

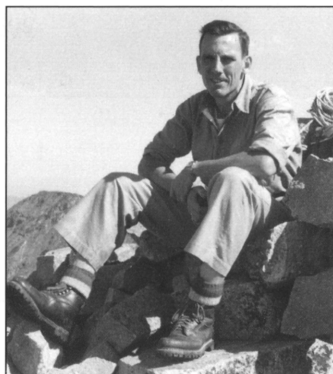
He was certainly among the first to build a “rock gym” when in 1962 he nailed plywood sheets to a scaffold using wood scraps for holds to demonstrate climbing skills at a national Boy Scout Exposition in Detroit.

Jack climbed extensively from 1936 to 1969 throughout Wyoming, Colorado, Wisconsin, and Illinois. He had the great fortune to climb with many of the legends of the sport including Petzoldt, Wiessner, Durrance, and the Stettner brothers—superb climbers and life-long friends, who in the 1930s and 40s were pioneering routes and helping to establish the sport of mountaineering in North America. Jack and his friends have several first ascents to their credit including the east face of Monitor Peak in the San Juan Mountains of Colorado. This 1947 climb was at the high end of the difficulty scale for the time in the United States and remained so for several years.

After his active climbing years, Jack’s interest in the history of mountaineering remained keen. He was an encyclopedia of facts, dates, and stories about the great climbs, the great tragedies, and the great controversies that occurred as the sport grew. He loved to swap stories and lectured on mountaineering to within three months of his death. Jack published numerous articles on climbing and was often called on by others to edit or contribute to guide books and articles on the sport. He also established a collection of historical equipment, photographs, books, catalogs, and magazines from the early days of American mountaineering at the American Heritage Center at the University of Wyoming.

Jack had a great love for the mountains and had the greatest affection and highest regard for those whom he met there. Mountaineers were among his closest, life-long friends. In preparing this memoriam, it has been very interesting tracking down my dad’s old mountain companions, many of whom I only knew through stories told around campfires at Jenny Lake a long time ago.

JOHN FRALICK



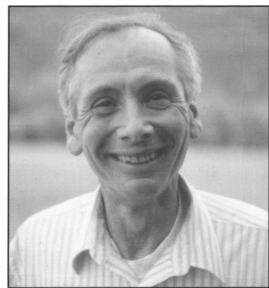
Jack Fralick on the summit of Long’s Peak, Colorado, about 1947.

MICHAEL S. MARTIN 1940 – 2001

Michael S. Martin drowned September 6, 2001, near the completion of a solo hike up the Upper Black Box Canyon in Utah. He was 61 years old. Mike had recently returned to Denver from a trip to the Tetons and had spent 11 days in the Coast Range of British Columbia in July.

Mike began climbing as a graduate student in mathematics at the University of Washington in Seattle in the early 1960s. He extended his range from the Washington Cascades to the British Columbia Coast Range on trips arranged by Joe and Joan Firey.

You can get a sense of Mike’s climbing from his July 2001 trip, his third to the Klattasine area. The first was in 1992, by which time Dave Knudson had been organizing these ventures for several years. Mike, Dave,



Mike Martin at Bluff Lake, 1996. Mickey Schurr

Mickey Schurr, and I enjoyed traveling the glaciers and ridges at the eastern end of Klattasine Ridge. We reached some summits previously climbed only by John Clarke and Peter Croft. The Big One, Peak 2468m, soloed by Croft via its beautiful north ridge, eluded us again, as it did in 1992. Mike, Mickey, and I were turned back by the steep and loose south ridge with less than 50 meters to go to the summit, vertically.

Mike would tackle about anything. I know that he savored the memories of the bitter-sweet moments when we turned back to climb another day almost as much as he did those of the summits. There were many of the latter, some previously unnamed virgin summits among them. Rarer were summits of named but unclimbed peaks, for instance Determination, on whose summit he stood with Dave Knudson, Mickey Schurr, Bruce Watson, and me in August of 1997. From this point we watched the new route we had put on Reliance a few days earlier raked by avalanches. It was at once exhilarating and chastening.

In Canada, Mike climbed many Coast Range classics: Queen Bess, Tiedeman, Cerberus, Geddes, Monarch, Munday, and Waddington among them. His footprints have crisscrossed some of the most beautiful and interesting parts of the Range. We shared successes, failures, and chilly bivouacs in British Columbia and elsewhere. Mike climbed with many other people and in many other places—Colorado, especially, and Europe.

Mike joined the mathematics faculty at the University of Denver after taking his degree at Washington. In July we had discussed the classes he was looking forward to teaching there in fall of 2001. Mike spent several sabbaticals at the Open University in Milton Keynes, England—a base for his European adventures. At Denver, he was advisor to the University's climbing club for a number of years and helped bring others into the sport. He was a member of both the Alpine Club of Canada and the American Alpine Club.

On September 16, 2001, he was warmly remembered by colleagues, students, friends, and family at a memorial held at the University of Denver. He is survived by his sons Neil of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Douglas of Austin, Texas; and by his sisters, Andrea Bachrach of Burlingame, California, and Jane Martin of Berkeley, California.

Whether I was in the mountains or at a desk puzzling over some mathematics, as long as Mike was around, a problem was just an opportunity for mental or physical exercise. He was a splendid comrade. He found the best in things and went ahead strongly and hopefully to the end.

PETER RENZ, AAC

ANTON (AX) NELSON 1918-2001

Ax Nelson passed away in Oakland, California on April 22, 2001 at the age of 83. He was a giant of a man and strong as an ox. By trade he was a carpenter and builder of homes, and by avocation a dedicated humanitarian and a rock climber.

He started climbing at the age of 27 in the San Francisco Bay Area with the Sierra Club shortly after the end of WWII, and quickly graduated to the ranks of those willing and able to take on the most difficult challenges. When he lacked skill he made up for it in strength and determination.

Ax's climbing career spanned only a few years, but two of his ascents left an indelible mark on Yosemite. He was on the team that made the first ascent of the Lost Arrow in 1946 (via a Tyrolean traverse achieved by throwing a rope across the spire) and was the second person to stand on its summit—the first being Jack Arnold and the third Fritz Lippman. Not content with