

WHO THE HECK IS HARVEY HAGGARD?

Long ago, back in 1911, there was a race called the Mount Baker Marathon. This year 14 young men signed up to give it their all. Among these men was a 20 year old packer for a mining company called Harvey Haggard.

The goal of the race was simple, to get from the Chamber of Commerce office in Bellingham to the top of Mount Baker and back. There were 2 options for getting to the mountain. Option 1, take the chartered train to Glacier and run the remaining 14 miles to the summit and then run back down. Or, option 2, drive a newfangled automobile to Heilser's Ranch and summit Baker using the Deming trail, a 32 mile round trip.

Are you tired yet? Well, Harvey wasn't, he made it to the summit first. Nineteen minutes later Joe Galbraith summited too. Harvey headed back to Glacier, in the dark, over rocks, ice & snow. Once in Glacier Harvey boarded the first place train, stripped down and began to enjoy a massage.

His relaxation was short lived however, because as the train rounded the corner near Maple Falls an 1800 pound bull took off out of the underbrush near the track.

It's safe to say the train hit the bull, although I've heard some say that the bull hit the train, but the truth is, either way, at that point, the s#\$% hit the fan; and the train derailed.

Harvey's coach tipped over and as he emerged, naked, from the bushes he proclaimed, "I am all right, but I am afraid I've lost the race."

Now an important thing happened. Harvey got dressed. Where and how he found his clothes is still a mystery, but as the tale is told, it is at this point that Mr. Haggard stopped being so famously naked.

Now dressed, Harvey flagged down a buggy and got a ride to a horse that was waiting for him. Now horse and rider dashed off to the next destination, a waiting car. Seemed like it should have been a smooth ride, but this wasn't Harvey's day and the horse spotted the car and stopped short. Now there is one thing that usually happens when a horse stops short and that is that anyone riding that horse usually gets thrown through the air over the horse's head and onto the ground. Well, that's exactly what happened to Harvey.

Fortunately for Harvey his driver hauled him up from the ground and got him into the car. Car, driver and Harvey raced off to Bellingham. Good ol' Harvey, he only fainted twice on the trip back to town.

Now I've been told that Joe beat Harvey back to Bellingham that day. He won a \$100 and was awarded a buffalo robe. 32 minutes later Harvey arrived to the adoration of the spectators. A hat was produced and passed and a collected prize of \$50 was given to Harvey. The Chamber followed suit and chipped in another 30 bucks and Maple Falls & Glacier heaped on another whopping hundred clams. The citizens of Glacier elected Haggard their king.

Harvey won the race in 1212.

In 1913 the race was cancelled and didn't revive again until 1972, when today's Ski to Sea race was born.

Here in the Foothills we celebrate Harvey each year on the night before the Ski to Sea race and hope that none of this year's participants will undergo such an experience as Harvey Haggard did in 1911.

By the way, the folks in Deming roasted and ate the bull derailed the train in their own celebration of Harvey.