

The compact was made. Her spirit was to go with me to cheer, urge and carry me on. The camp was well nigh over. Time was of considerable moment. Oh, how I regretted, at every turn of the hurry and bustle of getting away, the past opportunities; when, in the light of subsequent events, I might have climbed even as Martha, and never have been missed from the High Executioner's list in the toiling world of the plains.

It was a gorgeous morning, after the much needed showers during the night, when we alighted, after breakfast on the train, and commenced our walk to the Main Camp, three miles distant from Hector. With the lure of the wild mountain scenery firmly grafted into my limbs, and Martha's spirit ahead, we swung along at a comfortable pace, arriving at the Main Camp well under the hour.

The genial Secretary met us, as they say in the West, with the Glad Hand and Cheery Smile, neither lacking in sincerity, and, as customary, at once proceeded to chide me for failing to herald my approach as a would-be Active with a timely warning of my intention. It was here that Martha relieved the tension of the situation with her playful aside, "Here's another truant," and the joy of the lost sheep come to repentance made everything appear plain and smooth sailing; in fact, I at once felt I was one of Mr. Mitchell's family and quite at home.

After registration and the necessary camp accommodation had been allotted, the question of climbing possibilities was discussed and decided upon. "You must take a short stroll to the subsidiary camp at Lake O'Hara, about six miles distant," whispered Martha. "Then the next day you are down for a try-out on Mount Schaffer." (A name one at once associates with "Old Indian Trails.") I was quite jubilant—then the awe-inspiring thought—a real climb up a glacier-hung mountain over 10,000 feet.