

# THE JUNIOR PALLADIUM

WEEKLY SECTION OF RICHMOND PALLADIUM

THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM, SATURDAY, AUG. 16, 1919

## Secretary Glass Awards Medals To Boy Scouts

Secretary of the Treasury, Carter Glass, Presents Medals for the Victory Loan.

The esteem in which Secretary of the Treasury Glass holds the Boy Scout organization is indicated in the following extract from an address made by him at the mass meeting where over four hundred Victory Loan medals and bars were presented to Boy Scouts of Washington, D. C., as a recognition for the work which they did in connection with the last loan.

Secretary Glass in his opening remarks indicated his pleasure at being asked to take part in the meeting, saying that he considered it a distinct compliment. The following is what he says concerning the great organization of Boy Scouts:

"While I do not know a great deal about the Boy Scouts, I do know one thing—that it is an institution which is antagonistic to nothing that is good, and hostile to everything that is bad, and it is an honor for any man, whatever his distinction in life, to come and greet an association of that sort.

"If the Boy Scouts of America had done nothing more than they did in the five Liberty Loan campaigns, they would have earned distinction enough to entitle them to the respect and affection of the American people. And, as Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, I want tonight to give attestation to the great patriotism manifested by the Boy Scouts. I want to personally thank them for the splendid service they rendered their country and for the effective way in which they aided the Treasury Department in putting over this loan."

## ALLIGATOR MASCOT FOR THIS RIFLEMAN



Capt. L. H. Burkhardt and alligator mascot.

This photo of Captain Burkhardt of the Florida civilian rifle team was taken at the national rifle range at Caldwell, N. J., where he is contesting this month for the national rifle trophy. He is holding "Bull's Eye," the team's mascot, an alligator born in the Everglades.

## LOCAL BOY DESCRIBES THRILLING TRIP TO TOP OF MONT BLANC, HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN EUROPE



You know what fun it is to climb a steep hillside! One has to climb carefully to keep from slipping but it's great sport to see how steep a bank you can climb without falling.

Just as you Juniors enjoy climbing high and steep banks, so the grownups have great fun climbing mountains. Those who have climbed mountains, either in the United States or in other countries, say it is a wonderful experience. It is so beautiful and so interesting, and it is made more interesting by the skill it takes to keep one's footing, sometimes in very narrow places.

One of the highest mountain peaks in the world, and the highest in Europe, is Mont Blanc, which is the French name for White Mountain, and was given to this peak because it is always covered with snow. It is one of the great group of mountains called The Alps, and is about three miles high.

### First Climbed in 1786

It was in the year 1786 that someone climbed this mountain for the first time. Since then there are about three hundred people that climb to its top during the year. This last year, however, probably a thousand have climbed it, as there were many soldiers of the allied armies that went there on "leave." Many American soldiers and Red Cross men are among the number who did it.

### Guide Was a "Blue Devil"

A Richmond boy who prefers that his name should not be in this story, is one of the lucky ones who climbed this "White Mountain." He has told his story of the trip up Mont Blanc so that you Juniors will know how it feels to climb such a high mountain, covered with snow and ice, and will want to go there sometime and try it yourself.

"We started," he said, "about five o'clock in the morning from the little French village named Chamonix (and you do not pronounce the 'x' when you say it) that lies at the foot of Mont Blanc. It was the morning of Friday, June 20, 1919, and the climb we were to make, was to be the twenty-second trip up the mountain that year. Carter, a pal of mine was with me, and a guide. Everyone has to have guides. No one ever climbs without one, and they are valuable too. We paid ours 120 Francs for his services, which is about \$20 in these war days, and I would not do what he does for a thousand.

He had not made the trip himself for six years, as he had been serving in the famous Chasseurs or "Blue Devils" Regiment of the French army.

### An Alpenstock a Necessity

"We wore warm clothing, and heavy hob-nailed shoes, and each one carried a pack. In this pack were gloves, knitted helmet, extra pair woolen socks, dark glasses (the glistening snow is hard on the eyes), grease (to keep our faces from drying up under the terrible burn of the sun), camera, sweater and raincoat. Each one had an Alpenstock, too, that looks something like a small pick, made of straight-grained wood and having a steel spike on the end. One end of the spike is blunt and one is sharp. This is used for cutting steps in the ice sometimes, and for support all the time. Together we carried, too, about thirty feet of rope (which was used to tie us together when we came to places that were harder to climb), 3 loaves of French bread (each one, two feet long), a pork roast, steak, very strong tea, sweet chocolate, cheese, oranges, confiture (or jam), potatoes, some wine for the guide and some stronger wine to be used in case of accident.

### Used Ropes Over Deep Crevices

"While we were going through the timber we picked up wood to make our fire at the half-way house. By ten o'clock we had left the timber, and were climbing over big snowdrifts.

"We climbed over two glaciers (great frozen fields piled high with ice that moved a few feet a year) named Glacier des Bossons and Glacier du Tacconez. The crossing from the first to the second was quite difficult because we went over deep "crevasses" as the French call them. It was here that we tied ourselves together with the rope for the first time and used it all the time after that.

### "Biled" Tea at the Half-way House

"About eleven thirty that morning we came to the half-way house, named Les Grands Mulets (which means, in English, 'The Big Mules'), a little built, large house, knocked a well lopsided by the snow of many years.

"Here the guide made a fire and cooked us a dandy meal, and then we went to bed. It was so cold that every bit of water we drank, was snow which had been melted over the fire. At six o'clock in the

afternoon, we got up, ate another meal and fixed the packs that we were to carry to the top of the mountain. We left all but the necessary things at the half-way house, to be picked up again on our way down. We packed up chocolate, oranges, bread and tea to take with us. The tea was made strong to give us strength, in fact, it had been boiled for an hour and a half. The guide strapped on an extra pair of spikes over his hob-nailed shoes. From here as we looked down, we could see the village of Chamonix that we had left that morning. It was so very beautiful with its bright lights twinkling up at us through the moonlight.

### Wiggled Toes to Prevent Freezing

"We went to bed again and slept until 11 a. m., when we got up, ate another meal and started off again, at five minutes after twelve in the early morning, for the last lap. We were roped together. I was in the middle. The guide carried a candle lantern. All around us we could hear the avalanches falling, those great, great big balls of snow that fall from smaller peaks as the snow melts.

"Soon after this we saw a glorious sunrise, a sight I never shall forget. It was so beautiful.

"By now it was so cold that we had to keep twitching our faces, and wiggling our fingers and toes to keep them from freezing.

### Thin Air Made Hard Climbing

"By five o'clock in the morning we came to the little observatory which is near the top of the mountain. From here on the climb was very steep and the air was thin, which made it hard for us to breathe and made us feel weak. Every little bit we had to lie down in the snow for a very short time and rest.

"The guide outsteps in the ice with his stock, and climbed up while we braced ourselves and gave him more rope. Then he would brace himself and we would climb. The last quarter mile we climbed was a very steep and very narrow path.

### On the Top at Last

"We reached the top of Mont Blanc at ten minutes after seven, in the morning, and stayed there twenty minutes, looking out over the miles and miles of mountains and valleys that we could see from there, and taking a few pictures (not many though, it was too cold for that).

"From this peak we could have slid down into three different countries, France, Italy, and Switzerland, but we preferred to climb down into France as it was the safest way. (To be real truthful though, we did do quite a little slipping before we again arrived at Chamonix). We could see Mount Rosa, a high peak of the Alps mountains in Italy, and on clearer mornings than this 21st of June, one could see, so the guide told us, the beautiful Lake Geneva of Switzerland many miles away.

### Escaped Mountain Sickness

"Climbing down the mountain was harder in some ways than the trip up, though it was easier to breathe. I felt as if I were putting my feet out in front of me not knowing where they were going to light, and sometimes I wondered if they would really 'light' at all. This uncertain feeling sometimes makes climbers sick, with what the natives call "mountain sickness" or "Le Mal du Mont"—just as the rolling of the sea gives many people sea sickness. I had none of this, which suited me all right.

"As far as the observatory the way down was very steep and very hard to climb, and we went very slowly. We would go ahead while the guide braced himself with the rope and stock, and then as we braced ourselves, he would come down. Often the snow was up to our hips.

"By noon that Saturday we arrived again at the half-way house, and ate another meal, picked up the things we had left there and started down.

"When we were fairly low down, we had real fun sliding, and this time we meant to do it. The guide showed us how. Bending down, and bracing ourselves on our stocks (we were not tied together now), we slid over the icy slope, sometimes going down 75 feet at a time.

### Watched Through Telescopes

"We arrived in Chamonix at five-thirty Saturday afternoon, and found that people all over the town had watched our climb. Telescopes are placed in many places, and people are always interested in watching the climbing.

"The next morning we left Chamonix, proud that we had climbed to the top of the highest mountain in Europe, and still a little awe of the wonderful beauty of those great Alpine mountains.

## Digging Under An Old Church

Early in the year 1915 some men found that under a Norman church in Canterbury, England, were the remains of another church built long ago. The church that is now there was built by two abbots (and abbots were something like our ministers are now) called Scotland and Wido in the years between 1070 and 1091.

Under the floor of this church the men who were digging (grown-ups call it "excavating") found the foundations of a stone building that once had eight sides. This was built by another abbot called Wulfic before 1059. But that was not all. This seems to have been a very nice place to build, because near this church of Wulfic, the excavators found the walls of an old chapel which was built by old King Ethelbert way back in the sixth century. (Now perhaps you have never heard of Ethelbert, but just wait till you take English history! From the way history books talk about him, he must have been quite an important king in England, some fourteen hundred years ago. He wasn't king of England either, he was just king of Kent, a little

province of England.) Anyway he built some of these walls about the year 598, and can you guess how thick they are? They are 21 inches thick and are made of old Roman tiles. Here they have found some tombs of some of the good old abbots that lived long, long ago.

Of course they expect to do more digging now that the war is over, and try to find out just how many old buildings can be found, and what kind of buildings they were. The man who is especially interested in this work, and who has charge of it is a very interesting man with a very long name, Sir William St. John Hope. Perhaps he was named that because he was always "hoping" to find some old ruins beneath all of the buildings he could tear up, but perhaps he was not. Names are queer things.

It is thought that a sum of £3000 (pounds) or about \$15,000 will be needed to finish the work under this church in Canterbury.

### AUGUST

Rejoice! ye fields! and wave with gold.

When August round her precious gifts is flinging;

Lo! the crushed wain is slowly home-ward rolled;

The sun-burnt reapers jocund lays are singing. —Ruskin.

## In the Wilderness of Florida.

### Chapter V

Upon leaving Fritz, Jim started in the direction that he thought the camp to be. As he was slowly making his way through thickets he came upon a mass of small pieces of paper torn up by some one. While examining the scraps he found one saying, "Will be at the cave tonight," the rest was a jumble of smaller pieces with out meaning.

He decided to remember the place which was by a small clump of cypress trees. There was a path also which he decided to try.

After traveling east it came to the bank of a large river. The region was swampy. He also made a discovery—someone made frequent trips, for there were grains of corn scattered along the river. Seeing nothing else he went back and decided to resume his journey to camp.

It was sunset when he caught sight of the solitary tent. He had a disagreeable surprise, seeing a man at the provisions. He was helping himself liberally to everything in the camp.

Jim ran to the bank of the stream—there was their canoe turned upside down!

He then went up to the fire

where the man was warming a can of pork and beans.

"Do you know where a boy of my size is?" demanded Jim.

"No sir, that is, I don't," was the reply.

Upon further questioning the man denied seeing any boy. But Jim didn't trust him for there was a look on his face that put him on guard.

"Have you a gun," demanded the man.

"Yes, but you shall not have it," said Jim. The man sprang at him and soon gained possession of Jim's automatic.

—By Nemo.

(To be continued)

### MY BANTY HEN

I have a banty hen, that is fooling itself. She has a beautiful red comb. She sings all day long. She gets on the nest and sets there a half hour. She jumps off the nest and cackles, but she never lays an egg. She sets and has hatched all our chickens.—Betty Estelle, 111 North Third St.

The world's most famous toboggan slide is Cresta Run, at St. Moritz, in Switzerland.

The first coins struck in America were made in the city of Mexico about the year 1520.