

THE ZEPHYR

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To climb the trackless mountains all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her
stores unroll'd.

-- Byron.

We have stood alone at dawn on the granite crest of Pike's Peak, beholding the abysses freshly tinted by the rising sun. We have experienced the sublime thrill of rambling through the painted, spray-filled valleys and snow-decked heights of Glacier National Park, over Piegan Pass, Swift Current Pass, up Old Baldy, skirting Avalanche Lake, with its shining cascades springing thousands of feet from Sperry's Glacier; trod the August snow of that splendid glacier that lay luxuriantly in the golden, purple, red and white mountain meadows. We have wandered amid the mightiest of Sequoia in California, with their silences and splendid, endless aisles. We have tramped alone through the uplands of Yosemite, along the cloud-racked precipices, and dangled our feet from the topmost granite tip of Half-Dome; have seen, as the eagle sees, the green-clad valley of enchantment from that lofty height, with its monster, wispy waterfalls. We have entered, afoot and alone, the rocky promontories, to feast on the encompassing, breath-taking grandeur of color, distances, outlines and depths of the Grand Canon of the Colorado.

We have toiled up and conquered all the great mountains of Hawaii; over the lofty crests of the islands of Molokai and Lanai, through bogs to the summits of Eke and Kukui, and stood amazed on Haleakala's awful brink on Maui; and trudged 200 miles and more on one grand outing, over the summits of Hualalai, Mauna Kea (13,625 feet, and loftiest of all oceanic mountains), and finally, Mauna Loa (13,675 feet), the world's mightiest living volcano, on the island of Hawaii.

In all these wanderings, and others that loom through the mists of memory, we have experienced the sublime thrill of the lover of nature. We have always felt that there are certain heights and remote, hidden places on earth, set aside as sacred to their Creator, and only to be sensed and beheld by those willing to make the supreme physical effort; that these sacred precincts were never to be attained without sacrifice, the sacrifice of physical comfort, possibly of human safety, as atonements for the sublime pleasure of their ultimate vision. In this final attainment, he who toils afoot through the depths and heights becomes as one with all the wild, untrammelled animal and vegetable world about him, and in this he becomes quite truly a child of God.

Finally, when we have lifted the veil from before the sanctum sanctorum of nature, viewed the marvelous wonders there beheld, we

feel entirely unselfish in wishing that the veil may be permitted to hang before the finest and most difficult of these earthly paradises, only to be touched by the loving hands of him who toils to these domains afoot, to view with proper awe and wonder and understanding the supreme beauty there unveiled.

There are many splendid automobile trails into realms of sublime and wonderful beauty. There will be many more, which we trust will be wisely built: May they be highways along which millions may pass in worthy praise of nature, leaving its beauties untouched, its virgin treasures undisturbed. In the name of conservation, of reward for sturdy effort, of deeper love and appreciation of nature's glorious gifts, we plead for the omission of automobile routes, or even easy foot trails, into these most difficult of earth's wonder realms. Let him who is willing to toil, even hunger and thirst a little to see much, have the just, unspoiled reward, and thus hold intact perpetually through the ages God's loftiest and most inspiring monuments. -- Lawrence Hite Daingerfield.

In making plain its stand on the matter of preserving some areas of unusual beauty and interest for the citizen who wishes to get away for a little while from the honking, fume-spreading automobile, and other distractions of modern civilization, the Outdoor Nature Club is glad to have as its spokesman Lawrence H. Daingerfield, an outdoor man whose broad, yet conservative, views are based on many years of contact with lovers of outdoor life and thousands of miles of exploration afoot through North America and the Hawaiian Isles. Mr. Daingerfield is a past president of both the Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club and the Outdoor Nature Club of Houston, and a member of other organizations interested in various forms of outdoor recreation, and his statement voices the sentiment of a vast body of American citizens.

On Sunday, September 26th, a large group of explorers navigated the Houston Ship Channel and San Jacinto River as guests of Rex Dunbar Frazier and J. R. Cheek on the latter's dandy yacht, the *Magnolia*. This second demonstration of good, old-time hospitality was fully as enjoyable as the first. In addition to confirming our previous discovery that Messrs. Cheek and Frazier are top-notch fellows, we made a number of interesting natural history observations and materially reduced the supply of picnic edibles available in Houston and vicinity.

Members of the Outdoor Nature Club, in common with all citizens of Houston and Harris County interested in public progress and welfare, are looking forward to the opening of the Forum of Civics. The club is pledged to the fullest cooperation in helping to make this council of civic groups an asset to the community and a force for unity, progress and prosperity.

A concise statement of the club's work and activity during the past year has been forwarded to headquarters of the National Assn. of Audubon Societies for publication with the reports of affiliated clubs in the November-December issue of *Bird-Lore*.