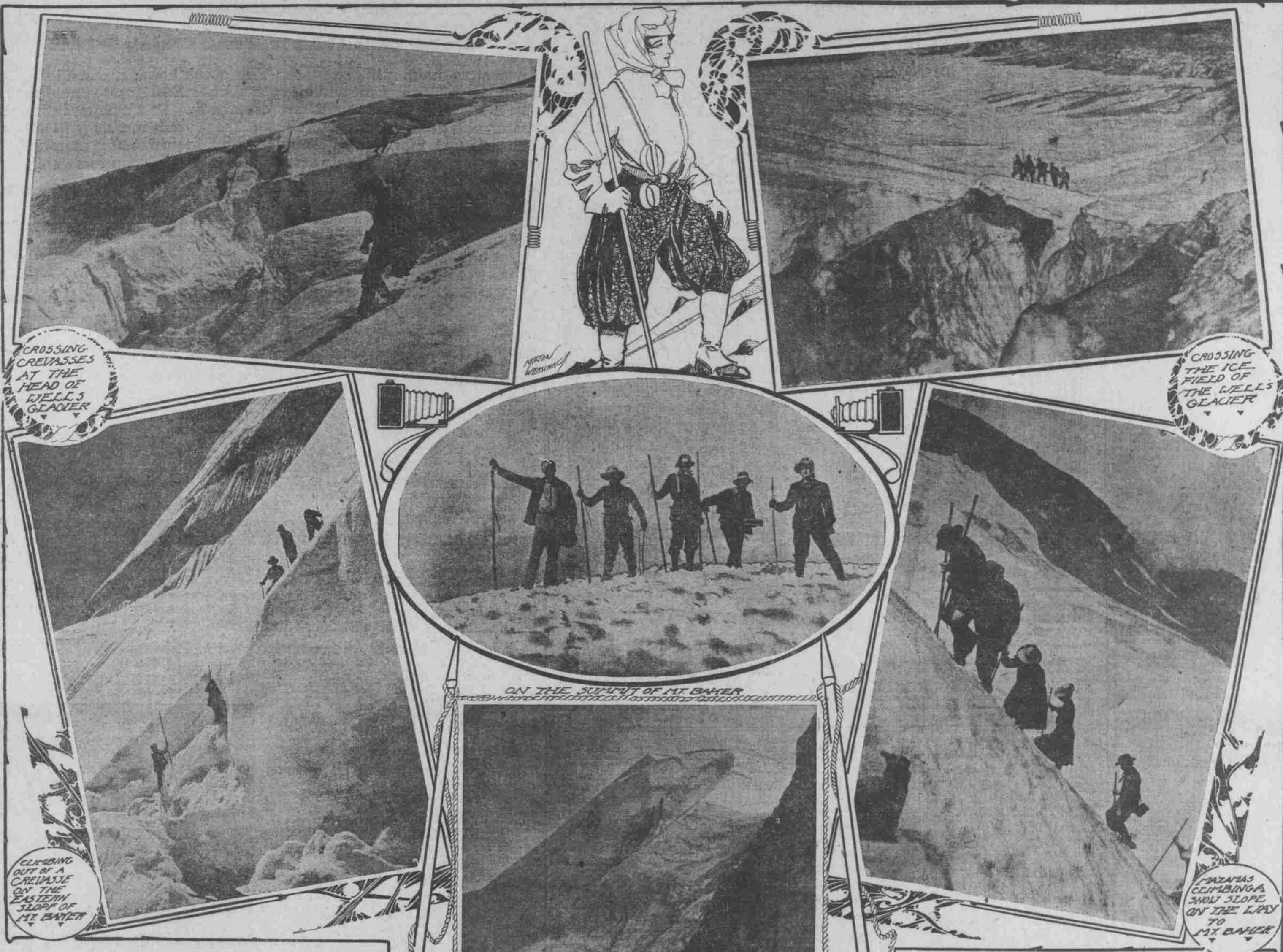


# MAZAMAS EXPLORED AN UNKNOWN REGION

## OUTING OF THIS YEAR THOROUGHLY IN LINE WITH PURPOSES OF CLUB



CROSSING CREVASSES AT THE HEAD OF WELLS GLACIER

CROSSING THE ICE FIELD OF THE WELLS GLACIER

CLIMBING OUT OF A CREVASSE ON THE STEEP SLOPE OF MT. BAKER

MAZAMAS CLIMBING A SHALLOO SLOPE ON THE WAY TO MT. BAKER



ON THE SUMMIT OF MT. BAKER



THE EASTERN SLOPE OF MT. BAKER UP WHICH THE ASCENT WAS MADE



JUMPING THE CREVASSE IN THE ASCENT OF MT. BAKER

The Mazama outing to Mount Baker, just completed, was in every way a trip more truly in line with the purposes of the club than any since that of 1893 to Mount Sahale and Lake Chelan. Instead of climbing some mountain visited and ascended annually by hundreds of tourists the outing was a journey of exploration into a region not only unknown to the tourist, but little known to the United States geological survey. Because of this the Mazamas as a club and as individuals had an opportunity of hunting out new trails, exploring glaciers seldom visited and but little known, ascending unclimbed peaks and finally reaching the summit of Mount Baker by a new route and one declared impossible by men familiar with the mountain.

To accomplish this, many of the comforts of the regular outing had to be dispensed with, but those who expect always to find an easy way to the summit should adopt that of a well-known Mazama who, when unable to accompany the party on the ascent of Mount Adams, mounted a telescope at Trout Lake, where he watched the party as they climbed.

The outing also tried the resources of the club along new lines and developed many weak points that, now known, can be eradicated. The first problem for the club to solve after deciding on an outing to Mount Baker, was one of routes to the mountain itself.

Three were suggested: one from Baker Lake, one from Glacier, following the ridge west of Glacier Creek, and one up Wells Creek. The Baker Lake route required a heavy trail that would cost \$1500 and take six weeks to build; the Glacier Creek route, explored by Mr. Kiser for the club for 11 miles, would require an equal amount of work, and the backer declared that they could not pack supplies over it when it was completed, because of the deep canyons and swamps.

This left only the Wells Creek route, which was adopted after being thoroughly explored, and a trail was built to snow line at the expense of the City of Bellingham.

The party left Seattle on July 25, spent the next day as guests of the Chamber of Commerce of Bellingham, and on August 2 took the train to Glacier and walked to the permanent camp near the head of Wells Creek.

The ascent of the mountain had never been made from either the northern or eastern slopes, the ones easiest of approach from this camp, but several routes seemed practical. As soon as camp was established a number of attempts were made to reach the summit, and finally a point was reached on the northeast slope of the mountain, between the Wells Creek and the Glacier Creek glaciers, from which Mr. Sholes and Mr. Kiser thought the summit could be reached.

The first week was spent in camp on

in exploring the surrounding canyons and valleys in search of flowers for the botanists of the party or rocks that the amateur geologists could pound to pieces. A number of parties were taken out on the snow fields also that they might become familiar with the steep snow slopes before the climb.

It was decided to attempt the ascent with the main party on August 5 and 6. The climbing party, numbering 36, moved camp to a point three miles above, on the ridge leading to the mountain, spending the night as high on the mountain as it was possible to camp in comfort.

In the light of early dawn, with their goal, the great white summit of Baker, before them, they filed out on the mountain side. Mr. Sholes was in command of the party, while Mr. Kiser, with a party of four, went in the lead to guide. Clad in rough garments of kakt or denim, the women in bloomers with faces daubed with grease paint, to prevent sunburn, and eyes hidden by ugly staring goggles, the party was grotesque in the extreme, but little thought was given to anything but the tremendous task set before them.

Following the command "fall in" the line formed and quickly swung out over the hill and onto the snow. There was little sound from the line except the chug of Alpine stocks in the snow or the sharp ring of steel on rock. Already 5000 feet above the sea, the rapid pace set by the leader demanded all the breath that anyone had and conversation lagged.

The Mazamas crossed the Wells glacier, which is here a mile wide, winding among its crevasses until a low gap was reached in the basaltic ridge that divides the Wells and Glacier Creek glaciers. Here, at a point where a small stream ran over the rocks, the first halt was made. By this time the advance party had worked well up the ridge in an effort to find some way around the pinnacle that cleaves the snow near the summit. A mile up the ridge, when within 2000 feet of the summit, a halt was made for lunch.

The formation of the ridge had changed from solid basalt to a loose mass of ash and broken pumice and basalt which yielded to the touch. A single step would dislodge rocks that in turn would start others until tons of earth and rock went thundering down the mountain.

Before lunch was completed a call came from the advance party for more line and a small party worked forward up the ridge. An hour was lost in getting the line forward and Mr. Kiser and two of his party had dropped down on the short line they were carrying and had worked out on the glacier at the head of Swift Creek. As quickly as possible a line was run down the slope to the ice field, 500 feet below, and the advance party increased to 15.

In the meantime a way had been found up to a small crevasse that lay immediately beneath the summit. It

was possible to jump across this and above there appeared to be a passage across the great crevasse a hundred feet in width that opens across the entire eastern face of Baker.

It was now 4:30 o'clock, the snow was freezing, soon the whole slope would be like a sheet of ice, and the descent very hazardous; so, with great reluctance, the ascent was postponed until the next day.

Hurriedly anchoring a line across the lower crevasse, which had been jumped, the party were roped and started down the mountain on the run. In a half hour they were once more out in the sun on the snow at the head of the Wells glacier. Here they found that the main party had been left on the rocks, where they had taken lunch and had only just started down the mountain.

With a large party so far from camp and night coming on, great haste was necessary to prevent disaster. On every dangerous slope a line was run out in advance, and, roped as they were, with Mr. Gorman in the lead, they advanced rapidly. Before darkness closed down on the mountain they had once more crossed the Wells glacier and were on snow fields that were comparatively safe.

Only two slight accidents happened in the hurried descent, one when Dr. Russell's alpine-stock caught and tore through her hand, cutting a deep wound in the palm, the second when an alpine-stock set in the ice to anchor a life line gave way and sent two men down on the rocks, where they were cut and bruised. Advance members reached the base camp by 9:45 o'clock and the entire party were in by 11 P. M.

It was determined to send at least a small party to the summit if it were possible to find any way up, and at 5:40 o'clock the next morning a picked party, led by Mr. Kiser, left the base camp, following the route by which the party had returned the night before. Crevasses that had been crossed in safety were found impassable and a new way found around them. At 11 A. M. they had reached the open crevasse under the precipitous snow 1000 feet below the summit. The crevasse had widened more than a foot where the line had been anchored the night before, making the jump across more difficult than ever.

After crossing this crevasse, the party turned north along a shelf of snow for 200 feet, then climbed the snow slope that forms the lower side of the great crevasse over 100 feet in width, where the snows of centuries break away from the summit cap. Loose, rotten snow and ice blocked it in many places, and offered a most insecure foothold. Mere shells of ice hung over caverns so deep that no bottom could be seen, and the fantastic snow bridges were as beautiful as a dream, and as useless.

Mr. Kiser crossed, carrying a line, and reached the crumbling snow under the overhanging cap of the summit. A half hour was spent testing a number of routes, but they all required too much time. The sun had already set on that part of the mountain, the snows were freezing, ice water was pouring down through the snow and there was constant danger that the snows above would fall and sweep the whole mass down the mountain.

Abandoning the attempt to work directly up the mountain, the picked men turned north to a point where a small crevasse broke away from the main summit cap. This overhung so much that it was necessary to tunnel through it, rather than attempt to go over.

The moment Mr. Kiser got head and shoulders through the opening he called back, "Come on, boys, we can make it. Hurry up."

"Hurry up" became the battle cry. Everything was freezing. The men were soaked through and through. Mr. Kiser had frozen two fingers, and every one was numbed by the cold. Working still to the northward they followed in the bottom of this crevasse until it silvered out under the great cornice that forms the northeast side of Baker.

Knitting the longest line, 400 feet in length, and chopping away the overhanging ice, Kiser stepped out on the slope and into the sunlight. The climb was now a race against time, and to attempt

to cut steps up the slope, which proved to be 50 feet long, was impossible. Mr. Kiser wore ice-crawlers which clung to the rotten ice, giving a fair foothold. Slowly he worked his way upward, with the line trailing behind, an endless time to those who stood in the shadow waiting, slowly paying out the line that disappeared above their heads.

It must have been an eternity to the one who worked slowly, testing each foothold, knowing that after he had passed 50 feet above the ice crevasse that should be fall, his comrades would not be able to check his speed with the life line, and that he would be swept away thousands of feet down the mountain until stopped in some great crevasse.

When within 15 feet of the top the ice pitched upward at a fearful angle and was frozen hard. Almost exhausted, this last few feet came near proving too much for the leader, but after ten minutes work picking steps he was up and over the slope.

Hurriedly driving an iron pin in the ice he gave the signal, and one by one the party followed. From this point the ascent was easy. At 2 o'clock the advance party was on the highest point of the mountain seen from the east as a great white triangle. Leaving the Mazama record-book on the highest point of snow the descent was begun at 4 and the main camp reached at 11 P. M.

**The Commonest Carrier.**  
Baltimore Sun.  
With patience as twice angle sweet, My neighbor of the shady street, Who comes in rural peace to dwell Amid Suburban's Blossom smile, Homeward a walking stone moves by With resignation in his eye, And door to door I seem to stop To leave his bundles on the step.

The Widow Smith—who could resist? Gives him her broken smithest. To be heartened, and next relieves His pack at Major Jones' door. With naught to make excess of joy, Or this forgo or that thing lose, Or this too much with half in nest.

A genius through experience grown, The art of carrying is his own— Four pairs of shoes, an ironing board, Six window screens, a reel of yarn, A tennis racket and a stove— Armed being the majesty of love, He ambles like a moving van, This courteous, patient, gracious man.

It often fills me with amaze To watch the wonder of his ways: How at the Widow Smith's he leaves Just what she asked, and next relieves His pack at Major Jones' door. With naught to make excess of joy, Or this forgo or that thing lose, Or this too much with half in nest.

Suburban's common carrier goes, From day to day, a fragrant rose Or palmetto obliging grace. With martyrdom upon his face; Thinking perhaps of Sunday's rest, With freedom from his burdens blest, And dreaming on his weary perch, A thousand scattered bundles dance.