

A KNAPSACK TRIP INTO SPRAY PARK.

WAYNE SENSENIG.

On Monday morning, August 3, fifty-five mountaineers left permanent camp in Moraine Park on a knapsack trip through Spray Park to Crater Lake. We descended to the Carbon Glacier at eight o'clock and, following the zig-zag course cruised out by our leader, we reached the lateral moraine on the west side at eight-forty. The moraine at this point was so precipitous that it was necessary to cut steps all the way to its ridge. We crossed the boulders beyond the ridge without difficulty and entered upper Spray Park at nine o'clock.

Upper Spray Park is an open country (six to seven thousand feet in elevation), with here and there a group of stunted trees. These trees with their gnarled branches and innate ruggedness proclaim in no uncertain manner their struggles with the winter hurricanes. Some of these trees, less than ten feet high, have trunks more than two feet through and suggest "Sermons in trees."

Spray Park contains many small lakes or ponds and numerous waterfalls. We proceeded up a small valley to its head and then began to climb in earnest. We ascended terrace upon terrace pausing a while above the steepest of these to catch our breath and to drink in the beauty of this wonderland all about us and to gaze at the ever changing old mountain, silhouetted against a sky of deepest blue.

We walked upon a carpet of heather, both the blue variety and the white with its waxen bells, and among the heather grew acres and acres of many other flowers.

The Glacier Lily grew almost everywhere, one specimen bore five flowers on a single stem and one of these flowers was four and a half inches across. The crimson Paint Brush, the Shooting Star, and a variety of yellow flowers added color to the scene. We enjoyed spring all over again.

We continued to gain elevation until we reached a low ridge of loose rocks, just west of Cataract Canyon, from which we had a fine view of lower Spray Park. About a mile and a half ahead of us was a group of ponds and just beyond the ponds arose Fay Peak, very steep and practically bare of trees but covered with grass and heather. A goat could not conceal himself on this, the south, side. The summit consists of an enormous rock with many spires and curiously enough a dozen or more trees find here a foothold defying the storms. This mass of rock has a rectangular appearance from a distance and resembles a large castle.

The photographers hurried ahead of the main party to climb high enough on Fay Peak to get better views of the mountains. The rest of the party proceeded to the ponds above mentioned and there, among the flowers and the most delightful surroundings imaginable, we enjoyed a rest of three quarters of an hour until the photographers returned.

We then picked up the trail to Crater Lake. The trees became more numerous and very much larger as we lost elevation. This end of the trail consists of a series of switch-backs and from many points one can get splendid views of Spray Falls which drops from ledge to ledge, a total drop of about eight hundred feet. I shall not attempt to describe Spray Falls as a series of photographs alone can do justice to it.

The trail descends almost to the foot of Spray Falls and is here on a level with the Mowich river bed but it immediately leaves the river and gains elevation very

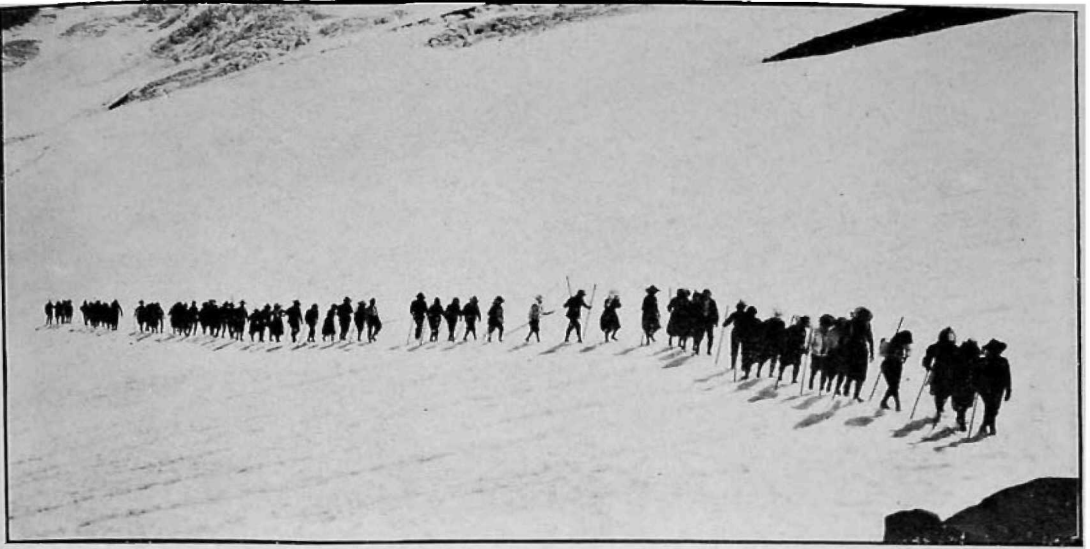
gradually until Eagle Cliff is reached. Eagle Cliff, almost perpendicular, is eighteen hundred feet above the forest-lined canyon of the Mowich and a splendid view of Mt. Rainier may be had from this point. One also gets a splendid view of the canyon, the walls of which consist of a series of saw tooth ridges radiating from Mt. Rainier which rises about nine thousand feet above this point. From Eagle Cliff the Mowich Glacier is in full view and ends in a great mass of loose rocks.

From Eagle Cliff the trail bears in a northwesterly direction toward Crater Lake. The trail, a sylvan colonnade, winds through a primeval forest in which the Alaska Cedar, a most graceful tree, is much in evidence.

We reached Crater Lake about 5:30 p. m. The lake is three quarters of a mile long by half a mile wide and is surrounded on all sides by high hills. We camped on a small peninsula on the west side of the lake from which point one can best appreciate its wild beauty. On the east side of the lake facing us, were the Castle Crags, which from this point bear a striking resemblance to Fay Peak from upper Spray Park. The Castle Crags, however, are more beautiful than Fay Peak, if possible. A small portion of the summit of Rainier is also visible, the bulk of the mountain being eclipsed by the nearer hills.

However we realized we couldn't exist very well on scenery alone so the men rustled wood for two large fires while the women cooked the dinner. After dinner we assembled about the camp fire. We listened to very interesting talks on the Geology and Indian folk lore of this locality and we sang many songs. After a very success camp fire session, we departed to our blankets and soon it was morning.

We breakfasted while gazing at the reflection of the mountains on the glassy surface of the water. A



"THE LINE"

Photo by Asahel Curtis



Photo by Asahel Curtis

MAJOR E. S. INGRAHAM ON ST. ELMO PASS AT THE SITE OF HIS FORMER CAMP, SHOWING ONE OF THE ROCK BEDS THAT HE MADE YEARS BEFORE WHEN THE PASS WAS NAMED



WILLIS WALL, THE NORTHERN SIDE OF MOUNT RAINIER

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violet color was quite noticeable in these reflected images.

On account of a very heavy dew, we spread our blankets in the sunshine where they quickly dried and at about eight o'clock we began our return journey to Moraine Park. We stopped at Eagle Cliff for another look and noticed that clouds were beginning to settle over the mountain. We made the ascent of the switch-back without difficulty, stopping at every vantage point to look at Spray Falls. Along this switch-back there were beautiful specimens of Squaw Grass and many other less showy flowers.

At the top of the switch-back we found ourselves in a fog and were unable to see fifty yards. This fog stayed with us all the way back to camp. The whistling marmots, the day before, piped their shrill warnings of the approach of an unknown invader, and the birds were very lively, but now the only living creatures abroad were a few jays and magpies.

It was a drab day and we were glad, indeed, when we had crossed the Carbon Glacier, and reached our permanent camp in Moraine Park about 6 p. m.

LIST OF MEMBERS ON MT. RAINIER OUTING.

Abel, H. V.	Barnes, Cornelia.
Albertson, Chas.	Bailey, Winona.
Archer, A. W.	Brayton, Fannie E.
Blake, J. Fred.	Bigelow, Alida J.
Best, John A., Jr.	Bronson, Richard Lea.
Brayton, Annie C.	Buck, Richard.
Belt, H. C.	Colkett, W. J., Jr.
Belt, Mrs. H. C.	Cameron, Crissie.
Baptie, H. May.	Curtis, Mrs. Florence.

Curtis, Asahel.	Lovering, Lydia E.
Coenen, A. Margaret.	Moore, Harv. E.
Chesterman, Ethel.	McLean, Murray.
Caesar, P. V.	Merrill, A. R.
Caesar, G. V.	Morse, Alice A.
Clark, L. W.	McGregor, P. M.
David, Elizabeth.	Moyer, S. L.
Dayton, Clara C.	Morrill, F. O.
Dwyer, May I.	Mills, Blake D.
Denman, Asahel H.	Mills, Mrs. Blake D.
Eaton, Dr. Cora Smith.	McFarland, Winifred.
Elmer, Maud V.	McCormick, J. A.
Emerson, G. D.	Meany, Prof. E. S.
Farrer, Chas. M.	Nelson, L. A.
Farrer, Anna.	Nettleton, Lulie.
Feree, Nita J.	Price, W. M.
Fahnstock, John F.	Patton, Miss G. N.
Freund, Elizabeth.	Price, Mary.
Garvin, Cora.	Reed, Miss Katherine.
Hanson, Olaf.	Raymond, Rena.
Howard, Anna B.	Smith, Miss Lulie.
Howard, Grace E.	Southard, F. S.
Howard, Henry.	Sass, Miss K. M.
Hutchinson, Minnie.	Sensenig, Wayne.
Humes, Grant.	Stauber, Anna H.
Hill, M. F.	Schachts, G. N.
Harnden, H. W.	Scholes, Josephine.
Hutchinson, A. H.	Scholes, Stella.
Hurd, Roy.	Scholes, Emma.
Ingraham, Maj. E. S.	Stevens, Dr. B. R.
Ingraham, Kenneth.	Stevens, Dr. E. F.
Jenson, I. M.	Sanford, Freda.
Krows, Melvin A.	Tuttle, Gladys M.
Knispel, Hans Otto.	Terry, R. L.
Koehler, Miss L. B.	Van Horn, F. J.
Leckenby, Mollie.	Van Horn, Robert.