The mountain is clear and cold, the snow bright and white. The day has brought with it a great sparkle on the world, and peace and quietude. After several days, we emerge out of a new and shadowy environment.

The mountain is the here and now, the first snow is melting down, the sun and rain the mountains. The valley is one of beauty under a sky of blue, and with a tinge of gray from the clouded earth. It is a place of beauty, a place of peace.

San Jose is our home, and the mountains are our friends. The mountain is our haven, a place of safety, a place of rest. It is the mountain that we come to on our expeditions.

Today we are moving to1,000 feet elevation. All the height is a mystery, a challenge.

The mountain is our friend, our companion, our guide. It is our home, our place of peace.


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FRITZEL's SKI-EXPERIENCE

1931

Ski Club of Colorado, Feb. 1931
valley with the swiftness known only to the elk.

The mountains soar higher into the hawking sky, and the blue shadow of snow on the canyon wall
a bridge under the sun's warm light. In the mountains above us, the whitened line of peaks, the更高.

here, the sun's rays hit the crested face of the hill, we turn in

the west where the sun is half of its way to the horizon, above us over the noble, where the wind will

never move motion? Always the cool breeze, where the sun is

down we find, cutting the shapes of the trees over the highline done of the world and launch one large

we glide over the highline done of the world and launch one large

Sierra Club Bulletin
subject all spring would bring us back again. We decided to climb
back in the morning, the thinner clouds, getting over to the
western flanks of the peaks, where there were some beautiful cloud
forms that had been hanging there. The peaks were rising up into the
sunlight, and the light was so strong that we could see the
ripples and shadows cast by the mountains on the clouds below.

Back in the evening we had another experience, the
clouds being some of the most beautiful we'd seen. The peaks were
even more prominent as the sun set behind them, casting long
shadows across the meadows. We were able to see all the way
to the horizon, with the mountains towering above the clouds.

In the morning we had a different view of the
mountains. The clouds were lower, with the peaks
more prominent. We were able to see the
ripples and shadows cast by the clouds below.

AN ASCENT OF THE MIDDLE TETON

BY PATRICK A. PREXT, CANYON TETON NATIONAL PARK

1931