

There was appreciable gauging of the surface snow, even the short time I was there. One receives the impression of perpetual motion to see the solid mass of moving snow hurriedly racing up the mountain side, madly rushing to the edge of the cornice and without hesitance plunging out into the void. It is particularly impressive when the sun is shining through it, giving it a beautiful silver tone. In a moderate wind the ^{migrating} snows seldom leave the ground, but with pronounced wind the snow particles beat the face and entire body in a painful manner. At only one time during the 1½ hours spent on top did the wind subside completely and that was during a few seconds when first arriving. From about 10:00 on there was a gradual increase in intensity.

The period spent on top was bearable but left top when storm began in earnest; so cheated defeat this time by only a few minutes. 4-2-12-37 Timpanogos, at this height



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has a perspective that tends to subdue its true height and something erases the mammoth irregularities of depth. The cascades, 5-2-12-39 still smooth themselves out

when too high an altitude is gained, but present an interesting picture record. Other than about 20 minutes spent in an excavation on the lee of an improvised rock wall most of the time was spent



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moving about to keep from freezing. It required as much will power to leave this walled protection and face the wind as it does to leave a warm bed on a cool morning. Many interesting

hours could be spent from this vantage point with a powerful pair of