

and it is barely possible that Outram was looking at Mt. Clemenceau.

It used to be quite traditional to make high level panoramas in the Alps. Here is an interesting problem and a chance to amplify and carry on a bit of investigation in the newer Alps of Canada.

MT. CLEMENCEAU  
NORTHERN CANADIAN ROCKIES.

BY HENRY B. DE VILLIERS-SCHWAB.

*Names in italics are provisional, subject to the approval of the Geographic Board of Canada.*

THE failure of the first Mt. Clemenceau Expedition\* left me with a firm resolve to try once more at the earliest opportunity; the one brief glimpse of the beautiful pyramid of Mt. Clémenceau<sup>1</sup> that I had had from Ghost Ridge Cairn, before the breakdown of my knee forced me to retire, served both as an inspiration and a challenge that could neither be denied nor declined. My proposal for a second attack in 1923 met an enthusiastic response from Henry S. Hall, Jr., and together we agreed to organise a new expedition; but to our great regret Allen Carpe was obliged to leave his participation uncertain, and eventually he found himself unable to join us.

During the winter and spring the entire problem was carefully analysed in the light of our 1922 expedition, everything being done to provide the best possible equipment for all contingencies. To find amateurs of college age, willing to go as supporters, was not difficult, but to secure two additional climbers proved a discouraging task. It was not until late in the spring that the third member was found in Dana B. Durand, a Harvard student, who, during his school days in Geneva, had done some remarkable climbing thereabouts, and at Chamonix and Zermatt; the desired fourth climber never materialised. To our outfitter, W. D. Harris

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\* *A.J.* xxxv, 44 seq. 'First Mt. Clemenceau Expedition.' The relative position of Mt. Clemenceau is shown in the general map in Mr. Howard Palmer's article. It is hoped to publish a detailed map later.

<sup>1</sup> Mt. Clemenceau, 12,001 ft. Fourth highest summit in the Canadian Rockies.

of Jasper, who knew the work that would be required, was entrusted the selecting of the four other professionals.

Thus at noon on Thursday, July 19, 1923, the Second Mt. Clemenceau Expedition sallied forth from Harris and Mellor's corral at Jasper to attempt the solution of its problem, constituted as follows: Henry B. de Villiers-Schwab, Henry S. Hall, Jr., and Dana B. Durand, Climbers; Norman V. P. Schwab and Bennett Durand, Supporters; W. D. Harris, Chief Packer; R. Laswell, Cook; and L. J. Blondin, A. Wiley and W. Gray, Packers; with a total of twenty-five horses and our husky dog 'Wop.'

An uneventful march brought the pack train to Athabaska Falls in the early evening. Unfortunately the straying of several horses forced us to lie over a day, so that it was the afternoon of the 21st before we pitched camp at the Sunwapta. There the Ranger, Jack Keable, was persuaded to join the expedition for a few days, and obtained permission to do so from the Park Superintendent, Colonel Maynard Rogers, who was keenly interested, and anxious to assist us in every manner.

The following day's march along the Athabaska River, and finally across it and also the Chaba, brought us to the camp ground near Fortress Lake, and while tents were being pitched five of the party went off to locate and launch Curly Phillips' big canoe, the use of which had been arranged for.

The weather had been all that could be desired, and as we rode along we had been able to look first up the headwaters of the Athabaska to the black walls of Mt. Alberta<sup>2</sup> and the beautiful snowy forms of Mt. Columbia<sup>3</sup> and the North<sup>4</sup> and South Twins, then in turn up the Chaba Valley to the great glacier at its head—all of which had been hidden from us in 1922 by the heavy pall of smoke.

On Monday, the 23rd, we set out to cope with the first of our serious difficulties. At 7.45 A.M. an axe party, consisting of Hall, Keable, and Norman Schwab, set forth on

<sup>2</sup> Mt. Alberta, 11,874 ft. Sixth highest summit in Canadian Rockies. Unclimbed.

<sup>3</sup> Mt. Columbia, 12,294 ft. Second highest summit in Canadian Rockies. First ascent 1902 by J. Outram with Guide Christian Kaufmann.

<sup>4</sup> North Twin, 12,085 ft. Third highest summit in Canadian Rockies. First ascent 1923 by J. M. Thorington and W. S. Ladd, with Guide Konrad Kain.

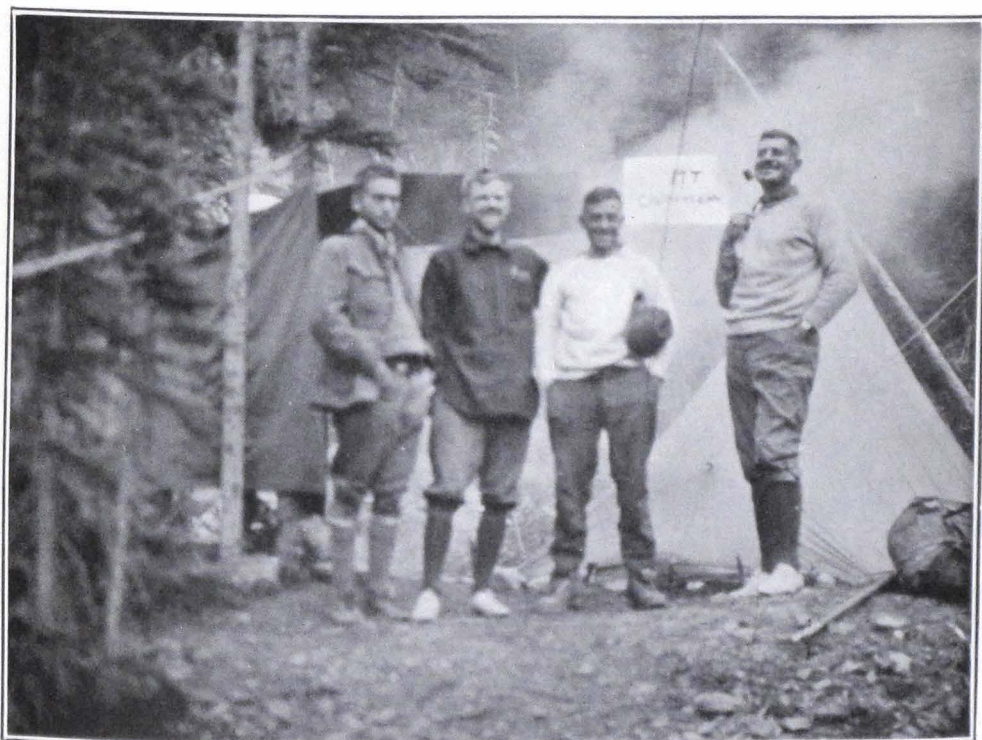
Harris.                      Hall.                      de V.-Schwab.                      D. Durand.  
Wiley.                      Grey.                      N. Schwab.



*Photo, Keable.*

Laswell.                      B. Durand.                      Blondin.

AT BASE CAMP.



THE CLIMBING PARTY AT CLIMBING CAMP.

foot to chop out the windfalls along the trail through the primeval forests on the north shore of Fortress Lake,<sup>5</sup> and two hours later the pack train was in motion, bound for the lake shore a mile from camp, across the Continental Divide.<sup>6</sup>

All the equipment and supplies were there unloaded and carried out over a natural float of great driftwood logs to the canoe. In due course, our *Leviathan* loaded to within four inches of the gunwales, with its crew—the two Durands and myself—squeezed in amongst the 2200 odd pounds of dunnage, pulled away in calm and quiet water, while the pack train disappeared into the woods.

Keeping fairly close to shore, the axe party was met about two miles down the lake at a point where the trail ran close to the water's edge. A little later Coleman's *Misty Mountain* came into view at the head of Chisel Creek. To westward the beautiful vista of Mt. Serenity<sup>7</sup> was ever before us, while to the rear curiously shaped Mt. Quincy<sup>8</sup> stood out sharply across the Chaba Valley. Having reached the west end of the lake shortly before 3.0 p.m., the canoe was promptly unloaded.

After a hurried swim, Dana Durand and I then started back on the trail, leaving Bennett Durand to guard camp. Following the heavy work of propelling the deeply laden canoe, the ensuing hour of marching and tree-chopping, until the rest of the outfit was met, was anything but enjoyable.

The axe party had found conditions distinctly less difficult than existed in 1922; nevertheless they had had all they could do to chop through in one day, and were much fatigued. The pack train also came through without accident, although most of the horses were very tired and a number of them had cast their shoes.

Since all of us were feeling the effects of the previous day's hard work, it was nearly noon on the 24th before the long pack train proceeded on its way down the valley of Upper Wood River to Serenity Creek, where we faced our second serious difficulty—the crossing of Wood River.

Thanks to several photos and a sketch furnished by Mr. A. O. Wheeler, there could be no mistaking the point where the Survey Party of 1920 had crossed; but it was one of the places condemned by us in 1922, and was equally dangerous

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<sup>5</sup> Elevation of Fortress Lake, 4384 ft.

<sup>6</sup> Continental Divide at Chaba/Fortress Lake Pass, 4388 ft.

<sup>7</sup> Mt. Serenity, 10,573 ft.

<sup>8</sup> Mt. Quincy, 10,400 ft.

now.<sup>9</sup> We could not afford to take unnecessary chances of losing a pack animal entrusted with equipment and supplies vital to the success of the expedition, even though a ridden horse might be forced across with reasonable safety.

At this dark moment, Slim Gray, who is a logger in the winter and familiar with the ways of swift water, came to the fore, and in an hour's time located a practicable ford some four hundred yards upstream. Thus, to our immense relief, the entire pack train shortly found itself safely on the south-east bank of Wood River, whence a few minutes' ride brought us to the Survey Party's camp site in the heavy woods at the foot of Ghost Ridge, where Camp Wheeler<sup>10</sup> was established as our base.

During the rest of the afternoon, and until late in the evening, the camp was a scene of great activity as the horse-packs were opened, and the weighing-out of the food supplies, together with the preparation of equipment, went on.

After breakfast on Wednesday, July 25, came the loading of the pack-sacks, with each man's personal stuff—which varied from about 20 lb. apiece for the Climbers and Harris; 3 to 4 lb. each for those of Support Party A (Norman Schwab, Bennett Durand, Blondin and Gray), to nothing for Support Party B (Wiley and Keable)—the 8 sleeping-bags, 3 George tents, 2 Alpine ropes, 3 pairs of crampons, and all the other common equipment, together with about 200 lb. of food. The total weight amounted to 431 lb. divided into 10 packs, varying from 35 to 50 lb.

At 11.35 A.M., leaving Laswell to guard Camp Wheeler and the horses which had been turned loose on the flats across Ghost Creek, the line of ten back-packers filed off into the woods, where the leader was shortly successful in picking up our last year's blazes. The march was the same old story of stumbling over moss-covered decaying logs hidden under a covering of alders and devil's club, and later fighting our way upwards through the scrub-pines, alders, and other entangling growths, and scrambling through the lines of broken cliffs.

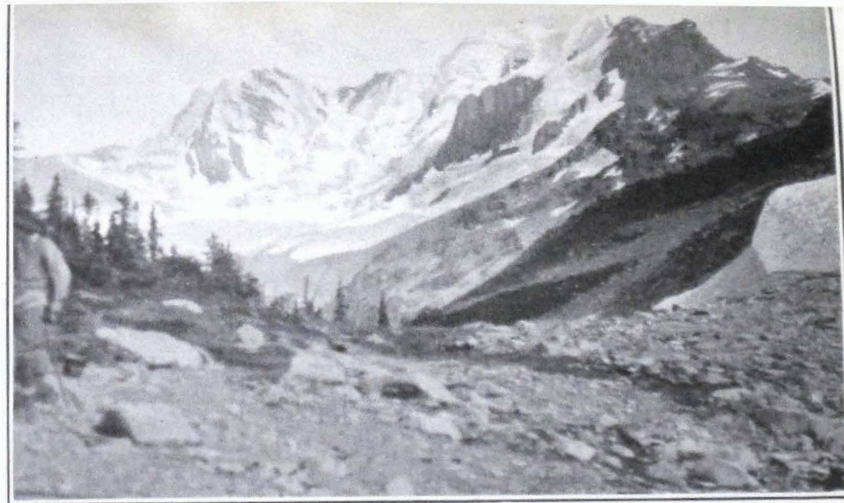
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<sup>9</sup> The 1922 Expedition, having failed to ford Wood River hereabouts, was forced to retreat several miles and establish its base camp by Alnus Creek, which necessitated an extra day of back packing along the south-east bank of the river in order to attain the foot of Ghost Ridge.

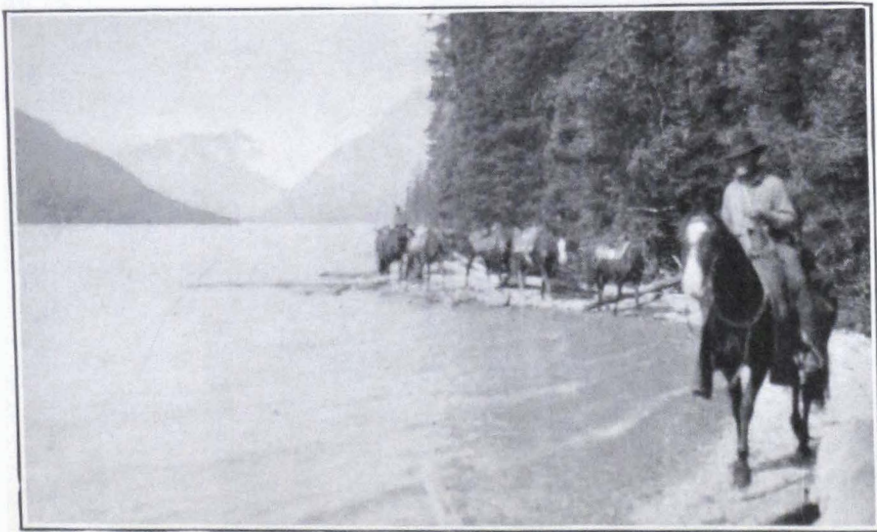
<sup>10</sup> About 4360 ft.



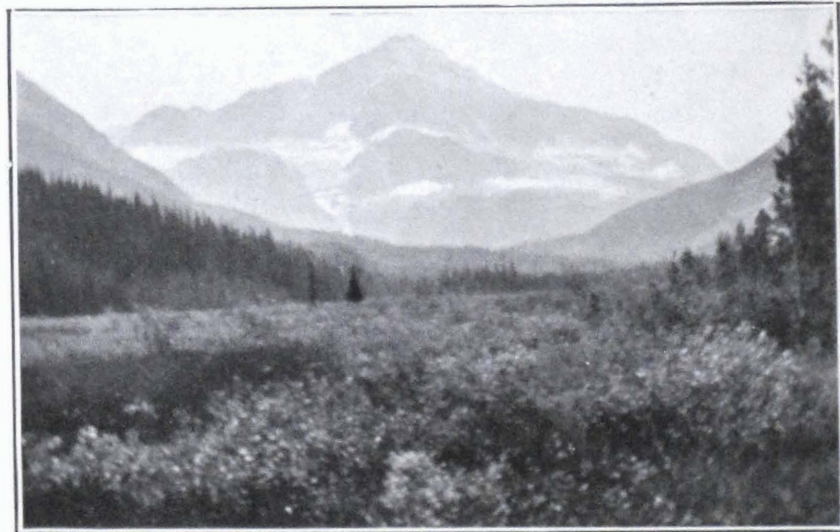
THE "LEVIATHAN" AT FORTRESS LAKE.



GHOST PEAK,  
from Ridge Camp.

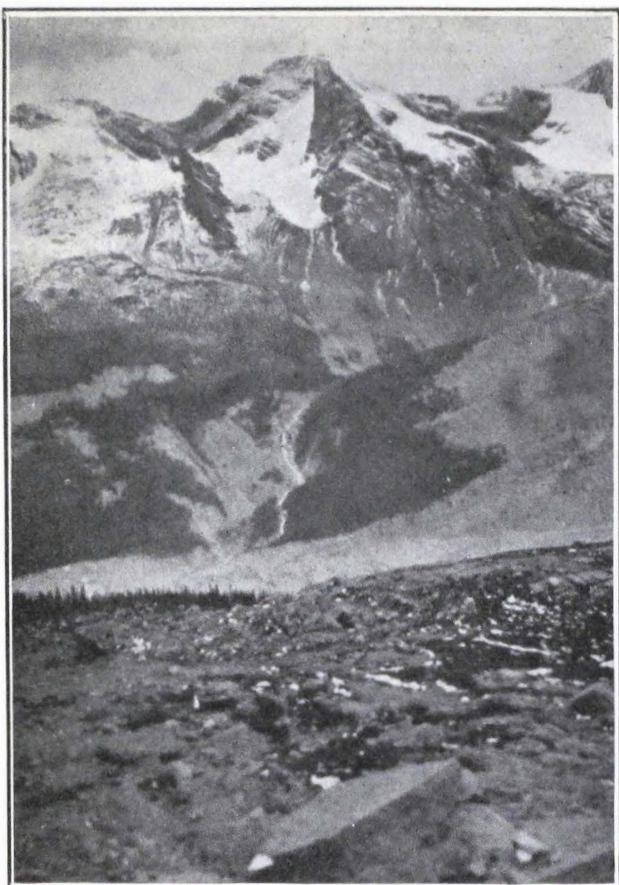


"GOOD GOING" NEAR THE END OF FORTRESS LAKE.

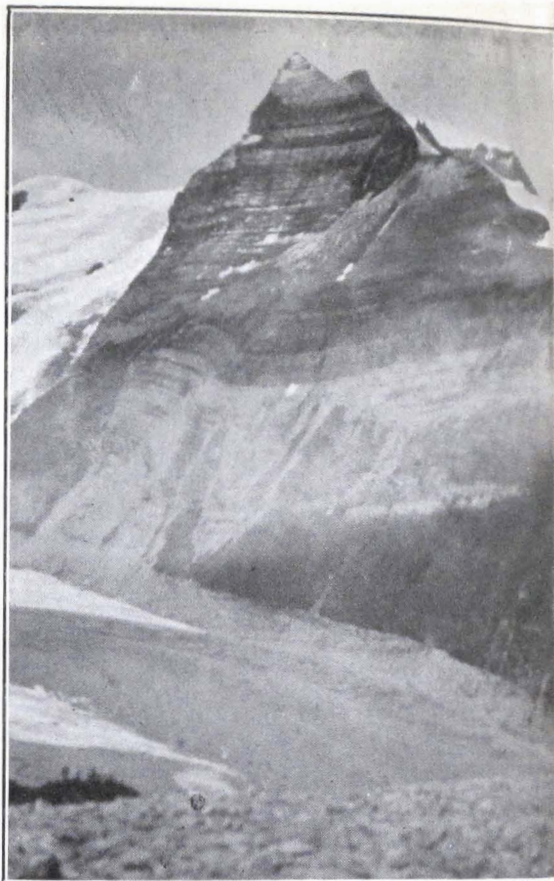


MT. BRAS CROCHE,  
from Meadows Base Camp.  
*Photos by H. B. de Villiers-Schwab.*

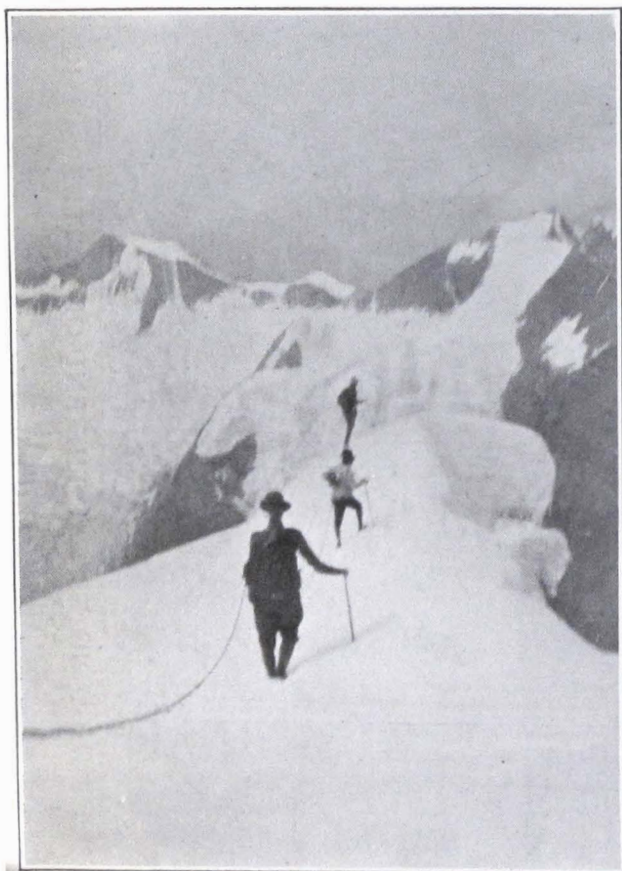
*Photos by H. B. de Villiers-Schwab.*



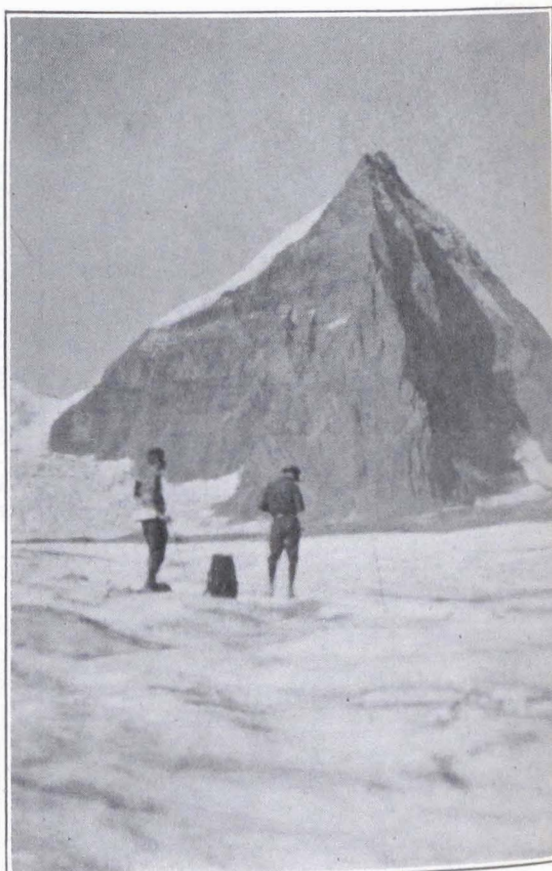
MISTY MOUNTAIN,  
from N. base of Mt. Clemenceau.



WALL OF MT. FARRAR,  
from N.W. base of Mt. Clemenceau.  
Bruce Glacier below.



CORNICES ON W. ARÊTE,  
MT. CLEMENCEAU.



THE TUSK,  
from Clemenceau Glacier.

As everyone had become extremely thirsty, great was the disappointment when the snow-patch which provided water for us just above tree-line in 1922 was found to be non-existent. Moving forward again on the steepening slopes of scree, the party soon became strung out—those of climbing experience gradually moving to the fore at a measured pace, while the novices could be seen scattered over the hillside, either in spasms of violent action, or sitting down, completely blown, as they gathered themselves for their next spurt. The first of us reached the little plateau of Ridge Camp <sup>11</sup> at 3.30 P.M. and the last of the stragglers were in a quarter of an hour later. To our great relief, the big snow-bank was still there, so that we were soon able to have all the water that we craved.

Late in the afternoon, Hall, Dana Durand, Norman Schwab, Blondin, and myself, with rearranged packs, accompanied by Ben Durand and Keable, left for Ghost Ridge Cairn <sup>12</sup>—officially known as 'Wood River South, 7333 ft. Station 115.' As we came up over the edge of the ridge, the hearts of the veterans thrilled with joy at the glorious sight of Mt. Clemenceau's snowy pyramid, while those of the party who saw it for the first time enthusiastically agreed that it fulfilled every expectation of a beautiful and inspiring objective.

Having remained at the cairn only long enough to construct a protecting cache for the contents of our packs, we raced gaily back to Ridge Camp, to find Harris preparing supper, while Gray and Wiley were just finishing the setting-up of our three little tents.

Soon afterwards good-byes were said to Wiley and Keable of Support Party B, who thereupon set out with empty packs on their return to Camp Wheeler. The following day, these two set forth for home, taking with them eight pack-horses no longer needed. By a very long march they went through to the east end of the lake in one day, and so reached Jasper safely on July 29.

The eight men remaining at Ridge Camp were treated to a magnificent sunset in the sector between Mt. Bras Croche <sup>13</sup> and Mt. Serenity, followed by the loveliest soft Alpine glow on the snowy ridges of the Ghost <sup>14</sup>; then, as darkness was fast settling over the valley below, the bright full moon rose from

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<sup>11</sup> About 6800 ft.

<sup>12</sup> Interprov. Boundary Map, Sheet 26, issued 1923.

<sup>13</sup> Mt. Bras Croche, 10,871 ft.

<sup>14</sup> Ghost Peak, 10,512 ft.

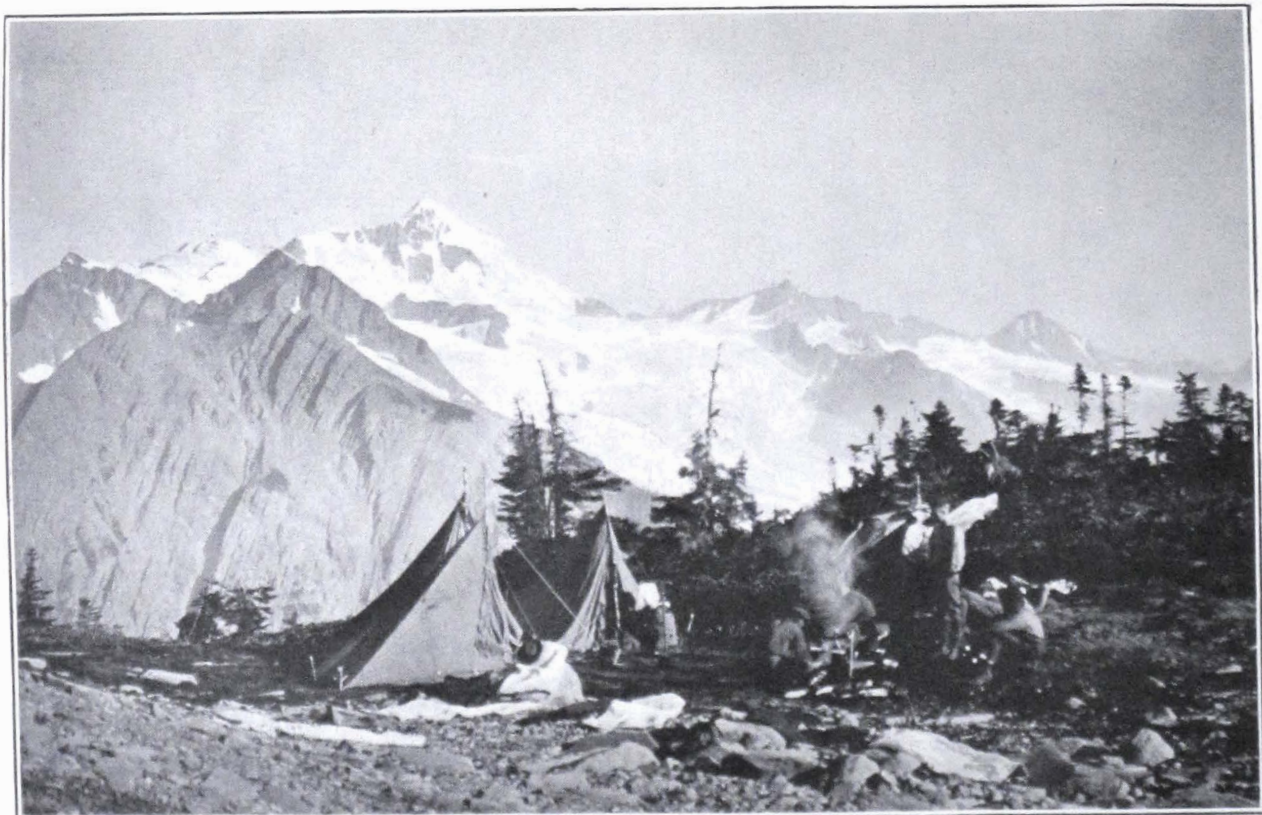
behind that peak, to bathe all the surrounding snowfields with its silvery light.

It was 9.50 A.M. before a start was made on the 26th, and at Ghost Ridge Cairn we halted to rearrange the eight packs and the cache; three hundred and forty-three pounds of stuff going forward, while seventy-three pounds were left there for the next relay of Support Party A.

Departing from the cairn at 11.35 A.M., we dropped down a steep scree-slope on the side of Ghost Ridge facing Clemenceau Creek to a little plateau which we followed southwards until it ended at the 'Big Slide'—a wide, steep section where apparently a great landslide had once occurred. The passage down one of its hard-baked earth ribs, then across the bowl near its bottom, and up the opposite side, was a long, arduous procedure; the party not being on the farther rim until 2.30 P.M.

After a bite to eat the party continued its way in the broiling sun, now slanting upwards, now downwards, but ever moving southwards along the slopes below Ghost Peak. About 5 P.M. we came down into the 'Vale of Rocks,' where last year's party had bivouacked on their way in, tired, hungry, and, above all, thirsty—but, alas, not a trickle of water was to be found here! The final stage was a gradual descent through the heavy woods, which increasing weariness and a parching thirst made the hardest struggle of the long day. But Hall led well, finally bringing us out on to the moraine of Clemenceau Glacier at just the right point. Then, refreshed by a drink from a pure glacier-pool, we trudged on the few hundred yards to Climbing Camp, arriving, with much thankfulness, at 8.20 P.M.

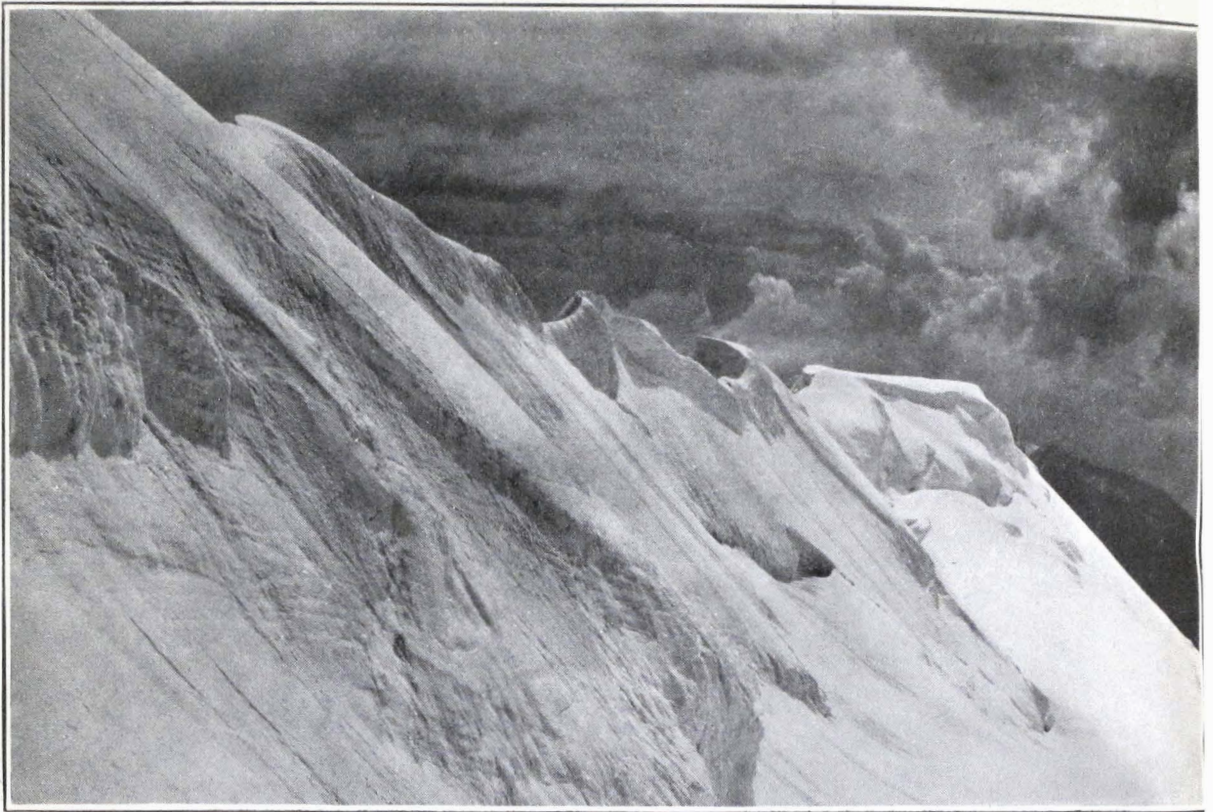
Slim Gray left early next morning for Base Camp, which, despite warnings, he set out to gain *viâ* Clemenceau Creek. However, we later heard that, after getting to the snout of the Glacier a mile below Camp, he was soon forced by cut-banks and other obstructions along the creek to desist and make his way upward to join our route of the day before. In this connection it might be mentioned that the Survey Party of 1920 required several days to force their way along the south-east bank of Wood River Canyon and up Clemenceau Creek to the Glacier; but so terrible was the going that, in 1922, they had warned us that we ought to try to reach Climbing Camp by some other route than theirs. Thus was the route *viâ* Ghost Ridge Cairn and along the slopes just above tree-line conceived by Allen Carpe the previous year.



*Photo, H. S. Hall.*

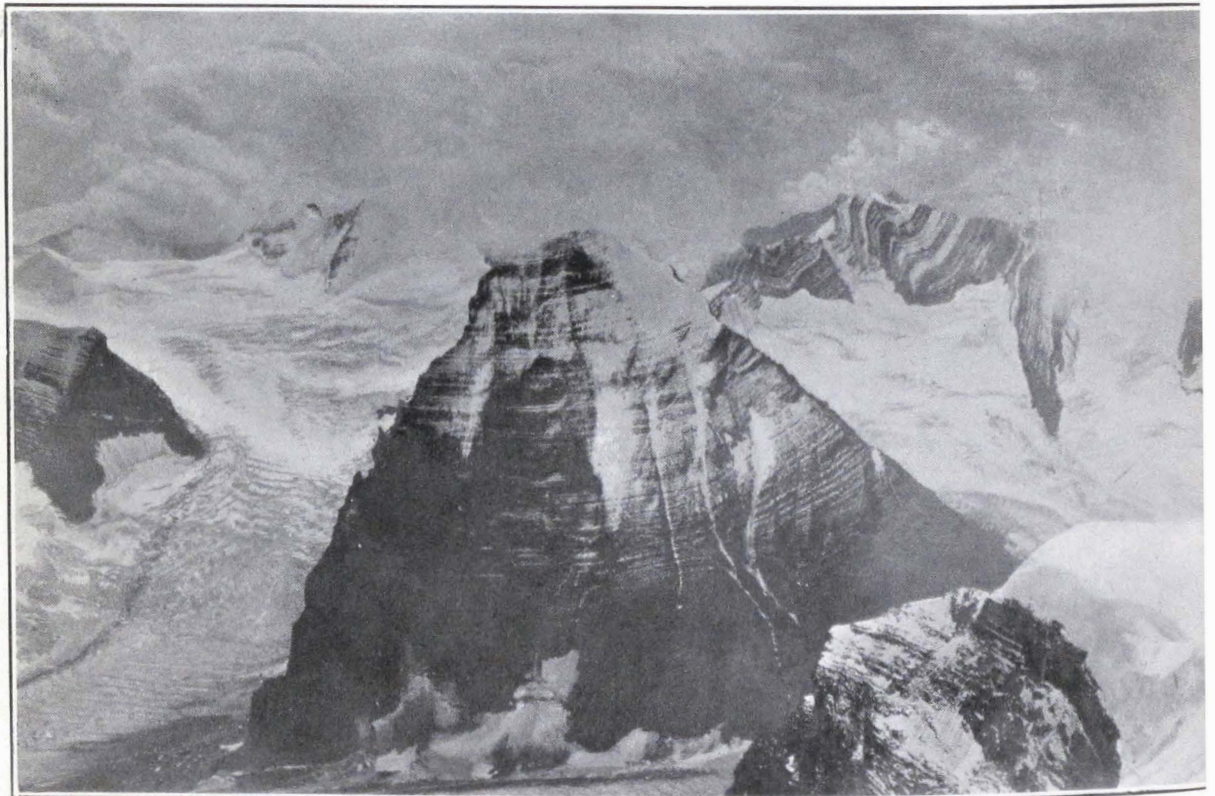
“RIDGE CAMP.”

Mt. Serenity in background.



*Photo, H. S. Hall.*

MT. CLEMENCEAU.  
Summit ridge and ice cliffs from W. arête.



*Photo, H. S. Hall.*

MT. SHACKLETON, TUSK PEAK, AND "PIC TORDU,"  
from Mt. Clemenceau.

The seven men remaining spent a busy day clearing and levelling sufficient space to pitch the two tents properly, and generally putting camp in order. Our Climbing Camp was situated in a little hollow between the ancient lateral moraine of Clemenceau Glacier and the pine-clad slopes below *Misty Mountain*.<sup>15</sup> A few steps away is an icy torrent descending from a small glacier above. The altitude of Climbing Camp is 5500 ft—not as high or as near to our mountain as could be wished, but, nevertheless, the best available spot. Across the debris-covered glacier, here not quite a mile wide, the summit of Mt. Clemenceau soars alluringly far above its great N.E. shoulder and the ice cliffs of its N. face. Looking southwards up the glacier one sees the three summits of Mt. Duplicate,<sup>16</sup> arctic-looking Mt. Shackleton,<sup>17</sup> and the sheer cliffs of Tusk<sup>18</sup>; while in the opposite direction, over the tongue of the glacier, stands the dark bastion of *Mt. Farrar*,<sup>19</sup> with delicately pointed *Mt. Mallory*<sup>20</sup> rising close behind it, while white-capped Bras Croche guards the angle between Clemenceau Creek and Wood River Canyon.

Let us now turn from the problem of the approach—completed except for the work of the Support Party—to that of the actual climb. The stupendous N. face of Mt. Clemenceau is obviously unassailable, and the huge summit cliff of the E. face equally so. Whether the N.E. arête could be gained at a point above the big shoulder is highly doubtful, but even if it were, enormous crevasses in the snow of the upper part promise to block progress absolutely.

Carpe and Hall had therefore marched around to reconnoitre the mountain from the S. in 1922; they being the first ever to behold it from that direction, although Palmer saw it from the Selkirks in 1915, as a brilliant white giant some twenty-five miles away. Most unfortunately clouds had completely hidden the vital portion above 10,000 ft., so that we only knew that on the S.W. side lay a huge much-crevassed névé face, between the main S. buttress that fell

<sup>15</sup> A. P. Coleman's *Misty Mountain*, 10,050 ft. See his *The Canadian Rockies*, pp. 155–157.

<sup>16</sup> Mt. Duplicate, 10,400 ft. Estimated from Survey Map.

<sup>17</sup> Mt. Shackleton, 10,900 ft. Name accepted by Canadian Geographic Board at the suggestion of the first Mt. Clemenceau Expedition

<sup>18</sup> Tusk Peak, 10,950 ft.

<sup>19</sup> *Mt. Farrar*, 10,748 ft.

<sup>20</sup> *Mt. Mallory*, 10,700 ft. estimated height.

away very sharply from a great height and a long rock arête that slanted upwards at a gentle angle from the divide between *Clemenceau Névé* and *Bruce Glacier*. Where this névé led to, no one knew. Consequently, the first thing for us to do was to view and study Mt. Clemenceau from the S.

Accordingly everyone was up for an early breakfast on Saturday, July 28; immediately after which the remaining Supporters—Ben Durand, Norman Schwab, and Blondin—left for Camp Wheeler, while the Climbers set out on their reconnaissance.

For approximately an hour and a half the Climbing Party followed the eastern medial moraine; then, when crevasses barred progress along this line, a detour was made eastward on to the dry glacier so as to pass between the crevassed fields created by the junction of Clemenceau Snowfield, coming down from the region between Mt. Duplicate and Apex Peak,<sup>21</sup> and the disturbed area of the main glacier.

Once through this region, we swung round south-westward, scrambled back over the eastern medial moraine, crossed what we termed the middle icefield, mounted in turn over the western medial moraine, and so eventually gained the west icefield about 8.30 A.M., where it pours out between Tusk Peak and the S.E. base of Mt. Clemenceau. A long walk first up the gently rising, hard ice, then through mushy snow, brought us to the level of *Clemenceau Névé*, where we roped.

A march of approximately two miles southward across the glacier took us to the base of what we call 'Reconnaissance Ridge.' A short scramble having brought us to its crest, we moved along it upwards and westwards for three-quarters of an hour before halting for critical examination and discussion of our mountain, here in full view.

From a take-off point at the S.E. base of Mt. Clemenceau, at an estimated altitude of 7300 ft., we could see a corridor in the névé—named by us *Tiger Glacier*—that slanted upwards to a point about midway across its S. face. Thence it would be necessary to find a way through a network of crevasses and séracs running in a line across the whole face. Shortly above this could be seen a little plateau from which a steep slope between two big slanting crevasses near the S.W. arête led to what appeared to be a second deep plateau. From this upper plateau it was certain that

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<sup>21</sup> Apex Peak, 10,600 ft. Name accepted by Canadian Geographic Board at the suggestion of the First Mt. Clemenceau Expedition.

the crest of the S.W. arête could be gained at one point or another. This long arête did not rise to the great N. to S. summit ridge, but at an approximate height of 11,000 ft. merged into some long snow slopes whose upper edge abutted the gigantic summit ice-cliff three hundred to four hundred feet high. Any thoughts that had been entertained of first gaining the summit ridge at its S. end were ruled out at once, and it was evident that the slopes beneath this great ridge would have to be traversed all the way to the main W. arête. However, the nature and angle of this section could not be accurately determined from our vantage point.

From our lookout other views finally claimed our attention: off to the N.W. beyond *Clemenceau Névé* rose the bare walls of *Mt. Farrar* and snow-tipped *Mt. Mallory*. But most of our attention was centered on the Tusk, to whose summit we endeavoured to trace a practicable route. The nameless group of peaks to the S. of it and, in fact, all the miles of territory as far as the Columbia River between Kinbasket Lake and the Big Bend are unmapped and unexplored. It is quite certain that the nameless glacier extending along the S.W. base of our ridge is the source of Cummins River, which flows southwestward eventually to join the Columbia.

Departing for Camp at mid-afternoon, we first detoured to the S.E. base of Mt. Clemenceau, where a search for a suitable bivouac place was rewarded by the finding of an eerie nook at the foot of a little cliff just above the level of the glacier, and easily reached over a patch of winter snow.

Including this day, the weather had been all that could be desired, and our plans had been working out admirably; but now a change took place that turned a promising season into one of the worst on record throughout the Rockies. Indeed it proved fortunate that we had foreseen much bad weather and accordingly calculated on a twenty days' stay at Climbing Camp.

Sunday, the 29th, a day of rest, was marked by a falling barometer and increasing cloudiness. That night, it commenced to rain and continued until late in the night of the 30th; meanwhile the temperature sank lower and lower.

On July 31 we awoke to clearing weather, but found that snow had fallen heavily to within a few hundred feet of Camp. An ascent of Mt. Duplicate, which we had chosen as a final preliminary climb, being out of the question, we decided upon an exploration trip around the N. base of Mt. Clemenceau.

Having crossed the glacier on an upward slant, we climbed some precipitous slopes covered with scrub-pine to the region above the lower cliff belt, and so attained the dry glacier underneath the great N.E. shoulder. From this we ascended a prominent ochre-coloured buttress at the N.W. base, from which we could look up to the head of *Bruce Glacier*, and directly across it to the almost sheer five-thousand feet cliff of *Mt. Farrar*.

A rough descent then took us down to *Bruce Glacier* whose surface we were the first ever to tread. Its tongue ended above a canyon so narrow as to be a mere cleft, yet, as nearly as could be estimated, fully two hundred feet deep. This obliged us to take to the woods, through which a traverse followed by a precipitous descent eventually brought us out on Clemenceau Creek about half a mile below the snout of that glacier. A rise of several hundred feet up the crest of the terminal moraine took us to the level of the ice and so back to Camp at 7.20 P.M., where we were delighted to find the Supporters had meanwhile arrived. With superb determination they had brought in all the remaining supplies in one heavy load instead of in two trips as originally planned, and they seemed none the worse for their night's bivouac in rain and snow near the south rim of the 'Big Slide.'

On Wednesday, August 1, a fine day once more, Slim Gray left for Base Camp; while, as a reward for their hard work, Norman Schwab and Ben Durand were included in the party to make a trip to Clemenceau Snowfield. Splendid views were had in every direction all day. The most interesting was that of Mt. Tsar,<sup>22</sup> five or six miles away to the S.W. of the local divide, a peak that has seldom been seen and never, as yet, even closely approached. That evening a huge bonfire was made in honour of Swiss Federation Day.

The following day the Supporters departed early for Camp Wheeler, leaving the Climbers in camp owing to unpropitious weather that later developed into a steady downpour of rain. Next morning Climbing Camp was a world of white, with four inches of snow on everything and more coming down. When Saturday, the 4th, proved to be still another rainy day, we began to feel that we were seriously out-of-luck, and for the first time commenced to worry over our prospects of success.

Physically, we were comfortable enough, as our tents were

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<sup>22</sup> Mt. Tsar, 11,232 ft.

spacious and our meals could be cooked and eaten under the 'fly,' while we were well protected from rain and cold by light oil-skin ponchos and warm clothes; yet mentally, we became increasingly miserable.

August 5 brought sufficient improvement in the weather to encourage us to make serious preparations for climbing, but, as the result of the heavy snowfall, it was decided that it would be wisest first to undertake a reconnaissance on the mountain itself in order to learn the nature of snow conditions before making an out and out try for the summit.

However, we were again disappointed by the weather, and it was not until 4.40 A.M. on the 7th that the three of us could set out just as dawn was breaking. Following the usual route up the Glacier, we reached 'Clemenceau Bivouac' three hours later. In cloudy weather we then followed the moraine crest around the S.E. base of our mountain, and eventually got on to the dry tongue of *Tiger Glacier*, which rises quite steeply in its lower section, later easing off to a moderate slope near snow line.

Roping at 9.15 A.M., with Hall leading, steady progress was made up the unmistakable slanting Corridor until about 10.45 A.M., when we came to a great solitary cube of ice that had fallen from the region of big crevasses and séracs above us. Surface conditions, if far from perfect, were by no means bad.

In the vain hope that the clouds, which settled down upon us, would rise, we rested by the 'Fallen Sérac' for half an hour and then pushed forward again, the writer now leading. Very soon the number of crevasses across our route increased, retarding our rate of advance. It was not a pleasant sensation to be enveloped in mist so thick that one could hardly distinguish between it and the surrounding snows, while far out on the great expanse of an unknown glacier whose many crevasses seemed to run, without system, in every direction.

However, we luckily managed to turn upwards at exactly the right place, and so hit off a passage across a great snow bridge at the most vulnerable point in the 'first line of defences.' Above this line of ice-cliffs and séracs, we emerged on to some gentle snow slopes, where loud jodels brought echoes from the rocks of the subsidiary S.W. arête. Thus reassured concerning our position, we groped our way upwards until, about 1 P.M., we were satisfied that we had gained the Lower Plateau where Hall's aneroid read 10,050 ft.

Soon after we halted, the clouds showed signs of lifting,

and presently they broke away sufficiently to allow us a clear view all the way to the summit. Having determined upon the best route to the Upper Plateau, and having examined the terrain above it carefully, we retraced our steps homeward at 1.45 P.M. The Bivouac was regained in two hours, where we indulged in a half-hour's rest, before marching back to Climbing Camp, where supper was eaten during the usual evening shower.

When August 8 dawned fine and clear, it was determined to strike for Mt. Clemenceau at once. In view of the large number of crevasses throughout the length of *Tiger Glacier* it was decided to include Harris in the final Climbing Party; he had had some climbing experience with Palmer and Carpe in 1920 and again early this season, and had been equipped for just such a possibility.

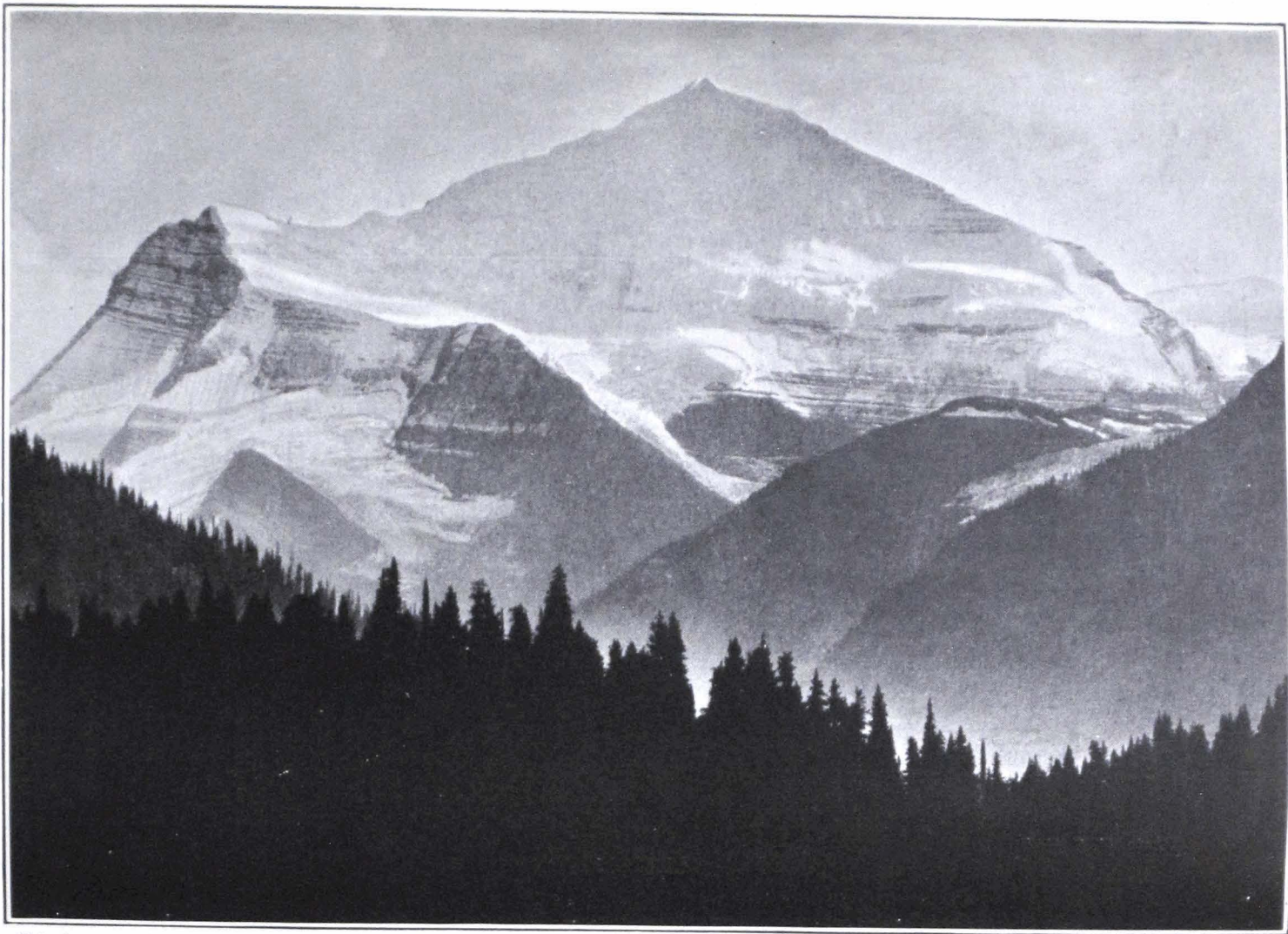
With provisions for three days—in order to allow, if necessary, two attacks—the Climbing Party left Camp early in the afternoon. Reaching the Bivouac<sup>23</sup> at 5.50 P.M., we rigged up a little shelter for the 'kitchen' close to the protecting cliff by means of the tent fly and ice axes; there Harris soon had the little units of Meta fuel burning under pots of Erbswurst and cocoa, while the rest of us smoothed down the shale, laid out our sleeping bags, and got into all the warm clothes that we possessed, hoping for a clear, chilly night to produce favourable snow conditions, yet fearing greatly the increasing threat of rain.

Soon after supper we crawled into our bags to puff our evening pipe as we looked out upon the vast amphitheatre formed by the cliffs of The Tusk, *Nimrod Ice-fall*,<sup>24</sup> the long wall of Mt. Duplicate, and the rising expanse of ice and rock to eastward, across Clemenceau Glacier. As the light faded out, the threatened shower came on and lasted for an hour, so that the patter of raindrops on the ponchos over our heads was the last sound heard as one after another dropped off to sleep.

When preparation of breakfast was undertaken, shortly before 3 A.M., the sky was fairly clear; however, a temperature of 39 degrees seemed altogether too high to produce the desired snow conditions. Carrying three light rucksacks,

<sup>23</sup> About 7250 ft.

<sup>24</sup> The fine névé and icefall flowing down from the flanks of Mt. Shackleton, and out between Tusk and Mt. Duplicate to join Clemenceau Glacier.



*Telephoto, H. Palmer.*



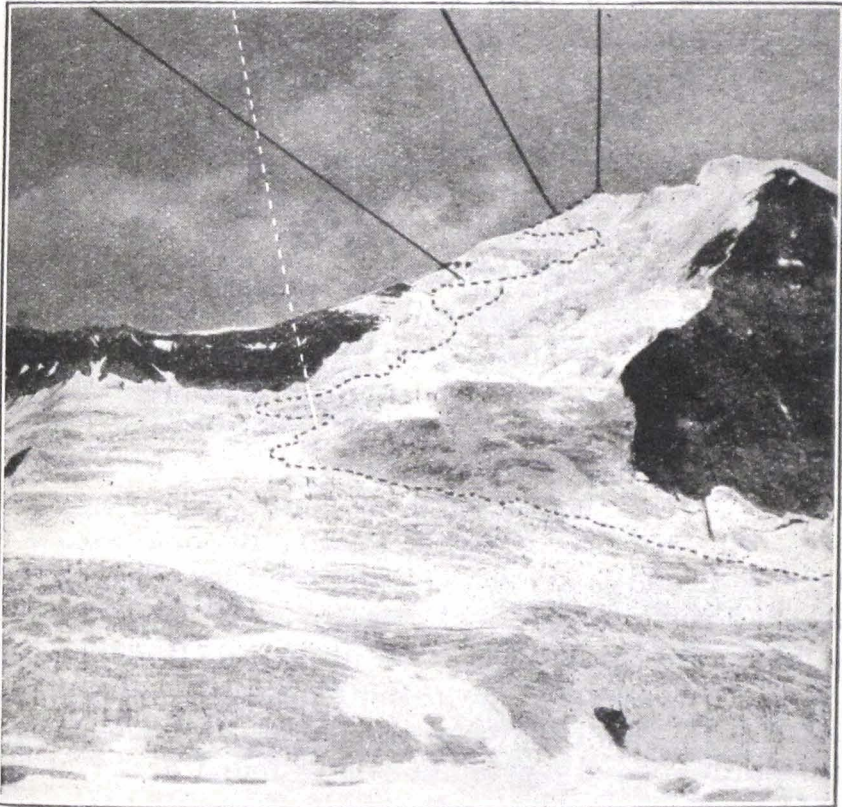
*Photo, H. S. Hall.*

MT. CLEMENCEAU.  
S. face from Reconnaissance Ridge.

the Climbing Party filed away at 4.5 A.M.—by the light of three Swiss lanterns. At last we were face to face with the culmination of our problem.

At snow line we put out lanterns, and roped up in the order—Hall, Durand, Harris, and Schwab. Then in our old tracks we moved along at a steady pace that brought us to the

The Saddle    Blg Bridge    Main W. Arête    N. Summit



MT. CLEMENCEAU. S. FACE. TIGER GLACIER IN FOREGROUND.

'Fallen Sérac' at 5.45 A.M., and so in turn, the rope having been reversed, to the farthest point of our reconnaissance on the Lower Plateau at 7.5 A.M.—a gain of 45 minutes over our previous time—in spite of the soft condition of the snow and Harris's feeling the effect of the heavy going after being cooped up in Camp for so many days.

Although the air temperature was hardly below the freezing point, we did not linger unnecessarily over our first breakfast, despite the glorious sunrise views of Mt. Sir Sandford<sup>25</sup> in the Selkirks far away to the S.

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<sup>25</sup> Mt. Sir Sandford, 11,590 ft.

From the Lower Plateau we proceeded up the névé slopes towards the rock wall of the S.W. subsidiary arête until we had passed beyond the line of a great crevasse that came slanting down from above. Then we swung to the right and mounted parallel with it to the level of the Upper Plateau. Shortly beyond the edge of this we encountered an enormous crevasse that at first seemed to stretch clear across *Tiger Glacier*, but a safe snow bridge was found far off to the right.

A discussion now arose as to whether we should swing sharply to the left across the plateau and by steep snow slopes gain the crest of the S.W. subsidiary arête, which could then be followed to the saddle where it merged into the face of the mountain, or whether we should march up to the head of our plateau and attempt to force a way up the steep crevassed wall direct to the saddle. The former route, though perhaps longer, appeared to offer certain success and in addition would bring the party into the warmth of the sun sooner, and was therefore chosen for the attack on the 'second line of defences.'

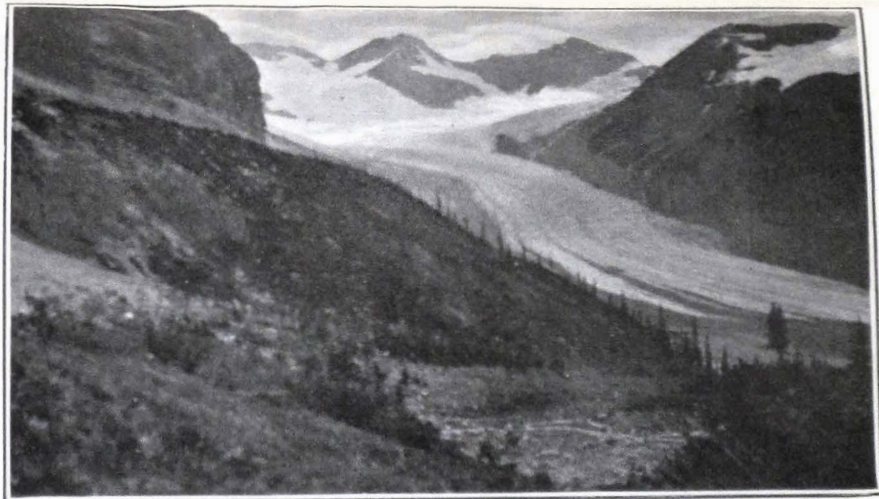
From the W. side of the Upper Plateau Hall led us up rapidly steepening slopes to a short ice-wall, in which there was an awkward bergschrund extending completely across the adjacent face. The work of locating the best place to cross this bergschrund and the cutting of the necessary steps occasioned some delay; but once over it there followed a straightforward rise up hard snow of just the right consistency for a kick or two to produce the required step. Eventually we reached a patch of rocks—the only one touched on the entire climb—and a few minutes later found ourselves on the crest of the arête, looking across at *Mt. Farrar and Mt. Mallory*, beyond the main W. ridge of our own mountain. Thence ten minutes traverse brought us to the snowy Saddle, where we halted about 9 A.M. at a height of 10,900 ft.

Tusk and its attendant peaks had long since become dwarfed in aspect, finally to disappear from our view behind the S. end of *Mt. Clemenceau's* summit ridge. But other peaks, both known and unknown, now claimed our attention far and near around the horizon from S. to N.W. However, most of our interest was focussed on the remaining portion of our route, and on the impressive glacier lying between us and the W. arête, breaking off in a series of sheer ice-cliffs to end probably in some terrific rock buttress above *Bruce Glacier* five thousand feet below.

Having rested a quarter of an hour, it again came my turn



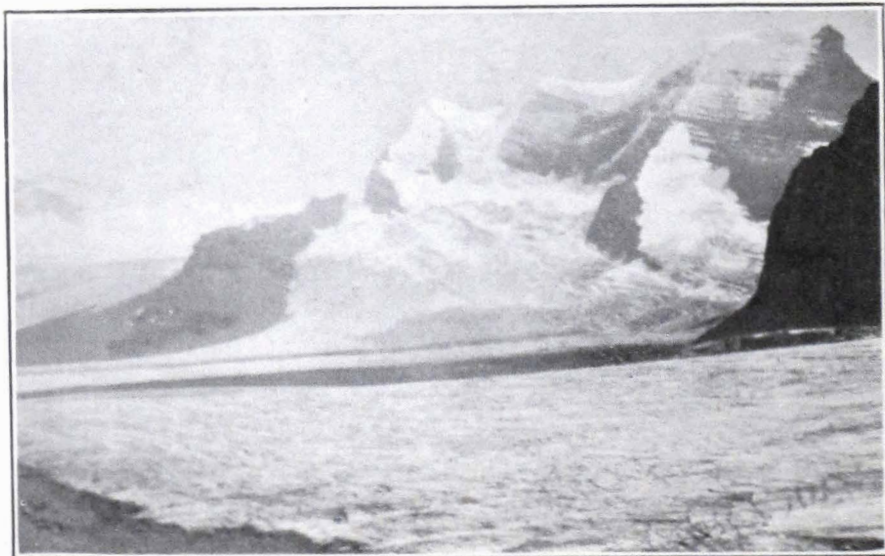
DESCENDING THE ROOF TERRACE.  
Showing ice-cliffs of N.-S. summit arête above.



VIEW FROM N.W. BASE OF MT. CLEMENCEAU.



THE "BIG BRIDGE"  
*Photos by H. B. de Villiers-Schwab.*



MT. DUPLICATE, from Clemenceau Bivouac.  
*Photos by H. B. de Villiers-Schwab.*

to lead. Smooth and inviting the snow slopes appeared, and gaily did I set out towards the 'Roof Terrace' six hundred feet above us at the base of the long summit ridge. But disillusionment came swiftly; at every step the hard-crustured surface gave way just as my full weight came upon it, and into six to eight inches of powdery snow my feet would drop. To complete my discomfort, a glance rearward would disclose Durand, Harris, and even Hall for the most part, marching easily upon the surface crust, meanwhile offering facetious words of encouragement.

When at last the level of 'Roof Terrace' was gained, I was quite willing to admit myself utterly blown and to accept Durand's offer to change places. As we proceeded along this remarkable, gently inclined terrace, we were much interested in the series of curious ice cauldrons along the base of the summit cliff.

When close to the main W. arête our original places on the rope were resumed. Then, having selected a point considered least likely to be corniced, Hall mounted the slope, sounding carefully, while the rest of us anchored in line below. Presently he was able safely to gain the crest of the arête where the others of the party quickly joined him. As we suspected, there were several enormous cornices overhanging the N. face which necessitated our keeping a few feet on the S. side of the arête. If the snow were in poor condition serious danger might exist on this arête, while if the surface were of ice, hours of stepcutting might have been required. However, luck was with us again, for we found the snow, save in a few spots, hard and firm so that a kick or two produced a safe step.

Gradually we rose higher and higher, until after passing across a sort of snow buttress we found ourselves at the lower end of a gentle little snow cap with nothing above us. Firmly secured, the leader prospected the summit for cornices, and then at 11.17 A.M. we all shook hands and joined in a shout of 'Vive, Clemenceau!' Our peak was won.

Despite the sun being frequently hidden by fleecy clouds that drifted lazily overhead, it was comfortably warm and absolutely windstill, so that we could settle down for a prolonged stay. Far below us, over the N.E. shoulder of our mountain, we could distinguish our Climbing Camp, while beyond the crest of *Ghost-Misty Mountain* ridge we could see Fortress Mountain<sup>26</sup> and the wide Valley of the

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<sup>26</sup> Fortress Mountain, 9908 ft.

Athabaska. The black walls of Mt. Alberta were for the most part hidden by clouds, as were the North and South Twins; but Mt. Columbia and Mt. King Edward<sup>27</sup> stood out boldly twenty-five miles away over the Clemenceau-Chaba-Columbia icefields. Occasional glimpses were had of Mt. Tsar beyond Mt. Duplicate, which latter appeared insignificantly squat. However, even though a thousand feet and more below us, the triple-peaked ice ridge of Mt. Shackleton and the great dark cliff of Tusk were as impressive as ever; together they formed the scenic climax of our view. These, combined with the group of nameless peaks, amongst them the curiously twisted one which we called *Pic Tordu*,<sup>28</sup> were high enough to screen the country lying between them and Kinbasket Lake on the Columbia River. Unfortunately, heavy cumulus clouds now covered Mt. Sir Sandford and the other Selkirk peaks thereabouts, but far beyond *Cummins Glacier* and the unmapped region of lower Cummins and Wood Rivers lay many unclimbed peaks of the Northern Selkirks, known as the Windy and Mt. Chapman Groups, their summits but dimly outlined underneath a pall of clouds. At one point in the S.W. we believed that we could actually see the waters of the Columbia River eighteen miles away. N. of its Big Bend lay a vast region of practically virgin territory, amongst which are the fine Caribou and Gold Ranges, of which little is known as yet.

Directly below us across *Clemenceau Névé*, 'Reconnaissance Ridge' continues north-westward, giving rise to three peaks, the largest of which near *Mt. Mallory*, and high above the deep trough of lower Wood River, we had called *Mt. Bruce*.<sup>29</sup> From this basin, *Bruce Glacier* flows down towards Clemenceau Creek. Thus is Mt. Clemenceau almost completely encircled by ice.

Far away to the N.W., we strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of Mt. Robson<sup>30</sup>—the monarch of all the Rockies—but whether we actually saw it, or mistook cloud effects for it, could not be determined. Mts. *Farrar* and *Bras Croche*, close by, naturally did not appear to advantage far below us,

<sup>27</sup> Mt. King Edward, 11,400 ft.

<sup>28</sup> *Pic Tordu*, 10,600 ft. estimated height.

<sup>29</sup> *Mt. Bruce*, 10,400 ft. estimated height.

<sup>30</sup> Mt. Robson, 12,972 ft., revised official height. Highest summit in Canadian Rockies. First ascent 1913 by W. W. Foster and A. H. McCarthy, with Guide Konrad Kain.

but beyond them Mt. Hooker<sup>31</sup> aroused our interest, while Mt. Serenity was a beautiful sight with its enshrouding snow-fields. Distant views of Mt. Geikie,<sup>32</sup> in the Rampart Range, and of forbidding Mt. Fryatt<sup>33</sup> completed our panorama. The long arête running to the S. summit of our mountain is a knife-edge throughout, with feathery cornices projecting now on one side, now on the other. Its traverse appeared to us quite impossible.

The two-hour stay which we felt safe in allotting ourselves under the prevailing conditions having passed, we roped in a new order—Durand first, then Harris, Hall, and the writer last. Commencing the descent at 1.20 P.M., we proceeded with extreme care—for the surface was no longer of the best—until the angle of the arête eased off a little; but when ‘Roof Terrace’ was reached we hurried, in joyous spirits, along its now evenly soft snows and down the slopes to the Saddle.

Here we turned sharply to the left, diverging from our route of ascent, and plunged down at a rapid rate for some distance until we were suddenly brought up by a sheer drop, at the foot of which a long crevasse yawned. To avoid this we were forced to make a hundred-foot traverse across the steep névé face until beyond the crevasse. There each of the first three men in turn, secured by the one above, descended, face to the wall, to the soft snows of the Upper Plateau thirty feet below; the last man then followed by a somewhat sensational sitting glissade.

The morning’s track having been rejoined and the great crevasse safely crossed, a glissade carried the party down the last slopes to the Lower Plateau. Then, once beyond the ‘Big Bridge,’ all went happily and rapidly down to the dry glacier, where the rope was laid aside, and by 4.50 P.M. we were back at the Bivouac. Here we halted to enjoy a bowl of hot soup and to pack up before continuing homewards to Climbing Camp, which was reached at 7.45 P.M.

<sup>31</sup> Mt. Hooker 10,782 ft. The name Mt. Hooker is one of the earliest occurring in the literature of the Rockies, and its fabled height of 17,000 ft. has made it the subject of great historical interest. Search for this mythical giant—which conceivably might have been Mt. Clemenceau—led to the most important early expeditions to this general region (*i.e.* A. P. Coleman in 1892 and W. D. Wilcox in 1896) and resulted in the discovery of Fortress Lake and ‘The Pyramid,’ as Mt. Clemenceau was vaguely known until 1920.

<sup>32</sup> Mt. Geikie, 10,854 ft.

<sup>33</sup> Mt. Fryatt, 11,026 ft.

Harris, who had kept up bravely all day despite his lack of condition, crawled into his 'bag' at once, while the rest of us cooked supper and discussed the incidents of the climb until late in the evening.

The following day was one of complete rest, made more enjoyable by that mental contentment which follows a hard-earned victory. During the day it became evident that the writer's toes, once frozen and several times frost-bitten in the Alps, had been 'touched' a little the day before; consequently, it seemed wisest for him to remain in camp another day before attempting one or two last big climbs.

A little before 6 A.M. on the 11th, Hall and Durand together, therefore, set off for a reconnaissance of the Ghost. Ascending through the woods above Camp, they crossed the creek at a height of 6500 ft., then mounted diagonally the scree slopes to *Misty Col* at a height of 8800 ft., arriving about 9 A.M. From a point just above the wide col they could look down a precipitous rock wall to a glacier in the great bowl at the head of Chisel Creek, and catch sight of Fortress Lake.

In a drizzle they swung around towards the N. and mounted the ridge, easily at first, then by several steep pitches of rotten rock to the most southerly minor summit<sup>34</sup> of the Ghost, which they reached about 1 P.M. Two more minor summits intervened between them and the actual top, each apparently excessively steep and difficult. For a time the clouds lifted sufficiently to reveal Mts. Alberta, Columbia and the Twins to eastward, while near by they could look over at *Misty Mountain* and around the bowl to a fine twin-peaked summit<sup>35</sup> rising from the Continental Divide. Mt. Clemenceau, which would have been a magnificent sight<sup>36</sup> from this direction, was unfortunately hidden in clouds. Having accomplished all they intended to, and finding the wind and cold rapidly increasing, they retreated homewards, arriving at Camp at supper hour.

For our last climb we decided upon Bras Croche, which we planned to attack by its S.W. ridge from a bivouac at the outer edge of the plateau high above *Bruce Canyon*. During the night, however, rain came on again and held us in Camp. As we were disconsolately sitting in our tents late next afternoon, a sudden shouting on the moraine brought us tumbling

<sup>34</sup> Estimated altitude 10,150 ft.

<sup>35</sup> 10,500 ft. Estimated from Survey Map.

<sup>36</sup> Cf. Coleman's *The Canadian Rockies*, pp. 155-157.

out to welcome our three Supporters, who were all eager to hear the news of Mt. Clemenceau.

The Support Party had returned to Camp Wheeler on August 2, where they remained stormbound until the 6th, on which day, according to schedule, camp was moved to a new situation on the meadows on the N.W. side of Wood River, a mile above the confluence of Ghost Creek, in order to be nearer the horses' feeding-ground and in a position to observe Ghost Ridge Cairn for possible signals.

On the same day Norman Schwab, Ben Durand and Blondin had set out as an exploration party to force a way through the canyon to the flats of Lower Wood River. Choosing the E. side of the River,<sup>37</sup> Clemenceau Creek was finally gained after many hours of gruelling work, but the second day was spent in a vain attempt to cross this obstacle. Failing to accomplish this, they were obliged to return to Base Camp next day,<sup>38</sup> considerably disgruntled.

Further exploration by them was rendered impossible because of Laswell becoming so seriously poisoned by mosquito bites that it was feared he might have to be sent home at any time. This situation, coupled with the inclement weather, induced Norman Schwab to bring three of the Supporters into Climbing Camp three days earlier than scheduled in order to advise us of the situation and assist our withdrawal when we were ready.

After a rainy night, camp was astir early on the morning of August 13. Breakfast having been eaten, tents were quickly broken, packs were made up, and the retreat commenced at 8.20 A.M. The column reached Ridge Camp in the middle of the afternoon, where a smudge fire was made as a signal for Slim Gray to bring the horses across the river to meet us at Camp Wheeler. Thus before supper time everyone was safely in the valley at Meadows Camp. Laswell's face was found to be considerably improved, although still painful and much swollen.

Breaking up Base Camp and loading the pack train next morning was a tedious performance, but then it was scarcely an hour's ride to the western end of Fortress Lake, where everyone enjoyed an afternoon of bathing and thorough rest.

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<sup>37</sup> Cf. W. D. Wilcox, *The Rockies of Canada* (edition 1900), p. 180.

<sup>38</sup> By a new ford only knee-deep, located a few hundred yards below the last cut-bank on the E. side of the river above the flats; see Map.

Next morning Dana Durand and I set out at 7.15 A.M. as an axe party, the horses following half an hour later in charge of the four packers, while Hall, Norman Schwab and Ben Durand embarked in the canoe with all the duffle shortly after. During the scant three weeks since Support Party B had gone out with their horses, no less than six trees had fallen across the trail. The delay caused by the chopping out of these obstructions allowed the pack train to catch up with the axes soon after noon.

Eventually the latter marched direct to the camp ground by the Chaba River, while the pack train first went to the E. end of the lake. There the canoe was cached and the stuff loaded on the horses, which arrived in Camp by mid-afternoon.

An uneventful march brought the entire party into the Sun Wapta Ranger Station in the early afternoon of the 16th, to receive a warm greeting from Keable. All eager to get back to Jasper, our impatience can be imagined when four of the horses could not be found next day.

In the early afternoon Hall went off with a light rucksack to walk to Athabaska Falls and so to Jasper the next day, while the rest of us waited three hours more before deciding to abandon the missing horses and march to Twin Creeks, about half-way to the Falls. A few miles down the trail, what should we meet but our four missing horses! Thus our last Camp was reached at twilight, with the worries of the day forgotten.

Early on August 18 the four amateurs rode ahead as far as the Falls, where the Ranger, Captain Wells, and his wife entertained them until the pack train came along about noon. Late that afternoon the expedition arrived in Jasper, hot, dusty and hungry after a thirty-mile march—but everyone in the best of health and spirits. The Second Mt. Clemenceau Expedition was over; our problem had been solved.

#### THE AMERICAN MEMBERS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

Précis of Minutes of Meeting held December 8, 1923.

**T**HE sixth Dinner and Meeting of the Association was held at the Harvard Club in Boston on Saturday evening, December 8, 1923.

The following members attended: Prof. C. E. Fay (Chair-