

EAINT contours; vague distances and silence. You stand high in the snowy stillness breathing the keen vivifying mountain air.

A flush of pink, faint at first, becomes glorious. High over-head a bit of cloud fluff glows as the sun's first rays creep over the edge of the world.

The pink deepens and a touch of crimson tips the distant peaks. Up from the cloud-veiled valleys come the faint, sweet calls of waking birds.

Then in swift crescendo the sky turns to gold and saffron, the shadows deepen to wonderful purples, and as if borne on the climatic sweep of a mighty orchestra, the sun, majestic and glorious, brings to you another perfect Colorado day.