

SEPTEMBER, 1944

Trip to
Mt. Shasta
(+ back, by
train, bus &
hitch-hiking)

and early autumn. More or less on the spur of the moment I headed alone for Mt. Shasta, the most convenient exciting-looking place I had never visited. It turned out to be almost ideal. I stayed at a very comfortable motel just outside the town of Mt. Shasta and used my two legs to get around but made no decision to climb the mountain until after starting up the trail. As it turned out, I'd never have made it to the top if it hadn't been for some luck. Before tackling the "big boy," however, I warmed up on Black Butte, walking the several miles to its base and then up the $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles and 2000 ft. plus in 65 minutes. The top of this steep cinder cone is actually over 6000 feet and gave me wonderful views of Shasta. There is a fine lookout at the top, which gives protection from the wind, and the fire warden there, an ex-Marine ace of the last war (2 or 3 planes) was very congenial and hospitable (coffee), so much so that it got dark even before I got to the bottom of the cone, on the opposite side of that ascended.

Black
Butte

ascend

Shasta itself involved a little more pre-

paration. Hearing that there was some kind of a camp ("Horse Camp") around 8000 feet and tracing on the map what looked like the best route, I started bravely forth from town the next day, armed with bits of food and warm clothes. Somehow I wandered too far to the east, the road I had been following petering out, but eventually got on a better road, having lost precious altitude, only to find the sun getting low. I was considering whether to turn back when a hunter came along in a car and gave me a ride of several miles up to within nearly a half mile of Horse Camp, which saved the day and the trip, ^{the} ~~Horse~~ Camp being reached at sunset. It turned out to be a cozy little stone cabin, open but then uninhabited. There was a big fire place and plenty of wood and even some food left by my predecessors, so, what with what I had brought too, I was all set.

I should have got up early the next day, but, having no alarm clock, overslept and then finding what looked like storm clouds up on the ridge figured it was "no go." After a while, however, the clouds disappeared, and I started off, well past the middle of the morning. It was a long grind all night and all above timber line, the low little white-barked

Horse
Camp

Summit

14,167'

pines disappearing not far beyond the camp. The trail
 was not well marked, and eventually I lost it climb-
 ing the wrong side of a big snow bank, which even-
 tually I had to go up over to get to the main ridge.
 The footing was terrible because of all the loose vol-
 canic debris, but I finally got to the top, 14,167
 ft., in very windy conditions. There were clouds but
 not enough to worry about, though they spoiled the
 distant view. The most spectacular views were of
 Shasta itself, and I took as many pictures* as I
 dared allow myself. The wind was icy cold,
 so I didn't linger around, but in spite of following
 the right trail all the way didn't get back to
 Horse Camp again until sunset again, which meant
 spending another night there. This time I had com-
 pany, a soldier who had spent the previous night
 in the woods somewhere below the camp and had
 followed me all the way up the mountain but not
 apparently reaching the very top before coming
 down before me. A young couple turned up after
 dark, they like the soldier having brought nothing
 at all in the way of supplies, and I doubted if
 they ever got to the top the next day. The sol-
 dier and I got down in fine style, walking all
 the way back to town at a brisk pace. The press

* one came out well and eventually was enlarged to 11x14 or so.

FORESTS

just ~~just~~ just below Horse Camp is a fine belt of red fir, but below that the main timber belt has been seriously damaged by former fires, which on all the lower slopes have, in fact, laid waste ^{to} the whole area. Plantings by the Forest Service have been extensive, but it was too early to see how they'd come through.

Around San Francisco, not having had either a car or a bicycle, I had not been able to get around much except in the city, though I got up in the hills behind Oakland with the help of a bicycle hired at Lake Merritt and my own two feet for the steep places. Once or twice I had the feminine company of L.S. (p.g.) Leat H. Park, a W Ave whom I saw a lot of that summer, especially in the evenings. Quite in uniform I had nothing against, in fact was all for them, though "Lee" and her friends drank too much to suit me, if not to excess, unlike so many Navy friends.

The Horace Graves in San Francisco, were very nice to me, and ^{on} several occasions I slept in their guest room before a day off and even more after dining there.

Except for the shore-birding just south of Alameda, the bird situation around there was dis-

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appointing, but doubtless it would have been different if my cruising radius on the ground had been better.

Fresh
salt-water
cruise,
on Takanie
Bay
Aug. '44

practice
landings

Before leaving the States everyone in the air group had to make some more carrier landings, an escort carrier, the Kaiser-built U.S.S. Takanie Bay (CVE no. 89) being made available for that purpose. Accordingly, we all packed aboard with a number of planes and headed out on what ^{for} many of us was our first salt-water cruise, a three-day affair. Those who had been out before had to make only one or two landings, as I remember. We who had once qualified on the Wolverine or Sable, out of Glennview, had to make four, and those few who had never qualified at all had to make eight. The weather was fairly rough and made the little ship pitch so much that landings were tricky, and several of the boys messed wires and bounced into the barrier* or part way into the catwalks.

Albatrosses

For me the cruise was interesting ornithologically. Black-footed Albatrosses followed the ship most of the time. Though not large compared with the famous Wandering Albatrosses, the ship followers of southern oceans, and mostly

* a wire high enough to catch a plane's nose and