



NEWS OF THE P.A.T.C. MOUNTAINEERING COMMITTEE

1916 Sunderland Place N. W. Washington 6, D. C.

FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

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ANNUAL MEETING

Friday, January 19, 1951 at 8:00 P.M.
at the home of Sterling Hendricks
1118 Dale Drive, Silver Spring, Md.

The annual meeting of the Mountaineering Committee will be held at Sterling's. After the business session, Arnold will describe the 1950 climbs in the Wind Rivers of Wyoming, illustrating his talk with slides. To reach the Hendricks' home by car drive out Colesville Road (Route 29 north) to Dale Drive, and turn left. The house is about 0.3 miles from Colesville Road. (Mrs. K's Toll House is on the northeast corner of Dale Drive and Colesville Road intersection.) By bus, the junction of Dale Drive and Colesville Road may be reached by either the Z4 or Z6 bus leaving the Georgia and Alaska terminal. Sterling's home phone is SHEpherd 4603.

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IS IT WORTH IT?

This summer Alec Faberge, David Michael, Norman Brewster, Andy and I batted our way through to the Northern Selkirks. Several of the Washington climbers, including Andy, had been in this area before. The Columbia River flows in a huge bend just west of the Canadian Rockies. A so-called Canadian highway (rough road) follows this bend 250 miles from Golden, B.C. to Revelstoke, B.C. The five of us drove forty miles north from Golden, left the cars and, after crossing the Columbia by rubber boat, became mosquito fodder. A precious bottle of liquid insect repellent, calculated to fox the worst of them, was put into use. It gave a little relief -- they still landed on us in swarms but did not bite as hard.

Our job was to follow Swan Creek 4,000 feet up and six miles in, to the base of a beautiful glacier. This "passage" has been described before in UP ROPE. It's the one which Sterling, Arnold, Don, Chuck, and Sam Moore pioneered four years ago. It hasn't improved any. I had had an operation and wasn't supposed to do much, gentle exercise, no six sets of tennis or felling of trees. Luckily, Norman thought he wasn't in good shape either so we sat down when we wanted to, at the slightest provocation. I might say the mosquitoes drove us on. Small, thickly settled, prickly jack-pine, devil's club, and alders tried to hold us back.

Then, the brighter side. Two and one half days later, we arrived at "Fairy Meadow", the most wonderful of all camping spots, if one can pay the price. Soft