

THE OUTING OF 1932

BY HOLLIS T. GLEASON

From this hour, freedom! . . .  
I inhale great draughts of space;  
The east and the west are mine, and  
the north and the south are mine . . .  
All seems beautiful to me. . . .  
Now I see the secret of the making  
of the best persons,  
It is to grow in the open air, and to  
eat and sleep with the earth. —WHITMAN.

WHO can recall without a feeling of reverence the golden days spent in the High Sierra of California? For here "immortal shapes of bright aerial spirits live insphered in regions mild of calm and serene air, above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth." Here "none may come to the trial till he or she brings courage and health, and only those may come who come in sweet and determined bodies." Rejoicing here under the shadow of the great peaks, in the dazzling sunshine of the high plateaus, in all the radiant coloring of this land of the sky, we tread once more the undisturbed delightful paths of earth.

Who has not waked from peaceful slumber in the high places to see the day-star trick his beams and with new-spangled ore flame in the forehead of the morning sky? Who has not risen under the opening eyelids of the morn refreshed and primed for the unknown pleasures of a new day? Strike out on the High Sierra trail long ere the burning sun flames over yonder ridge; swish under foot the meadow-grass dew-pearled, before the shadows flee away. In silent worship marvel at the "bells and flowrets of a thousand hues," the blue clusters of lupine and larkspur, the brilliant red of the castilleia, the soft pink of the alpine shooting-star. Breathe deep the cold clear air of the morning, tune heart and soul to the music of the roaring stream as it swirls all white among the boulders; hearken to the songs of birds in the forest, lift up your eyes to the heights of glistening snow, and behold who hath created these things.

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On Saturday morning, July 9, A.D. 1932, the hot discomforts of the

