

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

MTS. JEFFER-

SON & HOOD

OLYMPICS again I eventually got to the Olympic region, spreading my sleeping bag out on the shores of L. CHINAIKT Lake Chinault. It was a pleasure to wake up and see that the lake was even more beautiful than suspected from what little I saw the previous evening. Some grebes and, better still, two male and four female hooded mergansers swam quite close to feed, now and then disappearing under water. A drive around the peninsula followed and eventually brought me out by Crescent Lake, if anything even better than Chinault. But about the best view of the mountains was obtained from the ferry from Ford Henry to Seattle, from which the Cascades all the way from Baker to Rainier could also be seen. I went to the Naval Air Station to be sure of getting a room (though it was reluctantly given) and spend two nights there to get both a good rest and see a little of Ward Matthew. The next stop was by the roadside of a little town in southeastern Washington. I was headed for Lewiston, Idaho, to see Bollinger but found out the next morning I had missed him by a day. Swinging north I passed Coeur d'Alene Lake, noting five snow geese on a log a stone throw from the road, and Pend Oreille Lake shortly afterwards, but continued

FLATHEAD

LAKE

GLACIER

NATIONAL

PARK

on to Flathead Lake, Montana, before stopping for the night, in what must have been a little lakeside park. The next day's big feature was Glacier National Park, which I had practically to myself. Though stopping only to walk around a bit and take pictures at such places as the foot of Lake MacDonald (horned owl), a waterfall by the roadside, the top of the Continental Divide, etc. Lake St. Mary, on the east side of the divide, was, if anything, more beautiful than MacDonald. Though the sun was bad for taking pictures.

HAWK

After Glacier Park I speeded up and looked for no more scenery. Though there were many ducks and hawks to be seen in the plains and prairie. A view of a magnificent feruginous rough-legged hawk, a rusty-backed jay with a white tail, was most satisfactory. The last night in the sleeping bag was right behind a lowly gas station after I had 9 of badly lost one evening and 9 of 20 nearly out of gas I dared venture no further. The next night was spent very comfortably on the couch of a hotel in a S. D. town, there being no rooms available and consequently no clerk to throw me out, a sign "no rooms" being all that was necessary. It was getting too cold to sleep out.

COUCH

(FREE NIGHT)

OCTOBER, 1945

The Twin Cities slowed me a little, and by the time I began to look for a room there was nothing available except a summer cabin with no plumbing, though heated by a stove. The place I had originally aimed for turned out to be taken over by a school teachers' convention, and had it been less tired and more presentable I might have lingered around for some fun.

ANN ARBOR

Ann Arbor followed, and I spend two nights at the Union, seeing the Dean and Prof. Kynoch before I left. For old time's sake I called up Marjie and wound up dining on wild duck at the Edwardses with her mother, sister and all too cordial husband.

DAYTON

I don't even remember the name of the town ^{where} I spend the next night, but the following was in Dayton, where I eventually found O'Connor, then stationed at Wright Field. He showed me all the latest planes and gadgets. Maurie Brooks, in

WEST VA.

Morgantown, West Virginia, an old Ann Arbor friend, was the next victim, and he and his wife gave me a very pleasant day and two nights before I moved on to stay considerably longer with my amazing

A.H.R.

Major sister in Washington, N.Y. and glimpse of Marie and ? followed, but that was the last real