

Editors: Helga Bading & Large Prescott, c/o Box 2037 Anchorage, Alaska Vol. 5, No. 10	SCREE	cau MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF ALASKA Box 2037 Anchorage, Alaska August, 1963
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The August Meeting will be a Picnic. Come down to Elderberry Park, 5th and H Streets, on Monday, August 19, at 7 p.m. Bring your family, food and refreshments. In case of real bad weather, we'll beat a retreat to Willow Park.

**CABIN NAMING CONTEST!** The cabin at Crow Pass needs a nice name. Write your ideas on a slip of paper and give to Gregg at the meeting next Monday. Or send them to Box 2037 before that date. The big prize is a free membership for 1 year. Any name, except personal names, can win!

**GLACIER SCHOOL:** This will be held Aug. 17/18 on a real live Glacier. A 'ground school' session is scheduled for Thursday, Aug. 15th. If you need to know more than you already do, call Gregg or Paul.

**CLIMBING SCHEDULE:** Hike to Juneau Lake led by H. St. Palley on Aug. 24th. Contact Marguerite at work, SK 2-2280.

**NOTICE:** Anybody wishing to offer amendments to the Constitution or By-Laws, please send these suggestions to Box 2037 or one of the Executive Committee before the September meeting.

**MCKINLEY TRAVERSED BY MCA MEMBERS:** Vin Hoeman and party are apparently having a good time on Denali, having traversed it from the huldrow to the Kahiltna Glacier. We are looking forward to reading their complete account in one of the next issues.

**WUZ YOU THERE?** All persons having movies or slides of the MOUNT MARATHON RACE are urged to come and show them to the participants at a reunion on Sunday, August 25, 7 p.m. in the Main Ballroom of the Ft. Richardson Officers' Club. At least 125 persons are expected including 5 carloads from Seward. Relatives, friends and prospective runners are invited. In co-operation with Col. Alakulppi, the MCA team is organizing this, and MCA members are cordially invited. Harry Groom will display many of the photos he submitted to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and Lowell Thomas, Jr. is expected to show his entire unedited film taken by the team of Lowell and Tay. Several MCA'ers attending universities agreed to start training late next spring for the '64 race and avid skiers, climbers, crosscountry runners have excellent conditioning. Come and have a look Aug. 25. Robert Burns, the Scottish poet wrote: "O wuld some power the gie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us, it wad frae many blunder free us, and foolish notion." Some of us looked good at the start and foolish at the finish. Scott Hamilton.

**BOLD PEAK**                      7,522'                      July 21                      by John Bousman

Somehow, enviously enough, we seemed to have finally scrambled to the top of this peak - an old and long-time nemesis for the majority of the party. In fact, of the four of us we could count a total of six unsuccessful tries ... shows perseverance, doesn't it?

Our small party and a 'Scout' were all set to go at 0515 and eventually we found ourselves tackling the snow-measuring station road, crashing over great boulders, and those innocents in back attempted to either stay stuck or get unstuck (neither completely successful) and a healthy mixing of the two led to numerous bruises and possible fractures. The exposure was awful. Fortunately though, we eventually reached the top of the road and set forth on foot - time 0715 - up the valley north of Bold, aiming at the NE ridge. A long snow couloir of fairly soft aspect provided easy access to the main ridge at about 6500', then considerable scrambling up various snow cracks, loose rock and looser scree got us over the steep area and onto the summit ridge. The miscellaneous scrambling I considered terrifying but it bothered my companions not in the least, and they cheerily wended their torturous way up while I followed, heart in mouth and prayer on lips.

The final ridge appeared shrouded in clouds (when is Bold not shrouded - a funeral peak) and merrily, merrily we staggered up it to arrive on top (view obscured in all directions) at 1245. As a point of academic interest we copied the summit register: - 20 July 1947 - Jack Basley, Chuck Hightower, Wayne Jacobs, Gene Brady, Bob Henderson; 6 Aug. 1950 - Tim Grogan, Bob Stephen, Bob Goodwin; 14 Sept. 1958 - Paul Crass, Hans Metz, Helga Bading, Olaf Johnston; 21. Aug. 1960 - Bert Buchler, Larry Smith.

After waiting for a short time for the clouds to clear and experiencing no miracles they didn't) back down we went, arriving at the long couloir where those trash members of the party enjoyed an approximate 2000' long glissade (admittedly the top was done quite slowly). The friendly 'scout' was reached at 1645.

romptly at one o'clock Friday, 11 mountaineers left Baranof's castle (Crews' house) for Carpathian. All went as planned until Mrs. Crews caught up with us, giving us the word that the "Ha-vad pa'ty" appeared to be in trouble on McKinley. We headed back to rescue headquarters at Crews'. Paul Sr. immediately began to make arrangements, but seeing that most of us wouldn't be needed immediately, 8 of us decided on the climb.

After a delightful meal prepared by Mrs. Crews, we (Dr. Perry Head, Dr. Ted Shohl, Ward Hulbert, Gary Hanson, Paul Crews (Crewser), Kim Degenhardt, John Samuelson and myself) left, while Paul Sr., Dave DeVoe and Dave Crews stayed to arrange further action on an aerial search. By 7:30 we were walking down the railroad tracks toward Seward for 3 miles and then headed up Skookum Glacier valley. It was a crisp clear night with Carpathian in all her glory standing out at the head of the valley. Following Crewser, who had previously discovered that walking in the stream bed was easier than alder-bashing, we paddled up a cold stream for 3 more miles, reaching the face of the glacier around midnight. Camp was made, a hasty dinner prepared and swallowed, and wet clothes laid out to benefit from early morning rays.

Next morning we were blessed with sunny weather and off by seven. Skookum glacier, level and uninteresting, was covered with loose rock and wet snow. As we reached the lower ice fall, some four miles above base camp, the Crews' light plane circled overhead and dropped a note. The note hung up on the plane, but Crewser, sure that he was needed on McKinley, prepared to head back. But Capt. Baranof circled and gave us a re-run of the original, "McKinley fogged in -- what is keeping you". After regrouping forced we made it to the base of the ice fall around 11:30. At this point Dr. Head decided to stay and we left him, happily snapping his Hasselblad camera.

Crewser gave us a brief snow school among the seracs of the ice fall. The weather was perfect, the snow solid and crevasses few. About half way to the saddle Dr. Shohl stopped and agreed to wait for the party to return. At 4:30 we reached the saddle. The mountains to the south and east of Prince William Sound were in magnificent view. Miles of untouched snowfield could be seen. Another half hour brought us to the ridge where Ward decided to stay behind. By then a cold breeze was blowing and the sun's indirect dusk rays had little warming effect on our soaked hands and damp feet. The ridge is beautiful -- perhaps 1/2 mile long, rising between 700 - 1000 ft. with many small saddles and short 45-50 deg. pitches. On the left, one looks down 3000' to Skookum Glacier and on the right a small rock ledge follows the ridge about 50 ft. below, but ends in a great snow couloir. Directly even with the couloir, the ridge sharpens and steepens. The sun was just dropping over the Alaska Range, and the summit still a good half hour away. Considering our wet hands, the thought of self-arrest or belay was unpleasant, so we turned back to assure a safe descent. Making down the ridge took 1 hour, and another hour was spent descending to the ice fall, where we picked up a cold Dr. Shohl.

We were off the ice fall at eleven, but faced a three-hour walk on the glacier to camp. This proved the hardest part. Duncan kept falling asleep while walking, Hanson twisted an ankle (which later required a cast), Degenhardt also twisted his, and Hulbert wrenched a knee. Dr. Head greeted 5 of us in camp at 2 a.m., 19 hours after leaving it. Ward spent the night on the side of the glacier in our emergency sleeping bag, and Crewser appeared in camp a few hours later. He had sat down to wait and woke up an hour or so later to find we had passed (his snoring blended with the gurgling of the glacier so well, we passed him by unnoticed).

We arose to a sunny Sunday, packed up and headed downhill. The trip was very relaxing, the cold water felt good on our aching feet. Crewser and Hanson convinced us of their sanity by pausing for a 'refreshing' swim in a six foot pool. I wouldn't exactly call it 'the pause that refreshes'. The group returned to Anchorage Sunday night ... tired but anxious for another attempt.

Friday morning, Aug. 2, Sir Edmund Duncie, "The Kid" Crewser, and Kim "The Dagger" Degenhardt left Anchorage for another Carpathian attempt. We left the car at Portage at 10:30 and proceeded down the well worn rail tracks. (Have you ever considered why the ties are randomly worn in the center?) Again the cold water felt good on our feet and leisurely we waded up the river, considerably lower than in July. The weather was perfect and Crewser, true to form, took another dip in the "Olde Swimming Hole". We had all day to make it to the ice fall camp. At the glacier we changed into climbing boots, stretched our wet pants and river boots out on the rocks to dry and headed on up the glacier.

It had changed quite a bit; the snow cover had melted, leaving blue glacier ice exposed. Numerous rocks on the ice had pock marked it, giving plenty of knobbillies to allow safe walking without crampons. The surrounding area teemed with wildlife. High on the rocks to the right were two goats and numerous bear tracks were spotted on the snow patches of the glacier. Ice worms and ice fleas were having a convention, for they were everywhere. We even found a herring on the ice. Unfortunately we didn't see a Yeti, but

then we had read "High in the Thin Cold Air" by Hillary. We reached the ice fall by eight, pitched our three man tent and crawled into the sack.

The morning was wonderfully clear but quite crisp in the shadow of Carpathian. We left camp at eight and quickly made our way through the lower ice fall. The crevasses were worse than anticipated, but fortunately we found a route. The July route above the ice fall was impossible ... the only route left was to cross a bergschrund, scale a rock face and then up a 45° snow slope. This we did but when we reached the top of the snow slope the wind was blowing and clouds began to drift in. 100 yards beyond the snow slope our proposed route ended in a huge crevasse. Our only alternative was to go over a 20 ft. ice wall after which we weren't sure of what we might find. By this time the wind had become so strong it was hard to stand up. Knowing that a knife ridge in a 30 knot wind and rain would be unpleasant, we turned back.

For Crewser this was the third time to do so, and for the other two the second. The descent was more exciting when Sir Dundie slipped and was caught by "Da gar" after a 100 ft. "quickie" descent. Progress was slow till we were past the rock pitch where we lowered packs by rope. Reaching camp we packed in the rain and left for the valley at 4:30. This time Crewser didn't stop for a swim, the hole along with the stream had disappeared. As we were walking out the mountain cleared and we could see she was smiling. It didn't matter, though, because both trips had been wonderful. Besides, we knew we'd be back.

CROW PASS HUT

SUMMIT AND GOAT MOUNTAIN

July 27-28

by Dave DeVoe

In numbers of people, this trip rivalled the Rabbit Creek Meeting ... at least 20 people crossed the broken bridge over Crow Creek late Saturday morning. Even the 4 littlest hikers (and patient escorts) made it to the trail above the mine. (More club members visited the cabin Sunday). We were interested to learn that the grandfather of a member, Christine Gill, used to carry the U.S. mail via dogteam from Seward to Fairbanks, over the very same trail.

The day was spent with doing much needed work ... the roof was patched, the "shelter cabin" sign re-erected and many people carried wood. There is now a good supply in the lean-to. There was considerable exploring around during the day. Most notable trail: John Samuelson's climb, with two out-of-staters, of the 5800' ridge of Crow Peak, S.W. of the Pass. Eight of us stayed overnight and not long after we had sacked out, Greg and John Bousman stumbled in out of fog and wind, rudely complaining that we hadn't left a light on. He made room for John on the floor, but our President gallantly chose the woodshed.

We made a leisurely 9:00 a.m. start up the moraine of the small glacier behind the cabin. Hans, not long off crutches, chose a shorter trip and climbed Jewel Mtn. The rest walked up the glacier to the ridge of Summit Mtn. From there we headed up to Summit's summit on a scramble over rotten chunks and shards ... very untrustworthy stuff. On top, Crewser produced a new summit register; a pill bottle, which we jammed under a cairn. The weather was recorded along with our names: sunshine, almost calm. Summit is 5300'.

From this point we could see the head of Raven Glacier and Milk Glacier and the peaks that feed them with snow. We discarded one route after another as too exposed to avalanche. Minutes later we saw a party of 3 on a steep chute across Raven Glacier. We met them later. Led by Bob Goodwin they reported the slope indeed steep, but negotiable and hot and wet with a direct sun exposure.

Our route led us to the lowest (6500') peak of the three that comprise Goat Mountain. We traversed a saddle at the juncture of Raven and Milk Glaciers where we went around the end of a bergschrund and encountered the steepest snow slope of the climb. By the time Dave Greus and I got there, the steps were comfortable buckets and the snow felt good and solid, not icy. Then there was a final long climb up a snow slope on a broad ridge. We were high up and going great. Then somebody said something about ice and we were suddenly walking on tip toe on 3" of snow over ice. An arrest would catch us in the softer snow below, but, oh, what a ride before we'd get there! We took no rides.

There was nothing distinctive about the summit except for the view and an unidentified blue flower that bloomed brazenly at 6,500' above sea level. A ponderous cornice stuck to the top of a cliff, and there were sheep or goat tracks. The Chugach Range sprawled everywhere we looked. There's never enough time to spend on top.

We tip-toed down over the icy spot, using a backing-down maneuver that served mainly to block the view of the void. I'll admit to one slip which I hastened to stop without any free ride. There were some beautiful falls above the bergschrund, the most spectacular by John Bousman. Greg's belay and some determined axe work on John's part stopped him, after about 30', with John's toes sticking out over blue ice. We came out at Crow Pass after a fast walk down Raven Glacier. Everyone agreed ... it was a fine climb.