CAMP OF MAZAMAS PARADISE OF OUTING

Official Climb of Shuksan to Be Made Wednesday.

MOUNTAIN ROOMS NAMED

Titles and Formality Are Forgotten and Business Barons and Men of Letters Respond to Nicknames.

BY E. C. SAMMONS,
President of The Mazamas.

MAZAMA CAMP, Mount Baker, Wash., Aug. 10.—Amid mossy dells, enchanting forest glades, limpid mountain lakes, water falls filling the air with spray and rainbows as they tumble over the frowning precipice, glaciers broken into cascades of ice, fantastic in shape and dangerously beckoning one to come and play; seracs and crevasses and adjoining these blossoming meadows carpeted with mountain flora of the rarest colors, this wild grandeur in our hanging valley of 4400 feet altitude, cut off from the rest of the world by 14 miles of precipitous trail, is a veritable paradise of outing delight.

To the north of us are mountain citadels that would put to test even the Alpinists of the Italian army should they storm them; to the east of us lies Mount Shuksan more than 9000 feet high, frowning and forbidding, glacier-hung and awe inspiring, while south of us lies Mount Baker with its broad expanse of cascading ice known as Sholes and Mazamas glaciers.

Another Climb Wednesday.

It is a mountaineer's paradise. I don't wonder that the members of the Mount Baker club of Bellingham call it America's most perfect mountain. The icy pinnacle on the north side of Baker which in 1906 defied all but eight of the Mazamas to climb, but which was climbed by many in 1909 from the south side, it is hoped will be scaled under favorable weather and climbing conditions. The official climb will be attempted either Tuesday or Wednesday, depending upon weather conditions.

But come what may, failure or success in mountain achievement, the Mazamas are having a glorious time in this mountain paradise. The first day was devoted to animated camp building. Everywhere wonderful bedrooms awaited us and springy mattresses of moss were laid under giant trees on the hillside or beside the madly rushing, brawling brook. Following the style set at Mount Rainier in 1914 by our illustrious and sadly missed but none-the-less loved ex-President Frank Branch Riley, the individual bedrooms have taken on fantastic names.

There are such as "Parlor A," "Never Inn," "Ohavalook," "Cumagain" and many others too numerous to mention. Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Koehler named their sightly retreat "Overlook," by reason of the fact that it overlooked that all-important spot, the cook tent.

Camp Life Democracy.

As a leveller of life what can beat a Mazama outing? Life in camp is a huge democracy. Titles and formal salutations were promptly forgotten. Great musicians, cultured society folk, eminent lawyers, learned professors, dignified school teachers, men of letters, prominent engineers and even sour old bankers and business folk are for the time being classed the same; they answer promptly to their nicknames, cavort about at the campfires with the abandon of children. And the glorious co-operation!

The only thing comparable to it that I know of is that glorious American spirit that reunited the United States during the late world war. If there is a task to do, a tent to erect, wood to be gathered for the campfires, a fellow hiker distressed under an enormous pack, instantly there are a dozen hands to do the trick. Self-sacrifice service for others seems to be the keynote of the mountaineer's makeup in this high vitalizing air. We have a saying, "There can be no selfishness above 5000 feet," and the more often I come on these wonderful outings the more I believe in that saying.

Many Instructive Talks Heard.

At night, about a huge pile of blazing logs, the hikers are ranged in great circles in our natural amphitheater and the fun begins. There is sprightly wit, community singing, instrumental solos, recitations, foolishly delightful playlets and all manner of delightful tomfoolery. But I wouldn't have you believe that it is all fun. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Many are the instructive talks given and received in all seriousness, talks on current topics, on psychology, botany, biology and, of course, on mountaineering, for mountaineering is a serious business. Show me him who "poo-poos" the idea and let me show him the seracs and crevasses on this north side of Baker; one look will convince, I'm sure.

And as I peck away on this typewriter which I carried long, weary miles under a blistering sun, up dizzying heights along a newly constructed trail, I contemplate with great satisfaction and pride the achievements of those of the earlier Mazamas, such as Rodney Glisan, C. H. Sholes, F. H. Kiser, Asahel Curtis, John A. Lee, C. E. Forsyth, C. F. Easton, Dr. Carl Barch, Herbert W. Gleason, LeRoy Anderson, M. W. Gorman and others to whom so much credit is due in exploring and making known to the world this wonderful region of Mount Baker. I have it from no less authority than Charles F. Easton, of Bellingham, historian of the Mount Baker club, than whom there is none more familiar with Baker and its environs, that to the Mazamas belongs the greatest share of credit for the exploration of Mount Baker and its peaks, glaciers, moraines, lakes, flower meadows, forests and trails.

Club Organized in 1894.

Well might one be proud to be president of such a club, which probably is the most unusual in the world. Be it remembered that the Mazamas was organized on the summit of Mount Hood, July 19, 1894, 193 persons making the ascent. There were 95 charter members. The success of that undertaking and its uniqueness at once commanded the attention of the mountaineering world and it has ever since retained it.

* * *

There are five presidents or former presidents of the Mazamas in camp. They are John A. Lee, Jerry E. Bronaugh, Edgar E. Coursen, LeRoy W. Ayer and E. C. Sammons. This is the largest number who have ever attended an outing together. Mr. Lee is a veteran of the Mount Baker region. Though now a Portland attorney, he formerly was a school principal in Bellingham and holds some unique records for climbing on Baker. His first ascent was made in 1900 and in 1906 he and Rodney L. Glisan, also of Portland, were caught in a storm on the summit of Baker and forced to spend the night there. They anchored themselves by means of their ice axes and rope and walked tread-mill fashion all night long to keep from freezing to death. He and Glisan were out for 36 hours without food and suffered great hardships. Today John Lee is known among the Mazamas as "Old Reliable" and he fully merits the name.

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Whoever invented mosquitoes surely had a grouch against the world—yes, mosquitoes and cooties! I write feelingly, knowing both.

* * *

Forest Ranger Burch and his men are rendering great service to the club. Rangers have been detailed to visit the camp every other day, bringing mail from Glacier and taking outgoing mail. Such co-operation is typical of Uncle Sam's forestry service in every department. Hats off to them!

* * *

LeRoy Ayer, Jr., son of the chairman of the 1920 outing committee, claims the distinction of being the youngest Mazama. He is 12 years of age and won his membership by climbing Eagle Cap, in the Wallowa range, in 1918 when but 10 years of age. He accompanied his father on this trip and probably is as keen to try the ascent of Baker as the oldest Mazama in camp.

* * *

Some thoughtful individual brought in a playground baseball and bat and it is of great use to the stay-at-homes. Walter McCredie can strengthen his team, I daresay, with some of the players in the Austin Pass league.

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The first breakfast in camp consisted of stewed prunes, rolled oats, bacon and eggs, hot cakes and syrup, bread, butter and preserves, coffee, tea or chocolate. A pack train brings food in every other day from Glacier, Wash., 21 miles distant.

* * *

E. E. Howard, of Kansas City, is well known to many Portlanders. He is of the firm of consulting engineers, Harrington, Howard & Ash, who designed and built the Hawthorne and Harriman bridges in Portland and the Interstate bridge between Portland and Vancouver. He and Richard W. Montague, well known Portland lawyer, are "bunkies."

* * *

Greetings were delivered to the Mazamas from the Mountaineers of Seattle by way of a message from President Edmund S. Meany delivered by Miss Mary Gene Smith, a Portland Mazama, who, with Miss Ethel M. Loucks, accompanied the Mountaineers on the first day of their annual outing to the Olympic mountains.

* * *

Roy W. Ayer, chairman of the outing committee, led the members on a climb to the summit of Slate mountain, northwest of camp, last Wednesday. From its summit many pretty lakes are visible.

CHINESE LEPER AT LARGE

Afflicted Oriental Enjoys Several Hours of Freedom.

For several hours Friday, Louis Poy, leper, enjoyed freedom as he wandered where fancy took him about the highways of the county and streets of Portland. He had escaped from quarantine at the county hospital. Seen in Chinatown in the afternoon, Poy again disappeared.

Hunger proved more effective than the county agents in the search for the missing Chinese, for at mealtime he showed up again with considerable appetite.

Fear that the disease may have been communicated was dispelled by Dr. H. R. Cliff, county physician, who asserted that it was not readily communicable and that it would have been very difficult for anyone to have contracted it in brief contact with Poy.

The Chinese should not be a county charge, but he cannot be deported as he is a naturalized citizen, according to the physician. He has been at the county hospital for two years.

CARDS OF THANKS.

We wish to express our sincere gratitude and appreciation to our many friends and relatives for their kindness, consideration and floral offerings during the illness and death of our beloved daughter Helen. (Signed) MR. AND MRS. GEORGE T. ODOM. Adv.

We wish to extend our greatest appreciation for the kindness and sympathy of our many friends in our sad hours of bereavement.
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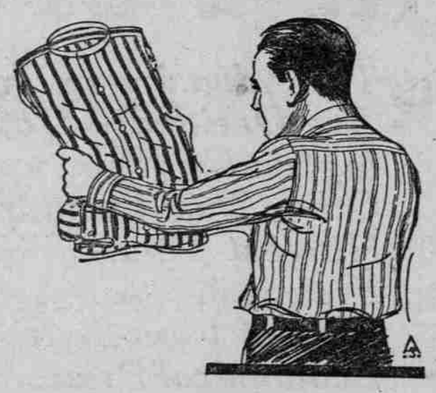

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