



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

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

FOUNDED BY
JAN AND HERB CONN

PRICE
5 CENTS PER COPY

Volume IX

1 December 1952
COMING ATTRACTIONS

Number 14

Rock Spring Shelter, Dec. 6-7 - Those interested contact Peg Keister, OL-2078 or OL-1400 (Code 179), ext. 2011 for transportation. Commissary individual or by cars.

MONASHEE MOUNTAINS -- 1952, by Arnold Wexler

Before this trip the Monashee Mountains were just a name to me. Somewhere east of the Cariboos and north of the Selkirks there existed an ethereal collection of peaks which had an appealing name, Mountains of Peace (Monashoes in Gaelic). The map of British Columbia did not help much in giving one a better conception of this range, for just where the interesting high country should be, the map showed a beautiful expanse of white. Some of us had previously had a tantalizing view of the white pyramid of Mt. Albreda, at the northern end of the range, on looking to the East from the Cariboo Mountains in 1949. It was enough to stimulate an interest if not a mental determination that someday, sometime, we would look more closely at this country.

This summer, after plans for a more ambitious expedition into Coast Range failed to materialize, we turned our attention to this blank spot on the map. So it was that Sterling Hendricks, Donald Hubbard and I formed a team of aging and creaking individuals and limped our way up Moonbeam Creek to the northern end of the alpine section of the Monashee Range. Not wishing to overtax our aching muscles with heavy loads, we arranged for a chartered plane to fly supplies and equipment over the mountains and to drop these at two suitable locations.

On the morning of July 22, we flew from Kamloops, British Columbia, in a 1928 Junkers float plane, up the North Thompson River, across the mountains, made our drops, visually surveyed the area from aloft, selected a suitable way into the country and then returned to our base.

The following day, after making special arrangements with the Canadian National Railroad to discharge us at the thriving metropolis of Gossnell, we set out on the last mechanized lap of our journey. From Gossnell (just a signpost along the railroad track) we bushed up Moonbeam Creek to a base camp at timberline within the shadow of Mt. Lomprière. The actual travel time was roughly a day and a half with an extra day spent in dehydrating men, clothes and equipment after an encounter with a little dampness. Fortunately, this was our only serious bit of unfavorable weather, and, although we subsequently saw rain and clouds in the distance, we usually were able to avoid any serious moisture.