

the SCREE

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

March 2013

Volume 56 Number 3



Contents

Lotus Flower Tower

La Soufrière

Peak of the Month: Santa Ana

The Seventymile Kid book review

Support Grows for Chugach State Park

"Doubly happy, however, is the man to whom lofty mountaintops are within reach."

John Muir



The Mountaineering Club of Alaska

www.mtnclubak.org

"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."

Join us for our club meeting at 6:30 p.m. on February 20 at the BP Energy Center, 1014 Energy Court, Anchorage, Alaska

<http://www.alaskageology.org/graphics/meetingmap.gif>

Contents

John Cafmeyer obituary

Lotus Flower Tower

La Soufrière

Peak of the Month: Santa Ana

The Seventymile Kid book review

Support Grows for Chugach State Park

Cover Photo

Brian Friedrichs sizing up Lotus Flower Tower.

Photo by Marcin Ksok.

Article Submission

Text and photography submissions for the *Scree* can be sent as attachments to mcascree@gmail.com. Articles should be submitted by the 25th of each month to appear in the next issue of the *Scree*. Do not submit material in the body of the email. 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 orientated photo for consideration for the cover. Please submit captions with photos.

Monthly Meeting: Wednesday, March 20, at 6:30 p.m.

Program: Matt Szundy, owner of Glacier Film Productions and Ascending Path LLC, will present on his recent work on dozens of climbing film projects as co-producer, locations manager, stunt man, and stunt coordinator. Come out and see some great photos and a few short climbing films.

Hiking and Climbing Schedule

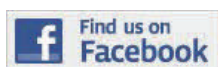
⇒ **April 3-7, Scandinavian Peaks Hut Maintenance Trip.** We are looking for a few more fun people with glacier travel experience. The trip objectives are hut maintenance, glacier travel, ski touring, and climbing. Trip will be six people maximum and a flight into the hut is required (estimated at \$350 per person). There will be a flight deposit. Group meals. Contact either Travis Taylor via email at alaskantrav@hotmail.com or via cell phone at 907-382-4823 or Greg Bragiel via email at unknownhiker@alaska.net if interested.

Correction

After reading the Peak-of-the-Month column in the January *Scree*, Steve Bowen wrote to say that the date of his first recorded ascent of Belay Peak was August 5, 1968, and that Doug Worth did not reach the summit, opting to avoid the dangerous exposure on the north ridge of Belay Peak by waiting at Point 7940 while Bowen and Eric Townsend climbed the route to the summit.

-Steve Gruhn

Online? Click me!



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

John Cafmeyer (1951 – 2013)

Text and photo by Karen Cafmeyer

Family and friends mourn the loss of John Cafmeyer, who died peacefully at the Sunrise Home in Chandler, Arizona, on January 18. Born in Michigan, John graduated from Kennedy High School in Taylor in 1969. After being drafted in 1971 (his lottery number was 21; he was swept up in the first call), he served two years as an army welder in Germany. John married Karen in 1977 and relocated to Colorado where he earned a degree in gunsmithing from the Colorado School of Trades. In 1979, John and Karen settled in Anchorage. Daughter Laura arrived in 1980, son Eric in 1984.

In Anchorage, John worked for several sign companies as a painter, foreman, and repairman. John's creative thinking skills and persistence were invaluable in solving electrical sign problems that others deemed impossible.

A lifelong outdoorsman, John hunted pheasants and deer in Michigan with his father and brothers, and later traveled across Canada and Alaska after big game, such as stone rams, mountain goats, elk, walrus, musk oxen, and bear. In Mongolia in 1988, he bagged a trophy ibex with 3-foot curving horns. John taught a hunter safety class at the University of Alaska, Anchorage that same year.



John and Karen loved mountain-eering and spent many weekends climbing with friends in Chugach State Park. John is credited with first ascents of two 7,000-foot mountains (Benevolent Peak and Icicle Peak, both in 1987) there. In July 1992 he helped construct Bock's Den, a MCA hut near the Matanuska Glacier in the Chugach Mountains.

As a father, John loved to celebrate the holidays with his children. It was John who strung holiday lights outside the house, carved pumpkins, put up Christmas decorations, played the Bing Crosby Christmas album until everyone threatened to hide

it, and dyed Easter eggs. He loved to take Laura and Eric camping, fishing, and backpacking. In 1996, the Cafmeyer family hiked 300 miles along the Continental Divide Trail in Colorado.

John is survived by his siblings Mary, Joyce, Eugene, and Bruce of Alaska, Michigan, and Florida; Karen, his children Eric and Laura and granddaughter Makena of Alaska. A memorial will be held in Michigan this summer. Donations in John's name to the Alzheimer's Foundation or the Nature Conservancy would be meaningful and appreciated by those who loved him.

Lotus Flower Tower

Text and photos by Marcin Ksok, unless otherwise indicated.

The Cirque of the Unclimbables had been a flicker of an idea in my head for maybe a year before Craig Petersen really ignited it. The first mention probably came about during a climbing trip in the Little Switzerland area of the Alaska Range. I understood one thing about the prominent line on the Lotus Flower Tower – it was big and serious, 2200 vertical feet with a rating of 5.10c. We set the dates. Thanks to a lack of a job or other

commitments I was able to spend the winter in Tucson and train. Meanwhile Craig took on other pursuits and was to be blessed with a new baby girl, due right at the time of the trip. Understandably, we postponed indefinitely. By then other individuals had learned of the endeavor and expressed interest, but nothing materialized. So back up to the northlands I went, chasing glaciers and rivers for the summer and not thinking too much about the cirque. Brian Friedrichs, companion on a climb in the Arrigetch Peaks, became serious at one point and things looked good. We did cancel at least once due to the high cost for two people, but a day before my drive back to the Lower 48 things changed. A pair of Spaniards were going in soon and would split some of the cost. Brian suggested packrafting out the famous Nahanni River, it sounded good, I just had to learn how to handle a packraft. On the upside, it allowed us to minimize the airfare to \$450 each – quite a deal.

Four days of driving, dropping off a car at the takeout, hundreds of miles of dirt roads and hoards of mosquitoes brought us to Finlayson Lake in the Yukon Territory. A nondescript floatplane dock and an old cabin awaited us soon to be followed by the Spaniards and the airplane. A night at the lodge with a shower, beer, and warm bed was quite a luxury for a climbing trip. Even the mosquitoes were down.



Brian on the great lieback.

Things were looking up; our pilot, Warren LaVafe, cleverly arranged a helicopter lift between Glacier Lake, where



Brian on the scenic South Nahanni River.



Marcin following on the upper headwall. Photo by Brian Friedrichs.

we landed, and the camp at Fairy Meadows, saving us a six-hour bushwack and boulder hop, and all for free. The surroundings were fantastic; we camped under a huge overhanging boulder, sheltered from potential elements, admiring the surrounding granite walls. The weather was great and our spirits high at 1:00 a.m. The Spaniards were to head out, Brian and I followed a few hours later. Forty-five minutes of brisk walking brought us to the wall just in time for rain. Pedro and Luis bailed from Pitch 2 as they were getting showered from the overhanging roof looming above. Standing under this immense rock feature made me realize how serious the undertaking was, how big this route was, and it brought a sense of apprehension upon me. Having climbed a few times, I knew the feelings and understood that a few pitches up the route would disperse worries and bring on enjoyment. But for now, back to the sleeping bags.

off a man-sized flake which also took the skin off my fingertips and put a gash in right hand. Water lubricates was the lesson here. As we topped out on the bivy ledge – the half-way point – sunlight was reappearing, reminding us of the time we have

At 4 in the afternoon, another try; snow flurries came in and the roof was flowing with water. I was ready to throw in the towel, but Brian's mind was set on giving it a go. What followed were the coldest night of my life and Brian's display of fine climbing skills. The first three pitches got us wet, yet Brian led pitch after pitch of slippery rock. The temperatures dropped and so did the snow, at one point I watched a water droplet slide down an anchor rope, stop, and freeze. Not soon after, the completely wet wall solidified into a sheet of ice. At one point I pulled



Marcin on Pitch 4; the top is still far away. Photo by Brian Friedrichs.

spent on this wall. Amazingly during such climbs, up in the latitude where darkness never truly comes, we forgot to check the time, there was no reason to, no need to turn around, just keep going. At this time Brian was exhausted and so was I; conditions were not going to improve, so we retreated and hit the ground after 10 hours of battling it out. The Spaniards did congratulate us for the effort, which got washed down with MS IPA.

I did a lot of pondering over the next few days, although the experience was quite incredible in the worst conditions on a rock climb I ever encountered, it taught me what can be accomplished if desired. How far one can go, how cold and miserable one can be and still continue. I seriously questioned the sanity of

it, the danger seemed too high for the price, not to mention the discomfort. I would not try to repeat it. I came to the cirque to enjoy it, now I despised it, if we did not get another attempt, my returning here would be doubtful. I guess mountains for me are

not to be *Marcin finally on top.*

battled and

conquered, they are to be befriended and experienced. Three days we waited for the rock to dry, in the meantime my fingers had a chance to heal. On the 15th it was either up or down to the river and the next leg of the trip. Light drizzles came and went; clouds hung around. What would the next day bring?

On August 15, 2012, up it was, the Spaniards first at 3:00 a.m.; we followed at 8:00. What a difference it was, although the first three pitches were still wet and we had to ascend the fixed ropes, the rest of the wall was in decent shape. I had the summit in my head, which boosted my confidence and I started knocking off pitches, it felt natural and proper to be on

the lead again, cruising up the route. At the bivy ledge Brian took over as the difficulty increased, pulled the crux roof and the difficult steep pitch above. Amazingly, in awe, we were on top, 12 hours it took, almost complete except for Brian's descent shoes, which I left at the bottom – oops, it could have been worse. It seemed like a different route than one from three days earlier, enjoyable this time, but more difficult than what I expected. I guess it isn't called the best rock climb in the world for nothing. Many rappels with stuck ropes and missed rap stations in the northern night's twilight brought us down to safety. I dreaded rappelling, terrified of dropped or stuck ropes, imagining standing on a 6-inch ledge with no way up or down. Horizontal ground was a blessing when I finally

reached it. Back at camp another can of Sockeye Red celebrated a 19-hour day.

For the two of us the way out was another adventure in itself, below is a condensed version.

A pleasant reward awaited us in the shack at Glacier Lake – a case

of beer left behind by what we later learned was the park service. I do not feel guilty for putting a dent in it since they established a confusing junction in the trail, which got us turned around. As we dropped altitude the mosquitoes came in hoards and made their Alaskan cousins seem like wimps; it was indescribable. Brian's floorless tent did not help, no mesh to cook under, sitting in silty mud, steaming up the small space as we cooked we were unable to crack a zipper for fresh air due to the bugs. The trek to the South Nahanni River from the lake was unpleasant – a bit, rain, bushwacking, bugs, heavy loads, oh joy. We really felt alive. In the meantime I lost my sleeping pad, oh well. Camped on a gravel bar once, I opened



my eyes at 4 in the morning and watched amazed as water was flowing above the deflated packrafts we used for the floor. All was soaked. Reference for the future not to underestimate the river regardless how bug bitten or tired. It was quite cold in the morning, to stop the shivering our only option was to paddle and paddle we did. On the upnote, the eerie morning light and fog made for fantastic scenery. The rain abated by noon; the sun came out later, restored the mood, and dried out things. The flatwater was our enemy, rafts do about 2 miles per hour in it, quite demoralizing. After 17 hours on the water, the roar of Virginia Falls was heard, what a relief, not a moment too soon. Because our multi-sport adventure allowed little space, minimal food was brought that day; missing breakfast, we were truly starved, but delighted for a lack of bugs in this spot. After checking out the magnificent falls and seeing photos of them frozen (not sure if they were ever climbed), down the three canyons we went. Fun, exciting Class III water tested my skills with the butt tube day after day. Kraus Hot Springs were to be a high point, but bugs drove us away, another low in the trip, soon to be followed by an even worse one in the form of a long flatwater day in 90-degree heat. That day both of us were ready to throw in the towel, and so we did in the community

of Nahanni Butte. A hired motorboat brought us to the takeout and our vehicle, and in turn took all our cash, which we gladly gave away for the ride. Friendly operators of the regional park at the pullout took pity on us. At this time Brian, an already skinny guy, looked like a ghost; I fared a bit better because my reserves were stocked more before the trip. Both of us were dirty, bitten, exhausted, starved, dehydrated, and broke, but in great spirits overall. But in turn we received a free campsite, coffee, chips, cookies and showers, and the best of all my tent was in the car, a tent with mesh screen for airflow and a floor to keep out the bugs, a restful sleep followed soon. In the morning a wonderful spectacle took place on the tent's fabric. Mosquito-eating wasps were terrorizing the neighborhood; unbelievably, they would attack and devour the bloodsuckers that swarmed the tent. We need to set up a breeding facility and exploit the potential of this miracle.

All that followed was more driving, back to Anchorage for Brian and down to the southlands for me. Blown tires, shredded spares, and flats were still in store, but that's another story. For now we have an amazing adventure in our backpacks and stories to retell.



Marcin Ksok and Virginia Falls. Photo by Brian Friedrichs.

La Soufrière (4048 feet [1234 meters])

Text and photos by Wayne L. Todd



Conciliatory ridge shot from the island of Bequia.

After sailing in the Grenadines, we have a week to spend on Saint Vincent, so climbing the high point (No. 157 on the list of country high points) is on the agenda. The forecast is the same for the entire week: partly cloudy with rain showers. Seven of us manage to pack into AJ's Subaru. This includes Becky, Carrie, Deane, and Denis Wang, AJ, Rainbow, and me. AJ is our host and driver for the week; Rainbow is a local guide (though a guide is not needed). The drive from Kingstown winds along the coast through green tropical rural areas. A roadside stop at a local stand yields cold coconut drinks, machete opened on the spot. Yah-man.

Up through a banana plantation to the trailhead, we don rain gear and hide under large leaves to wait out a heavy squall. Showers are usually followed by a few hours of good weather. The precipitation abates as we hike the steady incline trail (about 3,000 feet in 3.5 miles). The few steeper sections are terraced with rocks, which is good as the trail is quite slick. We hike under and by a rainforest of large leaves, large blooming flowers, small flowers (some single and some clustered),

vines, and trees. Houseplants in Alaska are large shrubs or trees here. Mudslides have cleared small swaths of forest to the ground.

We cross an almost dry riverbed taking pictures amongst the boulders. A rain-entrained wind of 20 to 30 miles per hour blasts us as we hike out of the rainforest. This is not conducive to picture taking or breaks. A few plants look similar to Alaska alpine vegetation. The trail becomes a small stream. Gusts are strong enough to knock someone over without bracing.



Deane, Becky, and Carrie Wang (L to R) atop 877-foot Mount Royal on Canouan Island.



L to R: Deane and Carrie Wang, AJ, and Becky Wang on the trail.

I'm impressed the group perseveres to the crater rim (oh, yeah, this is a volcano), but know we are not going to the summit. The few-hundred-yard visibility yields for a few glances to the crater. Bummer, as that was also a potential destination for the day.

Retreat! Everyone is chilled, getting wet despite rain gear, and there is no shelter (foliage is a foot high at this elevation). Just when I think it can't possibly rain any harder, buckets pour from the sky (reminds me of a low-budget movie rain scene when it is obvious water is turned on). Despite many slips and trips, we safely and quickly descend. The lure of warmth and shelter is a strong motivator. As we enter the valley with the riverbed, a dull roar is heard. Hmmm, crossing could be interesting. The roar increases as we hike downward.

Our nearly dry riverbed is now a rushing turbulent mass of brown water. We have slips and some difficulty just cross-

ing a side stream. At the main channel, a reasonable crossing spot is tested (though 50 yards above waterfalls). Rainbow stands in the middle, thigh deep, behind a boulder and first helps Becky across. Denis is next. He's a couple steps from the far shore, abruptly the roar intensifies, and the water level visibly rises, turning darker brown. Amidst much yelling, Denis scrambles out, Rainbow stumbles for the far shore, trips, and falls, but pulls himself out. Four of us are now stranded on the peak side of the trail.

The trapped ones take stock of clothing and food not knowing how long we'll be there. A hundred yard foray up and down the slick bank yields only more dangerous crossings; ravine upstream, waterfalls downstream. We tromp out a spot under some leaves to at least block the wind. Numerous impractical (and dangerous) ideas surface: divert water, cut bamboo for a bridge, pole vault over, dump rocks in for a crossing, etc.



Wayne in a dry riverbed. Photo by Carrie Wang.



Left: Trapped at the river.

We wait. The rain slackens, and then stops. Soon we hear the roar segue to lower volume (still loud), and see the water level and color drop. We find a slightly wider crossing, use a wooden pole for a third anchor, and urgently trudge across one at a time while the river allows.

On the far side we briefly gather for relief, but then carefully power hike down as everyone is quite chilled. Our only stop is for bad leg cramps (not me for a change). The dry clothes available are switched out, but still seven wet, but relieved, rats pile into the Subaru.

The weather is quite nice for the rest our time on Saint Vincent.

12/12/12 (Hmm, maybe that is a bad weather date).



L to R: Deane, Denis, Becky, and Carrie Wang, Rainbow, and AJ.

Peak of the Month: Santa Ana

Text by Steve Gruhn; photos by Harold Faust, unless otherwise indicated

Mountain Range: Kenai Mountains

Borough: Kenai Peninsula Borough

Drainages: Shelf Glacier and Bootleg Lagoon

Latitude/Longitude: 60° 5' 1" North, 149° 12' 10" West

Elevation: 4754 feet

Prominence: 1004 feet from Peak 4755 in the Godwin Glacier and Shelf Glacier drainages

Adjacent Peaks: Peak 4711 in the Fourth of July Creek and Bootleg Lagoon drainages and Peak 4755

Distinctness: 904 feet from Peak 4711

USGS Map: Seward (A-6)

First Recorded Ascent: April 2, 2012, by Harold Faust, Dano Michaud, and Tom Swann

Route of First Recorded Ascent: Northeast ridge

Access Point: Seward Ship's Drydock yard

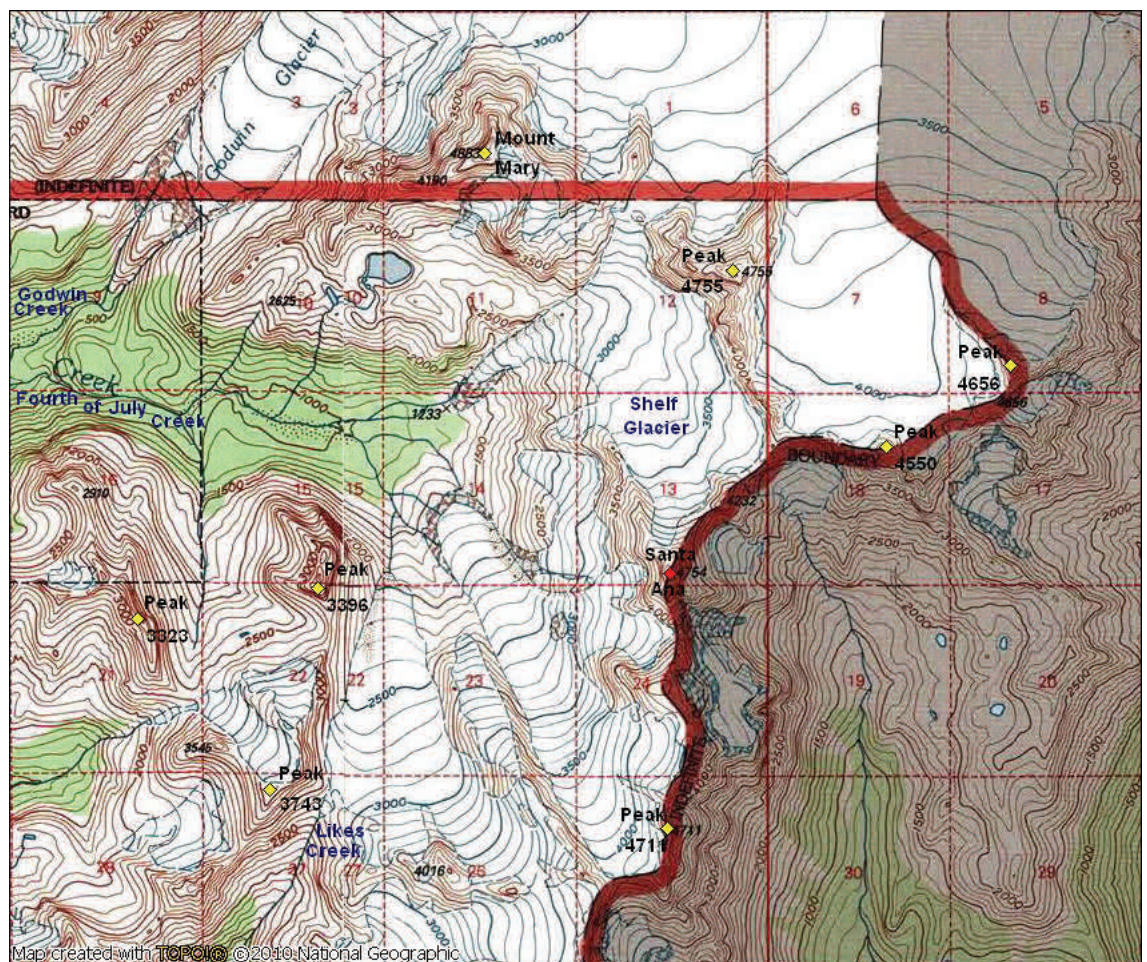
On April 1, 2012, Harold, Dano, and Tom started bushwhacking up Fourth of July Creek from the Seward Ship's Drydock yard near the end of Nash Road. They used snowshoes for travel, but still had to navigate the thick alder, spruce, and hemlock forest. It took a day to reach the basin below the toe of the Shelf Glacier, where they dug a snow cave. The next morning, the team departed up the glacier and gained the northeast ridge of the peak at about 4000 feet. From there, the

relatively easy corniced ridge brought them to the summit.

Dano left a register in the snow on the summit, naming the peak Santa Ana after the early steamship that delivered pioneers to Seward in 1903. The name complements Phoenix Peak, which is on the west side of Resurrection Bay and was named for the first ship constructed in Alaska.

Their descent to their base camp retraced their steps. The next day the party attempted Mount Mary, returning to the drydock yard on April 4.

The information in this article was compiled from Dano's article titled "Santa Ana – Steamship or Summit?," which appeared on page 3 of the August 2012 *Scree*, and from personal correspondence with both Harold and Dano.



0.0 0.5 1.0 1.5 2.0 miles
0.0 0.5 1.0 1.5 2.0 2.5 3.0 3.5 km

TN / MN
18°
02/10/13



Above: Photo taken from the Seward Boat Harbor, showing the relative locations of Santa Ana, Mount Mary, and Mount Alice.

Below: Western aspect of Santa Ana.





Left: Approaching the northeast (left) ridge of Santa Ana. Photo by Dano Michaud.



Right: Dano Michaud proudly presents his conquest.



Left: Dano nears the summit of Santa Ana in strong wind.

Book Review:

The Seventymile Kid: The Lost Legacy of Harry Karstens and the First Ascent of Mount McKinley

By Tom Walker

Review By Frank E. Baker

At 4 a.m. on June 7, 1913, four weary, weather-beaten climbers left their camp at 17,500 feet and ventured upward into the stark unknown. The temperature was -17 degrees Fahrenheit, but a sharp north wind drove the chill factor to about -50 degrees. By midday Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, Harry Karstens, Walter Harper, and Robert Tatum stood where no one had ever stood before – the 20,320-foot summit of Mount McKinley.

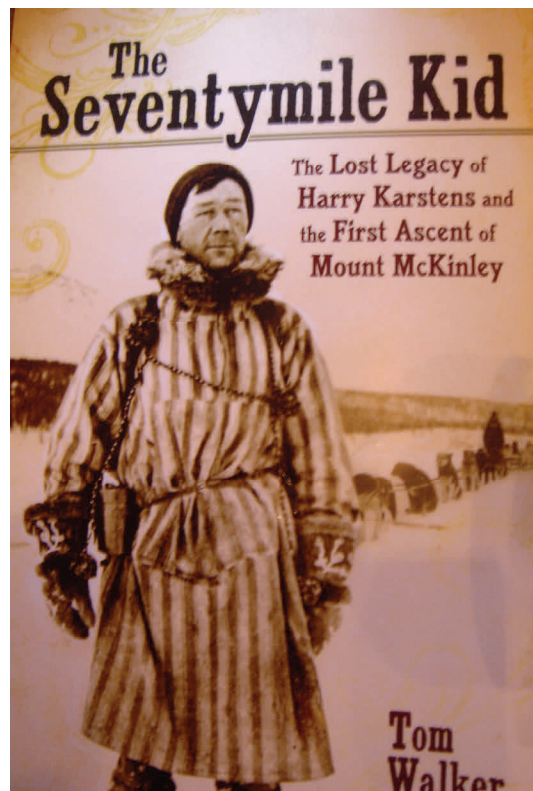
How they achieved this historic feat 100 years ago is the subject of the recently published book, The Seventymile Kid, by Tom Walker, an award-winning photographer and writer who has lived in Alaska for more than 40 years. He is the author of more than a dozen books and numerous magazine articles.

Extensive research by Walker uncovered the journals of Harry Karstens and Walter Harper, whose critical role in the Stuck expedition's success was underplayed in previously published accounts. The journals also revealed that there were significant personal conflicts in the expedition that were not brought to light in Stuck's 1914 book, The Ascent of Denali, as well as other historic accounts.

Walker's book traces 17-year-old Harry Karstens' arrival in Alaska from Chicago in 1898 as he joined the thousands who chased dreams of gold in the Klondike. It tells how he became a skilled dog musher in hauling mail and freight across Alaska's wilds. He often made a 45-day, 300-mile run between Dawson and one of the rich gold fields at the Seventymile River, and thus earned his nickname, the Seventymile Kid.

At the time, Karstens didn't realize that those years venturing across Alaska's punishing wilderness toughened him for the challenge of his life: the first ascent of Mount McKinley, in which he would become the expedition's leader and key to the climb's success.

Other early expeditions are mentioned in the book, such as the 1903 failed attempt by Judge James Wickersham; the 1906 expedition by Dr. Frederick Cook, which was later discredited; the 1910 "Sourdough" expedition to McKinley's North Peak led by Tom Lloyd (the success of which was confirmed by the Stuck expedition, which made a visual sighting of the flagstaff placed there); and the failed 1912 attempt by Belmore Browne.



An aerial view: The first time I saw the north side of Mount McKinley was in the 1980s on a charter flight to the North Slope. From the airplane window I studied the incredibly long Muldrow Glacier and fixed my gaze on what I think was the jagged Karstens Ridge, named after Harry Karstens, the young freight and mail carrier and miner who in 1913 decided to become a mountaineer. It boggled my mind then as it does today – how people back then, with the equipment and provisions available, could make such a long and arduous journey in some of the most harsh weather conditions on earth.

Walker's well-researched and finely crafted book puts the reader on the knife-edged ridge. You feel like you

are there – exposed on the north side of the mountain by endless storms; chipping steps around and over house-sized seracs jumbled and scattered by a major earthquake a year earlier; gasping for breath; pushing that last few thousand feet, wondering if the mountain would ever yield its summit prize.

Along with rare, archival photos, The Seventymile Kid is an excellent read and a very welcome addition to any adventurer's library.

The Seventymile Kid; 304 pages, 6 x 9, 40 black-and-white photos, 2 maps, paperbound, \$19.95, ISBN 978-1-59485-729-4. Biography, by The Mountaineers Books

Support Grows for Chugach State Park Trail Access and Rehabilitation Project

by Frank E. Baker

Support for the Chugach State Park (CSP) Access and Trail Rehabilitation Project has grown significantly in recent months, with more than 20 user groups and organizations endorsing a small set of projects that have been recently submitted to the Alaska Legislature for a \$415,000 capital appropriation.

Several legislators, including Representative Lindsey Holmes of Anchorage, have expressed interest and support for the project, which was spearheaded several months ago by the CSP Citizens' Advisory Board. The Board advises the State Division of Parks and Outdoor Recreation on management of the park, and represents the multitude of park users. These include neighborhood groups, fishermen, bikers, skiers, equestrians, hikers, hunters, mountaineers, and motorized users.

As part of the Park Access and Trail Rehabilitation Project, areas that are recommended for trail rehabilitation include Mount Baldy from Skyline Drive; Mile High Road into Meadow Creek; the South Fork of the Eagle River; the Crow Pass trail from Eagle River to the CSP boundary near Girdwood; and trails on the Anchorage Hillside near Flattop Mountain and Canyon Road.

Part of the funding would go for preliminary trail designs for hiking trails to Ram Valley from Mile 11 of Eagle River Road, near Falling Water Creek; to the summit of Mount Baldy from Skyline Drive; to Meadow Creek from Mile High Road; and to the summit of Flattop from Canyon Road. Currently, these areas of CSP are accessed by social trails from neighborhood roads near or on private property.

"The \$415,000 requested for these projects is a quite modest appropriation given the historical size of the state's capital budget," said Pete Panarese, advisory board vice chairman and spokesperson for the trail rehabilitation project. "We realize that money for parks is tight these days, but these are important projects that will greatly enhance the quality of life for many Alaskans.

"In the long run, these projects will reduce trail erosion and maintenance costs; diminish fall hazards; promote livability; and stem conflicts with private property owners near park access points," he added.

Endorsement letters from diverse groups -- from hikers to snowmachiners to paragliders -- are indicative of the project's broad and growing support.

"The trails listed in the proposal are, or will be, among the most popular trails in the park," said Rick Sinnott, president of

the Eklutna Valley Community Council. "By building sustainable trails and rehabilitating existing trails to sustainable standards, the state will save money in the long run."

"Trails that are well maintained are used by the community and visitors from across the nation," mentioned Asta Spurgis, executive director of the Eagle River Nature Center. "Guidebooks and websites attract hikers to Alaska. It is important that these trails are maintained for their enjoyment and safety. Alaskans, in turn, also reap the benefits. Good trails attract locals, whereas outstanding trails attract everyone."

The 495,000-acre CSP currently includes 280 miles of trails, 3 field offices, 20 trailheads and 3 large campgrounds.

"It is the back yard and playground for southcentral Alaska, home to half the state's population. In 2012, an estimated 1.3 million people used the park -- the vast majority of whom are Alaska residents," said Panarese.

In addition to endorsements from local user groups and scores of private citizens, support for the project was advanced through resolutions by the Municipality of Anchorage's (MOA's) Watershed and Natural Resources Advisory Commission and Commissioners of MOA Parks and Recreation Committee.

"My confidence is growing that this relatively modest capital appropriation will be approved in the 2013 legislative session," said Panarese. "There is general agreement among Alaskans that trails are a valuable asset that needs to be protected and maintained. If done in incremental stages and with the help of volunteers, we can minimize the costs and still have esthetically pleasing, safe, and sustainable trails that will be around for our children, their children, and beyond."

For more information about the CSP Access and Trail Rehabilitation Project contact Pete Panarese at ppanarese@gci.net; and if you wish to convey support for the project, contact these state legislators: Senators Fred Dyson and Anna Fairclough; and Representatives Dan Saddler, Lora Reinbold, Bill Stoltze, and Mike Hawker.

To contact Frank: frankedwardbaker@gmail.com

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

President	Jayne Mack	382-0212	Board member	Greg Encelewski	360-0274
Vice-President	Galen Flint	650-207-0810	Board member	Charlie Sink	258-8770
Secretary	Kelley Williams	310-2003	Board member	Andy Mamrol	717-6893
Treasurer	Seth Weingarten	360-9128	Board member	Elizabeth Bennett	952-9661
Past President	Tim Silvers	250-3374			

Annual membership dues: Single \$15, Family \$20

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. Articles should be submitted by the 25th 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: Seth Weingarten – membership@mtnclubak.org

Hiking and Climbing Committee: Vicky Lytle - hcc@mtnclubak.org

Huts: Greg Bragiel - 569-3008

Calendar: Stuart Grenier - 337-5127

Scree Editor: MCAScree@gmail.com Steve Gruhn (344-1219) assisted by Liz Russo (elizabeth.anne.russo@gmail.com)

Web: www.mtnclubak.org

Mailing list service: MCAK@yahoogroups.com

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