



MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF ALASKA

BOX 102037

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA 99510

OCTOBER 1990

Volume 33, Issue 10

OCTOBER MEETING

- October 17** 7:30 pm Wednesday, top floor of the Pioneer Schoolhouse, Third and Eagle Sts., downtown Anchorage. This is the annual meeting of the MCA, as we begin our 32nd year. Elections of officers for next year will be the main agenda.
- SLIDE SHOW** Jim Sayler will share slides of his climbing activities in Chugach State Park over the past couple of summers. See climbs in the Great Backyard, from Turnagain Arm to Hunter Cr.
- GEAR SWAP** Don't forget to bring in your items to sell and money to buy. Climbing gear, ski gear, camping gear, clothes, whatever works or is fixable. Good chance to sell so you can upgrade.

HIKING AND CLIMBING SCHEDULE

- October 21** BLUEBERRY HILL
Located along Turnagain Arm. Elevation gain over 4000 feet. Distance is 3 miles round-trip. Class D. Call leader for more. Leader: Dan O'Haire 561-1141

The Hiking and Climbing Committee is always looking for leaders. If you have an idea for a trip, whether an afternoon or several weeks, give Tom Brigham a call at 276-4406. H and C Committee: Tom Brigham Chairman, B. Wakeland, D. Hansen, A. Shayer, J. Baker, N. O'Donnell, W. Hersman.

AMERICAN ALPINE CLUB ALASKA SECTION

The Alaska Section will hold its annual meeting on November 3rd at the APU Campus, Atwood Hall. A potluck dinner will start at 5:30 pm. There will be slides presented by members, including the most recent ascent of the Tusk and John Svenson's climbs and travels in the Maoke Range of New Guinea, with an ascent near Carstensz Pyramid (16023), the highest peak in Australasia. The programs will start round 7:00 pm. If you want more information, please call Section Chairman, Paul Denkwalter at 272-1811.

MCA LABOR DAY HUT CONSTRUCTION

Scandinavian Peaks Hut

Willy Hersman

Creeping forward through the fog, Lambert De Gavere carefully approached the small, flat tundra-covered bench just left of a gravel ridge. The noise of whirling blades sent a family of ptarmigan hen and chicks to flight. And I held my breath, it looked awfully close. Having been at the site before heightened my anxiety; it's just the right size for a hut, but a helicopter? Lambert convinced me with his skill as a pilot, he was as cool as the morning air, and he tenderly set down like it was a paved pad. Gretchen Staeheli and I jumped out to begin our end of the airlift: six sling loads of plywood, lumber, cement, windows, metal siding, insulation, tables and benches, prefabricated in May and waiting at Meekin's Air Service since July.

It took until 4:00 pm to put everything on the site, including the others in the construction party, Dave Staeheli, Ron Van Bergeyk, Doug White and Ken Zafren. The weather had improved from its borderline fogginess of the morning to a decent, partly cloudiness. Materials were strewn about everywhere. Lambert left for the next airlift at Hatcher Pass on this MCA Weekend and we turned our attention to the foundation. For the remainder of the day we prepared the site, digging holes, moving rocks, sifting gravel, mixing concrete, pouring concrete, forming mortar and rock anchors, leveling, squaring, reinforcing. It's a pretty solid foundation, I think.

On Sunday, under the best of weather, luckily, we framed in the hut. Joists were underlain by chicken wire, insulation and vapor barrier. The front and back walls were pieced back together like giant jigsaw puzzles. The A-shaped two-by-four frames went up and were bolted in place. Hammers were flailing, nails flying and tape measures zinging. Late in the day it looked like rain might come, so we put in extra effort, getting the metal sides in place by lantern. Doug flew out with Meekin at dusk. All but Ken stayed inside the shell of the new cabin, but it did not rain.

On Monday cool temperatures made it nice to work inside. More insulation, more vapor barrier, plywood, the windows, the door. Outside, the metal work was mostly completed with flashing, screws and such. It became a hut. Ken flew out that night, before the weather got worse. On Tuesday the inside was painted a second coat, rocks were rolled, dug through the new two inches of snow and lifted onto the sides (about 3 tons of them). A front porch was built, shelves made, etc., and then we really had a hut. It's a solid place. Inside, however, there was a conspicuous lack of entertainment, and more important to us, extra food. Outside, the ptarmigans returned.

I thought we might relax until the plane came in, but I didn't know the Staehelis that well. Work is entertainment to both Dave and Gretchen. We finished several more projects before the trip was over, inside and out. Including, as one will notice on his arrival to the airstrip, David's taxi stand. A 4x6, metal-sided shed allows one to wait for a ride or store supplies down at the strip next to the Matanuska Glacier, 600 feet (or so) below the hut. A great idea by Dave and a good use of the extra metal.

On Friday, after a week of work and learning, Mike Meekin flew the rest of our party to the Glenn Highway, a 15 to 20-minute flight, in his Super Cub, one at a time. Mike claims the weather is usually more cooperative. As I landed at his lodge, the weather perfect once again, I almost felt like flying right back in again. It's so nice to be among the peaks on sunny days. Anyway, it's time to enjoy the new playground, find the best ways to travel in and out, explore, sit back on the porch and watch Marcus Baker, climb, ski, sleep or what have you. Check it out, dudes!

Bomber Hut

Marcy Baker

It was a dark and dreary morning, fog down to the deck and raining in Palmer. How could that be, I asked - The Daily News claimed at least two part suns. Who said a picture was worth a thousand words? All I could think of was Shit! I called up ERA Helicopters from Palmer and they said they were already flying up at the Matanuska site. "Yippee!" I thought, keeping faith that my luck with weather this summer would change. Some one was looking out for us old MCA members after all, because the weather lifted and the sun came out! We husseled unloading the flat bed truck, anticipating the near-noon arrival of the helicopter. Noon rolled around and so did Pahlke. The Master said we needed to rearrange the loads. We motivated and burnt off a few breakfast calories. Done.

Now we waited and waited and waited. The Rock kept calling our names to do a few routes. "Just one," it kept crying. "The helicopter is still slinging loads at the Matanuska." We did not listen to the tempting crags, and made do with the bulldozed boulders in the parking lot. A few new lines were put up on the south face of Sandy White Granite Boulder #3. Soon we were split up in two groups - the nappers and the hackey sack players (now I know why they call it the "hackey" sack). Then it was getting desperate, the wait was getting unbearable - we broke into the beer. It never fails. People always come to a good party. The helicopter showed up at 5:30 pm.

The smiling face of Lambert stepped out of the helicopter saying words of wisdom, "Always talk to the pilot before you do a job." Yes we rearranged the loads again. Lambert then smiled with this boyish grin and said, "Let's fly." Joel, Nancy, Chris and I were off into the sky. I had fears of not recognizing the hut location from the air. However, my fears were banished when we cruised over Bomber Pass (at what seemed like pedestrian level) and the Meets and Bounds that Neil had me do on the hut site became reality. No Longer was it SW 1/4 of T29N but "the spot by the big black boulder above the lake." Dave, Mike, Mark, Jeff, and Neil were working quickly on the other end. The helicopter was back again in no time to drop a load. The load was fearlessly guided in by Joel. The women (being more sensible to personal safety) crouched behind a nearby boulder for the first few loads. This did not go unnoticed by Lambert and we were pressed into duty by the mere challenge of being accused of allowing chauvinism onto the tundra. We all got our chance to guide in the loads.

All the loads, six or seven, were in at the site. The tundra looked like a major construction site (which caused a pang to the environmentalist side of my conscience...Hmm). Then came the rest of the crew - they buzzed us at an angle and speed that put goose bumps on the back of our necks. It was 8:30 pm. After a quick picture and many thanks to Lambert, Neil and Lambert were off to drop some supplies at the Mint Hut (a real surprise to the climbers staying there, who probably thought it was sure an expensive way to get some caulk and paint to the hut). Neil flew back to Anchorage with Lambert to meet up with Margaret for her last night in town (a dedicated man to MCA).

We ate dinner and came up with a master plan for the construction of the hut. All I remember was that we decided if any of us found ourselves standing around just watching we were supposed to haul rocks. We got up early (kind of - 8:00 am or so) and were putting in the foundation by 9:00 am. Soon the floor was in, the walls were organized in proper order and going up in rapid speed, and I was hauling rocks. Hammers and nails were flying. The structure was coming together before our eyes. Chris and I were hauling rocks. The roof was beginning to take form and Chris called for a lunch break - Thank goodness for the Union- my pinch grip on the rocks was getting a bit weak. While the roof was going up Jeff, Chris and I were aspiring to other lofty chores. The outhouse pit. That is another story, another time.

Soon, the hut seemed to look just like that, a hut - not a pile of lumber and nails on the tundra. A mere twelve hours later the roof, the siding, and the outhouse were complete just in time for the first pitter patter of rain. We retired to the new hut for a late night dinner and toddy and Nancy's game of Fanny Dooley and Black Magic (just you wait). The next morning we woke to the sound of rain and thick heads - we decided that the loft either needs a vent or there will need to be a rule not to fart during the sleeping hours. We did some finishing touches on the hut and the outhouse and began our walk out at noon. The traveling was good and we were over the pass and down the boulder field before the rain began again. We were out at the cars by 5:30 pm.

It all seems like a blur of activity now - hammers and nails flying, a curse drifting by now and again, Mike hanging off a 2x4 getting the walls square and Mark wailing for all he was worth with a crow bar to get the last section of wall in place, Nancy making some incredible 5.10 move in the windowsill in order to pound in a nail, Joel using his OR mitten shells as work gloves, Chris's diligent documentation of the construction on film, Jeff digging the outhouse pit into the water table, Pahlke somehow orchestrating the whole project, lifting every piece of the hut 5 to 6 times, hauling rocks, eating blueberries, nailing, screwing, pounding thumbs, cursing, smiles, laughs, eating more blueberries, jokes, and general good times.

The Construction site Crew:

Dave Pahlke - Construction site Manager & Head Honcho
 Joel Babb - Chief Helicopter Load Guide and Wall Mover
 Marcy Baker - Chief Rock Hauler and Grunt
 Mark Findlay - Chief Personnel Manager & Crow Bar Wailer
 Mike Miller - Chief Laborer and Toddy Maker
 Neil O'Donnell - Chief Supporter and Co-Pilot
 Nancy Pfiefer - Entertainment Director & 5.10 Nailer
 Jeff Young - Chief Flat Bed Truck Driver & Pit Digger
 Chris Zaffren - Official Photographer and Union Leader

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

October concludes the term of office for the club officers and several board members. It has been a busy year. Our Hiking and Climbing Chairman, Tom Brigham, organized an active hiking and climbing schedule. During the spring and summer the club managed to have a trip just about every week. These trips are the most important service the club provides. I would like to thank our trip leaders for their time and effort the past year. Our trip leaders include:

| | | |
|----------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| Marcia Bandy | Paul Denkwalter | Mike Miller |
| Betty Bang | Mark Findlay | Dan O'Haire |
| Beth Blitz | Don Hansen | Ken Schoolcraft |
| Tom Brigham | Willy Hersman | Gretchen Staeheli |
| Kathy Burke | Alan Julliand | Bill Wakeland |
| Karen Cafmeyer | Phil King | |
| Tom Choate | Tom Meacham | |

In addition to hiking and climbing trips, the club completed an ambitious hut construction program. Beginning in 1989, the club began planning and raising money for the construction of two new huts. Gretchen Staeheli, our initial Hut Committee Chairperson, organized the printing of T-shirts and the sale of mugs to raise money for the huts. Gretchen worked tirelessly in motivating Hut Committee members and finding the right people for the right task. I recall one meeting Gretchen convened at 6:30 am at Gwennie's Restaurant...and people attended! But for Gretchen's irrational belief that the club could muster the effort to build two huts, no huts would have been constructed.

Prior to constructing new huts, the Hut Committee decided that the existing huts needed to be put in top shape. Thus over the course of the year, substantial work was performed on the Mint Hut. The work on the traverse huts included putting new plywood and aluminum on the windward walls, performing roof repairs and improving the interiors. All the materials for the traverse huts were flown in by Lowell Thomas, Jr. at little or no charge.

Dave and Gretchen Staeheli volunteered their property as the construction site for pre-fabricating the huts. The Bomber Glacier Hut was constructed in April and the Scandinavian Peaks Hut was constructed in May. Dave Pahlke and Dave Staeheli put in countless hours on the huts, first as architects and later construction foremen. Jeff Young was able to borrow a large flatbed truck from his employer. Jeff devoted substantial time and effort trucking the Scandinavian Hut up to Meekin's Air Service, and later trucking the Bomber Hut up to Hatcher Pass.

The club also received generous support from numerous businesses in the community. As previously mentioned, Pacific Alaska Forwarders provided us with rent-free use of their flatbed truck. Spenard Builders provided the club with most of the building materials at cost. This was a tremendous savings. Additional construction materials were donated by Matrix Construction. Paul Berryhill secured a donation of hundreds of feet of 2x4's. Mike Meekin at Mike Meekin's Air Service provided the club with use of his property for staging the airlift of the Scandinavian Hut. Mike also flew club members out at substantially reduced rates. REI donated lanterns, stoves and pots for the huts. AMH and REI both helped us sell T-shirts for the cause. Numerous additional items were donated by club members, including an anonymous donation of \$200.

Essential to the success of the project was the support the club received from ERA Helicopters. The club had spent several months working with the Alaska Air Guard to obtain operational approval and command authorization for the Guard to fly the huts in. This authorization was ultimately obtained, however, summer fire fighting demands and the mounting Persian Gulf crisis eliminated the equipment air time that was originally scheduled for us. This left the huts marooned in the Staeheli's front yard.

The club contacted several helicopter companies and proposed to pay what it could, \$2,600. We had [under]estimated the cost at commercial rates to be about \$5,200. ERA generously agreed to fly the huts, regardless of the time involved, for the \$2,600. The time involved ultimately turned out to be between \$7,000 and \$8,000 at commercial rates. The additional air time resulted from bulkier and heavier loads than estimated, and longer routes due to marginal weather.

Needless to say, without ERA's support, which was extended on short notice, the huts would never have made it to their sites. Dave Baumeister, the President of ERA, was very generous in providing the club with the helicopter time. Operations managers Lynn Pierson and Warren Woods worked closely with Marcy Baker, our present Hut Committee Chairperson, in arranging the airlift. Pilot Lambert De Gavere put in a very long day skillfully maneuvering numerous loads around clouds and between mountains. Both huts are now in place and await your visit.

The most important ingredient in the success of hut construction was the time devoted by numerous club members. The following is a partial list of those who helped with the huts during the past year. This list is assembled from my memory, which is less than encyclopedic. I apologize to those I left out.

| | | |
|-----------------|------------------|-------------------|
| Stan Aarsond | Charles Lane | Gretchen Staeheli |
| Bruce Abramson | Claire Lattimore | Margaret Stock |
| Joel Babb | Shirley Lord | Kneely Taylor |
| Marcy Baker | Mike Miller | John Thorsness |
| Mindy Baum | Jeff Mow | Ron Van Bergeyk |
| Paul Berryhill | Tim Neale | Janet Wagner |
| Tom Choate | Neil O'Donnell | Doug White |
| Ken Farmer | Dan O'Haire | Jim Wright |
| Mark Findlay | Nancy Pfeifer | Jeff Young |
| Willy Hersman | Dave Pahlke | Chris Zafren |
| Allan Johnson | Ken Schoolcraft | Ken Zafren |
| Vicki Jorgensen | Todd Shipley | |
| Jerry Juday | Dave Staeheli | |

On behalf of the club, I would like to thank all those who led trips or worked on the huts during the past year. I would especially like to thank our Treasurer, Vicki Jorgensen, who is stepping down after serving two terms. Vicki has done a tremendous job during two busy years, keeping our books straight, our accounts balanced, and our name off the list of local check bouncers.

I have very much enjoyed serving as President. It was great fun.

Neil O'Donnell

TRIP REPORTSTent Bound

Tom Choate

May 16, 1990
Sargent Icefield

Tent bound. Damp sleeping bag, damp socks and gloves hanging all across the domed roof, brushing my head. Flop flop goes the fly sheet. Plop plop goes a loose cord from somewhere. Incessant hissing of wind-driven snow, first low, then increasing in loudness and pitch, changing its point of impact on the tent as the wind swirls over the snowblock walls which guard the tent from the gale. Spindrift quietly, sneakily accumulating on the lee side, slowly, imperceptibly covering the cloth and cutting the light inside. Walls ever so slowly sagging, touching the inner tent, creating wet patches and little drips, condensation all around the blue waterproof base forming more droplets and focal points of water, sneaking under the mattresses, food and other floor things. Rouse from the sleeping bag stupor, punch and bang at the dark sagging wall and be again surprised by the rush of the little avalanche and sudden turning on of light. Peep out the tiny, one-inch hole where the two door zippers meet and almost invisible flakes are drifting through. White, bright, fuzzy nothingness with horizontal streams of pulsing, expanding powder racing by and boiling and swirling around the two feet of trench next to the wall. No view, no mountains, not even the crevasse that lies hidden in whiteness not far away. Stretch and emerge from the damp, warm cocoon and hastily add layers of damp fuzzy clothing, covered with a wet parka and wind pants. Horrible wet boots, sticking to damp socks, refusing to be pulled into place. Cover all openings, pull drawstrings, tighten hood down to the eyebrows, finally adding soggy leather gloves and squirm over smelly, inert sleeping forms and piles of wet clothes to get in position for the sudden, final bursting out. Twin screams from fast-moving zippers and a blast of cold powder in the face. Quickly push the drift back and put a foot out, twisting to get the other one free and backing into the wind, grabbing for a zipper pull already lost in the white fluff, closing the opening too late to prevent the small drift falling onto the things inside. Stand up into a sudden onslaught of stinging, driven crystals, buffeting wind and foggy brightness. Stumble up the stairs, out of the protective walls, into the blizzard. No depth perception, no color, no shadow. Where is the trail to the toileting place? Weaving drunkenly, feeling with the feet to supplement useless vision, finally abandoning the search and fumbling with velcro, zippers and long lost fly openings. A numbing blast on the warmest, most protected body parts followed by hurried splatterings caught up in wind swirls. Relief; quickly close the security breaches, turn and stumble into the wind toward the vague blue and gray outlines, hardly visible fifteen feet away. Search in the drift for the shovel, cold aluminum stealing heat from the wet gloves. Dig and dig madly into the drifts all around the tent walls, tossing chunks straight up so they are torn away by the wind. Hurry to make gain before it all has to be done again. When will it end?

Glen Alps to Glen Alps

Kathy Burke

At the early hour of 7:00 am on Saturday morning, one leader and a bunch of perverts left Glen Alps. Some of us suffered no cartoon withdrawal due to last minute VCR programming. We hustled up the first huffer-puffer in the shadow of O'Malley Peak and had breakfast on the ridge, where we were entertained by ground squirrels running amuck.

We crossed the "ballpark" and found Deep Lake still covered with ice. The scree slope up to O'Malley was inviting, but that'll have to wait for another day. There was no snow on the scree slope down to Black Lake, thank goodness. After skirting around a ptarmigan nesting area, we sunned and stuffed our faces by the lake.

Gulls screamed and dive-bombed us as we passed through the lower Williwaw Lakes. We passed the upper Williwaw Lake (Neil had it marked on his map as Walrus Lake) and did the last uphill to our lunch spot on a knob on top of the ridge between "Walrus Lake" and Long Lake. Lunch was a highlight with views of lakes, mountains, long ridges and valleys. There was even discussion on such great literary works as "The Mucusless Diet" and "Slugs, How to Eat Them."

Now that we'd hiked ourselves into the middle of the boonies, all that was left was to turn around and hike ourselves back out. We passed back through the Williwaw Lakes and followed the Middle Fork down the valley. Rounding the foot of O'Malley ridge we scared up a couple of chocolate brown moose. Across the boardwalk and over the bridge and everyone was still smiling when we reached the cars. I chose to ignore the remarks that this was not a real Kathy Burke hike, as no one had to dig out their rain gear and slosh through mud. Give me a break guys, there are still other hikes to come!

The gang that showed up with the eleventh essential - a good sense of humor: Carol Hoblitzel, Linda White, Margaret Stock, Neil O'Donnell, Marty Bassett, Ruth Wood, Karen and Jerry Forsythe, Judy Schwaiger and I have the feeling I've forgotten somebody.

Pichler's to Peters Creek

Joel Babb

On July 14th my partner, Steve Johnson, and I set out on our second attempt to cross the West Branch of Eklutna Glacier and drop into the headwaters of Peters Creek. Our prior attempt on Memorial Day a year ago had been halted at Pichler's Perch because of a two-day blowout. The unsuccessful attempt was not entirely a failure as local legend Dick 'passing through' Griffith arrived mid-storm and offered three women for two of the hut's sleeping places.

Master guide Steve insisted on performing the local village ritual prior to departure on a backcountry adventure. This involves devouring a 16-oz., disgusting-looking steak at the McKinley Pilots Grille in Birchwood. At least to me steak is not appealing at 6:30 am, particularly in a restaurant that has only one section -- Mandatory Smoking.

We started from the Eklutna Lake parking lot on mt. bikes to Mile 12, where we ditched the bikes and proceeded up to the hut. (Steve was not too peppy on the mt. bike, digestive problem it seemed.) Most of the snow on the glacier was melted and the going was easier than my last trip there six weeks previously, when the snow was fast-melting, saturated and spooky. The ascent up to Pichler's from the glacier was a bit more difficult as the toe holds on the snow face were shallower.

The first evening ominous clouds lurked in the background over Whiteout Glacier. As has been the fortune many times in this most unusual of summers, they disappeared by day break. Anxious to take advantage of the clear weather, we began moderately early on day 2. We did take time to observe the recent improvements to the hut and admire the partially completed paint job on the interior. Michelangelo and the Sistine come to mind.

We set out across the main glacier toward the northerly extrusion of Peril Peak. Before reaching the extrusion, we dropped down on to the West Fork and followed the northernmost finger that lies below Bellicose. Peril Peak, Bellicose, Moonlight, Sunlight and Transcendence flank the West Fork. Transcendence is a lesser-known crumbly, jagged ridgeline rising to a peak at the head of our finger. It was named by Steve and his wife, Barb, two years ago. Carlos Santana lives in the Chugach!) The much talked-about gendarmes of Bellicose are clearly visible and appear formidable from this finger. We followed the finger due west to a wall (R2E, T13N, Sec 11 on the Anchorage A-6 map). From a distance the wall presents a rock face, and a notch appears to be the access over the ridge. As we came to the head of the glacier a crack and chimney in the wall were visible. Unless you are some kind of technical wet-rock freak, the chimney is the choice. With full packs we were able to wedge our way up the chimney. Save for a couple of anxious moments, where one had to depend solely on a hand or foothold, the climb up the chimney is straightforward. From this ridge there is the distinct feeling of being on the inner arc of this part of the park. The outer arc being the Eklutna-Whiteout-Eagle Glacier Traverse.

The view over the ridge and into the headwaters of Peters Creek is spectacularly rugged. The Raisin Glacier wraps the bowl with East Kiliak, Kiliak and Mt. Rumble the most prominent peaks. Most peculiar are the remnants of a mining operation on the tip of a giant scree pile. The descent on a hard-packed snow chute demands good proficiency with an ice axe. The upper portion from the ridge to a bergschrund is 45+ degrees. Steve demonstrated his self-arrest technique as he slipped on some deceptive ice at the top of the chute. The ice appeared to be wet snow. My glissade on the lower portion came to a halt in the snow-covered bergschrund as my self arrest was not adequate. Berschrunds are not suggested aids for self-arresting.

We completed day 2 by marching across the headwaters bowl of Peters Creek and staying high and side-hilling over to the lip of Bombardment Pass. Day 3 we went over the pass and out via Ram Valley in the Eagle River drainage.

This trip could easily be extended to four or five days with climbs of the West Fork peaks and/or a day at Raisin Glacier. An alternative exit is to walk out Peters Creek. This is about 17 miles and flat. It held no appeal to Steve as four days previous he had climbed Rumble and walked out.

"The art of Himalayan (or Chugach) travel, indeed of all adventure, is the art of being bold enough to enjoy life now." --W. H. Murray, 1951

MINUTES OF THE SEPTEMBER MEETING

The September meeting was held on the 19th. New members and visitors were introduced. About 40 people joined the club and there were 52 others in attendance.

TREASURER'S REPORT:

| | | |
|---------------|---|-----------|
| Money Market | - | \$ 945.41 |
| Checking Acct | - | 301.39 |
| Petty Cash | - | 52.10 |
| Total | | \$1298.90 |

COMMITTEES:

Huts. We failed to get a free ride with the National Guard, but got a good deal from ERA and the two new huts are in! The Bomber Hut went up quickly with eight volunteers. The Scandinavian Peaks Hut (Matanuska) was flown in under low clouds, and received its first snow shortly after the roof went up. Some of the workers were stranded until the weather lifted.

Marcy Baker announced that there are still club t-shirts and mugs for sale.

Hiking and Climbing. After a busy summer schedule we are seeking trip leaders for this fall and winter.

Training. Paul Denkwalter announced plans for the traditional autumn ice climbing class, which is at the end of the month.

Alan Julliard announced the upcoming dedication of the new climbing wall at A.P.U. campus on September 22nd. It will be known as the Lynne Salerno Memorial Climbing Wall, in memory of Lynne, who died near the summit of Denali.

OLD BUSINESS:

None.

NEW BUSINESS:

None.

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

Paul Denkwalter announced that the American Alpine Club, Alaska Section will hold its annual meeting on November 3rd at the Atwood Center, on A.P.U. campus. See more details in this issue.

Kathy Burke said that black light drawings of the Chugach Skyline are once again available. She also announced that she is soliciting club members for outdoor stories for a future publication. Desired are tales of tribulation, dangerous episodes or stories with a humorous twist. Call Kathy for details, 346-2841.

Respectfully Submitted,
Dan O'Haire