



UNITED STATES ARMY

decidedly positive; the third, negative one. The latter as you would suppose was the actual landing here at Berkeley, in a torrential rain storm with sand blowing off the ^{ephemeral} pools of water! Enough for Berkeley.

The impression of Mt Shasta and the deserts of Arizona and new Mexico more than contrasted 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 N.W. 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 breaking 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