

TARNS

at progressively higher altitudes. There are little ponds or tarns in most of the glacial basins or cirques between 9000 and 12,000 feet, and two or three are strikingly beautiful. The animal life seen featured one mammal and various birds, including

SUMMIT

ravens. It was balmy on top, and I found two young "draft dodgers" there enjoying the view. I went down with them as far as their camp at about 10,000 ft., passing another party I had overhauled at about a thousand feet below the top. The two men had left their third companion, a girl in ski boots, the wife of one of them who had never climbed before, to wait at the col where first views to the west were obtained. How she ever got that far amazed us, and how she fared on the long descent remains a mystery. After getting back to the car, at about dusk, I decided to return to Lone Pine and relax in the luxury of a bath and a good bed rather than spend another night on the mountain. There were no regrets.

LOST WALLET

The next day I drove to June Lake and after eating supper at the lodge found I had lost my wallet, which contained all my money, my car registration and my first bonus checks. The management was very kind and offered me a

YOSEMITE

a living room sofa for the night, and I even found an abandoned bed there, the whole place being in the midst of a change of furniture. The next day I wrote the management a check, put up notices but had no luck and had to continue on my way walledless. I got to Yosemite via Tioga Pass, but was so discouraged with my fellow man's dishonesty, etc. that I felt lonely and far from home and didn't enjoy the scenery much. The financial situation, however, looked hopeful after telegrams home and to the bank, and sure enough I found a healthy cache waiting for me in Oakland.

PELICANS

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REDWOODS

Again I stayed with the Lloyd's several days before hitting the road, but when I left this time, it was really for home, if still rather indirectly. White pelicans in the master at the head of the bay delayed me a while, but I was well in the heart of the redwood country before dark. Smoke from forest fires filled the air everywhere, and there were some little fires right by the road as well as some more serious recent burns. I spent the night under a magnificent grove of redwoods right by the road. The next morning I stopped to visit the tallest

Tallest
tree

Known tree in the world, a magnificent redwood measured as 364' some years ago, but a much less massive tree than some others broken at the top. Turning inland at Crescent City I missed Shasta, but that enabled me to get almost to Crater Lake before it got too late, and I spent the night in the adjacent national forest. The lake was pretty well shrouded with clouds the next morning,

CRATER

LAKE

so I didn't linger around. Picking a road that didn't look too bad on the map and which would have taken me by several little lakes, I soon found I had made a ghastly mistake. The road got rougher and rougher and slowed progress more and more, and the only car met put me into a soft shoulder, from which pushing by husky members of the other party barely extricated me. The only way I could return the favor was telling them they were on the wrong road! Eventually I reached the main highway on the east side of the Cascades, and the weather got progressively better going north. There were fairly good views of Mt. Jefferson and then magnificent views of Mt. Hood, which I passed very close to when turning west to Portland, there to dine and sleep. Crossing the Columbia and continuing west and then north

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