

"The harder you fall, the heavier your heart; the heavier your heart, the stronger you climb; the stronger you climb, the higher your pedestal."

— Criss Jami

the SCREE

Mountaineering Club of Alaska

June 2018

Volume 61 Number 6



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"To maintain, promote, and perpetuate the association of persons who are interested in promoting, sponsoring, improving, stimulating, and contributing to the exercise of skill and safety in the Art and Science of Mountaineering."

*This issue brought to you by: **Editor**—Dave Hart **assisted by** Dawn Munroe*

Cover Photo

Anina Friedrich following on the West Ridge of Shot Tower. The unclimbed east face of Arthur Emmons Peak can be seen in the background. Photo by Alan Goldbetter

JUNE MEETING

Monthly meeting: Wednesday, June 20, at 6:00 p.m., Bayshore Clubhouse, 3131 Amber Bay Loop, Anchorage, AK 99515

The June MCA meeting will be the annual summer picnic. The club will provide the bbq items - hot dogs, burgers, cheese, lettuce, condiments, & buns - along with a selection of juices. Please bring a side dish, salad, fruit, desert, &/or beverage to share, as well as serving ware. Alcohol is allowed at this venue. There is inside and outside seating, so the picnic will be held rain or shine. Socialize with your fellow mountaineers, and maybe make some adventure plans!

<https://www.google.com/maps/place/Bayshore+Clubhouse/@61.124058,-149.9454737,17z/data=!3m1!4b1!4m5!3m4!1s0x56c899b000000001:0x3e842dff7e1cf0ca!8m2!3d61.124058!4d-149.943285?hl=en>

Choate's Chuckle - Tom Choate

Q: A ballclub can win because of the same thing that makes a good climb. What is it?

Answer: on page 11.

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Announcements

MCA Hut Closures for Summer 2018

Mint Hut will be closed for maintenance July 13, 14, and 15, 2018.

Bomber Hut will be closed for maintenance July 16, 17, and 18, 2018.

Plan to sleep outside the hut if you are in the area.
Greg Bragiel - MCA huts chair

Backcountry.com 15% purchases will only be given to members (working on details now).

Working on more discounts that will be for club members as well. Let's not forget the AMH discounts, speakers through the year, and of course the amazing huts. Small price to pay for a great club!

Hiking and Climbing Schedule

July 13-21 MCA Summer Mountaineering Instructional Trip. Training/ learning goals: Trip organization, leadership, meal planning, navigation, route-finding, Snow travel, running belay, snow anchors, knots, 10 essentials, Terminology, Glacier travel, Ice Climbing, Belaying, Crevasse rescue, Wilderness medicine, Bouldering, Rock climbing, Rappelling and more while travelling the Bomber Traverse. Leader: Greg Bragiel: huts@mtnclubak.org, 350-5146. Deadline to sign on for this trip April 17.

For the MCA Membership Application and Liability Waiver, visit <http://www.mtnclubak.org/index.cfm?useaction=members.form>.

Article Submission: Text and photography submissions for *the Scree* can be sent as attachments to mcascree@gmail.com. Articles should be submitted by the 24th of each month to appear in the next issue of *the Scree*. Do not submit material in the body of the email. Do not submit photos embedded in the text file. Send the photo files separately. Send high resolution file photos separately, including captions for each photo. We prefer articles that are under 1,000 words. If you have a blog, website, video, or photo links, send us the link. Cover photo selections are based on portraits of human endeavor in the outdoors. Please submit at least one vertically-oriented photo for consideration for the cover. Please don't forget to submit photo captions.

Online? Click me!



Check the Meetup site and Facebook for last-minute trips and activities. Or, schedule one that you want to organize.

Arrigetch Peaks, Endicott Mountains, Brooks Range

Text and photos by Alan Goldbetter



Australia (with the route drawn in red) lies along the ridge east of The Badile, between Disneyland Peak and Tasmania, both climbed in 1971 by a Hampshire College expedition.

Hours after we had begun and only halfway up the wall, our situation was beginning to feel desperate. Cold and frustrated, my mind was as dark as the clouds that engulfed us. Frozen hands finally managed to build a marginal anchor and I began to belay Jessica Keil up to the stance. As my eyes scanned the rock above, I questioned if this would be the highpoint of our attempt.

Two weeks before, on August 5th, an eight-hour shuttle ride up the Dalton Highway took our diverse group of four to the town of Coldfoot (population 20). There, under the direction of our

Coyote Air pilot, Dirk Nickisch, we piled all of our food, equipment, and persons into a bush plane for an hour-long ride into Gates of the Arctic National Park.

After landing on a small gravel bar approximately 12 miles downstream from the Arrigetch Peaks, we spent the next five days making two round-trip carries up Aiyagomahala Creek to our base camp. For much of the time we followed the creek itself. Slick river rocks, hip-deep water, and the occasional steep bank dense with undergrowth, were all too common along the journey. On the last day of load carrying, in the early dawn of a wet, silent morning, we spotted a grizzly bear mother and two cubs. From up on the rocky bank of the creek they watched us, unafraid and unmoving, as we made our way along the valley.



The motley crew (from left to right): Anina Friedrich (Argentina), Jessica Keil (USA), Tess Ferguson (USA) and (center) Alan Goldbetter (USA/Finland)



Jessica Keil enjoys one of the mellower sections of the arduous approach up Aiyagomahala Creek.



Daybreak on the summit of Shot Tower

That same afternoon, moments after reaching camp with the final load, we received a weather forecast on our satellite messenger. It showed 24 hours of continued good weather before a week or more of solid rain. We departed immediately for an attempt of the West Ridge of Shot Tower (IV 5.9 C2, Roberts-Ward, 1971), the most classic and popular route in the valley. Climbing through the night in two teams of two, we made a camp-to-camp round-trip ascent in 21 hours. We found mostly solid rock, and by employing an assortment of small nuts, offset cams, and cam hooks, led the route's aid pitch at C2. Topping out on the summit just as the new day set upon the land made for an otherworldly experience. The sun's rays revealed nearly limitless climbing potential that stretched as far as one's sleep-deprived eyes could see.

Unfortunately for us, the forecast delivered as promised. For 10 days sustained wet and cold conditions descended on the range. While our base camp only received rain, snow accumulations were seen on many of the peaks. Finally, an all-too-brief 24-hour weather window was set to appear. Following that, another seven days of misery was predicted. The plane was scheduled to pick us up in five.

Our group slowly rose out of hibernation and began to divide into teams based on chosen objectives. While Tess Ferguson and Anina Friedrich opted for a route on the nearby Battleship Peak, Jessica and I focused our attentions to the least snow-covered peak in the area, Australia. In particular, we were drawn to the large, central line of weakness that cuts through the peak's south face.

Anxious to leave the tent after the many storm-bound days, for once the pre-dawn start felt easy. As we hiked up and along the lichen-covered talus fields, a beautiful day emerged from the night. Hours began to pass as the hiking terrain became steeper and more difficult. Hardly noticeable at first, but slowly becoming more undeniable, the weather was also changing. What once seemed to be just a few passing clouds was now growing into a substantial collection. The temperature was also dropping. Soon that sunny, bluebird morning was replaced by a cold, steel-gray sky.

After three hours of hiking, we reached the base of Australia just as the snow began to fall. Convinced that this was our last chance to climb in the Arrigetch, I started up the first pitch, indifferent to the frozen precipitation gathering around us.

The climbing proved challenging. Steep, loose rock coated in ice hung down all around me. Fearing that the difficulties would over-

come my technique at every turn, I, astonishingly, managed to weave a way around these sections and onto more moderate ground. Our pitches were short, time-consuming, and thought-provoking.

Back at the belay stance, Jessica reached the anchor and we both hung limply in our harnesses against the wall. Needing a break, we carefully removed our shoes and attempted to regain circulation in our frozen toes. Jessica produced a thermos of tea from her pack and we passed a cup of the hot liquid back and forth. Slowly our wooden digits rewarmed and our spirits brightened. Once again, I set off. By the end of the next pitch, the snow had stopped and it seemed that the skies were beginning to lighten. We had weathered out the storm. The last pitch, which led to the summit ridge, was the hardest of the route technically. A steep bombay groove of increasing difficulty and decreasing rock quality left me wondering until the last move if it would go. Gaining the summit ridge, we headed climber's left (west), tagging a number of smaller summit blocks as we were unsure which of them was the true highpoint. Feeling confident one of them was the correct one, we then ventured far to climber's right of the summit ridge where we made three rappels down a dihedral system to reach the base of the wall.

In the end, our route "Ask and You Shall Receive" (II, 5.9, 150 meters), took us over 20 hours to complete from camp to camp. While quite small, moderate, and seemingly insignificant compared not only to the other routes in the region, but also to our own ambitions for the trip, I am proud of it and the efforts we put into its completion. It should also be noted that the forecasted 24 hours of good weather actually arrived a day late, coming the day after our climb. All four of our expedition members, too drained from their efforts the day before, could not take advantage of that final break in the weather.

Only a few days later, with more snow coming, we began the hike out to the landing zone. In a process that always feels simultaneously too slow and too fast, we were dumped back into the civilized world on August 25th. While we did not get to climb nearly as much as we had hoped, witnessing such a vast, raw, and untamed wilderness firsthand is always an experience to be treasured. A sincere thanks goes out to local Fairbanks climbers Seth Adams and Faustine Bernadac for sharing their home, beta, and lives with four previously unknown dirtbags.



Jessica Keil traversing the summit ridge of Australia after the first ascent of Australia's south face via "Ask and You Shall Receive" (150 meters, III 5.9).

Endicott Tower (5805 feet), Endicott River Wilderness, Chilkat Range

Text and photos by Dylan Miller

June 10th -18th, 2016

This is a written description of an expedition-style climbing trip in the Endicott River Wilderness 30 miles northwest of Juneau. My Dad Mike had had his eye on this mountain for a very long time, because it is visible on a clear day driving home from town. The peak was guaranteed unclimbed, and was the tallest in the Wilderness Area. On the map it is marked as Peak 5805. It is an ominous looking mountain as viewed from Juneau. Sticking out from the surrounding white snowy mountains that make up the Chilkat Range, its black stone walls and serrated summit ridge make it look like a dark crown that Sauron would wear atop his mysterious head ... Next to Peak 5805 stands Mount Young, also a prominent and distinct peak that, too, had a forbidden look to it; a bent finger as a summit reminiscent to the cut fingers of Sauron when Isildur sliced them off along with the One Ring of power. Our plan was to packraft in, climb the mountains, and packraft out the 20-mile Endicott River back into Lynn Canal.



The south aspect of Endicott Tower as viewed from Pleasant Valley.

On June 10th of 2016 my father Mike Miller and I jumped in an Alaska Sea Plane for a 30-minute flight to Gustavus. That was the start of what would be our week-long journey through the Endicott River Wilderness. We hung out at our friend's house for two days waiting for the Glacier Bay tour boat which dropped people off at Mount Wright, located on the east side of Glacier Bay. They beached the catamaran boat right in a sandy cove below Mount Wright. We jumped out and waved goodbye to the tourists that watched in awe as they left us behind. Ten minutes after the boat was out of sight, we spotted a black bear farther down the beach from us. We inflated our packrafts, put on our dry suits, and got ready to do the 14-mile float into Adams Inlet. Lucky for us, and this wouldn't be the last time, the stars aligned and we hit the mouth of Adams Inlet right on the incoming tide, which pushed us right up the inlet at a relatively decent speed. We encountered swift currents and interesting scenery of jagged mountains covered in thick alders like thin hair. Due to the recent de-glaciation, the alders were so thick that some of the mountains looked impossible to climb just because of the vegetation. We reached the backshore of Adams Inlet where Berg Creek and many other drainages confluence to create a small delta plain at the very back of Adams Inlet. We deflated, walked up some nice, sandy, gravel bars, saw some massive brown-bear tracks, crossed a few waist-deep, swift glacial rivers, just in time for the light to fade and establish a decent camp. It rained throughout the night and I was glad Dad let me sleep in his tent with him, because I had decided to not bring one and just bivvy out the whole time.

Scree—June 2018

We awoke to improving weather and made our way for Endicott Gap, which is a mile- to two-mile-wide, flat valley floor that marks not only the border of the Endicott River Wilderness; it also marks where the Endicott River banks east for 20 miles to Lynn Canal rather than banking west and finding the ocean only five miles away in Adams Inlet. As we wandered through the flat and disorienting Endicott Gap, we encountered many signs of fellow animals; there were game trails that were as wide as sidewalks, moose tracks everywhere, and large bear markings engraved on trees that made me remember that we were just guests. It seemed that it was not just the humans that marked this place as a some kind of wilderness preserve, but the animals, too, made it clear that this was a wild, wild land. Not being able to see through the canopy of the flat gap, we pulled out the compass and map and figured where we might be and where we needed to get to, which was the headwaters of the Endicott River, Endicott Lake. After some time follow the amazing game paths through the gap, we took to 'shwhacking and found Endicott Lake. We were very excited to ditch our rafts, dry suits and other water gear that would not be necessary for the next leg of the trip. We GPS-ed our water gear and made for the hanging valley that lay beneath Peak 5805 and held a small, rural, natural river-bar landing strip about 400 feet long that would play as part of our plan.

We tromped through the lush Tongass rainforest, which was just teeming with life, comparable with the Amazon jungle. A few hours after we left Endicott Lake, we broke into alpine terrain and arrived at the hanging valley and remote landing strip. We dubbed

the hanging valley “Pleasant Valley,” because it was full of wild flowers, clear streams, alpine heather, and meadows, and had incredible views of Peak 5805 and Peak 4165 to the south. There we established base camp for our attempt on Peak 5805. We were not there for longer than a few hours when we heard a plane flying close by. Dad and I looked at each other with the same thought in mind: that might be Bob. The sound increased up the valley and then the plane appeared from behind a ridge. It was Bob in his white Super Cub. Perfect timing.

Bob was a skilled pilot, flying his paper-like airplane through mountain valleys, and around peaked summits. He floated his down to the dirt landing strip, touched, bounced a little, and stopped the plane in the matter of 300 feet. We greeted and exclaimed about the trip, and then we unloaded our full-value package of climbing gear and a six-pack.

We walked with Bob around the valley. He was dressed in shorts, a button-up shirt, and sneakers, and was drinking a green smoothie because he was flying back to civilization shortly. I thought about how we still had five or six days in the wilderness. We said our thanks and good-byes and watched Bob fly off just as the weather started to deteriorate. It rained heavily that night and once again I was grateful that Dad let me sleep in the tent.

When we awoke to clear skies we knew that must be the start of the clear weather window we saw

in the prediction days earlier. That was our weather to attempt the mountain. So we moved to a high camp that day. We walked through gorgeous, high alpine heather, weathered stone, and snowfields, eventually gained the upper flanks of the mountain right below where the peak turned into 70-degree snow and rock needles, making up the summit of the tower. We enjoyed a sunset behind the Fairweather Range.

The next morning we headed up. We soloed up until we encountered a large bergschrund. We used a 40-foot rock-and-ice line to bypass the 'schrund. The mixed line then led to the main snow slope that was 70 degrees of perfect frozen-snow conditions for the next three pitches. The snow climbing was broken by another 60-foot rock-and-ice band. The limestone rock was in poor condition, loose and broken, as was the ice. Luckily there were decent protection placements. We dug our way through loose, sugary snow to the ridge, made a small rappel, and then continued on to the summit. We enjoyed the views and completion of our climb, getting a view of our home in Juneau. We made the series of rap-pels back to our high camp.

The next day we walked back to Pleasant Valley and basked in the sun for the day. We were awoken from our relaxation by the sound of a fixed wing close by. Once again we knew who it was; it was Bob coming to pay us another visit and squeezing in another exciting flight around the mountains. We rejoiced, loaded up the climbing rack, said our goodbyes until we would see him in town. The next morning we packed up and headed out for the next leg of our trip: raft/traverse through the Chilkat Range to the west side of Lynn Canal. We hit Endicott Lake, retrieved our water gear, launched our rafts into the lake. We floated down the Endicott River for six miles, experiencing mostly Class I and II river conditions. Knowing the river entrenched into a wicked canyon, we pulled out at the first sight of the canyon forming. That would be the start of our heavy-and-slow six-mile portage to the end of the canyon where the river mellowed out.



Mike Miller climbing steep, frozen snow on Endicott Tower.

That six-mile portage took us one and a half days. We traveled through alpine meadows, shin-whipping blueberry bushes, needled devil's club, and traversed over a small, 3265-foot summit located in the center of the Endicott River Wilderness. Once again we encountered bear trails that were so well used it was like walking on a path; fresh tracks in the mud kept me alert. We thrashed our way through the rainforest until the day was spent and we were forced to make camp one last time before we would link up with the Endicott River again and float our way to

the ocean.

The last seven miles of the river was a series of large, braided channels merging and separating. The water was swift and big. Fallen trees made for serious navigation and warranted caution. The smell of salt became apparent, and then the river opened up and poured out into Lynn Canal. We hit the sandy delta beach and regrouped. Our plan was to have a friend pick us up at the mouth of the Endicott River that day, but there were no boats in sight. We assumed he hadn't arrived yet. So we built a fire, dried out clothing, ate a snack, which were nearly completely diminished, and lay in the sand. No more than 15 minutes later, a boat popped out from around a point, it was our buddy Matt. He took us to his camp that he had made that day where he had a cooler full of fresh fruit and soda. We hung out there for the day and then made the one-and-a-half-hour boat ride back to Juneau, which marked the end of our journey through the Endicott River Wilderness.

Iliamna Volcano (10016 feet), Chigmit Mountains

Text and photos by Zack Fields



Iliamna Volcano's crater as seen from the summit

What draws us to climb volcanoes? They tower over surrounding mountain ranges, straddle the divides of different ecosystems, and seem like molten conduits to tens of thousands of years of the Earth's history. They can be islands of ice amidst jungle or farmland, like messages sent from a previous climate that we have just happened across. Whatever their source of allure, volcanoes project a siren song that is irresistible, so three friends – Alex Geilich, Mike Records, Seth Kiester – and I flew across Cook Inlet last spring to climb Iliamna Volcano.

With its sisters Redoubt Volcano and Mount Spurr, Iliamna looms over Cook Inlet, the Kenai Peninsula, and the Anchorage bowl. From a distance it appears alive, lengthening with the Fata Morgana and shifting with the clouds and fog that surge up the inlet, and then dissipate. It is an extraordinary privilege just to set foot on such a mountain.

Iliamna is an “easy” climb by Alaska and alpine climbing standards (Alaska Grade 1). Possible causes of death are limited to crevasse falls, avalanches, and exposure, as opposed to falling off a vertical wall of rock and ice. This makes it an appealing ski mountaineering destination for people who enjoy skiing more than, or at least as much as, suffering.

One convenient way to start a climb is to get dropped off on the upper Tongue Glacier, at a little less than 4000 feet, near where it meets the upper Tuxedni Glacier (some climbers opt for a lower Tuxedni drop off for a longer and more complete ascent from sea level). You can leave a larger food drop at the landing site and then ski up to high camp.

There's a decent, though not perfect, camp around 6500 feet on the southern shoulder of Iliamna, a ridgeline between two forks of the Umbrella Glacier. From this high camp, it is a fairly straightforward skin and then climb up the ridge to Iliamna's broad summit. While this high camp and route work well in clear conditions, they could be in the path of avalanches during large loading events. Another high-camp option is on the west ridge, but it can be less practical when the commonly ascended southwest face is laced with open crevasses in a relatively thin snow year. In contrast, the south ridge remains passable even with fairly low snow. The most challenging section is a steep ramp, about eight feet wide, that leads up to the summit plateau.

Iliamna's summit is surreal, a vast plain with several crevasses and views so expansive that they are hard to process. The

southeastern view looking over the Umbrella Glacier and Iliamna's sulfurous crater is my favorite. The upper glacier cascades seaward in massive icefalls that descend from red-tinged rime ice. Few places display the earth's dynamism of fire and ice in such cerulean and sulfurous brilliance.

The summit plateau descends gently at first, and is an easy ski. Then it drops off on the steep, exposed firn ramp that non-experts like me can down-climb; a whippet in one hand and ice axe in the other makes this fairly safe. Below the steep firn ramp, it's a fun ski back to high camp, avoiding the occasional crevasses.



High camp on Iliamna Volcano's south ridge

From high camp back to the upper Tongue Glacier, it's a quick descent, short sidehill, and then a short climb off the Umbrella Glacier. Under good conditions, most reasonably experienced ski mountaineers could climb and ski Iliamna in two days, which allows for an alpine start on summit day.



Skiing down Iliamna Volcano with the Umbrella Glacier in the background.

Helen Rhode Mountain (3947 feet), Kenai Mountains

Text and photos by Martin Bril

It was one of those evenings, looking for my next ascent along the Sterling Highway, knowing that the conditions were still fairly wintry that time of year. After a bit of searching, I came across a peak on the Cooper Mountain massif that got my attention.

Helen Rhode Mountain (named after Cecil Rhode's spouse), facing Cecil Rhode Mountain from the other side of the Stetson Creek Trail seemed like a fairly reasonable day climb with an approach from Russian Lakes Trail.

And so with my mind made up, I found myself at the Russian River Campground on the morning of April 1st. The day started around 9.30 a.m., with a quiet and sunny hike on the first two miles of the Russian Lakes Trail.

Noticing that I was about to pass the creek that the trail crosses over, I backed up a few hundred feet and began the off-trail approach.

As per usual, lots of alders and brush made the going slow and tiring.

I missed the ridgeline by a few hundred feet and soon got into steep terrain, pulling myself up using alders as well as my ice axe. The pace slowed down considerably, as I was then finding myself thigh deep in thawing snow. I took a couple breaks trying to figure out if it was worth continuing in those conditions. After three hours of intense work, I finally found myself above timberline, where the snow was firm and travel much easier.

The wind picked up, but the sky was clear, with Cooper Landing on one side, Cooper Mountain on the other, Cecil Rhode in the distance and Helen Rhode slightly to the side. I passed Helen Gwin Peak at 3650 feet on the L-shaped ridge, then dropped down 200 feet before coming back up onto Helen Rhode. Crampons were in order, as the snow was then hard and steep.



Cooper Mountain

I reached the summit by 3.30 p.m.

I made my way back following the ridgeline this time, descending into a hemlock forest, for an uneventful return back to the car at 6.30 p.m.



Left to right: Russian Mountain, Hideout Hill, and Mystery Hills

Book Review By Frank E. Baker

Denali Ranger, by Lew Freedman

Epicenter Press, 2017, Kenmore, WA

218 pages, \$19.95

Forward by Daryl Miller (Retired South District Ranger, Denali National Park and Preserve)

Denali Ranger is an inspiring biography about a man who dedicated most of his life to North America's highest peak, Denali, and the land surrounding it. In many ways, it is a love story.

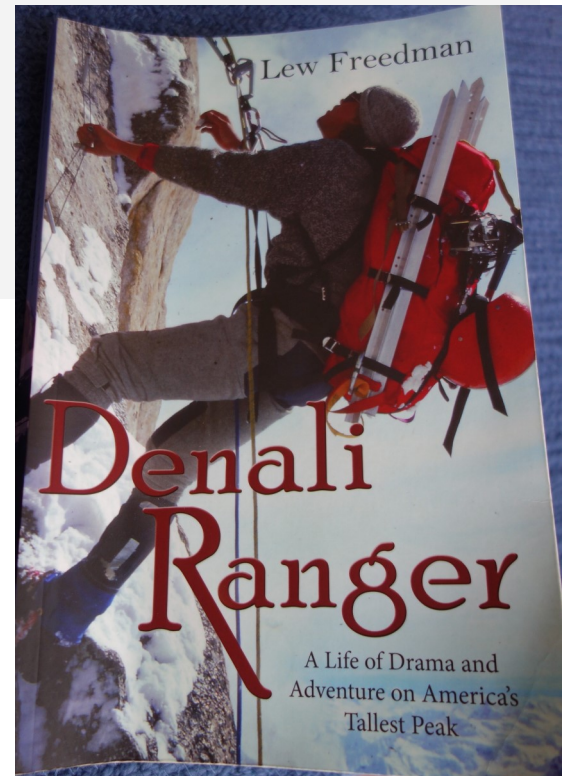
As a national park ranger on 20310-foot Denali for nearly 40 years, Roger Robinson became a major figure in the mountain's history by pioneering a new environmental ethos in climbing management: removing waste from the slopes, or "cleaning" the mountain.

The story is told in first-person style by Robinson, but researched, compiled, and edited by prize-winning journalist Lew Freedman. Organized in short chapters with black-and-white photos, the book traces Robinson's first forays as a young man into the mountains of the Pacific Northwest; his ascent of 19541-foot Mount Logan in the Yukon Territory; expeditions in the Alaska Range that included two challenging ascents of 12240-foot Mount Huntington – one of which included the first ascent by a woman, Cindy Jones; his many Denali climbs; participation in several mountain rescues that saved lives; and his marriage to Pam Bauer.

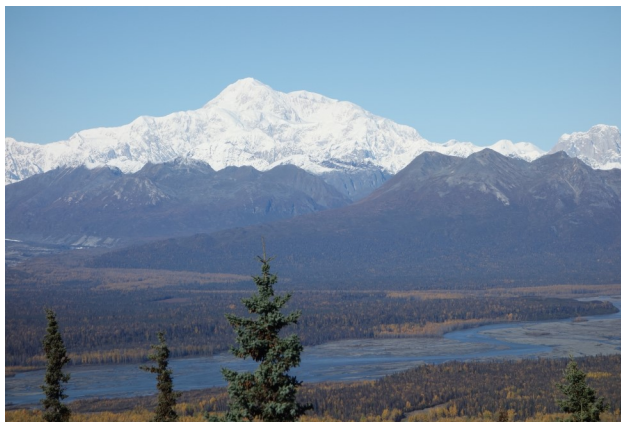
Freedman describes Robinson's first attempt to climb Denali in 1975 that marked the beginning of his long and enduring quest to educate mountaineers on "clean" climbing, or "leave-no-trace" operations. (In the early days the common practice was to throw human waste, or feces, into crevasses.) In recent years the practice has evolved considerably. Climbers below 14000 feet are now required to put human waste in portable toilet cans provided by the National Park Service and carry them off the mountain. Removal of other garbage is also required. Non-compliance with these rules can bring fines of up to \$250.

Climbers above 14000 feet are required to use an approved crevasse for human-waste disposal. Further disposal methods at this elevation are being investigated by park rangers.

Challenge greater than Denali: In the book's latter chapters, the author details how Robinson became aware of kidney disease and in 1992 received a kidney transplant in Oregon from his brother Ron. By



Cover of *Denali Ranger*, by Aubrey Anderson



Above: *Denali from Curry Ridge in Denali State Park*
Photo by Frank Baker

Below: *Kahiltna base camp early in the climbing season*
Photo by Frank Baker



1993 Robinson was able to resume his Denali ranger duties, which later included another successful summit at age 43.

Throughout the book there are references to many climbing luminaries with whom Robinson rubbed elbows during his decades as a ranger, including Bradford Washburn, Ray Genet, Vern Tejas, Mugs Stump, Dave Johnston, Gary Bocarde, Brian Okonek, Fred Beckey, and a host of others.

Over the decades Robinson also embarked upon many memorable back-country trips in the vast Denali National Park. Today he is a "part-time" ranger at Denali and continues to educate climbers and actively promote "clean mountaineering."

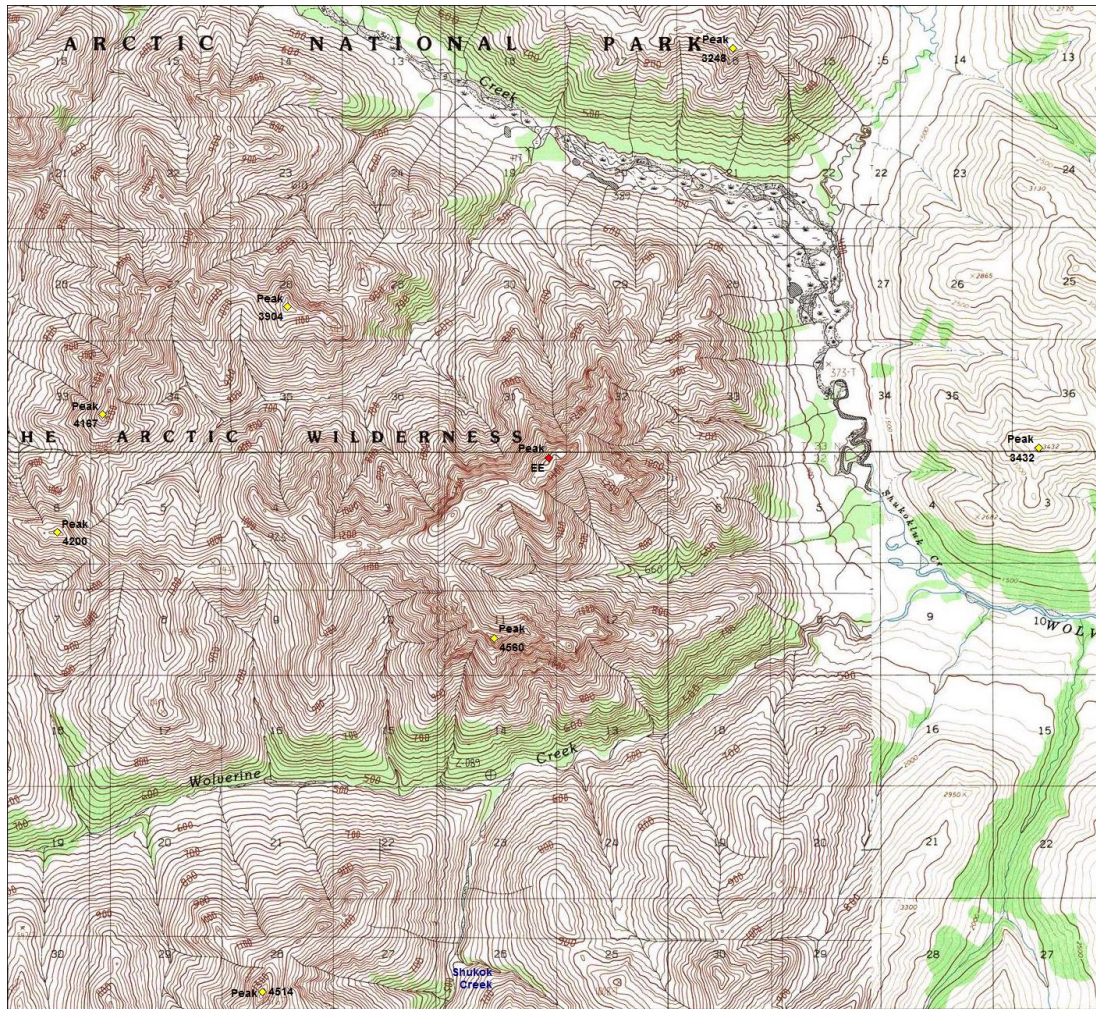
In 25 chapters, Freedman ably captures the spirit and lore of Denali climbing as it has evolved over the past four decades, framing it around Roger Robinson, a landmark person in the mountain's climbing history.

Peak of the Month: EE

Text by Steve Gruhn

Choate's Chuckle - Tom Choate

A: A few good pitches.



Mountain Range: Brooks Range; Endicott Mountains

Borough: Unorganized Borough

Drainages: Shukokluk Creek

Latitude/Longitude: 67° 38' 4" North, 152° 36' 29" West

Elevation: 4939 feet

Adjacent Peaks: Peak 4560 and Peak 4200, both in the Shukokluk Creek drainage

Prominence: 1691 feet from Peak 5610 in the Dawn Creek and Wolverine Creek drainages

Distinctness: 838 feet from Peak 4560

USGS Map: 1:63,360: Wiseman (C-6); 1:25,000: Wiseman C-6 NE

First Recorded Ascent: 1955 by Edmund L. Jones and a U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey party

In 1955 Edmund L. Jones led a U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey (USC&GS) party in a survey of the region west of the John River in the Endicott Mountains. To augment its surveying the party constructed a 3-1/2-foot-tall cairn on a prominent summit in the Shukokluk Creek drainage. In its field notes the team referred to this summit as Peak EE.

On December 2, 1980, Peak EE and the entire Shukokluk Creek Scree—June 2018

drainage basin became part of the Gates of the Arctic Wilderness in Gates of the Arctic National Park.

The information for this column came from USC&GS field notes available at <https://www.geocaching.com/mark/details.aspx?PID=TT7532>; and from my correspondence with Albert E. "Skip" Theberge, Jr.

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Board member (term expires in 2019)	Tom Meacham	346-1077

Annual membership dues: Single \$20, Family \$30

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 Membership Committee at membership@mtnclubak.org.

The Scree is a monthly publication of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska. Articles, notes, and letters submitted for publication in the newsletter should be emailed to MCAScree@gmail.com. Articles should be submitted by the 24th of the month to appear in the next month's *Scree*.

Paid ads may be submitted to the attention of the Vice-President at the club address and should be in electronic format and pre-paid. Ads can be emailed to vicepresident@mtnclubak.org.

Missing your MCA membership card? Stop by the monthly meeting to pick one up or send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and we'll mail it to you.

Mailing list/database entry: Mark Smith —717-9501 - membership@mtnclubak.org

Hiking and Climbing Committee: Mike Meyers—mcmeyer24@msn.com, Jen Aschoff—ilaschoff@gmail.com or hcc@mtnclubak.org

Huts: Greg Bragiel—569-3008 or huts@mtnclubak.org

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Librarian: Charlotte Foley—603-493-7146 or library@mtaclubak.org

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Web: www.mtnclubak.org

Find MCAK listserv at <https://groups.yahoo.com/neo/groups/MCAK/info>.

Jessica Keil follows Pitch 3 of the new route "Ask and You Shall Receive" on Australia in the Arrigetch Peaks.

Photo by Alan Goldbetter

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