

# SCREE

AUGUST 1995

A Publication of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska, Inc.  
Box 102037, Anchorage, Alaska 99510

Volume 38 Issue 08

## AUGUST MEETING

Wednesday

August 16th, 7:30 P.M.

Pioneer Schoolhouse, 3rd & Eagle Streets  
Downtown Anchorage

*Slide Show: JJ Brooks* will show slides of big wall climbing.  
(Not the indoor kind.)

### ACTIVITY SCHEDULE

- Aug 25-28 Hut Construction  
Helicopter access to new hut site. Lots of work to do and fun, too. If not enough committed volunteers sign up, this project may be put off.  
Leader: Mike Miller 243-6521
- Sep 30- Oct 1 Ice Climbing School  
Details next issue.  
Coordinator: Nick Parker 272-1811
- 95-96 Mountains and Trails of Alaska  
No leaders. No trips.  
Leader: You, or it won't happen.

### TRIP REPORTS

#### Mt. Sanford

by Mindy Baum  
and Peter Clifford



uring the latter part of May a group of eight climbers, including seven MCA members, set off to climb Mt. Sanford. This 16,237-foot peak is located in the Wrangell-St. Elias range and is the 6th highest summit in the U.S. Group members were Mindy Baum, Peter Clifford, Dale Letourneau, Dennis Morford, Jenni Parkes, Jim Scherr, Jim Sprott and John Wager.

The group got together in January, partly through an ad in the Scree. All members had a mountaineering background which included high altitude experience and training in glacier travel and

Going on a MCA Trip?

**BRING YOUR CARD!**

Your MCA card shows you signed the waiver. If you can't find it, or don't have one, remove the back page of Scree and fill out the waiver for the trip leader. Thanks.

crevasse rescue. (Jim Sprott, especially, had extensive Alaskan expedition experience and a matching array of mountaineering tales.) In the three months before the trip there was a training climb scheduled almost every weekend and a crevasse practice session at the Matanuska Glacier.

Our chosen route was the Sheep Glacier which we flew into and out of with Paul Claus of Ultima Thule. We allowed 12 days for the climb. All of us traveled on snowshoes. Each individual's load was about 100 lbs, divided evenly between pack and sled.

The trip got off to an exciting start when the plane stopped just short of a crevasse on one of the drop-off flights. It took quite a while to get the plane airborne again. Conditions on the glacier had been very warm and this was only the beginning of our experiences with rotten snow which was to cause us 15 crevasse falls.

We attempted to travel that afternoon but did not get far because of the poor snow. One group member fell into a crevasse on her third step! After several more minor step-ins we decided to set up camp and wait for the temperature to drop overnight.

After a weather day (snow and fog) we were ready for our second day of travel on the glacier. This began on a steep and deeply crevassed slope. We had not gone far when a snow bridge collapsed underneath the weight of the heaviest member of our party. He fell 50 feet into a crevasse while his partner, unable to hold the fall, skidded that same distance towards the lip. They did not get hurt because the rope friction slowed the fall and because the person falling hit bottom before his partner could reach the edge and tumble in on top of him. We did need to set up a pulley system to get our group member out. This greatly reinforced our knowledge of the dangers heavily loaded people face when traveling on a rope of two. After this we traveled on two rope teams of four in crevassed areas.

Fortunately this proved to be the end of major crevasse problems. We began to make strenuous but steady progress up past one of the most spectacular features of the route, the so-called "Whaleback." This is a prow of ice-covered rock standing up from the glacier. As we set up camp at 9500 feet fog rolled in and it began to snow.

That night and the next day about two feet of snow fell. Travel was out of the question. We had plenty to do, however, between shoveling the snow off the tent and cleaning the snow off ourselves before we got back into the tent. The snow walls we built

around our tents grew from waist to shoulder height. The weather cleared our second evening at the site and three of our group members roped up to break trail up the next 1000 feet.

The next day was nice and we made our way slowly up to a relatively gently sloping and featureless terrain. We passed three groups who had summited and were on their way back down. It really helped to have our previously broken trail and the remains of the other groups' trail. Those paled, however, besides the efforts of Jenni, the trailbreaking animal, who refused to relinquish her lead that day and the next! We set up camp at 11,500 feet. It was noticeably colder that night, at about 10 below, but we had clear views of the summit above us. The altitude began to take its effect which we all noticed as we struggled to dig out our tent platforms and walls.

The following day we ascended about 1000 feet to our high camp at 12,500 feet. There were no protected sites above this elevation. The exertions of the day were lightened by the thought that this was the very last day we had to drag our heavy loads uphill. We set up camp under a warm sun and the most innocent of blue skies. The summit ridge loomed clearly above us and we even had a view of Denali in the distance.

The next morning, unfortunately, the winds started gusting in the morning and it did not seem like a good day for the summit. We eventually decided to head on out for what we guessed would turn into an acclimatization hike. The temperature was below zero which combined with the wind gave us a chill factor of minus 50. As we ascended we began to see plumes on the summit ridge. We reached 13,250 feet where we decided to turn back.

The wind continued to rise that evening, peaking at about 50-60 mph. The spindrift was almost worse, making it difficult to leave the tent. One tent had been unluckily placed so that a swirling eddy of snow encircled it and dumped snow on it at an alarming rate.

The next morning the wind dropped off to about 25-30 mph but storm conditions continued. The unlucky tent needed to be repitched at a different location. We all got together in the wind to assist. Then we had to dig out our own tents/gear and build up our snow walls. Leaving the tent was miserable with the cold, wind and blowing snow - the term "lethal" was used to describe the conditions.

The following day conditions were still unpleasant. Jim entertained us with stories he knew of



groups who had been stuck in storms for long periods. Later that day the snow drifting problem worsened. We came to realize that we needed to strike the correct balance between building walls high enough for protection and yet keep them low enough for drifting snow to pass over. What we had seen as a protective snow bank turned into a living and threatening being seemingly determined to swallow us up. The "unlucky" tent continued to live up to its name as it had to be collapsed and its occupants moved out.

The following day we all eagerly responded to a 5:00 AM wakeup, which announced it had cleared enough to descend. We spent the next four hours frantically digging out and packing, a process that was made difficult by biting wind and cold. Two people got frostbite blisters on their fingers. We were also unnerved by clouds and fog which appeared capable of moving in on us any minute. There was still a big lenticular on the summit. We were very happy to leave the hell-hole, our name for the site.

We traveled for 14 hours that day, descending to a little below our drop-off point. Fogged rolled in and out and we had to navigate by compass during whiteouts. The next day we traveled an easy mile to the top of the glacier where we were to be picked up. It was wonderful to be off the snow and on the moraine.

In sum, our group found the experience to be more challenging than we had expected. Sanford has the misleading reputation of being the easiest of Alaska's high mountains. Perhaps is the easiest but it still should not be treated lightly. The crevasse and storm danger can be formidable.

## Matanuska Peak

by Diane Sallee



uly 15, 1995, dawned clear and calm for our trip to Matanuska Peak. Our group of seven climbers welcomed the sunshine since the view from the summit is always better on a clear day. We started up the trail from Smith Road in Palmer at 8:00 A.M.

For the first 20 minutes, we traveled east along a jeep trail to a foot path on the left marked by two orange posts. There, we followed the trail up through the woods and tall brush. At the junction with the trail from Lazy Mountain, we turned right to continue traveling up the valley. After 90 minutes of

hiking, we reached brushline and found beautiful views of alpine tundra leading up to the summit ridge.

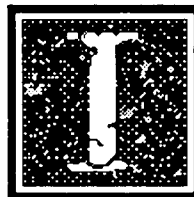
The next three hours of travel were a hiker's paradise. Pink fireweed, white valerian, blue harebell, yellow arnica, red colmunbine and purple monkshood added color to the carpet of blueberry bushes, moss heather and caribou moss. We stopped to eat by the clear refreshing waters of McRoberts Creek while a bald eagle soared overhead and a ground squirrel chirped from its burrow.

We climbed the final 2,000' of elevation up a broad rocky slope to reach the narrow 6,119' summit. From the top, we could see the Talkeetna Mountains, the Matanuska River, the City of Palmer, the distant snow-capped mountains of the Alaska Range, Knik river flowing into Knik Arm, Pioneer Peak and the glaciated Chugach Mountains. The view was spectacular! After signing the log book, taking pictures and eating a snack, we headed down.

We ended our 12-hour hike with pizza in Palmer. Everyone agreed this was a great climb. Six hikers reached a summit they had never stood on before, and the Mountaineering Club of Alaska brought us together to share this rewarding experience.

## Mt. Marcus Baker

by Wayne L. Todd



heard through the grapevine (thanks Sheila) that Dave Hart and Dolly LeFever were looking for a third person to climb Mt. Marcus Baker. After a brief bit of thought, a few phone calls and acquiring some hardware (thanks Steve), I was ready and we were a team.

The trip was originally scheduled from April 26th through April 30th. The weather was not cooperative. We spent the 26th in Anchorage waiting by phones hoping for the weather to break. No such luck. On the 27th we went so far as to drive to Girdwood for the flight. All day we waited for the weather to break. The hangar at Alpine Air is a nice place to wait, however, as there is a climbing wall. Again, no luck. This was particularly frustrating as the forecast for this period called for greatly improving conditions and long range good weather. We were just about out of time and to the point of canceling the trip. We decided to go in as late as noon on



the 28th, the next day.

The 28th was a glorious, fast-approaching, blue sky day. We returned to Girdwood once again and after a spectacular flight we were on the Knik Glacier about noon. We landed at approximately the 8,000-foot level. After caching gear we headed northeast up the glacier.

We had a glorious day traveling up the glacier. At one point we passed debris from an area of large precarious seracs. The snow conditions were excellent, varying from hardpack to about four inches of snow. Dave led most of the way to our base camp at 10,100 feet (thanks Dave!). We watched the wind gusts on the ridges with trepidation that evening. Later we heard and then spotted a flock of swans directly above us (beautiful, but slightly out of context).

Dave and I awoke the next morning to the sounds of stoves and pots (thanks Dolly). Another fantastic weather day greeted us, but there were still signs of significant winds on the ridges. With the exception of the summit ridge and an occasional gust, we had little to no wind during the day. We headed out of camp about 8:30 A.M. Traveling to the couloir at the base of the 12,000-foot ridge, and then veering right to gain access to the ridge, we cached skis and donned crampons. The views from the ridge were even more spectacular than from the valley, and now included Prince William Sound.

We traveled the ridge encountering one section of 30-40 degree ice which caused us to run a pitch of running belays. Once over this hump we headed for the base of Mt. Marcus Baker. This included traveling behind the 12,000-foot ridge below some seracs, dropping a few hundred feet and walking through snow up to 18 inches deep. The weather was incredible, but it did occasionally get almost hot.

We took a break at the base of the peak to scrutinize the best route. We decided to go left and Dave led us up the approximately three pitches of running belays to the summit ridge. It was extremely warm heading up the 40-degree ice slope, but the occasional ice spray from the tools was quite refreshing. We were greeted at the summit ridge with steady 30-mph wind. We donned more clothes and after a quick walk up the ridge were on the summit about 4:15 P.M.

After taking in the incredible views and some summit photos (I now have an MCA patch), we were out of there. The ice pitches didn't look nearly as menacing as once thought, so we down-climbed rather

than rappel (no hardware left behind). The first ice pitch changed dramatically during the day.

We were soon back to the skis and after some initial interesting skiing we rearranged and made it back to camp about 9:30 P.M. We gained a tent during the day as three friends of Dave had arrived. They planned to climb the peak the next day. We had a brief but gorgeous showing of alpenglow that evening on Mt. Goode and the surrounding area.

We had a leisurely day and left camp about 12:30 P.M. the next day. One of the very large seracs which we passed two days previous had collapsed. The weather this day was even more fantastic than the two previous, being even calmer and clearer. We arrived at the high landing strip about 2:30 P.M., just after the Mt. Goode party. While waiting for the plane Dolly made ice cream (fantastic, but somewhat ironic as we were sitting on a glacier).

We had an excellent flight out, passing over the Eklutna Traverse, but were soon in Girdwood again. Thank you Alpine Air for your courteous and safe service. Thank you Dave and Dolly for allowing me to be your third on an incredible and enjoyable excursion.



## Triple Direct: El Capitan

by Robert Develice



Salathe Wall, Muir Wall, the Nose.

Three classic routes soaring up the sheer 3000-foot southern wall of El Capitan in Yosemite. For 9 months the focus of my physical training and mental preparation was the Triple Direct, a medley of the Salathe, Muir, and Nose routes.

November 1958

Warren Harding, Wayne Merry, and George Whitmore became the first climbers to climb the massive granite wall of El Cap. Their route follows one of the most dramatic lines in the world, straight up the very nose separating the Southwest and Southeast faces of El Cap. Pitches 19 through 32 (the top) of the Triple Direct follow the Nose.

September 1961

Royal Robbins, Chuck Pratt, and Tom Frost



establish the first route up the Southwest Face of El Cap. Their route, the Salathe Wall, has been called the finest rock climb in the world. Pitches 1 through 10 of the Triple Direct follow the Salathe Wall.

June 1965

Yvon Chouinard and TM Herbert pioneer the dramatic Muir Wall Route on the Southwest Face between the Nose and Salathe Wall. Pitches 11 through 18 of the Triple Direct follow the Muir Wall.

In October 1994, in the excitement of congratulating my brother-in-law, Edmund Ward, on his success in climbing the Wall of the Early Morning Light, the stage is set for a Ward/DeVelve attempt of the Triple Direct in June 1995. I had been a off-and-on again rock climber for 23 years but had only done about 3 or 4 pitches of direct aid climbing over that period. In contrast, Edmund (and long-time climbing partner, Mark Motes) had just completed a 10-day stint on one of the most difficult direct aid routes in the Universe. The Wall of the Early Morning Light was pioneered by Warren Harding and Dean Caldwell in a, 28-day, media-watched epic, in 1970. I reckoned my lack of big wall experience would be more than compensated by Edmund's extra helpings of hanging on bat hooks and hauling of 100 pound bags up blank walls. If we could convince Mark Motes to join us, I would be hanging fat and happy!

### The Gym

How does one train for a hot big wall climb in Yosemite during an Alaskan winter? I pumped plastic an average of three times a week at Cassel Rock and spent many hours traversing the ceiling of my garage with aiders. I'd also string a rope up in a tree in the back yard and jog up and down with jumars. In the process, I was never fully convinced that such training would adequately simulate conditions 1500 feet up the Southwest Face of El Cap.

### The Gear

By February 1995, the office room at my house began to look like a mini version of AMH. The hangboard above the door was adorned with aiders. Three climbing ropes were piled next to the computer. A vast amalgam of jam nuts, spring-loaded camming devices, and carabiners were piled on the floor. Miscellaneous jumars, rock shoes, kneepads, runners, pulley's, and other big wall inventory items made moving around in the office a challenging proposition. In all, though I didn't weigh all the stuff (probably out of fear at what the total would be) I suspect 100 pounds of gear finally ended up in my travel bags for

the Yosemite vacation.

### The Journey to Yosemite

As I tried to sleep on 'Ol Red Eye, I cogitated on how I would single-handedly transport over 100 pounds of baggage from San Francisco Airport, to San Francisco Bus Depot, to the Yosemite Bus in Merced, to Camp 4 in Yosemite. As I struggled with the two oversized, overweighted bags at the Bus Depot my thoughts began to shift to 'how is all this stuff PLUS 15 quarts of water/person, PLUS 5 days worth of canned food, EVER going to be hauled up 32 pitches?'

### Yosemite Free Climbs

The traditional camping place among Yosemite climbers is Sunnyside Campground (called 'Camp 4' by Yosemite historians). I awoke to the sound of aluminum cans being extracted from the dumpster adjacent to my tent. A Camp 4 resident in need of lunch money was busy collecting the clanking gems for their coveted 5-cent deposits.

Edmund and (yippee!) Mark were not due to arrive in the Valley until the 11th so I had a week to play on a range of Yosemite classics. Nutcracker, a six-pitch 5.8 classic, was first on the climbing agenda. I teamed up with a German fellow named Hagen whom I met on the bus from Merced. Rumor has it that Nutcracker was the first totally clean (i.e., nuts only, no pitons) climb in Yosemite. First climbed in 1967 by Royal and Liz Robbins, the route follows marvelous jam cracks on Manure Pile Buttress.

Steve Wondzell, a climbing buddy and former grad school office mate, rendezvoused with me for five days of always satisfying, but sometimes humbling, climbing. Of the 12 routes we did together, the most pleasant memories are of Bishops Terrace (5.8), Peruvian Flake (5.10a), Sunnyside Bench Jamcrack (5.9), Lazy Bum (5.10d), and Grack Center (5.6).

An attempt to climb Gripper (5.10b) on Arch Rock was not successful despite a gallant effort first by Steve, then by me, then by a passing climber, and finally by Steve again. Part of the problem was the fact that intermittent rain reduced the shoe/rock friction coefficient. Perhaps, a larger problem was the intimidation brought on by knowing that the crux of the climb (5.10b) was above us and we were already physically blown from struggling with the 5.9 flaring off-width lower down. Oh well, Steve finally bailed off on three hexes and we retreated to a pasta dinner and micro brews.

The day after the 'Gripper encounter' in-





volved extra-satisfying ascents of the Peruvian Flake on the Royal Arches, and the Jamcrack route and Lazy Bum on Sunnyside Bench. As I write this, my mind is transported back to those marvelous cracks and slabs. I wish I was on the Sunnyside Bench right now marveling at the view of Sentinel Rock across the valley.

On Steve's last day, we were again humbled; this time by the ultra-classic Reeds Pinnacle Direct (sustained 5.9 jam crack). After a nasty six foot fall onto a flake, my scratched-up body and sore emotions turned the lead over to Steve. He was able to complete the first pitch, but neither of us were feeling up to leading the remainder of the climb. We rappelled off and high tailed to the tamer territory of Grack Center (5.6) on Glacier Point Apron.

The day before Edmund and Mark were to arrive, I took the day off from climbing to do a 14-mile round-trip hike on the Half Dome Trail. Abundant snow still clothed the granite slabs just below the Half Dome summit cables. A steady stream of pilgrims ascended the cables despite the slippery conditions. As I watched, I wondered how many of the folks going up fully appreciated what would happen to them if they slipped.

#### The Triple Direct (VI 5.9 A2)

My slumbers ended when Edmund and his son, Finn, arrived at my tent door. After rapidly dismantling my camp, we hit the road to El Cap meadows to survey the route and load haul bags.

We figured it would take us five days to complete the climb and five days were all that we had available. On day six, I needed to be in route to San Francisco to catch a plane and Mark needed to be in route to Boise to attend a best friends wedding.

To maximize the likelihood of finishing within five days, we decided to jumar-up fixed ropes to Heart Ledges (about 700 feet up). Mark headed-out to jumar up ropes fixed by another party and fix four of our own. In the meantime, Edmund, Pam (Edmunds wife), Finn, and I sorted through piles of pins, nuts, camming devices, 45 quarts of water, canned goods, Power Bars, portable ledges, sleeping bags, and miscellaneous clothing. We loaded all this stuff into two giant haul bags, each weighing between 80 and 100 pounds. We then ferried these pig-like bags to the base of the cliff.

My adrenaline began to pump as I connected jumars to the rope and began REAL jumaring for the first time in my life. It didn't take long for the ground

to pull away and the feeling of absolute exposure to set-in. It was my job to carry the GIANT rack of climbing gear while Edmund and Mark hauled the pigs. I arrived at Heart Ledges in about two hours. What an AWESOME location! As I waited for Edmund and Mark, I stared down in wonder at verdant El Cap Meadows, across the valley to Cathedral Rocks, and up the wall of EL Cap to climbers almost at the top of El Cap Spire on the Salathe Wall Route. Never before had I been on such a remote and airy ledge. My bed for the night was a four foot wide rock ledge while Mark and Edmund slept on portaledges. My sleep was surprising easy.

On day two, Mark led-out to Mammoth Terraces where we converged with a party heading up The Shield route. Mammoth Terraces is at the junction of six major routes (Salathe Wall; Muir Wall; Shield; Magic Mushroom; Jolly Rodger; and Dorn Direct) so there is a pretty high likelihood that other parties will be encountered there. The Shield party was ahead of us and was climbing VERY slowly. We began to wonder if we could still finish our climb within the remaining four days.

As we waited, another party joined us on Mammoth Terraces. When they saw the building congestion, they complained of crowded crags and on the growing popularity of big wall climbing. They rappelled to the ground in dismay and headed-off to Wyoming and isolated limestone.

We continued to Grey Ledges behind the Shield party were the five of us bivouacked for the night. The bivouac was a bit tight since the ledge is only about 2-feet wide and 8-feet long. Luckily, the Shield pair, Edmund, and Mark used portaledges, leaving me to the comfort of a sloping, urine tainted, ledge with 1200 feet of space to roll into.

The following morning, cirrus and lenticular clouds appeared in the sky. I mentioned that, in Alaska, such formations suggest that precipitation is on its way within 48 hours. However, in sunny California, perhaps they mean nothing more than a slight reduction in sun intensity.

The Shield pair yielded the right-of-way to us and we headed-up the next two pitches, atop which the Shield and the Triple Direct routes diverge. On this day, I learned a vast amount about aid climbing technique. Three of the pitches involved long traverses and pendulums. Prior to this, I had never REALLY practices lowering-out on a pendulum traverse. At between 1500 and 1800 off the deck I was truly learning by acid test.



The most frightening moment of the day came when I was jumaring up to Camp 4 Bivouac and Edmund yelled 'ROCK'. I looked up to see a shoe box-size chunk of El Cap soaring towards me. Luckily, it slammed into a knob just five feet above me and launched into space following the Nose Route. Also luckily, it didn't hit the rope I was climbing or anyone below us. The rock was either dislodged by my rope or by the haul bag as Edmund hauled it above me.

We arrived at Camp 4 Bivouac just before nightfall. In the waning moments of the day, Edmund fixed the next pitch leading to the Great Roof. At the end of three days, we were 22 pitches and about 1900 feet up the 34 pitch route. No one was above us and we were cheered by the knowledge that the next two days would very likely include a summit celebration. I certainly didn't sleep in ultimate comfort, however, since my ledge was hummocky and sloped disconcertingly downward.

We awoke to a sky filled with clouds. Tuning-in to San Jose with Marks radio revealed the cirrus clouds of the previous day were accurate. Heavy rain was on its way! It didn't take us long to decide that retreat was the only way we were going to get back down in time for Mark and I to make our appointments. Plus, the prospect of hanging-out on an exposed wall for perhaps a long, wet, period was not all that appealing. We spent about two hours cleaning anchors and unloading most of our food and water at Camp 4 Bivouac before proceeding downward.

Our descent was unlike any I have ever experienced. It involved 13 rappels down almost 2000 feet of vertical to overhanging terrain with a 60 pound haul bag attached to my waste. The first four rappels to Dolt Tower were on rather manky bolts, some dating back to the first ascent of the Nose in 1958! It does not fill one with a tremendous feeling of security to be part of 600 pounds of people and equipment hanging 1500 above Heaven or Hell from 37 year-old quarter inch bolts.

After lunch on Dolt Tower it began to rain lightly and the wind began to howl. One of the rappels involved a 30-foot traverse into a headwind. Without Edmund's help yarding me in, I would not have been able to make the traverse.

By mid afternoon of the fourth day, we completed our "Parabola Route" of El Capitan. Although I was happy to be on the ground, I didn't kiss it. In fact, I was rather sad to part with the rock that I had been caressing and struggling with for four days.

## Epilogue

The storm that inspired us to retreat deposited six inches of snow on the top of El Capitan and soaked the wall for days. The Shield party with whom we shared Grey Ledges was rescued just a few pitches from the top. A party on the Zodiac Route was also rescued. We made the right decision.

I am filled with a tremendous sense of accomplishment and satisfaction. We didn't "summit" but I succeeded in overcoming sometimes intense feelings of fear and went places few can even imagine. I also had the privilege to climb with two of the finest big wall technicians around. I long to go back!

## MINUTES

### JUNE MEETING

#### TREASURY REPORT.

Money Market:	\$5,670.23
Checking Acct.	2,478.13
Petty Cash	91.00
Total:	\$8,239.36

#### COMMITTEE REPORTS.

##### *Parks Advisory*

Mike Miller said the Mountaineering Club wants to send a letter to Murkowski protesting the National Park Service climbing fee in Denali National Park. The fee has not reduced accidents on the mountain, and the climbing community does not feel it is the National Park's business to provide rescues.

Tom Choate complained about new fees to park at trail-heads in Chugach State Park and proposed that the club send a letter of protest that such fees limit climber access.

##### *Hiking and Climbing*

Mike Miller gave a report from the solstice sleepout. There were lots of non-members on the mountain to help celebrate the solstice and the 25th Anniversary of the founding of Chugach State Park.

##### *Huts*

Mike Miller said the new hut is about 80-90% complete,



pre-fabbed in Wasilla. August 25-28th are the tentative dates to fly in the pieces and do construction on site. Two groups of people will be needed, one at the staging area to load the helicopter, one to receive the materials on site. The two groups will be flown in for the construction. So far the club has spent about \$2800.

Willy Hersman reported on damages done to the Mint Hut by a grizzly bear in May. Limited repairs were done, but permanent repairs/replacement of doors, windows, etc. are needed. All the Talkeetna huts need better safeguards against varmints. Hut visitors must not leave any food or garbage!

Mike Miller stated that existing huts will be fixed before the new one would be installed.

#### OLD BUSINESS

The membership directory will wrap up and be printed soon.

#### NEW BUSINESS

Next meeting will be the club picnic.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS

Charlie Sassara gave members an invitation to visit the new Climbing Wall at 4840 Fairbanks St. It opens in less than a month. There will be 15-20 routes on a 30-foot wall. Routes will be 5.8 and higher.

Thanks to the Great Harvest Bread Company for contributing bread and cookies at the meeting.

Respectfully submitted,  
Julia Moore





# 1995 MCA Membership Directory

		Interest								Last Name	First Names	Phone #
backpacking	rock climbs	ice climbs	expeditions	day hikes	mtn biking	midweek eve	climbing wall	local weekend	skiing			
x				x		x		x		Aarsund	Stanley	346-2245
			x			x		x		Ashton	Robert	243-8806
x		x	x	x	x			x	x	Babb/Bohl	Joel / Pam	694-6685h, 688-3885w
x	x	x	x	x				x	x	Bailey	Scott	273-4282w 274-8281
x	x	x	x	x				x	x	Hutchin	Kristine	273-4282w 274-8281
x			x	x	x	x		x	x	Borson	Timothy	258 1267h, 271-3005
	x			x		x		x		Bot	Nico & Vernetta	563 6091
	x	x	x			x		x	x	Bradford	John	522-4246
	x	x	x			x		x		Bradford	John	522-4246
			x					x	x	Breun	James	
x	x	x		x	x	x	x	x	x	Brunner	Shannon	279 0659
x		x		x		x		x		Choudhury	Raj	263-4931 w
		x	x		x			x		Church	Tom	248-5130
	x		x	x	x			x	x	Clifford	Peter	338 1729,564-5688
x			x	x	x			x	x	De Jarlais	William	276-7168
x			x	x	x			x	x	Brunner	Stephanie	276-7168
x		x	x		x				x	Duffy	John	745-9850w, 333-0489
x	x	x	x	x		x	x	x	x	Encelowski	Gregory	277 5137
	x	x	x		x			x		Ernst	Christopher	970-240-8114
x	x	x		x			x	x	x	Flanum	Mark	265 4641
x				x		x		x		Fouts	Mark & Melissa	248-0048h, 762-4417w
x	x	x	x		x		x	x		Francis	Jim	345-7262
x				x	x					Grant	Madeleine	337-2039
x				x				x	x	Hamilton	Thomas	337-5858h 786-7451w
x	x	x		x	x			x		Harric	Ed	562-4382
x	x	x	x	x	x	x		x		Hart	David	
x				x		x			x	Hartman	Kurt	563 7093
x	x			x			x		x	Haynes	Woody	337-9914
x	x	x	x		x		x	x		Hinds	Cory	522 5879
x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	Hinds	Elena	522 5879
x			x	x				x		Icardi	Patrice	
x	x	x		x			x	x	x	Iliff Jr.	Charles	384-7446/694-4055
	x			x	x	x	x			Johnson	Eric	258-0791
	x	x		x		x	x	x	x	Kirk	Pam	274-2233,696-0362h
	x	x					x	x	x	Koch	Franz (Skip)	522-5701
				x	x				x	Koch	Susan	522-5701
x	x				x	x			x	Koreski	Eric	
x					x	x			x	Langdon	Mel	277-5751h, 561-5829w
x				x	x				x	Lehman	Judy	696-1715
x		x	x	x	x	x		x	x	Letourneau	Dale	248-3120h, 564-4732w
x				x		x				Lund	Janet	346-2245

# 1995 MCA Membership Directory

		Interest								Last Name	First Names	Phone #
backpacking	rock climbs	ice climbs	expeditions	day hikes	mtn biking	midweek eve	climbing wall	local weekend	skiing			
x				x	x	x			x	Luther	Lisa	349-5162, 276-7401
x				x						Machin	James/Marilynn	279-0007
			x	x				x		Metzler	Curvin	333-8766
	x	x	x					x		Miraglia	Mark	338-0705
x	x	x		x	x	x		x	x	Moore/Miller	Julia & Mike	243-6521
x			x	x				x		Morford	Dennis	522-1179h, 266-1528w
x			x	x					x	O'haire	Dan	(303) 421-5578
		x	x	x	x	x		x	x	Parnell	Jennifer	564 5326/243 5334
x	x	x	x	x				x	x	Perrine	Ross	746-6443
x				x	x	x				Piggot	Eric	522-1849/ 274-0666
x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	Potkin	Michele	258-1583, 271-2558
x	x	x	x	x		x		x		Rickman	Ron	345-7919h, 786-7131w
x			x	x	x			x	x	Roberson	Holly	248-8090h, 276-2688
				x					x	Robinson	E. Allen	206-734-7434
x								x	x	Romberg	Wendy & Bill	338-9765
x			x	x	x	x		x	x	Rundquist	Larry	279-7395h, 271-3483w
x	x	x		x	x		x		x	Rush	Semeta	338-9288h 564-8354w
x				x					x	Sallee	Diane	746-5286
		x	x							Sands	Jeff	345-9040h 275-3683w
x			x	x	x	x		x	x	Sasek	Sheila	272-3844h, 561-8050
x			x	x					x	Scherr	James M.	333-6295 271-6124
				x		x		x		Schoolcraft	Ken	258-5550
x			x	x		x		x		Seiser	Pamela	563-5769
x	x	x	x	x		x	x	x		Sheppard	Thomas	248-6516h, 562-2124
x	x	x				x		x		Simonds	Chandler	373 1405
x				x	x	x		x	x	Sims	Scott	696-1011
x	x	x	x	x			x	x	x	Sirofchuck	Mike	486-6498
	x	x				x	x	x	x	Snelgrove	Eric	566-0010
x				x	x	x		x		Stanton Himelbloom	Linda	696-7552h 486-6382
x	x	x	x	x	x	x		x	x	Still	Kathy	
	x	x	x				x	x		Tavarez	Amable	428 0792
x	x	x	x		x		x	x		Thomas	Tim	543-5327/6300
x			x		x			x	x	Thorsness	John & Gerianne	248 7027
x			x	x	x	x	x		x	Todd	Wayne	272 5194
x	x			x	x			x	x	Towner	Kirk	338-7058
x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	Weiner	Art	277-7011
x	x	x	x	x		x		x	x	Wilson	Stephen & Sarah	696-8149
				x						Wilson	Rod & Gwynneth	276-6142h, 272-3912w
x			x	x		x	x	x	x	Wolfe	John	279 4663h, 274-2000
x	x	x		x				x		Zartman	Emmy	338-7221