



DESCENDENT

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Mather I'd Rather

by Mike Litzow

After our Denali trip this summer I was left with a cache at McGonagall Pass and a strong desire to explore the beautiful peaks east of the Big Mac. Back in town I soon found a partner, Jeff Apple "Juice" Benowitz. Our momentum slowly gathered over a period of weeks and after a couple of false starts and a last minute scramble to find a stove we left town on July 15th. To facilitate the hitchhiking process we executed a flying wedge staggered highway start. I lucked out after waiting only fifteen minutes, but Jeff was spit on by the gods. He waited hours before a carload of vicious drunks picked him up. When we boarded the bus the next day the skies were clear and we were starting to hope for a good weather trip.

We had heard that nine of the fifteen people on a NOLS trip had gone swimming when they crossed the McKinley River the day before, so we decided to access the Muldrow through its back door, Glacier Creek. We got off the bus on the bluffs over the Thorofare River and walked for five hours that night before we came to a beautiful creekside meadow, flat

continued on page 3

Quote:

"That's one of the marvelous things about climbing - the friends you make. I think climbers have closer relationships to other people than almost anybody else, because you do forge friendships of that kind."

H. Adams Carter, mountaineer, retired school teacher, editor of 'American Alpine Journal'

President:	Franz Müter	479-8815 474-7839
Vice-President:	Kent Swanson	479-5797
Secretary/Treas.:	D. Zagowdnou	474-3477
Editor:	F. Müter / D. Zagowdnou	

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President's Message

As I look back upon 1994 I realize that I've come dangerously close to spending more time involved in club activities than in actual pursuit of the climbing game! It would be a sad day indeed where I would find myself content with being mostly an "armchair climber". To be sure, it is fun and important to meet with friends and share stories and slides, to be involved in club activities, to relax at home with a good piece of mountaineering literature, like the DESCENT, or to browse the Internet for articles related to climbing (see Odds & Ends). But above all, we have to make the time to go out and enjoy the mountains firsthand. We can only learn what they have to teach us if we strap on those clunky boots, shoulder the 60+ lb bag and leave the comforts of a warm house and a motorized vehicle behind. No amount of reading, talking, writing, or watching slides about it can substitute for the real experience.

So where then does the Alaska Alpine Club fit in and why don't we just meet regularly at the base of Rum Doodle, Mary's Rock, or some other challenging peak that we've always wanted to climb but never had the courage to tackle; instead of meeting in Schaible Auditorium for yet another slide show? Well, for one thing (at least for those of us who have some kind of a working schedule or take classes), even the most die-hard climber would be hard-pressed to bag Rum Doodle (let alone Mary's Rock) between that five o'clock afternoon class on Tuesday night and the seven o'clock news on Wednesday morning (you wouldn't want to miss NPR's morning edition for Rum Doodle after all, would you?). But then again, if you're a real die-hard climber, why care about that afternoon class? - and you can always bring a radio to listen to Koki Roberts wake-up call while roping up for Rum Doodles notorious North Ridge. In any case, some people always happened to be in town for our monthly meetings, and even the most boring slide show (not that we've ever HAD a boring slide show) beats having to sit through yet another episode of the Simpsons.

Seriously though, I have never come away from a slide show without feeling inspired. Just as

importantly, they provide an opportunity to socialize with old friends and serve as a birthplace for new ideas about future trips.

An even more important club function has always been the Ski Mountaineering class. I, for one, got my first introduction to mountain climbing through this class and to this date I go climbing with students and instructors that I met in the class. Volunteering for club activities is a way of repaying a debt I owe to those who got me started - by introducing others to the mountains, sharing my own experiences with others, or sharing stories and information through the newsletter.

Besides the slide shows and the ski mountaineering course the club has become involved in a number of projects over the years that directly or indirectly benefitted the climbing community (mountain huts, climbing wall, workshops, to name but a few). In these various club functions, can we identify an underlying goal or a mission that is the principle "raison d'être" for the AAC? And, as we move into a new year, what is our vision for the future?

One of the foremost goals of the club is clearly education for climbers - to encourage safe and responsible conduct in the mountain environment. But does our mission end there or is it part of our responsibilities to become involved in issues concerning climbers throughout Alaska? For example the recent controversy over new Park Service regulations in Denali Park.

I believe that we do have a responsibility to act as advocates for climber's rights when necessary, and I think we can do more to meet that responsibility. Let's face it, even the vast mountain ranges of Alaska are not without limits and as an increasing number of people want access to this enormous resource, conflicts between different user groups will invariably arise. A prime example is the planned expansion of Alyeska Ski Resort into a popular backcountry area. Luckily we may be less likely to encounter similar conflicts in the sparsely populated Interior, but we should be ready to have our voice heard when the need arises again as in the early 70's,

when the club was instrumental in preserving the Grapefruit Rocks area, which was threatened by a proposed pipeline pump station.

However, we are representing an extremely diverse community that can hardly be expected to speak with a unified voice. Therefore I think it is up to the individual to take action when they feel it is needed. I see the role of the club as that of a "messenger" - providing information to make people aware of issues concerning climbers in the state, especially in the Interior. I propose that we take a few minutes at each monthly meeting to talk

about things that may affect us all - or that are simply of general interest. Maybe (fat chance!) we can have a volunteer for each meeting who keeps a close eye on the news or screens the recent climbing literature for anything of general interest. He or she could then briefly summarize the "news" at the meetings. If this should spark further debate or encourage people to follow up on an issue - great! If it doesn't - fine. It certainly can't hurt us to be well informed!

as a pool table and begging to be camped on. There were clouds to the west and the east, but the Mather-Brooks group was clear and inviting. Early on the next day's walk we decided to try Mather's north ridge. The lower part of the ridge looked like horrendous rotten rock, but above that it was a beautiful line straight to the apparent summit. When we left Glacier Creek and started walking on the glacier itself our pace was cut by two thirds as we thrashed over obstructionist, curse-provoking moraine heaps. We tried to get to the bottom of the climb that day, but found ourselves exhausted and searching for a flat spot a few miles short.

The next day was an easy stroll over the few remaining miles. We set up our tarp in the Waiting Room, a rock-covered side glacier that comes off the cirque east of the north ridge. For most of the day we lounged around and studied the route. The couloir was low angled and looked safe. There was a hanger the size of the Wood Center next to it, but its ejecta had carved a deep path safely to the left of our route. The clatter of rockfall from the lower ridge was so constant that we wondered how there was anything left standing. Huge volumes of rock were spewing down from several spots, but we were reassured to see a very small cone of debris under our route.

We woke the next morning to what I think of as typical Brooks Range summer weather: low, thick clouds. Luckily Jeff's enthusiasm was infectious and we were soon striding up towards the climb. We left behind everything that wasn't necessary; tarp, books, toothpaste, and other pack detritus. We crossed the very narrow bergschrund at 6:30 and continued the lower section unroped. The climbing was mostly talus scrambling and loose rockpile maneuvering. We

moved fast to minimize the chance of anything falling on our heads. We sat down on a boulder at the top of the rock section and roped up. We simul-climbed with Jeff efficiently leading and soon three or four pitches of ice were behind us. Then it was my turn to plow a path through the softening snow. I was feeling wasted, and even my best pace featured frequent rest stops. Finally I climbed the headwall, shallow snow over 50 ice, with sweat pouring into my eyes. We popped over the top and found ourselves in a shallow bowl on top of the ridge, done with the couloir.

The mist was getting patchy and we had fine views of the mountains around us. The ridge now offered easy hiking and we ascended slowly, resting and changing leads often. High above we could see the ridge flatten out beneath a headwall. Jeff led over a couple easy ice bulges and we trudged on. About a thousand feet above the col we realized that we were all tuckered out and decided to camp. A wide crevasse offered a pocket of soft snow perfect for a cave. To avoid any surprises we kept two pickets on the middle of the rope and stayed tied in while we dug. (During his younger, sillier days Juice had a partner drop 80 feet when he dug through a snowbridge on Sultana.) We set the alarm for another early a.m. start and drifted away.

Before we left for the summit we carefully marked the snowcave with a shovel. About eight hundred feet of hiking brought us to the spot where the north ridge is joined by the P10,030 - Mather route climbed by Jim Bouchard and two others in 1979. Then came the "flat spot" we had eyed the day before. This turned out to be a moderate knife edge, fairly exposed on the western side. Perhaps rashly, I

led it without placing pro. The headwall also looked different when we got to it; a moderately steep, ill-defined ridge. We were now above the clouds that had cloaked the morning and had a great view of the east side of Big Mac. We were starting to feel the altitude and the rest of the ridge went at second tempo. We kept pro on the rope and switched leads often. We seemed to be getting close to 12,000 feet and started to think that the ridge might top out on the summit.

As each step took me closer to the top I could see nothing but clouds and blue skies beyond. "Maybe Jeff was right," I thought. "Maybe this is the summit." But when I reached the top my spirits dropped. I was on a broad ridge that curved around to a high point on the left. From there it became knife edged and corniced, rising and falling in a series of waves. Before the ridge dropped away for good there were two high cornices. The second one looked like the summit. As I walked up to the high point on the broad ridge I kept hoping it would lift me above those nasty cornices. But when I got to the top there was no doubt about it: the highest cornice was about 1000 feet away and twenty feet above me. Jeff came up and reassured me.

"It's easier than it looks," he said. We dumped our packs, I handed him the three pickets and he literally ran towards the climbing. I think he wanted to make sure he was on it before I could express second thoughts. We used running belays for the first section and it was pretty straightforward after all. Just stick an axe shaft into the rime, wave your other hand at the void, and watch your feet. On one steeper section we faced in and climbed with both shafts. After a couple rope lengths he belayed me in.

"Give me the pickets," he said.

"Isn't it my turn?" I asked halfheartedly.

"You're not going to lead this."

"Well, I'm not going to fight you for it." Indeed I wasn't. Two of the sharper waves on the ridge were just below us, cresting and falling on the line between earth and sky. Jeff climbed to the top of the first one and put in a picket.

"Crux-a-rooni!" he called back. He gingerly lowered himself down the other side and disappeared

from view. When I followed I found good foot placements but nothing very solid for my tools. I couldn't see the foot holes past the balaclava around my neck and I had a few moments of real angst before it was done. After that it was easier ups and downs, all a matter of balance. When I got up to Jeff he was sitting on the second to last high point, smiling at the whole world. There were clouds above us and below us, but we were in the sunshine with clear views of Deception, Tripyramid, and the Big Pineapple. We were one pitch away from the top and it looked easier than anything we had come across.

"Do you want the last lead?" Jeff asked.

Actually I didn't. The whole mess was plastered up there in God's basement, and there was no telling how far down the nearest solid stuff was.

"Cause if you don't want to I will."

"No. I'll do it."

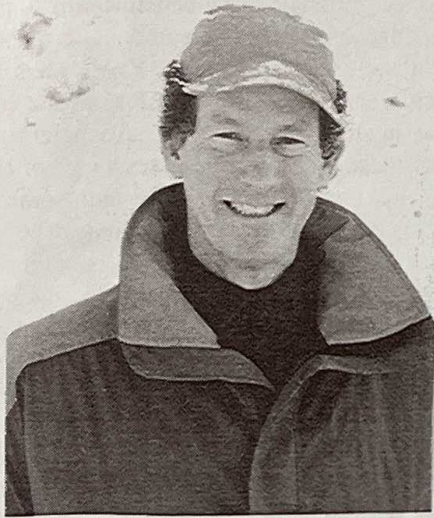
I walked out fifty feet and put in a picket. It was easy after all. Solid footing, just watch your balance. Stay up high on the ridge where it's nice and flat but don't get too near that cornice.

When the sound came it didn't surprise me at all. There was a giant WRUNCH! and the cornice I was standing on took the one way express downhill. Somehow I had time to pivot around as I fell. I ended up with my belly across the fracture line, both tools planted and one set of front points in the ice beneath me. Jeff quickly took in the slack. I yelled back for him to take a picture. This wasn't a moment to go undocumented. I slithered back onto the ridge and continued on, staying well back from the cornices. Nothing looked very safe to me at this point so we took turns belaying each other onto the summit cornice. When Jeff came down he congratulated me on my moves and expressed his general ecstasy over the climb. I was a little adrenaline sick and knew I wouldn't be happy until we were off the knife edge. Jeff quickly led us back and soon we were sitting on the packs, eating the last of our gorp and draining the last trickles from our water bottles. Jeff was already raving about a ridge on Deception that was in profile to us. I was content to ogle the massive scenery and to look back at the spidery line of footprints we had left on the summit ridge.

Slide Show

Mike and Jeff will be showing slides from their trip on Tuesday, February 7 at 7:30 in Schaible Auditorium.

Profile



James W. Whittaker

Born: February 2, 1929, Seattle, Washington

Hometown: Port Townsend, Washington

Occupation: Former president, outdoor equipment business

Climbing Highlights: Everest (first American ascent, 1963), K2 (leader, 1990 International Peace Climb), Rainier (sixty-six ascents), numerous climbs in Cascades, and many others.

As the first American to climb Mt. Everest and the leader of the first American expedition to climb K2, Jim Whittaker has been an important force on the two highest peaks in the world.

Whittaker became interested in climbing Mt. Everest in 1952 when he read about the Swiss expedition. Then, the following year, he was guiding on Mt. Rainier when he received news that Hillary reached the summit. It was another ten years before he got his chance to go but, as it turned out, it was worth the wait.

"I knew that it would be the hardest thing that I

could ever do so I trained very hard for it," Whittaker said. "I was in top shape when we left. I weighed the same after the 185-mile hike as I did at the beginning of it so I did not lose a pound on the approach."

Whittaker was ready mentally as well as physically. "They interviewed the whole team at the office of Neural Research. They said I was the only one of the nineteen that said, 'Yes, I will go to the summit.' I guess I was pretty confident of it. I thought that if Hillary could do it, I could do it. I was quite strong and powerful. Professionally I had logged a lot of ascents from sea level to high altitude and I'm sure that helped my lung capacity."

The expedition was nearly canceled when Jake Breitenbach was killed in the Khumbu Ice Fall. The team members discussed the future of the expedition and decided to try to finish the climb. Throughout the ascent, chronicled by James Ramsey Ullman in *Americans on Everest*, Whittaker remained strong and enthusiastic. His experience in the Mountain and Cold Weather Command and his sixty-six ascents of Mt. Rainier as a guide apparently helped, as his prediction that he would reach the summit proved true. At age thirty-four, Whittaker walked onto the summit of Everest and into the history books, but the significance of the moment was not immediately impressed upon him.

"A lot of people asked me what I thought about when I was on top of Everest and my classic answer is what Nawang Gombu, the Sherpa that climbed with me to the summit of Everest, said at the first press conference in New Delhi when they asked him what he thought about when he was at the highest point in the world - 'How to get down.'

"The winds were still over sixty miles per hour at the South Col, we were both out of oxygen, and the temperature was thirty-five below zero, so we spent barely fifteen minutes on top and started down. As a result, we didn't really think much. Even at high camp, I didn't feel a sense of accomplishment because we were out of oxygen and we had to survive the night. It wasn't until after I had come back

through the ice fall that had killed Jake that I really relaxed and experienced a surge of relief and fulfillment. I was worried about the ice fall. I had a feeling that maybe the mountain was going to get to me now for having done the top. I went through unroped and running fast. I knew everyone would be going to slow for me."

Only after clearing the ice fall and making sure that all the team members were safe did Whittaker feel the thrill of his accomplishment. Even in his moment of joy, however, he did not realize how great a change the event would make in his life.

"I got a lot of recognition. I met President Kennedy in the White House and got an award from him [the National Geographic Society Hubbard Award for exploration]. That led me to meet Bobby Kennedy; I led him up the highest unclimbed mountain in Canada, which was Mt. Kennedy, named after the late president. I got involved with their family and skied with them at Sun Valley and in Colorado. I was campaign manager for him in '68 and ran his campaign in Washington state. I was with him when he was killed in California. That had quite an impact on me."

During this time, Whittaker was president of Recreational Equipment, Inc. (REI) and the business, which had been doing well, started growing even faster. By 1978, REI was large enough to become a major sponsor for the American K2 expedition and Whittaker would be the climb leader.

"My goal going over was to lead a successful expedition to the summit of K2. I had climbed the highest mountain in the world. If I could lead an expedition to the second highest mountain, I would have fulfilled two goals."

The expedition ran into problems with weather and later with dwindling supplies. After more than two months on the mountain, a last minute break in the weather allowed Jim Wickwire, Rick Ridgeway, John Roskelley, and Lou Reichardt to become the first Americans to reach the summit.

"We were lucky to get that mountain. We almost

didn't get it. We were low on supplies and were pretty wasted. We had been high for about seventy-six days and didn't have much power left. I thought we could do it, but we had already tried once and failed. Success is sweetest to those who have known defeat."

Having experienced success and death of friends in mountains, Whittaker is keenly aware of the risks involved. "It's unfortunate that mountaineering lingers on the fine edge of tragedy, but it does. I suppose that's one of the excitements of it. I've always felt that a person who lived a little bit close to the edge lived a little bit more aware. You have heightened awareness of those times and are more aware of how good life is and appreciate life more than someone who hasn't experienced the delicate nature of it."

Whittaker describes his reasons for climbing mountains. In the Cascades near his home he climbs "because I have such a strong love of nature that I think that being in nature in the mountains or at sea or in the wilds, is the most true and real experience a human being can have. Nature, to me, is all-powerful and all-true and fair and gives me the closest touch that I could have with any creator. It gets me back to my roots when I'm in nature. I am more comfortable outside than inside, and outside cities than inside cities. I much prefer nature."

About mountains like Everest, where nearly one climber has been killed for every two that have stood on the summit, Whittaker explained, "At those odds you have to justify it for other reasons, although it is very beautiful over there and the majesty of the mountains is great. To seek that challenge is the core and mainspring of all human activity. If there's an ocean, we cross it. If there's a disease, we cure it. If there's a record, we break it. If there's a mountain, we climb it. I believe in that. It's meeting challenges. God knows, there are a lot of mountains in one's life..."

from *Why I climb* by Steve Gardiner,
Stackpole Books, Harrisburg, PA 1990

Climbing Notes

by Sue Steinacher

6 March 1994, Trims Creek

It is a good life indeed. I'm lying in Mark's tent in a bowl below Item peak. Soon the others will be off and I'll be left alone with this small piece of the miraculous all to myself.

I have discovered that climbing (as if I actually ever climbed!) really is the metaphor for life that they claim. I had more troubles getting here than on our last trip, but as I struggled along yesterday I finally found the wisdom to recognize the valuable lessons I was learning. On the Black Rapids trip the biggest challenge was just staying warm. This is indeed a worthy challenge, but as a long time musher it is one that I have grappled with before and know how to contend with. It was a good trip but I came away feeling less than fully satisfied.

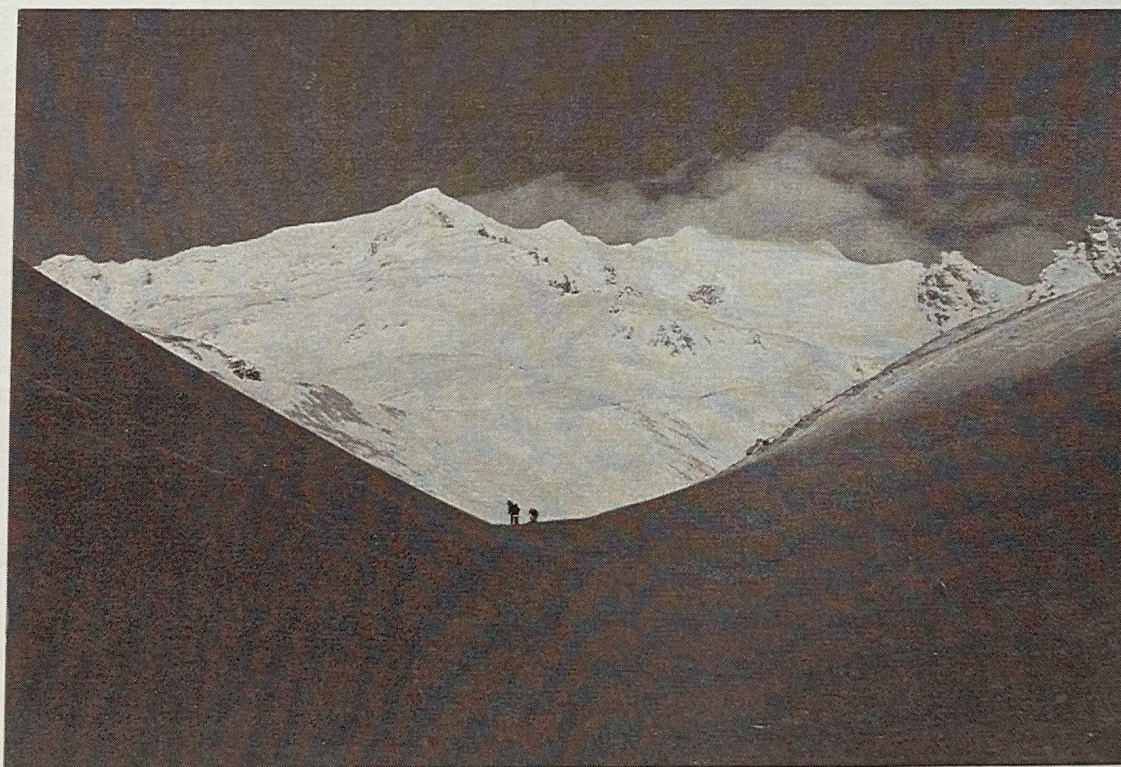
On *this* trip the weather was significantly better, but I was encountering terrain for which my old strategies of travel were inadequate. The narrow gulch, the running creek, and the steep side hills made

pulling a sloppily loaded sled totally ludicrous. It had worked beautifully on the Black Rapids but here it constantly rolled off the trail, and was actually more stable when it was upside down! Later in the day, with hills yet to climb, my climbing skins lost all their stickiness and peeled off completely.

My exasperation was starting to sour my enthusiasm for the trip until I finally realized that while these 'dilemmas' were frustrating in the present they offered new insights and knowledge which would better prepare me for future trips.

For many years I thought the challenge of life was to experience and learn enough to reach some level of well-being. The challenging times were the result of some shortcoming of knowledge or skills. Somehow, I wasn't doing as well as those around me and felt inadequate.

I now see troublesome times in a new light, and welcome the hidden knowledge that they hold. In every pain, disappointment, or failure there exists some new insight that can ease the present and better



equip you for the future. The pain from the break-up of my last relationship almost destroyed me, but now I value the new and happier perspective on life and my own self-worth that it has lead to.

If we only enter circumstances for which we are already prepared we will have a safer journey, but we risk not being challenged, and thereby lose the opportunity to grow. It is not the nature of easy times to bring growth. Growth is achieved through the resolution of discordance. Without discordance we could not come to this new light. We should strive to rejoice in our hardships as they hold gifts of insight and wisdom.

This is not to lessen those glorious moments when all seems right with the world. No! But it does make these times all the more precious and asks that we cherish them while they're happening and not postpone them.

I finally stopped struggling against my sled and repacked it, thrilled at the improvement. As I stashed my skins away and reached for the wax someone stopped to offer some helpful suggestions on future skin care. My enthusiasm restored, I skied on. I soon broke out of the shadows of the gulch and into the glorious, shimmering sunshine reflecting off the hills that surrounded our camp. Struggles behind me and new lessons learned, this was one of those moments to savor. Miraculous, indeed!

Odds & Ends

First Fairbanks Area Rock Climbing Guide

Long time Fairbanksan and rock climber Stan Justice has just completed the first rock climbing guide to the Fairbanks Area. The booklet has maps and notes on how to get there and descriptions as well as ratings of all the known climbs at Grapefruit Rocks, Angel Creek Rocks, Granite Tors, and the Mt. Prindle area. Also included is a short and informative section on the geology and climate of the region.

The booklet has been published by Stan through the Alaska Alpine Club and can be purchased at Beaver Sports, All Weather Sports or directly through Stan for \$6 (\$4 for members).

Climbing in Cyberspace

Here's something for cyberjunkies: An increasing amount of climbing related articles are appearing in the electronic media. An Internet search (Using a search engine called the 'World-Wide-Web worm'!) yielded hundreds of articles containing the word "climbing" or "mountaineering"! The most promising development is probably "The Climbing Archive", maintained by Magnus Homann from Sweden. This is a repository for all kinds of information regarding climbing. In his own words: "We cater to both trads and rads, so you will probably find what you're looking for." The contents page lists the following items:

- Guidebooks / The World of Climbing
- Climbing Directory / Partners for everyone
- Climbing stories
- Climbing songs
- Commercial Information
- Hardware
- Climbing Pictures
- Technique & Training

I found the climbing directory especially useful. It contains a list of climbers from countries all over the world (but mainly from within the United States and Canada). You can contact any of the listed names via email for information about a particular area or as potential climbing partners (In case you're traveling to a new place and have a few days to spare to go climbing, but you don't know anybody where you're going). The guide currently lists no climbers for Alaska. They currently can't register any more climbers due to too many requests. (And remember, these guys are volunteering their time to offer all this on the net for free). If you'd like to find out more about the climbing archive, or need a climbing partner for your next trip, go to: <http://www.dtek.chalmers.se/Climbing/Directory/index.html>

The Alpine Club of Canada (ACC) put out a wealth of information about climbing in Canada and

cont'd on page 10

Alaska Alpine Club Climbing Class

1995 SCHEDULE

Introduction to Ski Mountaineering

Reading Assignment

- Jan 18 Registration, Frostbite, Hypothermia, Clothing
Speaker - *John Rose* Chapter 1,2,3&4
and pages 372-382
- Jan 22 Orienteering (Map and Compass) Leader - *Bob Groseclose & John Rose*
- Jan 25 Snow Caves, Knots, Use of Ice Axe & Crampons
Speaker - *Roger Siglin* Chapter 6,12&13
- Jan 29 Survival Ski Clinic - Day trip to local ski area to hone skills.
Director - *Rhett Buchanan*
- Feb 1 Tents, Packs, Skies, Boots, Winter Camping, Sewing
Speaker - *Dick Flaharty* Chapter 5,7,8
- Feb 4,5 Wickersham Dome Overnight - Ski with heavy pack over steep trail, dig a snow
cave, practice winter camping and skiing.
Leaders - *Jeff Baurick & Brenin Humphreys*
- Feb 8 Prusiking, Rappelling, Z-pulley, Snow Anchors
Speakers - *Bob Groseclose & Jeff Baurick* pages 306-314&
Appendix 1
- Feb 12 Skills workshop in town - Five stations around campus, prusik practice in the ice
arena, Z-pulley in a parking lot, crampons and roped travel, ice axe arrest and
belaying at the E snow dump. Director - *Bob Groseclose*
- Feb 15 Avalanche Safety Speaker - *John Rose* Chapter 13 again
- Fb 18,19 Delta Range Glacier Ice - Depending on conditions go to either the Fels or the
Castner Glacier. Long difficult ski, snow camp, rappel into crevasse and prusik
back out, set up a Z-pulley. Leaders - *Mike Litzow & Dave Delong*
- Feb 24 Glacier Travel, Crevasse Rescue
Speaker - *Keith Echelmeyer* Chapter 17&
Pages 395-396
- Feb 26 Panorama area day trip - Steep slopes at base of Panorama used to practice ice axe
arrest, cramponing, belaying, snow anchors, etc. Leader - *Ryan Anderson*
- Mar 1 First Aid, High Altitude Effects, Rescue Speaker - *Jeff Baurick*
- Mar 4,5 Triangle Peak (7,100ft) - Ski 7 miles up Castner Glacier, camp on glacier, climb
to summit of Triangle Leader - *Franz Muter*

Intermediate Ski Mountaineering and Climbing

- Apr 5 Snow Climbing, Igloos, Fly-in climbs Speaker - *Stan Justice* Chapter 14
- Apr 8,9 Bivouac Peak (7708) - Strenuous 10 mile ski up drainage E. of Pump Station 10.
Climb steep snow, around bergschrund, and up short ice ramp to summit.
Leader - *Bill Cole*
- Apr 12 Ice Climbing Speakers - *Rhett Buchanan & Ryan Anderson* Chapter 15, 16
- Apr 16 Fox and Dragon Fly A few mile past Healy on the Parks Highway are two small
falls for ice climbing practice. Leaders - *Rhett Buchanan & Ryan Anderson*
- Apr 19 Leadership and Expeditions
Speaker - *Phil Marshal* Chapter 9,10,11 &
Appendix 2
- Apr 22,23 White Princes (9800 ft) - Graduation climb. Ski in 10 miles up Castner Glacier to
camp. Climb steep snow to top of White Princes for great view.
Leaders - *Franz Muter & Bill Cole*
- Apr 26 Rock Climbing Speaker - *Stan Justice*
- Apr 30 Grapefruit Rocks - Day trip to Grapefruit Rocks out Elliot Hwy.
Leader - *Stan Justice*

about the ACC. If you're planning a trip to Canada, check out: <http://www.cimteg.ists.calsport/climbing/lacc/aboutacc.htm>

For those who don't have Mosaic or a similar graphical Internet browser, but still have access to the Internet, there is also a Usenet discussion group called *rec.climbing* that is entirely devoted to rock climbing (I believe!). Sorry, haven't checked this one out yet. If you're on the net and would like more info, contact mueter@ims.alaska.edu or FNFJM on the VAX.

Crampons and Ice-axes needed!!

The ski mountaineering class needs more crampons and ice-axes for the beginning mountaineering class. If you have used crampons or ice-axes that you might want to give away or sell, contact Stan Justice or any of the officers! If you have any other gear that you would like to sell or give away to new students of the ski mountaineering class, please bring it to one of the lectures on wednesday nights at 7:30 in Schaible Auditorium.

We are currently in the process of updating our membership files. If you would like to maintain your membership and you owe dues for 1994 and/or 1995, please send in the attached stub and your dues. If you are not current by February 28 you will receive a final notice informing you of your status. Anybody who is not current by March 31, 1995, **WILL BE DELETED FROM THE MEMBERSHIP LIST!**

Annual dues: Family \$15 , Individual \$10 , Student \$ 5 (Please check one)

UAF Affiliation (check all that apply):

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____ (days) _____ (evening)

E-mail: _____

Signature: _____

Date: _____

	Spouse	Sex
Student (3 or more cr) <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Male <input type="checkbox"/>
Faculty <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Female <input type="checkbox"/>
Staff <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	
Alumni <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	
No UAF affiliation <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	

Alaska Alpine Club
P.O. Box 81174
Fairbanks, Ak 99708