

NESIKA KLATAWA SAHALE



During the six years of their existence, that one is not amazed at the declaration of T. Brooke White, the historian for 1896, when he says:

"In fact, if the United States wants the honor of the discovery of the North Pole, all it has to do is to request our secretary to call a meeting of Mazamas there, guaranteeing all expenses, and the necessary quorum for the transaction of business will be on hand."

The "high" aims of the Mazamas have added not a little to the ever-lengthening list of human knowledge. Comprising, as the organization does, men and women of intellectual attainments, and numbering in its membership the very best people, it is not so surprising that it should have accomplished much. Today the Mazamas cut a figure in the scientific world. Pioneers in the great cause of investigation along the path they have chosen, they have attained an enviable reputation. But by its piecemeal, they have wrested data from the mysteries of Nature. They will go on, and upon the trails they shall make over obstacles the more puny dare not essay, future generations will travel untrammelled.

Communing With Nature.

Every Mazama is willing to admit that there is a rugged joy in climbing the grand old Cascade peaks. Aeon of time have rolled over them. Calm and undisturbed have they stood since the far-off breaking of creation's dawn, mute and unchangeable. To stand alone at their pure altars is to stand in holy communion with the Unknowable Infinite. Within those rocky breasts are locked the secrets of the age. They are awe-inspiring, and lift one up from the petty, sordid cares of life; they place one nearer to the Great Creator. These silent sentinels took part in that grand chorus when "the morning stars sang together."

Wherever an individual or an aggregation of individuals adds even one positive fact to the grand total of the knowledge of men, he or they have not lived in vain. Such have the Mazamas done—not one fact alone—but many. The person or persons who have corrected misconceptions have ever proven a blessing to the race. Many such corrections can justly be credited to the Mazamas. For many centuries have the red men been content with their legendary folk-lore. Weird, fantastic, poetical as were their accounts of the supposed origin of Rainier, or Tahama; Adams, Hood and St. Helens, and satisfying as they were to their "untutored minds," it all failed to answer the purpose of the white man. Hard-headed and practical, he insisted on facts. These the Mazamas have furnished, and they will furnish still more.

The mutability of human knowledge, especially along scientific lines, is well known. Theories accepted in place of facts, 20, 30, even 50 years ago, no longer obtain. Inch by inch, accurate data are being procured. Winthrop proved a poor prophet, when he said, more than 40 years ago, that Mount Rainier would forever be "a virgin peak, and would never be sullied by the foot of man."

Today no peak in the Cascades is better

known, and so, in time, will it be with all these magnificent mountains whose names are household words in every Oregon family.

and other features of mountain scenery, as far as possible, in their natural beauty; and the dissemination of knowledge concerning the beauty and grandeur of the mountain scenery of the Pacific Northwest.

The selection of a name for the society was not left to chance, but was adopted only after careful consideration, on the suggestion of Louis B. Aikin. At the second meeting preliminary to the formation of the Mazamas, an executive committee was selected to examine a number of Indian tongues, with the object of choosing therefrom an appropriate name. The generic appellation of the mountain goat, mazama, was finally decided upon, it being the most sure-footed of all mountain-climbers. The term was a happy choice, typical of the objects in view.

For some time prior to 1896, half a dozen enthusiasts gathered, at irregular intervals, at the drug store of John Breck, Jr., corner of Fifth and Morrison streets. There they discussed mountain outings, past and to come, in an informal way. Among other things, the possibility of illuminating Mount Hood, and the feasibility of establishing heliographic communication with the various mountain peaks of the Cascade Range, were considered.

At a meeting held September 14, 1897, intended to foster the awakening interest in mountain-climbing, O. C. Yocum was chosen temporary chairman.

Oregon Alpine Club.

After a time, the Oregon Alpine Club was formed. It lived several years. Instead of confining itself to ascending mountains, its object was more in the nature of forming a nucleus that should eventually grow into a public museum. In the pursuit of its objects it included, incidentally, more or less exploration of the mountains. The club placed copper boxes on the apex of a number of prominent peaks. These contained the names of those who had scaled the peaks.

The project of forming the Mazamas was first mooted during the Summer of 1893. The zeal in this direction was greatly accentuated in the Winter months following. By March 12, 1894, the plan was well under way, and a meeting was held on that date. C. J. Shokes, J. Francis Drake, F. C. Little, M. W. Gorman and W. G. Steel attended.

A week later, another meeting was called. "To consider a plan for organizing a mountain-climbers' club, on the summit of Mount Hood, and spreading a banquet at the time." The announcement of the meeting was published in The Oregonian, and was addressed "To Mountain-Climbers and Lovers of Nature."

The history of the initial expedition of the Mazamas in 1894 was written by Miss E. Fay Fuller, now of Tacoma. Miss Fuller's account shows that, on the evening of July 11, there were "nearly 300 people encamped at Government Camp, at the summit of the pass, south of Mount Hood, while a smaller number had arrived at Cloud Cap Inn, at the edge of the Ellet Glacier, on the north side. The following day the most of the com-

pany moved up from Government Camp to the timber line, where they encamped on such of the moraines as afforded good shelter from the winds; and at sunset many caught a glimpse of the Pacific Ocean, 100 miles distant."

Mount Adams was chosen as the main objective point, although smaller exploration parties were dispatched to Baker, Rainier, Hood, Jefferson and Diamond Peak. Interesting as the experiences of the latter were, a bare mention of them must suffice in an article of the present scope. Martin W. Gorman, the Mazamas' historian for 1895, says:

"The Mount Adams party, in charge of Messrs. White, Langille and Shokes, was eminently successful, the ascent being safely accomplished by 24 persons (including three women). In the face of a terrific gale from the northeast, which blew continuously and with such force that the pitching of tents at timber line, in any except the most sheltered spots, was a matter of the greatest difficulty. The ascent was commenced a little after 3 A. M., and the summit reached by the advance guard in a little less than seven hours from the starting line. "The smoke had by this time obscured



everything, except the summits of Mount St. Helens, Rainier and Hood, but the heliograph party at once trained the instruments on the two latter peaks and were soon rewarded by a steady flash from Mount Hood. Messages were quickly sent and received, and none too soon, as the gale blew up the smoke in such quantities as entirely to shut out the summits of St. Helens and Hood, leaving Rainier only visible. Four carrier-pigeons were also released with messages for Portland."

Among the results achieved by the Mount Adams expedition was the correction of the altitude of this peak. The previously accepted height was 11,966 feet. Careful calculations raised these figures to 12,403 feet. It was also proven that heliographic communication with one extremity of the Cascade Range was perfectly feasible.

Crater Lake Expedition.

The outing party of the Mazamas in 1896 had as its objective point Crater Lake, one of the most remarkably situated bodies of water on the globe. The start was made August 15, with 32 in the party, some of whom were women. That night the weary mountaineers were glad to camp, to revive their expended energies for the work of the morrow. Before the dawn all were up betimes. By 11 o'clock all, excepting two, "stood on the apex of

Mount Pitt." Like true Americans, they did not neglect to crown their achievement. Employing an alpenstock, in lieu of a flagstaff, the Starry Banner, like a protecting eagle, soon floated above them. This was a delightful occasion. Not the least of the happy memories of the Crater Lake expedition were the exercises on Mazama day, and the informal talks on scientific matters.

Crater Lake is situated on the summit



of the Cascades in Southern Oregon, 23 miles west of old Fort Klamath, and about 65 miles north of the California state line. The lake is encircled by crags. Within this basin, 550 feet down, is the lake level. In form it is an ellipse, 6 1/2 miles long by 4 1/2 broad, with a circumference of about 30 miles. Its surface is 6225 feet above the sea. The rim varies from 530 to 1889 feet in height. In the lake is an island, named Wizard Island. Upon this is a crater 90 feet in depth, with a diameter of 75 feet.

To the Indians, this spot was the abode of evil spirits, and the favorite resort of Laos or Lewa, a terrible demon, who ever lay in wait for the unwary hunter. Some of the whites shared in these superstitions. Nor was this strange. The awful sublimity of the spot appeals even to the least imaginative. Earl Morse Wilbur very truthfully says of it:

"Strong men have burst into tears at the first view; brave men coming here alone have confessed that they fled away, panic-stricken, from the place, as fast as they could run."

Sad Occurrence.

Mount Rainier was the Mazamas' objective point in 1897. A sad incident marked this outing. Tuesday night, July 27, Professor Edgar McClure, of Eugene, lost his life, near Cowitz glacier. His body was afterward recovered. At 1:45 P. M. July 28, a meeting was held at Paradise Park, to take suitable action on this occurrence, and at which H. L. Pitcock presided. It was an impressive gathering. According to the guide, Mr. Van Trump, who had piloted many parties up the mountain, Professor McClure's death was the only one that had occurred there from 1851 to that date—a period of 46 years.

The trip was perfectly successful. Friday and Saturday preceding the start were cloudy, and there was a cold, driving rain. By Sunday the air was clear, and Monday and Tuesday following were exceptionally clear. About 75 started from Camp Mazama, in Paradise Park, for Camp Union, which is at an elevation of 10,000 feet. The plans were to make the ascent in regular order and under military discipline. The climbers signed a written pledge to obey orders. Ed Curtis, of Seattle, was in command. The party was divided into five companies, each with a captain. Monday night was passed at Camp Muir, and at 5:30 o'clock next morning the ascent was begun, the summit being reached at 4 P. M. Tuesday. The mountaineers rested on the summit three-quarters of an hour, and then began the descent.

While on the summit, the Mazamas held a business meeting at the mouth of the crater and elected several new members. Eight members remained over night on the summit, flying kites, making scientific observations and lighting signal fires. Those remaining were: W. G. Steel, F. A. Little, Walter Rogers, H. C. Analey, Frank



Cushman, Miss Fay Fuller, Miss Rose O'Neil and O. T. Hutchinson. Sixty persons in all reached the summit. Nine of the number were women and 15 were from Portland. The party held Sunday services during the expedition.

St. Helens in 1898.

The ascent of Mount St. Helens was successfully essayed in July, 1898. The peak was reached, with the usual incidents, ludicrous and otherwise, en route. It is the opinion of Professor F. V. Colville that St. Helens is presumably of late origin—its age, two years ago:

"St. Helens, from its symmetry, might be naturally supposed to be one of the youngest of the volcanic cones, because not sufficient time has elapsed since it was in activity for its extensive erosion. These other mountains, by snowfall, rain and the weather generally, alternate freezing and thawing, have been worn down into deep canyons, with sharp ridges on either side, and a sharp peak above; while on Mount St. Helens there has been comparatively little wear and tear due to the weather, so that the mountain has maintained almost its original form."

"Mount St. Helens is, in all probability, the youngest of all these young mountains. From the botanical side, the geological evidence is abundantly confirmed. Its flora is exceedingly scant, both in the number of species and the number of individual plants."

Professor Colville showed how the continual ice sheet, which moved downward from the north thousands of years ago, converted the present temperate zone of the United States into an arctic region, with arctic animals and plants. This melted, by degrees, at the southern edge, Arctic flora on the summits of high New England mountains, the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada, are remnants of that distant past.

Lake Chelan in 1899.

The Mazama expedition of 1899 started out July 12, with Lake Chelan as the point in view. By rail and boat and stage the Mazamas made their memorable trip through the Valley of the Stehekin. The journey ended at 4 P. M. that day. At the head of the lake Indian hieroglyphics outlined in carmine on the rocks were found. Mr. Steel states that these were practically identical with some about 40 miles down the lake, and which he discovered in 1897. Interesting enough these proved, for the predominant feature was a mountain goat, or mazama.

Dr. E. Weldon Young, of Seattle, was made captain of the climb, with Fred A. Routledge, of Portland, and Professor S. M. McClintock, of Vashon College, as his lieutenants.

Rainbow Falls, 550 feet high, and some three miles above Stehekin, were visited on Thursday, and on Friday the start for Horseshoe Basin was made. By 5 P. M. Saturday, the party reached Purcell's cabin, opposite Horseshoe Basin, after one of the most romantic and picturesque trips in the history of the organization.

On the occasion of the St. Helens expedition of the Mazamas, in 1898, a number of burros were obtained at Woodland, which were employed as pack animals. Upon these tough and cantankerous little beasts were strapped all the surplus provisions and the blankets, tents and other belongings of the party. The perversity of these conscienceless animals would almost vex an angel. In this instance they did not change their nature.

The mountain-climbers preceded the burros. The latter, by their frequent stops-out of pure obstinacy—to say nothing of their "bucking" propensities and their practice of rolling down hill and making side excursions through the underbrush, got two days behind the Mazamas. When the final day came to-

gether, it was not the most gratifying thing in the world for the hungry climbers to find their provisions almost spoiled. But the saucy little burros didn't care a whit. The photographer who accompanied the party expected to find his glass plates all broken—and they were.

Crater Lake Experience.

Several Mazamas at Crater Lake had a never-to-be-forgotten experience some years ago. They took with them a canvas boat. When the lake was reached they launched it, intending to row out to the wonderful island it encircles. The boat had been freshly painted, but the interior of the cloth had not been perfectly filled in. As a consequence, when it was placed in the water, it began to leak like a sieve. It was extremely provoking to have brought the boat 400 miles, apparently in vain.

But W. G. Steel, who was in the party, ever fertile in resource, hit upon a happy expedient. He suggested that their rubber pillows be inflated with air and encased in cloth sacks. These, he thought, would afford very good life-preservers. The hint was acted upon, and the men pulled out. One of them, a parson, armed with a tin pan, assumed the duty of bailing out the water. The island appeared to be distant not more than half a mile. As a matter of fact, it was fully two miles from shore. Despite the parson's efforts, the water gained on him, and, when the island was reached, all were wet to the waist. It was a narrow escape.

After their 25-minute row, the party was glad enough to eat its lunch, which was disposed of inside the crater. The members wrote their names and the date and incidents of their exploit on paper, inclosed it in a bottle, and left it on the island.

On the return trip the boat never leaked a drop, as the cloth, under the action of the water, had shrunken tightly, closing all apertures. When the shore was reached, discussion turned upon some proper appellation for the island and its crater. Mr. Steel suggested the name Wizard Island for the one and Witcher Calderon for the other. These designations they have since retained.

At a meeting held Tuesday evening, the Mazamas decided that this year they would scale the rugged heights of Mount Jefferson. The members will leave Portland Monday, August 6, and expect to remain away two weeks.

CHARLES E. SAWYER.

WILLAMETTE.

Thou restless, never-tiring stream
That onward flows to ocean's waste,
I stand by thee, as in a dream,
And mark how time can change thy face.
I think of Summers that have flown,
Of bright dreams only born to die,
That, on his wings, old Time has borne
Without a thought or parting sigh.
My thoughts go back; I stand upon
Thy mossy bank. The evening's hour,
When sky and earth seem blending near,
When rocks and hills and tree and flower
Are wrapt in dewy, mellow light,
Awaiting the starry, silent night.
The grand old forest, far away;
The vapory clouds below the moon;
The little town so still and white,
Hid by the trees and by the night;
Each clear spot crowded by the falling gloom
Has left its shade in my heart—a tomb!

With awe I gaze upon the scene
And half forget the days gone by—
Days when another with me stood—
And memory fades, too, with a sigh.
This old-time scene weighs down my heart;
My willing feet, by water's edge,
Turn to the wave-washed, pebbly shore—
The wave-washed, drifting, driftwood hedge.
Below my feet the torrent roars;
A thing it seems of human kind;
Its mists steals into my soul
And gives the calm I never else find.
I look upon the maddening waves;
Each rushing wildly to the sea;
They seem to mock all human strife
And dare the great eternity.

And voiceless words my fancy heave,
And one from there in memory stands—
Unworthy of our idol prove
And turn to ashes in our hands.
How fair seemed life, how sweet and pure
That youthful love so holy then;
The past seems but a fairy dream
And death hangs o'er what might have been.

The years go by; I stand again
As in that Summer long ago;
I view my shattered hopes, and then
Forgive the fate that willed it so.
And as of yore the waves still moan
And dash their spray upon the strand;
And still this sea of life rolls on
And buries hope in drifting sand.

—Eugene L. Thorpe.

His Two Wishes.

"Did I understand you to say that you wished to marry my daughter?" inquired the fierce old man, as he reached around into the corner for a thick cane.
"Yes," stammered the youth.
"Well," said the old man, as he weighed the club in his hand and then half rose from his chair, "you are justly entitled to one more wish. Name it."
"I wish," said the youth despairingly, "that I might get out of this room alive."
"That's the one," cried the old man; "skip!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

