

at Camp Barkeley, in a torrential rain storm with sand blowing off the ephemeral pools of water.

The impression of Mt. Shasta and the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico more than contered the delightful reception in Texas. Shasta will forever remain a vivid picture in my memory. I always seem to have a reserved place for such things. In fact I pledged myself at the time that I would return someday with the avowed intention of exploring its fascinating and graceful slopes and if time would allow, an ascent to its summit. I have had considerable experience with volcanic mountains in the Northwest but Shasta compares with any of them in both finess of feature and delightful outline. I can readily see why the National Park should choose to create a permanent custodian for its preservation as a primitive area. My approach was made from the north during the most delightful part of the day with the early morning rays ~~shining~~ upon its eastern exposure. Before I reached the south side the lights were well distributed over the entire mt. and it was very much awake by then. The feature that I will always remember and one second to its physical beauty was its mysterious evading the permanency of position and its omnipresent nearness. One moment the mountain would be somewhat permantly anchored on one side of the train and then without notice would shift to an entirely new location. The apparent flightiness was explainable by the fact that the gradual curves of the railroad system had a way of completely disorienting one in respect to direction. For those passengers who did not keep a constant watch but only intermittent glimps found the displacement with emphasis. It requires a singel and dominanting landmark like this volcanic cone to impress one with the continual confusion of the mind when operating on a moving object. The faithfulness of the mountain nearness was explainable agina by the position of the railway course, following a more or less circuitous route around the apron of its slopes, beginning at the north-wast side and traversing the conifer covered shoulders of the old glacial systems and finally ending at the south side. I an certainly extend a word of thanks to the Union Pacific who so thoughtfully considered by choice in placing this railroad course in such an outstanding vantage position. When-