



NOVEMBER 2004 *A Publication of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska* Volume 47 Issue 11

Box 102037, Anchorage, Alaska 99510

NOVEMBER MEETING

Wednesday

November 17, 7:30 pm

First United Methodist Church

9th & G Streets

Next to the Phillips Building

(you may use marked parking after hours...)

Downtown Anchorage

Program: *Aniakchak Crater* - Don Hansen

HIKING AND CLIMBING SCHEDULE

Nov 13 Ptarmigan Valley Hike

Hike up Ptarmigan Valley toward Round Top. Items to bring depend on weather. Class C.
Leader: Amy Murphy 338-3979.

TRIP REPORTS

Prince William Sound Scramblings

by Tim Kelley

Lansing Mountain (3274), Pigot Bay (Seward D-4, T9N, R6E, Sec 10)

This is a fairly easy peak to climb, but I almost lost count of how many attempts it took to finally reach the summit. As is the nature of Prince William Sound peak bagging ... there are a lot of variables in this game. And as I have found out, a lot of learning is involved to get your success ratio up in the Sound. After 4 years of climbing here - my success ratio is finally a bit over 60 percent.

Lansing Mountain was a prime example of the challenges involved to bag even easy peaks in this area.

The initial attempt was thwarted by bad route choice and dense, steep and wet jungle. Several subsequent attempts were cut short by bad weather. In one case 45 mile per hour gusts kept us from even getting our boat out of the Whittier harbor. On another attempt my wife and I rowed a raft into shore from our anchorage. While pulling the raft up onto the beach we dragged it over a mussel, which sliced a hole in the raft. I quickly pulled out the raft repair kit to save the day, but found that the tube of rubber cement was as hard as a rock. Soon I was furiously rowing back to our boat while my wife pumped air into the dying raft.

Finally on June 19th the stars aligned. On a crystal clear and hot (80 degrees F) day, Tim Miller, my wife Tammy Thiele and I hip-booted our way across the tidal flats at the end of Pigot Bay to an old sawmill site. From there we headed northeast up the drainage in which the old Lansing Mine is

MCA membership applications are available on-line at <http://www.mca.org/MCAMembers.htm>

located to the 1100-foot pass on the ridge that lead to our summit destination.

Following the ridge was pretty straightforward: a bit of bushwhacking followed by sun-cupped snowfield and steep tundra travel. We had to veer off the ridge a bit near where the glacier is met to avoid an exposed section of rock. Once on the snowfields of the glacier-edge travel was good to the false summit. A short stretch of rock scrambling got us to the true summit, where we found an old cairn. This find was not surprising as a working gold mine once existed on this mountain a mile and ½ to the south.

During our climb we were treated to great views of the spectacular 700-foot waterfalls north across the valley that leads to Pirate Cove. Later in the summer I would realize that these huge waterfalls are seasonal. The falls drain the south-facing snowfields above them. But when the melting of this snowpack is complete, the falls disappear.

Mid to late June can be a good time to hike and climb in Prince William Sound. There still is a lot of snow, so you see a lot of summer fighting winter, green challenging white. Plus descending peaks this time of year can be quick. It sure was with this summit – lots of glissading. Perhaps there was a reason for all of the troubles we had trying to climb this mountain. And that was to make sure we had a nearly perfect weather day to top out on this beautiful peak.

East Seawolf Peak (4050+/-), Cochrane Bay (Seward C-5, T6N, R5E, Sec 11)

Off the head of Cochrane Bay, to the southwest, there are distinctive twin peaks that call out to be climbed. In early June of 2003 I answered this call along with Trond Jensen and two friends of ours from Washington: Chris (“Flash”) and Katherine. Trond and these two had just returned from a successful trip up the West Rib of Mt. McKinley. So I invited them to try some local close-to-sea-level peak bagging.

Anchoring off the tidal flats on the west side of the bay’s head, we paddled to shore and scrambled mostly snow up the long northeast ridge of the 4050-foot east peak of this pair. At the 3600-foot level we reached what we now call the “Flashpoint.” Here a rock band on the ridge was choked with corniced, decaying and unconsolidated snow. It seemed like just looking at the snow made it slough off the long drops on either

side of the ridge. We were also in the clouds by this time. So whiteout conditions made for disorientation and uncertainty about route choice. The “sketch-o-meter” was registering ‘HIGH’ ... so we turned around. I said to our friends from Washington: “Guess you better keep this one quiet. After a successful West Rib trip you get shut down by a 4000 footer!” Welcome to Prince William Sound.

Of course, after this failed attempt this peak ranked high on this year’s list. So we waited for snow to clear from our route and gave it another try on August 7th. As what seemed to be the norm for this phenomenal summer, yet again there were clear skies and temperatures near 80 degrees F. Along with Trond our climbing group this time consisted of fellow cross-country ski racer brethren Bill Spencer and Benji Uffenbeck.

We again anchored the boat off the tidal flats and paddled to shore. It’s a bit tricky to find a place to leave rafts or kayaks on this shallow grassy shoreline that floods with the incoming tides. Digging down in the gravel and making a deadman anchor out of driftwood to tie up our raft and kayak seemed to work out okay. After wading across a salmon clogged stream and then a frigid glacial stream we started hoofing it up rolling ridges of bog tundra, hemlock and low brush.

Early on in this climb there is a very steep bushwhacking section of 600 feet vertical or so to get to the tundra line of the ridge that leads to the summit. As it was the year before this section was a slow, veggie-wrestling grunt. In retrospect, I should have ignored the 80-degree temperatures and put on gloves and long sleeves. Cow’s parsnip that was camouflaged by the dense salmon-berry bushes nailed my arms and hands. When will I ever learn!

Our flailing through the brush apparently woke up the neighbors. At tundra line we looked up toward the ridge-crest and there was a large black bear standing on his back legs glaring at us. His ears seemed ready to pop off of his head as he strained to analyze what kind of strange creatures were thrashing around in his berry patch. As we started hiking toward the bear, he took off up the ridge. The year before we found fresh bear tracks in this same spot. So this might have been the same guy.

A quick side-note on PWS bears: the bears in this area of Prince William Sound amaze me. It’s unbelievable where they go. And where you find their scat and tracks. You find signs of their



passage way up on these mountains, on gnarly terrain that is long removed from any food source. You wonder: "What the heck are these guys doing up here?" These are some bad-ass peak bagging bruins.

So understandably these peak-bagger bonds between the bruins and me fuel my disdain of boat based bear hunting in this area. And, to show my prejudice, I particularly get torqued when I see boats of Korean hunters heading out of Whittier during bear season. It seems every couple of years Korean or other East Asian types get busted in Prince William Sound for killing bears for the wrong reason. And that is purely for ripping out a bear's gall bladder and selling it for big bucks to Asian dealers that market the bile as the cure-all for limp love sticks. I say "Hey you old geezers - use Viagra!" It's got to be cheaper than bear parts. And it might actually work. Until Asia figures this out, I say to my bruin climbing buddies: "Climb high my black brothers! And stay out of sight of slow-moving boats!" End of rant.

What was snow the previous year on the northeast ridge was now bedrock, large rock blocks and steep scree. We kept eyeing the "Flashpoint" near the summit as we climbed up the ridge. It looked menacing. But we kept repeating the mantra: "Rock pitches always look tougher when they're in the shadows."

And that did turn out to be the case. This time around the snow was long gone at last year's crux spot. Bill took off scrambling a rock route on the ridge proper. I continued up under a melt overhang of the steep glacier to the west. Both routes worked out fine and the ropes and pro stayed in the packs. Soon we were on the sun-drenched summit. The high point is a large Chevy van-sized block with a shelf on the west side of it. We found no cairn on the summit so we built one on this shelf.

In no hurry to leave such a fine spot on a cloudless day, we hung out on the summit for 45 minutes. There was no breeze anywhere. The mountains on the edge of the Sargent Icefield reflected in the still waters of the large, 5 by 20 mile, Kings Bay. Because of the heat we had drained most of our fluid reserves on the climb up. So we were very pleased to find running water on the summit. No joke. The sun was hitting cornice remains so hard that water was running, not dripping, off low spots of these snow overhangs. You could lie down underneath the water spicket, open your mouth and chug as much ice water as

you wanted!

We retraced our way back down the ridge and swung down some cliff sections on alder branches to get down the steep bushwhack section. To try and "de-cow's parsnip" ourselves we took a dip in a rock walled tundra pond. Back at the tidal flats we splashed our way across streams and marsh grasses and got to our raft and kayak just before the tide did.

As I was paddling back to our peak baggers' mother ship, I felt a sense of place. This was my fifth hiking and climbing trip to the head of Cochrane Bay and this little nook of Price William Sound was starting to seem like my home base. It's definitely a cool place to call home.

We refer to these twin peaks as East Seawolf Peak (4050) and West Seawolf Peak (4150). These seem like appropriate names based on the history of this area. Lt. Joseph Whidby, the first English explorer to the western area of Prince William Sound, named Cochrane Bay in 1794. Of course the Chenega group of the Alutiiq people that lived in this area likely already had a name for the bay, and probably so did Russian fur traders. But those names are long forgotten. Whidbey apparently named this bay after Thomas Cochrane, Lord and later the 10th Earl of Dundonald, Scotland. Cochrane became a feared English sea captain, such that his French adversaries deemed him 'le loup des mers' or 'the wolf of the seas'. These rugged peaks could fittingly bear Cochrane's nickname: the Seawolf.

Hummer Peak (3652), Hummer Bay (Seward D-4, T10N, R6E, Sec 34)

Hummer Bay is a quiet spot off the main thoroughfare of Port Wells, which leads to Harriman and College Fiords. A number of islands guard the mouth of this bay and make it seem, from a distance, that there is no bay there at all. Reefs near the islands add a bit of excitement for boaters entering and exiting this area. And this weeds out some of the boating visitors to this bay.

Historically Hummer Bay has been quiet. The bay to the south, Pigot Bay, and to the north, Bettles Bay, both had gold mining operations in their drainages back in the early 1900s. But no significant amounts of gold were found in the Hummer Bay streams.

Having been to Hummer Bay before, I had



scoped out the peak that rises to the west of this bay as a worthy quest. So on August 14th another team of hard-core cross country ski racers, Colin Quinn-Hurst and Cory Smith, joined me for a shot at this peak.

When we got to Whittier I contemplated calling off the trip. Winds were gusting over 30 knots and there was a small craft advisory in affect. But I figured the winds would likely die down at the end of Passage Canal, like they often do, so I figured we'd give it a shot.

The first order of the day was to drop off my neighbor Craig Medred, along with Jim Jager and Jacques Boutet, at Billings Creek. They were going to hike over Yellowstone Pass to Carmen Lake and then float out to the highway. Soon my overloaded little boat, stuffed with skiers, hikers and packrafts, was wallowing across Passage Canal in wind-whipped heavy chop.

Recently Craig wrote an article in the Anchorage Daily News about this pack raft trip. But in the article he definitely glossed over the specifics of the drop-off. The drop-off was exciting!

I got the boat as close as I dared to the shallow shores of the Billings Creek delta. I fought to keep the bow into the wind and slowly motored directly into the white-capped waves to minimize the boat's side-to-side rocking. There was a lot of slamming and crashing as the bow bashed into the oncoming surf. I had no clue how deep the water was, or wasn't. For the depth sounder on the boat to work it has to be in the water. And this wasn't happening because the stern of the boat, where the sounder is located, was up in the air too often in these rough seas.

It was now time for the adventure boys to leap from my boat into their tiny pack rafts that were yo-yoing in the waves. Craig yelled: "Are you ready Jacques?" I heard Jacques reply: "Yeah I'm ready. I'm ready to shoot Tim in the head and then run his boat onto the beach!" Luckily, without gunfire or swimming, soon all three were in their pack rafts and bobbing in the wind whipped surf en-route to shore. When it looked like the crew would land safely, we headed for Hummer Bay.

As I expected, once we got to Hummer Bay there was not even a breath of breeze. It's amazing how Whittier can be screaming with wind and 20 miles away it's dead calm. We dropped the hook $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way up the east shore of this bay

and then rowed to the beach.

The most direct way up Hummer Peak would be due west from the head of the bay. But to do this you have to deal with a large swampy tidal flat area, followed by more swamp with dense bushwhacking, followed by more bushwhacking through steep slimy cliff zones. So I figured we'd try and do an end run around this mess. The idea was to head east to the ridge top, follow the ridge north and west and drop into the head of the Hummer Bay drainage valley and then climb south and up our peak. This alternate route would be a lot longer but, theoretically, it would be faster traveling.

The first order of business was the 1000-foot bushwhack to the ridge top. Busting through devils club and raspberry bush undergrowth led up to climbing root systems of giant virgin growth spruce trees that clung tenaciously to cliffs. Within 30 minutes we were soaked in sweat, but walking the watercress-covered bog fields on the top of the ridge. Moderate bushwhacking for the next mile got us to tundra line and we powered to the 2450-foot high point of the ridge (in Section 25).

In Jim and Nancy Lethcoe's "Cruising Guide to Prince William Sound" they mention hiking to this point. We found a cairn that may have been made by them. This section of the ridge was extremely cool. Ledges and steps of light colored glacial polished and grooved rock everywhere, with no vegetation. Travel on this unique terrain was fast and fun.

On top of this summit we could see our route and destination across the valley. As I seem to have exclaimed to climbing partners many times before: "Gee, that side of the valley sure looked easy on the map!" But it didn't look easy now. We would have to traverse under a large glacier that had, over time, really torn up the terrain beneath it. The plan was to make this peak bag a day trip head home from Whittier at the 11:00 P.M. tunnel opening. I started doing the math in my head. Oh boy, this was going to be close!

We scrambled west along the ridge and found a fault ramp that made for good running down towards the 1000-foot level at the head of the valley. From here we headed up to tackle the many gullies that drained the glacier above us. Luck played out well. We found quick and safe routes through all the gullies. We also did a bit of ice scrambling to get across a couple of the glacier's toes. Once past the glacier and on the



northeast ridge we carefully climbed some steep tundra slopes to get around a rock outcrop. Back on the ridge proper we pushed hard and hit the summit 4 ½ hours after we started.

On the summit we took in what views there were. There were no clouds, but haze from Alaska wildfires was starting to move into the area. Views of the main Chugach Range were obscured. But views everywhere else were good. What impressed me on top of this peak ... was ice. There sure is a massive amount of glaciation in this area. There was also a view that I always like seeing – a tiny white dot in the bay below us. This white dot below meant our ride home was still where we anchored it.

We didn't find a cairn on top of this peak, so we built one and then began re-tracing our route back. By switching to running once back on top of the 2450 peak we were able to get back in 4 hours. We had avoided the bushwhack mess at the head of the bay, but we had to invest 8 ½ hours and 7000 feet of climbing to get this 3652 foot peak. Overall this trip was good training and great fun with tough partners Cory and Colin, on yet another super summer day.

After a quick dip in the placid waters of Hummer Bay we headed back to the winds, now even stronger, in Passage Canal. Near Shotgun Cove an Olympic that had been following us in decided to go around. The boat was bow heavy, punching waves and taking water up over the cabin. Wow! We jumped into this guy's wake and we soon passed a struggling Bayliner that eventually gave up and went back to Shotgun Cove to wait out the wind. And the excitement didn't end at the harbor. While trailering the boat a big gust hit and blew my kayak off the top of the boat onto the road. There was no damage to the kayak; it's a bomb-proof plastic beast. But I'm sure glad it didn't blow off out in the water. Circling around to try and pick up a swamped kayak in those heavy seas would not have been fun. We made the last tunnel opening with 15 minutes to spare. An action packed day!

Schoppe Peak (2484), Eaglek and Schoppe Bays (Seward D-4, T10N, R10E, Sec 33)

In the Lethcoe's guide to boating in Prince William Sound they mention going up this peak via the south ridge from Schoppe Bay. On September 4th my wife Tammy Thiele and I decided to give this peak a go from the northwest ridge. This route is a bit steeper and has more rock scrambling. It

looked to be more entertaining than the southern ridge route.

We snuck our boat into a narrow slot on the north of a small island at the head of Eaglek Bay. We then rowed a raft to shore and began hiking. We encountered minimal bushwhacking. And sections that looked tough from below turned out to be easy. My favorite part of this ascent was scrambling the smooth rock steps near the summit.

A cairn was found on the summit, as was much eagle down and feathers. This summit is a prime hangout and preening spot for the local eagle population. While we were on top many eagles circled above us, patiently waiting for us to depart.

The wildfire haze of the previous weeks had dissipated, so there were good views of Eaglek Bay, Unwakwik Inlet and south to Knight Island and beyond. The sheer cliffs that drop off of this ridge to Schoppe Lake to the east are impressive. And these cliffs are likely factors in creating the thermals that the eagles lazily ride above this peak.

The Moose and The Bear, Ivishak Adventure

by Don Hansen



Three of us had high hopes of doing the Peter's Lake- Mount Chamberlin 70-mile trip in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. But Jim Scherr injured his back less than a week before the trip. I was looking for a last minute replacement which I was lucky to find when a friend, Stan Aarsund who happen to be up here for a visit was very interested in doing the trip. Chuck Kennedy, Stan and myself left Anchorage on Monday morning, July 19th for Fairbanks planning to make commuter air flight with Wright Air out of Fairbanks to Fort Yukon and charter with Yukon Air into the refuge. As we went around a curve at about mile 138 in the Parks highway a bull moose decided to trot out on to the highway in front of us. I yelled moose! But I knew it was too late. So I ducked my head and closed my eyes. I was seated in the passenger seat up front. The impact was not too hard but glass flew everywhere. The windshield on Chuck's driver's side collapsed on to the steering wheel cutting his hands but not seriously.



It was a glancing blow with the moose taking out the door window on the driver's side as well as the windshield on the driver's side. But, the collision did totaled-out Chuck's Saturn and killed the moose. We were very lucky that no body was seriously hurt or killed. After riding back to Anchorage in the wrecker we managed to get the air charter to ANWR delayed by one day. I drove my pickup to Fairbanks the following day keeping a close lookout for any more moose.

We got to Arctic Village via Wright Air on Wednesday and pick up our charter with Yukon Air that afternoon and were at the Ivishak early that evening. We set up camp on the airstrip bench next to a stream with some shelter just as it began to rain. That evening we went for a hike up the ridge in back of camp across the creek from camp and got a good view up the Ivishak and the beginning of our route up the river. The next day we broke camp and headed up the river under fair but smoky weather. The route was fairly easy except for the very loose and steep scree slope we crossed above the river. We bush waked through a mile of willow swamp along the river and some fields of tussocks before reaching a tundra bench about 5 miles from the airstrip. We explored for a good camp site and found a tundra platform on a ridge saddle a few hundred feet above the tundra bench above the river and set up camp on this scenic saddle with views up and down the river and views of the craggy spires on the ridge above camp. We spent 2 nights at this camp exploring the ridge in back of camp on a sunny hot day hiking in our shorts.

The two days later we broke camp and headed up river about 5-6 miles and camped near the major fork in the river and day hiked up the ridge in back of this camp on another sunny and hot day. We spotted a number of sheep on a slope below us. We ascended up the ridge to where we got to a rocky knife edge part of the ridge which we decided not to try to cross but headed down the drainage and back to camp. The next day we crossed the river near the fork and headed up the other fork that had left-over winter ice across it and camped up another fork with hopes of going through a pass that would take us on a loop back to the main fork of the Ivishak. That afternoon we hiked up a ridge and picked blue berries all the way to the summit. We spotted more sheep on the ridge and a lone caribou on the river fork on our way back to camp. This was to be our last hot sunny day of the trip. The next day brought rain and fog that lasted into the next day and a half.

Concerned about the weather we crossed the river again and made camp at the same spot of our 3rd camp. The afternoon turned sunny so we hiked up another ridge and picked more blue berries on our ascent and hike back down.

The next day was overcast as we day hiked about 6 miles further up the river to another fork. The weather started to turn to rain as we headed back down the river to camp and ended up in a downpour just before we got there. The next morning brought blowing snow and cold temperatures. Stan with his bivy-sac tent and down sleeping bag that was starting to get wet was eager to break camp. We decided to head back to the airstrip camp about 10 miles down stream. We headed north into the cold north wind and blowing snow. We hiked fast with a few short breaks during our ten to twelve miles trip back to the airstrip. I was glad that I brought mitts to where. My hands were still cold as I gripped my trekking poles. It took us about 6 hours to cover the distance and I was pretty tired when we arrived. We setup camp in a more sheltered area adjacent to the creek near the airstrip. We discovered that a grizzly bear had gotten into a stuff sack that Chuck had left his camera in because his battery for the camera was dead. The bear had bitten into the camera and into a fuel bottle that he had left at the airstrip where we also cached food in a bear-proof container that the bear had not gotten into. Chuck's problems with animals on this trip had continued.

We called the pilot on the satellite phone that we rented for the trip and told him that we wanted to get picked up a day early. The day of the pick-up started out very foggy but cleared up in the afternoon and the sun came out as we waited for the plane that flew us to Fort Yukon that evening and we caught a Frontier Air flight back to Fairbanks that evening. The next day we drove back to Anchorage safely with no more moose encounters or other animal problems.



MCA Trip Classifications

The classifications below do not take into account individual trip hazards such as river crossings, scree slopes, snow fields, bears, etc. Trip leaders are required to inform the trip participants of any such hazards either verbally, on the sign-up sheet, or in the trip description. Leader approval is required for participation on all trips.

NON-TECHNICAL: Following are a few standards used to classify non-technical trips. The classification is made in terms of hiking distance and altitude gain. Many trips are not on established trails.

CLASS A: Easy hikes with a maximum distance of 8 miles for day trips or 4 miles per day for overnight trips. Altitude gain up to 1200 feet.

CLASS B: Trips involving a maximum distance of up to 12 miles for a day trip or 6 miles per day for an overnight trip. Altitude gain of 1200 to 2500 feet.

CLASS C: Trips up to 15 miles for a day hike or 8 miles per day for an overnight trip. Altitude gain up to 3500 feet. Scree, steep grass or other rough terrain problems may be encountered.

CLASS D: Hikes and climbs with an altitude gain of over 3500 feet or a distance of greater than 15 miles for a day-hike or greater than 8 miles a day for an overnight trip. Peaks in this classification may require minimal climbing skills.

CLASS E: Hazardous climbing conditions or stream-crossing conditions may be encountered. A basic mountaineering course may be required.

TECHNICAL: Technical trips are open to all qualified climbers. However, the registration on any particular trip must be restricted to a safe and manageable number of climbers. Registration is made directly with the leader, who determines the qualifications needed for the trip.

GLACIER TRAVEL: Trips requiring roped travel over glaciers. Knowledge of crevasse rescue, and ice axe and crampon skills are required. Basic understanding of ice and snow anchors also required.

FIFTH CLASS: Trips which involve fifth class climbing. A Basic Mountaineering course or equivalent is required. Knowledge of belay and rappel techniques and placing anchors is required. Climbing difficulty varies widely with each trip.

TRIP PARTICIPANTS have the obligation to acquaint themselves with the nature of the trip and to verify that it is within their capability and experience. Anyone wishing to participate in any trip above CLASS A must have completed one or more trips of the next lower classification, or the equivalent.

Approved: MCA Board, February 15, 2000

General Rules for MCA Sanctioned Trips

1. Proper equipment is available from the trip leader.
2. No dogs. (Among the reasons are bear problems.)
3. The trip leader can require special equipment and refuse participation to any person that is ill-prepared (e.g. inappropriate clothing/gear).
4. The leader's suggestions are to be followed. Do not go off alone, return or rush ahead without his (her) permission, and don't ford a stream before the leader assesses the situation. Remember, this is a club trip and the leader must know where all participants are. Anyone separating from the group without the leader's approval is no longer considered a participant the MCA Sanctioned trip.
5. The trip leader has the authority to split the group (fast and slow), dependent upon current conditions. However, he/she must appoint a qualified co-leader to lead the second group using the guidelines specified in the current Trip Leader Responsibilities.
6. Trip participants who, in the leader's opinion, put themselves or other members of the group in danger by disregarding the leader's suggestions, shall be subject to sanction by the club. Sanctions may include, but are not limited to, reprimand at general meeting, exclusion from future trips, termination of annual membership, or lifetime exclusion from the club.
7. You must sign up on a trip roster (club meetings) or contact the leader, and you must have signed the club waiver to be on a club trip.
8. If you find you cannot participate after signing up on the roster, please let the leader know, both for transportation and gear-planning and so someone else can go. If you are the leader, help find a replacement.
9. Total number of people on club trips:
 - Minimum: 4 (for safety reasons)
 - Maximum: Leader option, depends upon the trail and campsite conditions, but generally limited to 12 in trail-less areas or State/National Parks
10. Firearms are not encouraged, and please let the leader know if you want to carry one - it will be leader's option. Aerosol bear repellent is preferred.

Approved: MCA Board, February 15, 2000



Mountaineering Club of Alaska

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Annual membership dues: Single \$15.00 Family \$20.00 (one Scree per family)

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 treasurer. The post office does not forward the newsletter.

SCREE is a monthly publication of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska. Articles and notes submitted for publication and other communication related to the newsletter should be mailed to Scree Editor Box 102037 Anchorage, AK 99510, or e-mailed to jaymack@alaska.net. Articles should be received by November 23rd to be included in the December issue.

Paid ads may be submitted to the attention of the Vice-President at the club address and should be "camera ready" and pre-paid. Your cooperation will be appreciated... Willy Hersman, Temp. Editor.

Missing your MCA membership card? If so, stop by one of our monthly meetings to pick it up or send us a self-addressed stamped envelope and we'll mail it to you.

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