaving enough time to get back by Sunday nightfall. By the end, I learned a good deal about the free-roaming hills beyond Dora Peak.

I topped Peak 4050 at 11:20 p.m. and then descended to the 3500 ft. saddle before a midnight slog up to Dora Peak at 5572 ft. I assumed it had been climbed before, since it bore a name. After the trip I learned my predecessor was southcentral legend Richard Baranow and his partner S. Harris; they climbed Dora Peak in 1987.

Dora Peak was gained pretty easily by starting on the lower north ridge, wrapping to the wide gully at its east, and then (after dropping my pack on the ridge) clambering up the remaining of the east ridge. The views from the top were great. Along the way to my own camp, I found some (likely) sheep camp spots where rocks were stacked in a ring to serve as a windbreak. I made camp at a low point on the ridge and got some rest from 4 a.m. until 8 a.m. I knew I had to get moving early because the forecast called for some weather later in the day and through the following night: I could get a full night's rest later.

I woke up to my alarm, and kept rolling, rolling on a sidehill to what became my favorite peak of the trip: Peak 4753. It was a

joyful morning. Along the sidehilling, I found water flowing freely and took stock. I left my pack near the saddle and arrived atop Peak 4753 at 10:10 a.m.

I took a lot of photos at the summit of Peak 4753, but from Peak 5452 (labeled as 5500 in the photo) to Peak 6056 (labeled as 6100 in the photo) I must have felt pressed for time since I took fewer than usual. And besides, the views weren't changing all too much and they were repetitive miles I knew I'd have to retrace on my return trip.

Again, I found human activity between Peak 5042 and Peak 6056 in the form of a rock ring. Near the top of Peak 6056 I found a piece of wood that, though old, looked like it had been cut by tools. I found another closer to the top; this one had nails in it. I topped out at 3 p.m. and discovered a bronze plaque indicating a 1924 surveyor crew had once been there. Being nearly 100 years old, it's likely none of them are alive anymore.

The way back up and over Peak 5452 was uneventful. I hastened my step as I saw incoming weather and hoped my clothes would still be dry when I zipped into my tent and sleeping bag. I rested well after dinner and some bible study, from about 12 at night until 12 in the afternoon. The weather was actually quite nasty through the night. Better to be in the tent sleeping than out walking.

A new day came and sunshine returned. I packed up my things and made my way north over Point 4987. This required less elevation gain than returning over Dora Peak and offered something

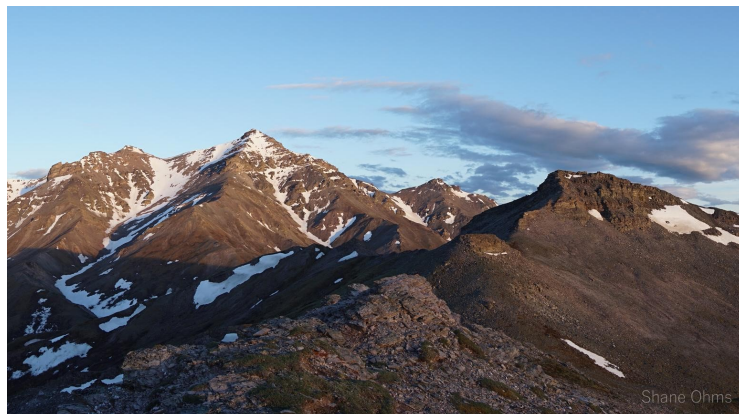
different. On maps, Point 4987 is the southern 5000' contour line and another 5000' contour ring is to the north. I surveyed both points (by a simple man's water bottle level) from the tops of each other and I found them to be quite close in elevation, but the southern one (Point 4987) felt slightly higher. It made little difference to me since I was passing over both regardless.

I putzed around, hopeful to discover a bridge (which would imply a trail), saving me from both wet feet and bushwhacking. I pressed myself to answer the question of how all the heavy machinery got lugged in because solving that riddle would yield the path of least resistance out. Ultimately I gave up and waded Cripple Creek, then shwhacked up to a reclaimed area of land and found a trail to finish on. Back at the car I enjoyed a beer I'd stashed in the river to keep cool. By 9:00pm I had returned to Fairbanks.

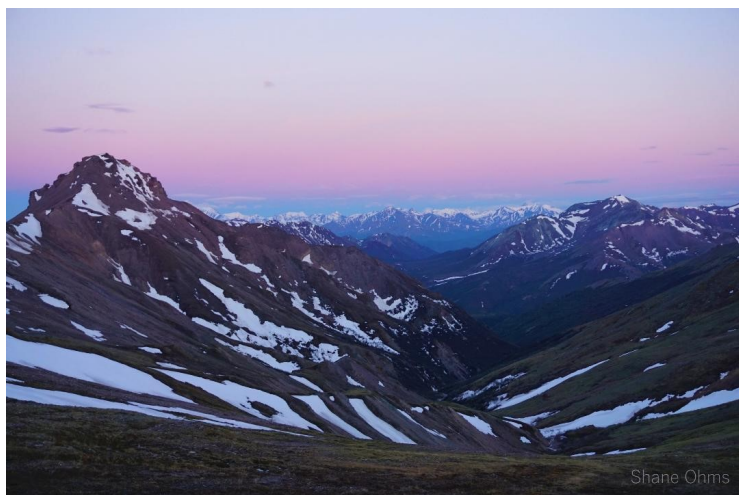
More photos from this trip can be found online at <https://fromrockstorivers.com/2021/08/20/beyond-dora-peak/>



Peak 6056



Dora Peak and Peak 4050.



Peak 4753 al left, as seen from camp.



Views to the north. Walker Dome is center on horizon

Peak of the Month: Peak 1975, Lyman Hills, Alaska Range

Text by Steve Gruhn

Mountain Range: Alaska Range; Lyman Hills

Borough: Unorganized Borough

Drainage: Cheeneetnuk River

Latitude/Longitude: 61° 43' 40" North, 155° 14' 10" West

Elevation: 1975 feet

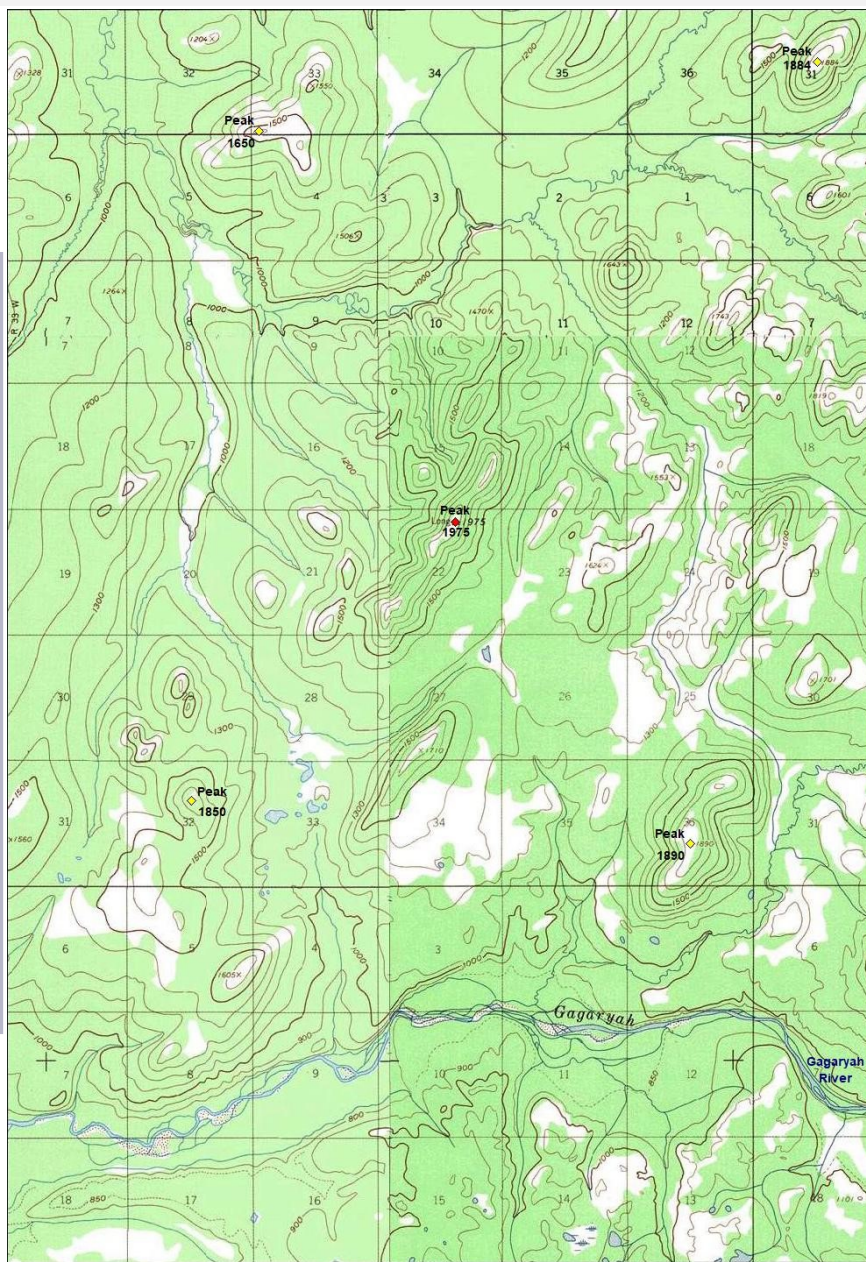
Adjacent Peaks: Peak 1890 in the Gagaryah River drainage and Peak 1850 in the Cheeneetnuk River drainage

Distinctness: 725 feet from Peak 1890

Prominence: 825 feet from Peak 3030 in the Cheeneetnuk River and Gagaryah River drainages

USGS Maps: 1:63,360: Lime Hills (C-6), 1:25,000: Lime Hills C-6 NW

First Recorded Ascent: 1953 by Lorne G. Taylor and a U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey party



Peak 1975 is the summit of a long, bare ridge in the southern Lyman Hills.

In 1953 Lorne G. Taylor led a U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey party that visited Peak 1975 while conducting survey work east of the Kuskokwim River. The party was transported in a helicopter from Stony River to a point about 100 feet north of the summit. They then walked down the southwest ridge about a quarter mile and then returned, gaining about 65 feet of elevation to the summit during the 10-minute return trip. About 100 feet north of the summit, they drove a 1-inch-

diameter copper pipe into the ground and fixed a disk stamped “Long 1953” onto the top of the pipe at an elevation of about 8 inches above the ground surface.

A U.S. Engineers party visited Peak 1975 the following year.

The information for this column came from U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey and U.S. Engineers field notes archived at <https://www.geocaching.com/mark/details.aspx?PID=UV8330>; and from my correspondence with Albert E. “Skip” Theberge, Jr.

Board of Directors Meeting Minutes

December 15, 2021, at 6:30-8:00 p.m., conducted online via Zoom

Roll Call

Gerrit Verbeek (President) - Present
Nathan Pooler (Vice-President) - Present
Curtis Townsend (Secretary) - Present
Katherine Cooper (Treasurer) - Present
Luke Konarzewski (Director) - Absent
Brendan Lee (Director) - Present
Josh Pickle (Director) - Present
Heather Johnson (Director) - Present
Andy Kubic (Director) - Present
Peter Taylor (Director) - Absent
Mike Meyers (Past President) - Present

Scribe: Curtis Townsend

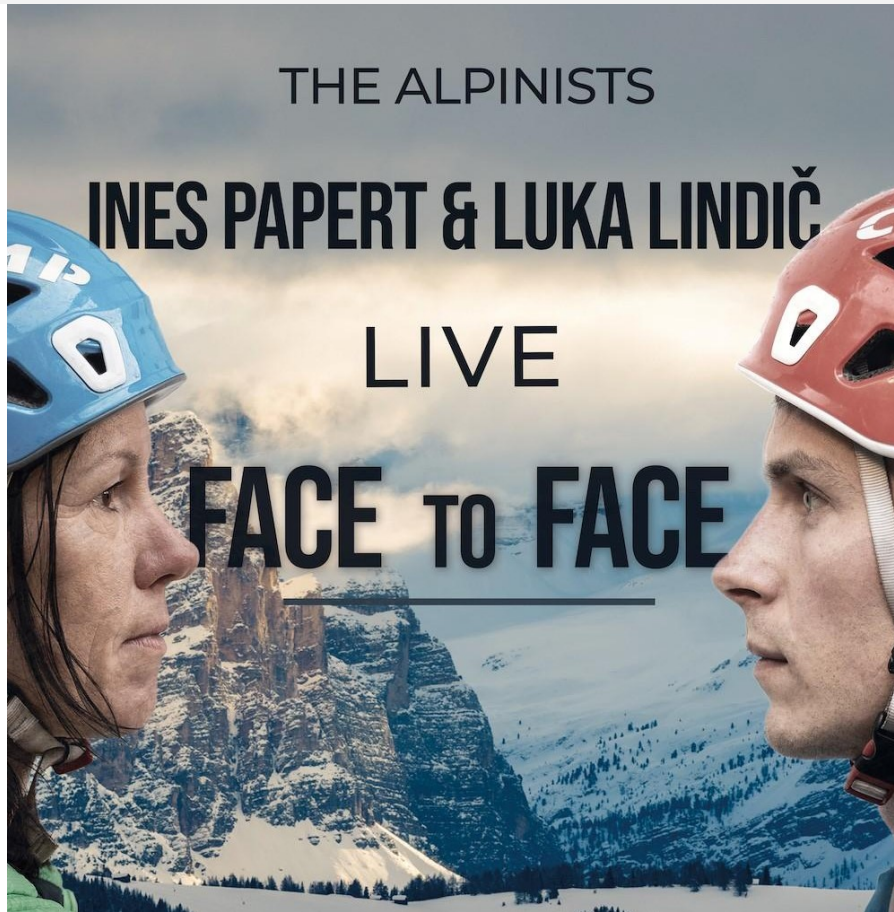
Board Discussion

- **Website:** The new website is up and running, thanks to Gabriela La Greca for design and many others for contributing.
- **Calendar:** Calendars are restocked at REI, Hoarding Marmot, and AMH
- **December meeting:** roughly 40 members attended the AMH cookout
- **2021 taxes:** Katherine Cooper completed all taxes. Thanks!
- **Backcountry Magazine** reached out to ask us about an interview/article on our hut network. Huts Committee to decide whether or not they want to participate.
- The legacy member '**Goldline Club**' has 9 members, to be announced in the next *Scree*.
- Moving forward with planning **Ines Papert + Luka Lindič** event for March.

Date and Location of next Meeting

- General Meeting January 5, 2022 via Zoom (Katherine Cooper)
- Next Board Meeting on January 26, 2022. Possibly in-person, T.B.D.

Upcoming Event - Face to Face with Ines Papert and Luka Lindič



March 3rd at 7:30 p.m., Bear Tooth Theater, Anchorage. This will be a fundraiser benefiting Ines, Luka, and the MCA. Tickets will go on sale mid-February, with an early access period planned for MCA members to be announced. This will also function as the MCA's March General Meeting. Hope to see you there!

"They are partners, in the mountains and in life: Ines Papert and Luka Lindič. A small team of two, first underway in the mountains they call home while the world stands still due to travel bans. And then in Alaska, on a climbing road trip different than planned, but which felt like a new beginning.

Anyone who ventures into the remotest regions of Alaska has to be prepared for anything. Nature is wild, undeveloped, unyielding. But it rewards everyone who says goodbye to plans and embarks on unknown adventures. On a difficult route on Mount Huntington, they experienced unique moments of happiness only known to those who are courageous and persistent and who do not stop living dreams.

Ines and Luka will take their audience with them on that journey. They look forward to presenting wonderful recordings and exciting stories, finally live again. "Face to Face."



Rainbow Lake, Kenai Mountains
Photo by Wayne Todd



Meadow Creek near Black Mountain, Kenai Peninsula
Photo by Wayne Todd

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

President	Gerrit Verbeek	president@mtnclubak.org	Director 1 (term expires in 2022)	Luke Konarzewski	lukekonaerzewski96@gmail.com
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			Director 5 (term expires in 2023)	Andy Kubic	andy.kubic@gmail.com
			Director 6 (term expires in 2023)	Peter Taylor	peter@petertaylor.co.nz

Annual membership dues: Basic ("Dirtbag") \$20, Single \$30, Family \$40

Dues can be paid at any meeting or mailed to the Treasurer at the MCA address below. If you want a membership card, please fill out a club waiver and mail it with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If you fail to receive the newsletter or have questions about your membership, contact the Club Membership Committee at membership@mtnclubak.org.

The Scree is a monthly publication of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska. Articles, notes, and letters submitted for publication in the newsletter should be emailed to MCAScree@gmail.com. Material should be submitted by the 11th of the month to appear in the next month's *Scree*.

Paid ads may be submitted to the attention of the Vice-President at the club address and should be in electronic format and pre-paid. Ads can be emailed to vicepresident@mtnclubak.org.

Missing your MCA membership card? Stop by the monthly meeting to pick one up or send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and we'll mail it to you.

Mailing list/database entry: Katherine Cooper — 209-253-8489 — membership@mtnclubak.org

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Librarian: Gwen Higgins—library@mtnclubak.org

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Find MCAK listserv at <https://groups.io/g/MCAK>.

*Greg Encelewski on the summit of Peak 4515 in the Western Chugach Mountains.
Photo by Martin Ksok*

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