

In Memoriam

EDITED BY ANGUS THUERMER, JR.

DONALD HUBBARD
1900-2000

Donald Hubbard, whose achievements as a rock climber and alpinist spanned nearly half a century, died of cardiopulmonary arrest on July 20 in McLean, Virginia, less than three months before his 100th birthday.

Hubbard did some of the earliest ascents at Seneca Rocks in West Virginia and Old Rag Mountain in the Shenandoah National Park. During World War II, when climbers were restricted from traveling far from home, he pioneered some of the most difficult routes at Carderock, an area just outside Washington, D.C., and a perennial favorite of local climbers.

Following the war, Hubbard focused most of his climbing energies on remote areas in western Canada, where he made more than 80 first ascents and repeated several of the most difficult routes of the day. Nearly every summer between 1946 and 1960, Hubbard and partners Sterling Hendricks and Arnold Wexler set off on an expedition to the Selkirks region of British Columbia. In 1957, Hendricks and Hubbard were involved in a tragic accident that took the life of another in their party and nearly cost them theirs.

Climbing on Mt. Howson with Rex Gibson, who was then president of the Alpine Club of Canada, Hendricks and Hubbard plummeted 250 feet down the side of the mountain. Gibson, who was leading the rope team, was struck in the head by a loose rock and when he fell he pulled the other two with him. Gibson died of injuries from the fall. Hubbard suffered a broken knee and remained with Gibson until he passed away during the first night. Hendricks, with a broken shoulder, went for help and made slow progress, using his one good arm and his teeth to hold onto the rope during several precipitous rappels. Once Gibson passed away, Hubbard used a tent pole for a crutch and for two days hobbled down the mountain.

"His specialty was coaching beginners," said Herb Conn, who started climbing under Hubbard's tutelage in the early 1940s. "More often than not, he would have them leading some climb far beyond their ability—but he could always get them to the top through sheer word power."

Bill and Ruth Schlect, two psychiatrists from Washington, D.C., who were also climbers, recognized this quality about Hubbard and sought his help in their work with juvenile delinquents. The Schlects believed that climbing could be used to transform these troubled kids from self-perceived losers to winners. "He [Hubbard] used to bring a group of delinquent boys to Carderock, kids who had done things like murdering their mother," said Conn. "One day, to give such a lad confidence in his own self-worth, Don showed him how to belay a top rope, then deliberately threw himself over the edge. The lad held him."

Hubbard refused to take much of the credit for the work he did with these adolescents. "Most of the kids found out they could do things the adults couldn't and this boosted their egos," he explained. In addition to the time he spent with these troubled youngsters, he worked the other side of the fence with the Boy Scouts to establish a climbing merit badge.

Hubbard also figured prominently in one of the first made-for-television depictions of

the climbing life. In the early 1950s, CBS launched a short-lived drama called *The I-Series* that included various outdoor adventures as part of its theme. The pilot episode, *I-Christopher Bell*, starred Charles Bickford as the protagonist Bell, with Hubbard appearing as the stand-in for Bickford during the climbing sequences. The show was a half-hour and had a simple plot. The aging Christopher, a legendary mountaineer, returns to his old haunts in the Colorado Rockies to try and regain some of the glory he achieved there in his youth. He has been out of climbing for a while, and naturally his health has deteriorated. Not long before arriving in Colorado to visit an old climbing partner, Bell had suffered a stroke and has become partially paralyzed as a result.

"The television crew fell in love with Hubbard," remarked Joel Gross, one of the producers of the show, "although they found him a bit of an oddball." Two weeks before the shooting started, Hubbard was asked to join Gross and the director, Don Medford, in scouting locations for scenes. After hours of hiking around in the mountains, they opened cans of sardines that Gross had packed with their lunches. Medford was horrified to find a large fly soaking in the heavy oil with his sardines. Hubbard lifted up the insect, examined it closely, and then swallowed it. "Hmm," he mused. "I believe that's *musca mediterranean*. Delicious. I haven't had one in years." Nobody on the crew ever heard, except for Gross later on, that one of Hubbard's responsibilities at the National Bureau of Standards during World War II, where he was a research chemist, was to study what GIs could get by on in a pinch for food. Whatever they were expected to eat, Hubbard ate too, and flies were considered one of the delicacies on the menu.

I met Hubbard only a couple of years ago. Although he didn't hear well or move around much at all, he was still quite sharp and quick witted, and fun to be with. I enjoyed calling on him, hearing old stories of what it was like to climb at Seneca Rocks, Carderock and other places popular with my generation of Washington, D.C., climbers, before these places were developed and when the number of climbers was insignificant. Losing an old friend like Don Hubbard is a loss to our whole area. He was one of our patriarchs and will be sadly missed.

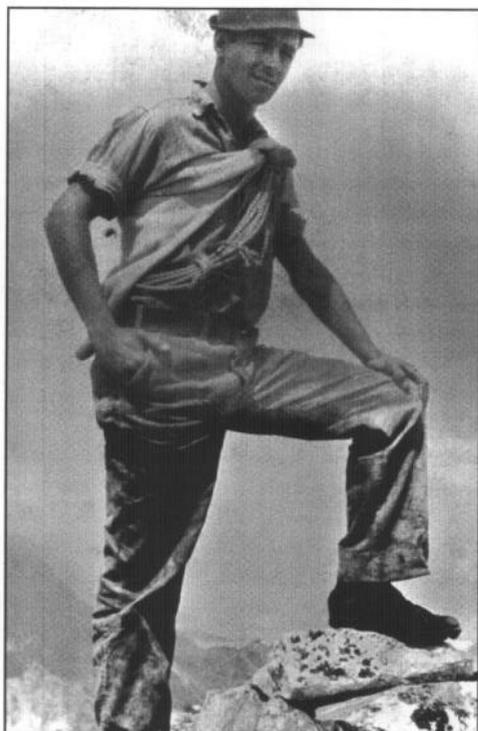
TODD POST

LLOYD A. ANDERSON
1902-2000

Lloyd A. Anderson, an American Alpine Club member since 1942 and the founder of Recreational Equipment Inc., died September 13 at the age of 98. Although he climbed more than 400 peaks in this lifetime, making many first ascents, it was his approach to buying that made him famous. When, in the late 1930s, Anderson went shopping for an ice axe, he found them hard to get and expensive. So he imported better, cheaper axes from Austria. Soon he was distributing climbing gear to various small stores before heading to his day job as an engineer for the Seattle Transit System. Within a short period, Lloyd was buying high-quality outdoor gear at reasonable prices for hundreds of friends and acquaintances. REI, the country's biggest outdoor-related cooperative, was formed. Anderson, when asked why a co-op, not a corporation, said, "I never thought a man should make money off his friends."

CAMERON M. BURNS

GLENN EXUM
1911-2000



*Glenn Exum on the day he made the first ascent
of the Exum Ridge on the Grand Teton.*

YVON CHOUINARD COLLECTION

Nothing defined Glenn Exum as enduringly as the harmonies that filled his life. They touched his passion as mountain climber and guide, his profession as music man, his love as husband and father, and his witness to his values of truth and faith.

Thousands of people in America today count their brief connection with Glenn Exum as a lifetime landmark in their discovery of a deeper relationship with the earth, of their reverence for the mountain climbing experience seasoned with modesty. He taught almost every day of his adult life until age and illness took him away from his mountains and his music rooms.

Did all of this make the guy a stiff, walking icon, a poster for four-square piety in all of his works and his philosophy?

No, not that. Glenn was a mischievous story teller who milked his shaggy dog stories for every dram of wackiness around hundreds of campfires in his years as the director of the Exum Climbing School and Guide Service, by the shore of Jenny Lake in Grand Teton National Park. He spoke in a soft, mellifluous voice that seemed to hypnotize his audience, whether made up of young people new to the western life or experienced climbers and hikers. And when

he produced his snappers at the finish of those stories, his ruddy face erupted in gales of guffaws whose decibels outran his audience's. His targets sometimes were his friends, but his stories never drew blood.

He died at 88 in March, and much of the romance of the early American climbing culture went with him. With Glenn, a day of climbing was a song to the hills. That was partly the music teacher in him, but it was partly the adolescent joy he felt in winging it on the high slabs, sure in his craft, climbing easily and always with style. Style was important to Glenn. It was part of the harmony he sought and achieved all of his life, in his marriage to Beth, in his friendships, with his God, and on the mountain. He was tidy and precise, in how he dressed, in the angle of his feathered Tyrolean hat (before the helmets came in), and in his movements on the mountain. He was a handsome guy, trim and athletic, once invited to a Hollywood screen test. But the mountains were where he belonged.

Many of his climbing instructors became world-class mountaineers, reaching the highest peaks of the Himalaya and the Andes, people like Willi Unsoeld, Barry Corbet, Pete Lev, Al Read, and many others. Glenn might have matched those deeds, but his horizons—apart from

a few flings at the Matterhorn—were closer to home, the summits of his Tetons. But in the prime of his career, he could climb them as few did, with a grace and art that flowed instinctively out of the rhythms within him. "When you climbed with Glenn," guide Herb Swedlund said, "you could almost hear the mountains sing."

Mountains, of course, can't sing. Mountains can make echoes, and they can thunder with avalanches and roar with rockfall, but they're made of granite and snow and frozen lava. So on this day 20 years ago, how could a mountain harmonize with a 68-year-old man who was moving on its skyline, smiling and humming in the breeze and letting the gusts romp in his hair? Well, the mountain couldn't sing, but it could harmonize. They were a duet, the old man and the mountain, the Grand Teton, his mountain. This was the 50th anniversary of his climb, the first climb of what is now the Exum Ridge of the Grand, the most popular in America. He'd gone alone, a college kid from Idaho, wearing football shoes and carrying a rather useless length of clothesline rope. Paul Petzoldt, his partner in the national park's first climbing school, suggested Glenn might want to explore the ridge as a new route. Not far from its beginning, on what the climbers now call Wall Street, the rock ledge disappears into 1,500 feet of nothing but straight down. Exum couldn't pick out the tiny rock nubbin that now offers a foothold for the climber. In 1931, it was either leap the eight feet of air splitting the ledge, or walk back down. Exum walked back down to the start of the ledge seven times. That last time he came sprinting up to the edge of the chasm and jumped.

What were his thoughts, one of his pals later asked him.

"I was thinking," he said, "how bad it would be for me if I missed."

He didn't, and he became in the years that followed the patriarch and gentle warden of the mountaineering ethic. Mountaineering, he thought, should not be the fuel of a climber's life. It should not turn him into a summit fanatic, but it could be a field of legitimate achievement and thrill, as long as it did not inflame the ego into recklessness. He would gather novice climbers into the Jenny Lake climbing shack before their first guided climb. Climbing a summit, he said, didn't heighten a person's worth or put him or her into a clan of the elite. Accept a climb for what it is, he said, a rare walk into the heights. Accept it for what the climb can tell you. It can tell you about physical and psychological strength you were unaware was in you, and repay your effort with satisfactions you didn't think you could achieve. It might tell you something about adversity and dealing with defeat, if you want to call it that. It can teach you that in order to deserve a height, you have to exert and test your limits.

But it can also raise a flag of warning to the sensible climber. If you're not fit, if you're hurting, or if the mountain is simply too much for you on this day, turn back. That is not cowardice. It is telling yourself, another day will be better. Don't let pride ruin this day, or your life.

He would talk that way, and those of us who climbed with him would often walk into that climbing shack filled with novices, simply to hear his quiet wisdom and to sense one more time the unmistakable good will and humanity of this remarkable man.

And oh, how we miss him.

JIM KLOBUCHAR

JULES M. EICHORN
1912-2000

Sierra pioneer Jules Marquard Eichorn, a 66-year member of the American Alpine Club, died February 15 after a climbing career that left his name indelibly etched on the Range of Light.

Born in San Francisco on February 7, 1912, he was the son of German immigrants who

pushed him, as a youth, in two directions that set his future. Frail in childhood (and gracefully handsome as a mature man), he learned to walk up Mt. Tamalpais in Marin County and was encouraged to study music. His first piano teacher was a perfect match: Jules, a teen, knew nothing about playing piano and had as a teacher Ansel Adams, in his early 20s, who had never taught the subject. Jules earned money for his piano lessons by washing Ansel's prints in the photographer's bathtub.

Ansel introduced Jules to the real mountains on the Sierra Club High Trip of 1927, when Jules was only 15, and they remained life-long friends. Ansel used raking light to highlight Jules' striking features in a 1930s portrait featured in the 1963 Sierra Club/Nancy Newhall tome *Ansel Adams Volume I: The Eloquent Light*.

Jules climbed several peaks in 1927 and more in 1928 and 1929, but in 1930 Jules and I teamed up for four seasons of climbing everything in sight. During this period, Sierra climbers began to learn modern rope work and the proper method of belaying.

On the 1930 Sierra Club High Trip, we left the main party for several days and went backpacking together. By camping at timberline above Lake Italy, we could climb Bear Creek Spire, Mt. Abbot, and Mt. Dade. Other summits were Turret Peak, Mt. Darwin, The Hermit, a new route on Mt. McGee, and the first recorded ascent of what would become Mt. Mendel. The second ascent of Devil's Crag followed, as did climbs of Middle Palisade and Mt. Sill, followed by the first traverse to North Palisade, and the first ascent from the west of Mt. Winchell. It was the only time I tried fishing, and it was only because we needed trout to add to our food supply. Jules had many skills, including camp cookery.

This pace continued, but the high point came in 1931, when Francis Farquhar invited us to join him with Norman Clyde and Robert L. M. Underhill to participate in the Palisade Climbing School, including the first ascent of Thunderbolt Peak, which got its name in an electrical storm. There were blue sparks coming off our ice axes and fingers. Jules was the last man off the summit area.

The East Face of Mount Whitney, on August 16, 1931, was a climb that forged a life-long linkage. After a series of climbs that summer, the team moved to Whitney and glassed the formidable face, picking a route. Underhill was 42, Clyde 46, Jules and I 19. The accomplishment was a mountaineering milestone.

Jules was taller than I am, courteous and cooperative but tenacious. We considered ourselves co-leaders and when the two of us were climbing, we would alternate leads to save time in changing belays.

We were together only a few times after 1933. That year, we participated in the search for Walter Starr, Jr., who died on Michael Minaret. A new book, *Missing the Minarets*, by William Alsup, gives many of the details. Starr's father later provided a scholarship for Jules at the University of California, Berkeley, and he graduated in 1938 with a degree and credential in music. For 35 years, he taught music in the Hillsborough School District.

Jules then became a pioneer Yosemite Valley climber. With Richard Leonard and Bestor Robinson, he made the first ascent of the Higher Cathedral Spire on April 15, 1934. He led the Bathtub pitch, shared a lead with Leonard using a new German technique—direct aid—and solved a crux pendulum by placing a piton sideways. The first ascent of the Lower Cathedral Spire followed on August 25, 1934.

In 1935, Jules was with Bestor Robinson, Richard Leonard, David Brower, Jack Riegelhuth, and others on an attempt on Mt. Waddington in British Columbia. In 1961, he climbed Mt. McKinley in Alaska. In the summers of 1940 and 1941, Jules was a national park ranger at Yosemite and, in effect, was the first climbing ranger to give instruction and partic-

ipate in rescues. His two great loves were music and the mountains. He climbed with the same verve as he played the piano.

Jules was proposed for membership in the American Alpine Club in 1933 by Francis P. Farquhar and Norman Clyde. He served on Board of Directors of the Sierra Club from 1961-67. His service coincided with that of Ansel Adams, as mine had earlier (Ansel was on the Board from 1934 to 1971). Later, Jules was a conservation activist in San Mateo County. He organized summer trips for boys to the High Sierra and employed his old friend Norman Clyde to assist him.

Jules was married three times. He has 11 children and step-children. At the time of his death, there were 18 grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren. His wife of 18 years, Shirley Lyhne-Eichorn, cared for him in his final years and arranged for two memorial services, one in Redwood City and one at Big Basin State Park in the redwood grove that bears his name.

Two peaks in the High Sierra are named for him: Eichorn Pinnacle, the spectacular west summit of Cathedral Peak that Jules and I first climbed on July 24, 1931, and Eichorn Minaret, which we called Third Minaret, first climbed by Jules and me with Walter "Bubs" Brem on July 31, 1931.

GLEN DAWSON, *with* CAMERON BURNS

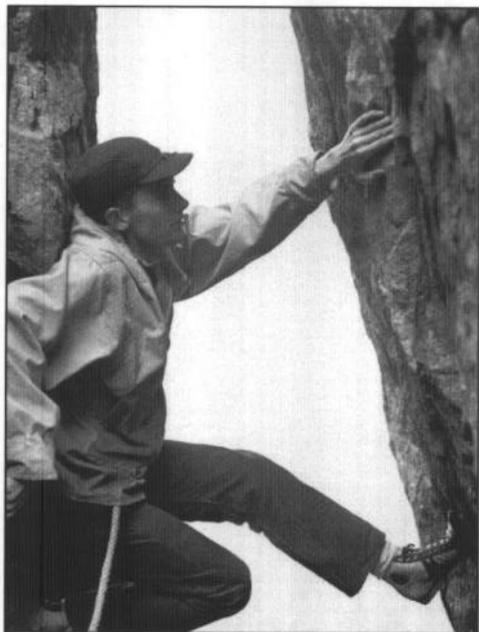
DAVID ROSS BROWER
1912-2000

Cancer claimed David Brower on November 5. During October, in pain and knowing that only weeks were left, he could have gone quietly into the night. But no, he wanted all possible medical assistance until the very end, for he still had work to do. I imagine that even on his last day he was composing still another brilliant paragraph attacking those who are destroying our fragile planet.

Most of us today cannot imagine what Lake Tahoe looked like in the early 1920s, but Brower never forgot his numerous vacations there as a child. He could drink the lake's water, walk the shoreline for miles without seeing a building. As he grew older he watched this beloved place change beyond recognition, especially after 1931, when gambling was legalized in Nevada and casinos and hotels began to mar the lakeshore. It's never easy to see a favorite childhood place get ruined, but few do much about it. "Progress" is a powerful word—and most of us welcome its more subtle aspects. Brower couldn't do much to save the Tahoe of his youth, but by 1952, as the first executive director of the Sierra Club, he was in a position to influence those who wielded power over much of the West. And did he ever.

The story of Brower's rise to become the world's pre-eminent conservationist of the last half of the twentieth century is perhaps not well known to American Alpine Club members, though his name has appeared on our rolls since 1946. His first battle concerned Colorado and Utah's Dinosaur National Monument. The Bureau of Reclamation wanted to dam the Green River, which would have meant flooding two incomparable desert canyons. Brower was well aware, of course, of the damming of Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite, around the time he was born. John Muir had fought this battle and lost, but the times were different in 1954. Brower (and others, of course) won this one, and people who visit Dinosaur today should fall to their knees and offer thanks.

In the early 1960s he lost the next big fight and regretted it every day until his death. The Bureau wanted to dam the Grand Canyon, but, under pressure from Brower and numerous organizations, opted to dam the Colorado far upstream instead, outside the national park. This



David Brower in 1934 in Pinnacles National Monument. Photographer unknown.
BROWER FUND COLLECTION

compromise led to Glen Canyon Dam and the unconscionable flooding of “the place no one knew,” the title of an Eliot Porter book Brower was soon to edit.

Brower went into high gear after this, and the provincial Sierra Club became a national force in the burgeoning conservation movement during the late 1960s, growing from 7,000 members to 75,000 during Brower’s reign. With a passion matched by few, he began publishing the famed “exhibit format” series, huge, beautiful photo books with eloquent texts. No expense was spared, and the Club’s directors became alarmed at Brower’s recklessness and arrogance. In 1969 he was forced to resign at a tumultuous board meeting. Did this humble him? Hardly. He soon founded the John Muir Institute, Friends of the Earth, and, later, still other organizations. He wrote brilliantly about the world’s plight, and continued his controversial ways until the end. Who will replace this giant?

Jack Turner’s excellent book *Teewinot* contains this interesting passage:

“I do not believe it is an accident that many leaders of modern conservation and bioregional movements—John Muir, David Brower, Arne Naess, George Sessions, Gary Snyder—have been mountaineers.” Turner goes on to say that the heights offer a unique perspective of the land, with man-made boundaries almost invisible and natural boundaries—vegetation, watersheds, geology—much more prominent. Turner continues: “Since what we see influences what we think, those who spend time on summits often disagree with those whose vision is more limited.”

David Brower stood many a time upon summits, and his keen eyes obviously took in the natural landscape. Yet early on he was famed for his climbing, not his efforts in conservation. A graceful, lanky youth, he first roped up in 1934, on his hometown rocks in Berkeley, Calif. A few months after he first touched rock, a confidential report prepared by the Sierra Club’s Technical Climbing Committee rated Brower’s climbing technique a 14 on a scale of 15. No one else was even close to his level of expertise. On the same chart, however, neophyte Brower scored 16 out of 30 for judgment, a rating probably agreed on by Club directors in the 1960s.

Brower was a master of delicate face climbing, and, since the pioneers of the 1930s sought out the lower-angled cliffs and avoided strenuous jam cracks, the lesser (but still huge and unknown) cliffs of Yosemite Valley were the perfect place for him. A person with great strength had no real advantage on such terrain; delicacy and finesse counted for much more. One of Brower’s climbing partners, Bruce Meyer, later described him as “fast, efficient, and graceful. He would bound over the talus blocks on the approach, not unlike a mountain goat. Climbing with him in those years was an emotional experience, and I can readily see where

he gained his fervor in taking on environmental issues and challenges.”

He made 16 first ascents in the Valley between 1935 and 1942, a record that would stand until 1957. His finest achievement on rock came in 1939 with the first ascent of “the last great American climbing problem,” as the media termed Shiprock. This enormous volcanic formation in New Mexico had defeated many parties, but Brower and three other Californians, using specialized techniques learned in Yosemite, persevered and on their fourth day reached the lonely summit. Bestor Robinson, in an article about this ascent, said that Brower “seemed somehow to be able to move on slight discolorations of the rock. His long orangutan arms added to his normal height of six feet two made him valuable where holds were far apart.”

The Yosemite pioneers weren’t only rock climbers. They had all started as backpackers and mountaineers and skiers. Brower, in fact, had hiked the length of the Sierra with a companion in 1933, a seven-week journey rather remarkable for a youth of 21. The next year he spent ten straight weeks in the range, and in his first published piece—called “Far from the Madding Mules” (1935)—he wondered if the mountains could ever bore him. “Could the Sierra offer only transitory enjoyment, merely a temporary escape?... By the time I reached Berkeley the answer was certain: This person was not coming home—he had just left it!”

Long hikes weren’t enough; rock climbing wasn’t enough. He craved more serious adventures and found one to his liking in 1935: Mt. Waddington, the unclimbed high point of British Columbia. Storms defeated this Sierra Club group, but now Brower had a new love, the world of snow and ice. Although cross-country skiing was in its infancy in the United States, Brower and a few equally tough companions managed several daring first winter ascents of remote Sierra peaks.

In the early 1940s came an adventure he would rather have avoided: fighting Germans in the mountains of Italy. Lieutenant Brower served in the famed 10th Mountain Division, putting to use his vast experiences in all phases of mountaineering. His 1946 article “Pursuit in the Alps” is a classic of war reportage (typically modest, he doesn’t mention his Bronze Star).

For a few years after the war—before he became the Sierra Club’s executive director—Brower worked at the University of California Press in Berkeley while raising four children with his wife, Anne. For nearly 50 years a small redwood house near the top of the Berkeley Hills was home to this talented family

I first met Brower when he made appearances at Sierra Club gatherings at the Berkeley rocks in the mid-1950s, and he once set me straight about which way the rappel rope should be wound around my scared and frail body. Later, when I brashly decided to write a guidebook to Yosemite Valley, he gave me every possible encouragement and often took the time to sit down with me in his San Francisco office and gently point out that I might be a decent climber but was certainly not yet a writer. He personally designed my 1964 guidebook, a collectors’ item now because of its looks, not its words. In 1966, when Allen Steck and I were thinking that the Sierra Club should devote an entire magazine to climbing, we feared the Club’s directors would veto the project. Brower came to Steck’s house one rainy night, had dinner, listened to our pleas, and sat through a slide show. He had been non-committal all evening, but as he put on his jacket to leave, he said: “Money’s no object and we’ll use duotone for the black-and-whites and do a color cover.” And so *Ascent* was born. That it never made a cent for the Club over many years was irrelevant: in his mind it was simply the right thing to do. This kind of vision earned him many friends, and if he went overboard at times in his conservation efforts, he stood always on the moral high ground.

A brilliant speaker and writer, Brower influenced thousands of young people. I remember a lecture in the mid-1950s when he talked about the beauty of the North Cascades—and its

famed dreary weather. "But what's a little rain?" he asked. "It's just water. It can't hurt you. Your skin is waterproof." To this day I walk proudly down a street in a drizzle, enjoying the drops on my head and feeling a little smug watching people cowering under umbrellas.

Brower invented some wonderful aphorisms in his long, rich life. "Population is pollution spelled inside out." "When rampant growth happens in an individual, we call it cancer." "We are going to fill San Francisco Bay so we can have another Los Angeles in a state that deserves only one." Dams especially earned his wrath. He once created a full-page newspaper ad that screamed in bold type: "Should we also flood the Sistine Chapel so tourists can get nearer the ceiling?" In speeches came some of his favorite lines: "The Bureau of Reclamation engineers are like beavers; they can't stand the sight of running water." Or: "If you are against a dam, you are for a river." And, finally, the visionary credo that he spoke of a thousand times, and one that everyone should listen to for all time: "Conservationists have to win again and again and again; the enemy only has to win once."

STEVE ROPER

PAUL THOMAS DOHERTY

1919-2000

The "Old Fish Cop" left this world from his home in Gorham, New Hampshire, on June 18, after a long struggle with cancer. He was born on June 19, 1919, one of a family of four New Hampshire boys, all of whom followed different paths of social usefulness. After service with the U.S. Navy in World War II, Paul became a conservation officer with the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department and was soon appointed Chief of its Northern District.

In this capacity, he rapidly became a mountaineer—and joined the undersigned on several ventures into the mountains of Western Canada. As the responsible officer for search-and-rescue operations in the White Mountains, Paul partook in and directed countless "body removals" and other operations with happier endings. Many were the times when he roused climbers like me out of bed at midnight with a call for technical climbing skills and word that he had already arranged "road courtesy" for us to get to the scene of action.

There would be Paul, surrounded by his game warden associates and U.S. Forest Service staff, with all the known details of the situation and whatever supplies he had been able to scrounge up. We would set off for the pertinent cliff face—or windswept, wintry barren—where his gang would stand by for the dirty work of carrying injured persons, or cadavers, down through the tangled New Hampshire bush to a highway. Paul would occasionally note that the more life there was on a stretcher, the louder were the complaints about rough portage.

With the late Dr. Benjamin G. Ferris, Jr., and two of his daughters, in 1966, Paul and his late wife, Sally, built the "Great Cairn" Hut near Mount Sir Sandford, an edifice that has since been renamed by the Alpine Club of Canada as the Ben Ferris Hut. In 1992, Paul and the late Dr. Harry McDade were joint recipients of The American Alpine Club's David Sowles Award for their numberless rescue ventures among the mountains of the north country.

While well known as a writer for the local newspapers of Coos County, and author of the delightful autobiography, *Smoke From 1,000 Camp Fires*, Paul also served, inter alia, as Director of the New Hampshire State Parks, Chief of the Off-Highway Vehicle Bureau, and in his final incarnation of public service, as consultant for the construction of the environmentally sensitive Franconia Notch Parkway.

He taught me a lot.

WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM

PETER LIMMER, JR.
1920-2000

While not a member of the American Alpine Club, Peter, as assistant to his late father and with the help of his late brother, Francis, shod scores of us. Born in Vachendorf, Bavaria, a small town he would describe as being “under a bridge on the Munich-Salzburg autobahn,” Peter came to this country at an early age with his shoemaker father and his mother, née Maria Bücherl, the daughter of another shoemaker.

The family set up in Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts, where the boys matured until wartime duty called, Peter into the U.S. Air Force and Francis into the 10th Mountain Division, while their father kept the business together at home. Many were the delightful tales the elder Limmer told of his service in the Kaiser’s army—including being taken prisoner by the Russians a generation earlier.

In 1950, the family decided to move nearer the mountains and purchased the Harmony Acres Dance Hall property in Intervale, New Hampshire, which they converted into a shop and showroom. Until the advent of more sophisticated merchandising, the Limmer family also carried a line of quality climbing equipment which they sold at minimal markup. There the family hospitality to clients and old friends became legendary.

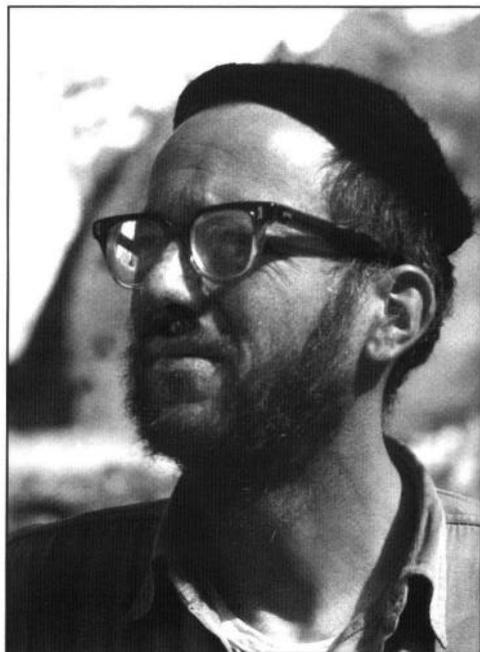
In keeping with his parental tradition, Peter retired several years ago from active work in the business, turning it over to the second and third generation of American-born family craftsmen, whose distinctive footwear is cherished by hundreds of hikers and climbers all over North America.

WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM

GEORGE IRVING BELL
1926-2000

When George Bell, who made significant first ascents in the Andes and the Karakoram, died on May 28, in Los Alamos, New Mexico, from leukemia complications following routine surgery, it was a quiet end to a remarkable life. George is survived by his wife Ginny, and his children, Carolyn and George, Jr.

On Masherbrum in 1960, a group of us was standing in the snow between Camps IV and V looking up at the great southeast face, which led to the summit. The face was impressive enough, but what really caught our attention was the giant ice cliff that ran across most of it—high up. We were going to be spending a lot of time underneath it. There weren’t many avalanche scars, but it was not a reassuring sight. So we stood there contemplating the significance of it. Finally



George Bell on Masherbrum. NICHOLAS CLINCH

George said, "If that thing comes down it will be an act of God." It was typical George, quiet, humorous, and, fortunately, absolutely right. The man was a tower of calm competence.

George excelled at two things, theoretical physics and mountaineering. He was born August 4, 1926, in Evanston, Illinois. He first started climbing in high school when he visited the Tetons while attending a summer camp. Then he went to Harvard University, where his smoldering interest in the mountains was stoked into a roaring fire by the Harvard Mountaineering Club. In the late 1940s he made numerous climbs in the Tetons, Wind Rivers, and Cascades. He went on the Harvard expedition in 1948 to the Waddington area of the Coast Range of British Columbia, where he made four first ascents. But the start of his major mountaineering began with the remarkable expedition to the Cordillera Huayhuash of Peru that succeeded in making the first ascent of the very difficult and dangerous Yerupaja (21,769'). George was a prime mover of the expedition and reached the high camp at 20,600 feet.

This was the beginning of a series of expeditions to the Andes in which George was a key participant. In 1952, he made the first ascent of Salcantay (20,574') in the Cordillera Vilcabamba of Peru, another outstanding achievement. Later, after losing some toes on K2, he made the second ascent of Chopicalqui (20,998') in the Cordillera Blanca in 1954 and returned again to the Pumasillo group of the Vilcabamba in 1956. George also was the chronicler of those expeditions. In the 1950s the *Saturday Evening Post* liked to run one article a year on mountaineering expeditions, and George wrote four of them.

When Charlie Houston and Bob Bates were picking their team for K2 in 1953, they included George Bell in that elite group. After the accident in which Pete Schoening held five falling men, George managed to crawl down the mountain with frozen hands and feet. He had to be carried out to Skardu on the backs of porters. When they came to the rope bridge over the Dumordo River, George sat on the bottom strand and pulled himself across using the two side lines. When asked about his ordeal, he said, "I would have walked if I could." Two years later he was on an international expedition that attempted Lhotse under the leadership of Norman Dyrenfurth.

George graduated from Harvard University in 1947 with a degree in physics and received a doctorate in theoretical physics from Cornell University in 1951. He moved to New Mexico and worked at the Los Alamos National Laboratory until his death. Most of his work was in nuclear physics, but he was also involved in biology and biophysics and was a founder, in 1988, of the Center for Human Genome Studies. He married Ginny Lotz in 1956, and for the rest of their lives the two of them went on many family climbing and backpacking trips, including dozens of treks to the Himalaya and other mountain ranges. George also was active in The American Alpine Club. He joined in 1950 and served on the council in 1956 and 1957 and as Central Vice President from 1959 through 1961.

We knew Masherbrum (25,660') would be hard, so with George as leader, we got some of the finest climbers in the country, including Dick Emerson, Tom Hornbein, Dick McGowan, and Willi Unsoeld. Again and again, the expedition was hit by storms and avalanches. Again and again, we regrouped and started back up the mountain. It was a tremendous group of climbers and the quiet catalyst of the effort was George, leading by example. He could hold his own with anyone. George and Willi reached the summit together on July 6, 1960, and all of us had had an unforgettable experience of effort, hazard, comradeship, and success.

No one in that group of characters was ever at a loss for words. Yet it was George who made the most memorable remark of the expedition. He and Willi were on the summit, and Willi had put a small cross given to him by a friend into the snow. He was saying a prayer over it when George said, "Well, Willi, shall we go down—or up?"

There is no question which way George went in his life. Whether it was at work, in the mountains, with his family, or with his friends, George always went one way: up. We all were lucky to have had him.

NICHOLAS B. CLINCH

GILBERT J. ROBERTS, M.D.

1934-2000

Gil Roberts, a fine expedition mountaineer from the 1950s and 1960s, died on July 15, 2000, in Berkeley, California, from cancer at the age of 66. Gil dealt with death in the same uncompromising way he dealt with the other crises in his life and his mountaineering, unblinking and head on. He is survived by his wife, Erica Stone, and his children, David Dorji Roberts, Kathy Roberts, and Kim Roberts.

I first met Gil in the fall of 1951 when he came to Stanford University as a freshman and joined the Alpine Club. He already was an experienced climber, and I used the excuse that he should be checked out as a leader in order to go climbing with him in Yosemite. There were three of us. We were halfway up Washington Column. Gil was in the middle and was sitting on a flake perched on a ledge. I was sitting a foot behind him on the flake. The climber who was leading went out more than 20 feet without protection. He was stopped by a smooth slab and decided to jump for the gully beyond. He leaped, failed to stick, spun, and dropped into space, trailing the rope behind him.

For a moment I thought the flake would come off and we all would end up on the talus. Gil held and the flake held. The nylon rope stretched out like a rubber band and the leader bounced up and down like a yo-yo on the end of a string. Gil's hands were badly blistered but he never let go. Just then I received sudden enlightenment as to where the route went and asked Gil for a belay. All he said was, "Be careful. I don't think I can hold two falls like that in the same day."

It was classic Gil. Face the crisis. Deal with it. Make a few dry remarks and move on. He was made a leader.

He started climbing in 1948 at 14 with the Southern California Rock Climbing Section of the Sierra Club and did numerous climbs at Tahquitz and Yosemite. While still in high school, he made first ascents, including Mt. Smythe in the Canadian Rockies with Chuck and Ellen Wilts, as well as doing climbs such as the East Buttress of Whitney, the East Ridge of Edith Cavell, and the East Ridge of the Grand Teton. Gil was a strong member of the 1954 Stanford Coast Range expedition that made numerous ascents, including several firsts, in the Waddington area. He later made the first winter ascent of the East Buttress of Whitney and an ascent of the Kain Face of Mt. Robson.

Although he was a fine rock climber, his real strength was as an expedition mountaineer. He was the driving force behind the first ascent of the East Ridge of Mt. Logan in 1957, a major achievement for the time.

Gil went to Stanford Medical School, and his medical background plus his mountaineering ability made him a prize candidate for any expedition. After his medical internship, he served two years in the Air Force as a flight surgeon at its survival school in Reno. He was a member of the successful 1958 Hidden Peak expedition, but he and Dick Irvin had to come in after the rest of the party and arrived just as the mountain was climbed.

He joined the 1963 American Mt. Everest expedition and was in the Khumbu Ice Fall fixing the route when a wall of ice collapsed, killing Jake Breitenbach. Gil was a couple of steps

behind Jake, leading a second rope, when he stopped to wipe off his fogging goggles and escaped the falling ice that buried the climbers ahead of him. Gil and Ila Tsering dug out Dick Pownall and Ang Pemba, but then the rope disappeared under the ice and they could do nothing to help Jake.

After Everest, he made various climbs, including Denali, but no further Himalayan expeditions. Instead, he led treks to Nepal for many years and got involved with projects to help the Nepalese. He was one of the early members of the board of Dick Blum's American Himalayan Foundation and was active in its affairs. In his later years, he made many winter ski trips in the Sierra, including a crossing of that range just last year.

Gil had a family medical practice for a while and then for 20 years he was an emergency room doctor at Alta Bates Hospital in Berkeley, at which he excelled. He became involved with mountain medicine courses and seminars, working with such climbing physicians as Charlie Houston, Peter Hackett, and Drummond Rennie.

As with so many climbers, mountains, mountaineering, and mountaineers were a major part of his life. In an oral history interview given to John Rawlings, he concluded his remarks with the following: "...in mountaineering there's a certain simplicity to it which is a good antidote to the society we live in; in general...you can't fake it. You either climb it or you don't. You either get from point A to point B with your load or you don't. You can't kind of shuck and jive about it and get by on pretense as well as you sometimes can in other social situations. So it's clean and I like that part, have liked that part over the years. Not that I do much of that anymore, but I think that almost all of my good friends, I mean, I really don't have any good friends who aren't climbers. There's a certain bond there. Maybe you haven't climbed together all that much, or at all even, but you have a certain common denominator of values and experiences, so that you know a lot about somebody if you know that they're a fellow mountaineer."

In the mountains as in life, some people break trail and some people are content to follow in the footsteps of others. Gil Roberts broke trail. He was one tough mountaineer.

NICHOLAS B. CLINCH

CHARLES MARSHALL PRATT
1939-2000

Ah, Chuck, Chuck, so lately here, so soon gone. How can I be writing this? You, gone? Yes, irrevocably. Your death sudden and shockingly unexpected. It seems not real. Somehow...wrong.

Only a few weeks ago you had phoned me, out of the blue, from Lafayette, a small community nestled in the hills east of Berkeley. You called about the speech I had given last November at the Banff Mountain Summit.

Before putting the phone back in its cradle I told you of a slide show I would be giving the following week in Danville, a town just over the hill from Lafayette. I hoped you would come. I would be proud to have you in the audience. It would be a pleasure to introduce my old climbing companion and to have you actually there when I paid my usual tribute to you as "the best climber of our generation, and the best climbing writer as well." Back when I saw you at the Yosemite Camp 4 Reunion in September, 1999, after an interval of many years, I told you I had been saying that in my talks for a long time, and I noted that you, even you, Chuck, though ever alert to the stealthily cat steps of Pride, seemed pleased, even touched, by the accolade.

I didn't really expect you to come. If you had, you would have been, for a few minutes at

least, the center of attention, and you had always treated the limelight as if it were poison gas. You were very consistent that way, Chuck, always wary of allowing a chink in your personal honor. And so it was, when I called a couple of days in advance to invite you to dinner with friends and then to the slide show, you couldn't come. I didn't argue, Chuck. I just knew I couldn't drag you to that show with a team of wild horses, especially if you thought all eyes might be at one point turned on you.

So I let it pass. I never thought this would be the last time I would speak to you, the last time I would hear your voice. And I had vague plans of following up, of getting together.

Some of the greatest moments of my life were spent with you. We were together with our buddy Tom Frost on the first ascent of my favorite climb of all, the *Salathé Wall*. I will never forget it. Such beauty. Such a grand and pure adventure. And you never hesitated. You were at the top of your game, as smooth as glass on all of your leads. You could have led the Ear with a lot more aplomb than I did. But you got the last pitch, and the last word, so to speak, with a brilliant lead up the final overhanging crack. Such a perfect expression of your genius. Those climbs became the glue that cemented a lifelong friendship among all of us.

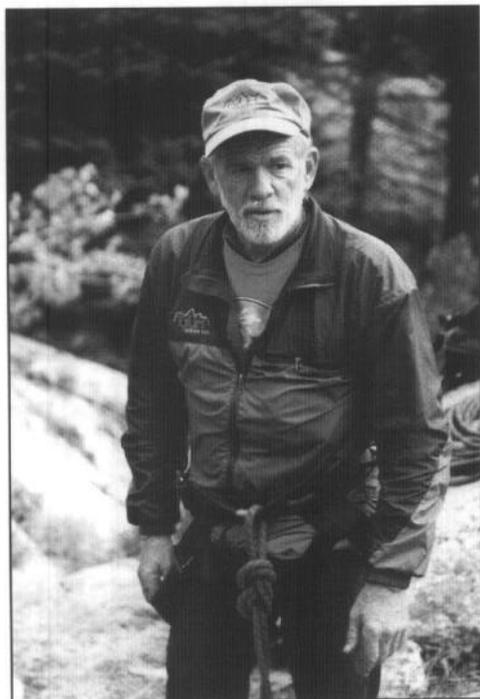
But I thought of a third reason for the sense of vacancy, of something irretrievably missing because you are gone, Chuck. And that is this: that the people we love the most and miss the most when they are gone are those who are irreplaceable. We all sensed that about you; you were one of a kind. You were uniquely, irreplaceably, absolutely yourself. You never tried to be anything or anyone else but yourself. You never tried, you only did. You were always the master. We love that which is truly itself. We never miss posers. We miss that which is real.

And then back on El Capitan again, the *North America Wall*, 1964, ten days, the "hardest technical rock climb in the world." Our companions were Frost and Yvon Chouinard. Another truly memorable climb—once again, total commitment, "hard rock, thin air, a rope," the most splendid aid climbing we had ever done, storms, mystery, fear, discovery, joy, and triumph. And one other thing: fellowship, as good as it gets. We did so much laughing. The combination of the piled-up stress and your sense of humor had us rolling in helpless laughter on whatever ledges we could find. That's one thing that comes back strong, Chuck, is how much laughing we did together. It was a good life.

And there were all your other climbs, Chuck, among them the East Face of the Washington Column with Harding, the South Face of Mt. Watkins with Harding and Chouinard, the second ascent of the Northwest Face of Half Dome with Fitschen and Frost, the north faces of Middle, Higher, and Lower Cathedral Rocks, and the second ascent, with Kor, of the *Arches Direct*.

But your shorter free climbs inspired just as much fear and respect, especially your string of brilliant crack climbs, surely the hardest in the world at the time—routes supplied with names that aptly attest to their character: *Crack of Doom*, *Crack of Despair*, *Twilight Zone*. There were many others, but those were three of the fiercest. I later thrashed up them with great effort, and my admiration for your gifts and mastery rose with every vertical foot I scraped my way past. One fear we all had, Chuck, was you going off with someone and making a first ascent and then we hearing the horror stories from your still-trembling partners of a terrifying lead you had done up some slippery unprotected ogre of a jam crack. We would look forward with deep anxiety to the prospect of leading these pitches to say we had done your route. One great advantage about being with you on first ascents, Chuck, was that you could lead the most daunting offwidth cracks, and we could follow with a top rope and still get full credit. We wouldn't have to lead any Pratt test pieces.

But you weren't just a crack specialist. You were at home on any sort of rock, using any



Chuck Pratt. AMY BRENNAN

sort of technique, free or aid. Nothing ever stopped you, and I never saw you become stumped or even slow up. Yes, Chuck, you were the best. We were often following you, and not only on those appalling crack climbs. There were also boulder problems. Especially confounding were the mantleshelfs, of which you were the pre-eminent artist. When we heard the phrase, "Pratt mantle," we knew to expect the worst in a corkscrew boulder problem.

The Valley, Chuck, was particularly your home, even more so than for the rest of us. And you amassed the best record of first ascents in Yosemite. But one thing drew you from Yosemite, from the vertical crucible of smooth granite, and that was the red crucible of the spare and lonely southwest desert spires. This was adventure to your liking—the solitary sandstone pinnacles of Utah. There was something that suited you about the desert, something beyond the welcome heat. Did it speak to your soul, Chuck? Did something strike the severed cord of Faith? Did you see the divine in the arid and cruel beauty of the desert?

And then you went at last to the Tetons, as a guide—an honorable profession, and one that allowed you to again and again rediscover, in the delight of those you taught, the joy of those early moments when you first came into contact with the wonder of climbing. How artistic, in a way. I sometimes talked to people who had been your clients. They uniformly spoke of your friendliness, your skill, and especially of your patience. It was always a special memory to them to have climbed with and been taught by Chuck Pratt.

I learned later that it was exclusively Thailand where you spent the winter months in welcome heat. You did that for years and years. What a shame you stopped writing. As I said before, you were the best writer of our generation. We all wished you had written more, much more. A couple of your masterpieces come to mind: "The South Face of Mt. Watkins," and your magical essay on desert climbing, "The View From Dead Horse Point." I know you could have penned marvelous stories of your adventures in Thailand. You always did have a gift for spinning a tale. I know you could have done it professionally. Why you didn't we will never know. You kept to yourself.

Then, someone got the bright idea of having a Camp 4 party to celebrate the success of the effort to save Camp 4, traditionally the Yosemite climber's camp, and the target of plans for obliteration and replacement with employee housing. Of course, our buddy Tom Frost led that effort. This party would become a remarkable reunion of many of the players in Yosemite climbing in the 1950s, '60s, and '70s.

When I saw Pratt at the Camp 4 reunion, after all of these years, it was like a barrier had been broken through. I walked up and gave him a big hug. He hugged back. It was something we had never done before. We had been friends, companions, but not bosom buddies. But this was a special occasion, and I wanted Chuck to know how much I loved him. I was struck, as I embraced him, by how slight he was. I had always known that Chuck was small. He was one of the little big men of Yosemite. But I never thought of him that way. I was aware that he was frustrated at being small. He made jokes about it. But I never saw him that way. He always looked "regular" to me. So it was a bit of a shock to realize he was not only small, but also slight. He had lost what bulk he had in his prime. But, as Tom Patey wrote of Joe Brown and as Chuck showed so often on his fearless leads, "His heart was as big as the mountain, and his nerves were made of steel."

The Camp 4 reunion was, indeed, a special occasion. So many of the old gang were there. Together again for the first time since the *North America Wall*, Pratt and Frost and Chouinard and I hung out, talking, getting our pictures taken, hiking, and joking and laughing. And it all came back; it all came back in the laughter. My friends, now as before, took life and its tears, and turned them into laughter. And it was so wonderful, so refreshing, so freeing! And I remembered why my best friends were climbers, why I loved them. Because in them burned the joy of life.

And Pratt, with his cynical and mocking air, hadn't lost a step in his sense of humor. We had a good time together, and when it came to an end we four found ourselves talking together in the parking lot. We talked and then we kept talking, past the logical point to split up and go our ways. We didn't want this to end. We had grasped something, something precious, something that hadn't been in our lives for a while, though we were not aware of it having been missing. And we didn't know when we would be together again. It had been 35 years. And here we were, back there again, just like that. Sentimental old fools. Yes, but for me at least the sentiment was a new thing. I realized how precious my friends were to me, and had been. I think we all had a sense that we four might never be together again. But I don't think any of us guessed that a death of one of us in the near term would be the defining reason.

I was never that close to Chuck. I don't know if anyone was. He had a lot of friends, and a lot of admirers, and no enemies. But I did not have a special relationship with Chuck, other than having been on the greatest climbs of my life with him. He was probably closer in spirit to that other artist, Chouinard, and that other maverick, Harding. But he was my friend. At least I can thank God that I had had the opportunity to see Chuck near the end, and to let him know of my abiding friendship and admiration. I paid honor to him in my talk for the Banff Mountain Summit, included in the book, *Voices From The Summit*. It seems fitting to close this tribute with an excerpt from that article:

"But beyond and above these deeds and talents, Pratt is my hero because of the kind of person he is, because he was, among other things, the very best of climbing companions: jovial, keenly witty, with a sense of humor that has a laser beam focus on the absurdities of the universe and the hands we are dealt to play in the cosmic poker game. I once heard the phrase, 'Only the pure climb gracefully.' I know Pratt would wince at being called 'pure,' being as much a sinner as the next man. But when it comes to climbing itself, well, that is almost sacred to Chuck. Pratt, more than perhaps anyone I have known, has always climbed, first and foremost, and last and finally, for the climbing experience itself, for the rewards that come directly from the dance of man and rock. Climbing, for Chuck, is a life-giving elixir, and he has always wanted to keep it as pure

as possible, uncorrupted and unalloyed by gain, fame, or ambition, or any sort of debasement. Chuck has kept his integrity."

He was a man; he was a climber; he was a guide and teacher; he was an artist; he was a friend. Thanks, Chuck, for being with us, for joy and laughter, for your achievements, for setting an example of how to live with integrity. Thanks, Chuck—but damn, I wish you were still here.

ROYAL ROBBINS

LAURA EVANS

1949-2000

As I approached the summit of Mt. Aconcagua, Laura Evans raised her arms to the sky. She had arrived. She was there—at the top. Her face shone, she had fulfilled her dream. That image will be with me forever. I was awed. Awed to be at the top of the peak, but even more so to see Laura achieve something few could imagine, and fewer might attempt.

Laura Evans had defied advanced breast cancer and determined to make a difference in the lives of those who face the disease. With Peter Whitaker, she conceived Expedition Inspiration, and in 1995 led a team of breast cancer survivors to Argentina. On February 5, she achieved her goal and recognition by the press, the White House, and breast cancer survivors worldwide. "We stand here [at the summit] in honor of all women who have suffered though breast cancer as we have," she said.

While some climbers disdain climbs for causes, Expedition Inspiration might be the exception. That project did so much to raise awareness about the disease and hope for those diagnosed with it. Further, Laura used it to begin the Expedition Inspiration Fund for Breast Cancer Research, whose annual symposium of scientists and breast cancer researchers is renowned. The irony is that Laura died, on October 17, of a malignant brain tumor completely unrelated to breast cancer.

Although Laura may be best known for Expedition Inspiration and the PBS documentary of the climb, it is but one of many life achievements. She was equally successful as a fashion designer, advocate, foundation director, writer and photographer, wife, sister, and friend of many. She was hosted by Hilary Clinton and Sandra Day O'Connor, selected to carry the Olympic Torch on its way to the 1996 Olympics in Atlanta and elected to be a member of The Explorers Club of New York. Her book, *The Climb of My Life*, was published in 1996 and continues to inspire those who read it.

Laura was born in Fulton, Missouri, on January 8, 1949, the second of four children of Professor Charles and Eleanor Steele, and was raised in Granville, Ohio. After graduating from Granville High School, Laura received a scholarship to Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, where she earned a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in fashion design and a minor in French. While at Stephens, Laura met Roger Evans, whom she married in 1971. The couple soon began an adventurous life together that included living in Switzerland, Los Angeles, Denver, Boston, San Francisco, and Sun Valley, Idaho. Their most recent adventure was to cruise the South Pacific and attend the Sydney Olympics.

As much as Laura thrived on adventure, her greatest personal joys included spending time with her husband and family and day-hiking on the trails around Sun Valley with her dog, Brewski. As all who knew Laura will attest, she was an amazing woman. She could be intim-

dating and encouraging at the same time, rowdy, even risqué at one moment, then absolutely refined at the next. She had an unflinching positive outlook, boundless energy, strength, intelligence, humor, zeal for living, and passion for climbing.

It was that passion, born on Mt. Rainier, that took her to six of the seven continents. She reached the summit of many of the highest peaks—McKinley, Kilimanjaro, Elbrus, Aconcagua, to name a few. I believe Laura climbed because she loved the challenge, the beauty of the mountains, her relationship with the earth and heavens. I also believe she cherished the people she climbed with, guides and teammates alike. Sharing time on high peaks forms relationships like no others. Laura is loved by many. I am but one whose life she touched.

I have admired Laura's skill as an advocate, businesswoman, and writer, but feel I know her best from the mountains. Like so many others, I miss her. I am certain I will not climb or hike or ski again without seeing her smile in the sunshine, hearing her whistle in the wind and feeling her spirit in the rock and ice of the mountain.

NANCY KNOBLE

CHARLES "CHUCK" WADE COMSTOCK
1960-2000

Let's just split right here, Roman. I got a stove and a cook pot, you got a stove and a cook pot. We both got shovels...just take your rope and we'll go our separate ways!"

We stood on the edge, double nines flaked at our feet. Rime ice and cornices bulged over glaciers, the exposure dwarfing even egos bolstered by the first ascent of McGuinness Peak's Cutthroat Couloir.

"Chuck, look. I'm sorry. I was wrong. You were right. It's my fault. The stress of this route's gettin' to me. I should'a said something back there on that hanger. Maybe we can dig in on this col."

The cold of the vernal equinox stiffened my chin, but I stammered, "Chuck, please. Tie back into the rope."

Bright blue eyes squinted through iced blonde lashes. Chuck harrumphed, spit Copenhagen drool aside, picked up the sharp end in the snow and retied. Our tensions slackened.

The sun's golden angle urged us, "Make camp!" But the ridge offered only a single weakness, six hours earlier. Beyond the col, cornices curled like a gyrfalcon's talons clutching the broken spine of its prey. Chuck led off.

Twin lines paid out to a tight rope. I followed Chuck's trough as it curved along the ridge crest, the broadest it'd been since the summit. Half a pitch out, a four-foot picket staked the rope to the ridge.

He stopped to probe the snow with his axe: bent down, poked. Anticipating a photo, I stepped forward, raising the camera. I let it down and waited. Better shots were coming. Then, in one fluid motion, Chuck dropped from sight. The rope yanked at my comprehension, and I responded.

I had no choice. I leaped free of the ridge.

Two hundred feet later, I dangled in soft rime and a southern sun. Unable to climb the crud, I jugged to the crest, unsure what hung from the other end of the rope. On top I feared the worst. A 15-foot chunk five feet deep had dropped Chuck into a witch's gash of a couloir. Granite blocks jabbed through black ice. Wind whipped spindrift through an arctic shadow. There, 75 feet below, Chuck's dark figure moved slowly upward, coils of red rope dangling.

Eleven raps blazed by a trail of screws, pickets, flukes, and pitons was the price of descent. But as Chuck would drawl in his midwest, nasal way, "You know, gear is for burning."

Those were the days. Climbing *Keystone Greensteps* on a short 8.8, looking for ice caves to smoke dope and eat chocolate in. Or backing off *Wowie Zowie's* ropelength, hollow pillar on the third pitch. Chuck offering his bottle of Jack Daniels and icemelt—enough to get me back on and finish. Or three-day trips to the Granite Tors (a subarctic Joshua Tree), Chuck's day pack loaded with rope, rack, boiled potatoes, pile clothes, and a sheet, his hands loaded with a five-pound tub of Adam's Old Fashioned Peanut Butter.

While innovative, Chuck succeeded through tenacity. Chuck was tough, brutally tough, the toughest guy I'll ever know. And he had style, a brutal kind of style that too many misunderstood as incompetence. On rock and ice, he thrashed like he was only marginally in control. He made hard things look desperate, scary, unnerving. He'd fall on rock, on ice, in the mountains, only to survive—and inspire.

He'd never train. He was sort of dumpy and short and incredibly strong. He had Havana cigars for fingers, blonde dreadlocks for hair. But he grew those dreds when he bought his kite and none of that was there during our era together.

Chuck loved to party and he paid for that later with his health, his relationships, and ultimately his life. But in Fairbanks in the mid 1980s we were the biggest fish in the smallest pond and Chuck stood out boldly. A midwestern emigrant, Chuck escaped its repressive culture and blossomed in the emotional freedom of Alaska, likely the only place big enough to accept him.

Unlike so many who seek to "have done," climbing for numbers, skiing for lines, doing for boast, Chuck lived just to "do." His routes and ranges seemed deliberately unglamorous, his techniques unconventional. He pioneered the thin smears of wetness and "moss clouds." Chuck climbed the biggest walls in Alaska's Interior, on granite plutons even Dave Roberts missed. Chuck's Valdez boulder problems on rotten tidal schist resisted repeats. In the mountains he went for off-season first ascents of doubly-corniced, gendarmed ridges, routes untamed by technology.

In Alaska he was infamous. "Crazy Chuck" knocked the "Broken Dreams" pitch down, a collapsing pillar atop a 1,500 foot ice route in the Wrangell Mountains. And when ice went public, Chuck third-classed on the cover of *Smithsonian* magazine. He even showed up in the 1988 *Chouinard Catalog* climbing the frozen drip from the roof of a Fairbanks hair salon. His bold lines up, over, and off (using his kite) the Wrangell-St. Elias during two Alaska Mountain Wilderness Classic adventure races elevated him as living legend. On nearly every trip, he revealed a flair for the outrageous unseen in Alaska since John Waterman disappeared on Denali.

After jumping off McGinnis Peak's cornice, I left the big mountains behind, and Chuck left me. While I sometimes long for alpine intensity, mostly I miss Chuck's oblique angle, his willingness for adventure, his twangy drawl, even his feisty confrontations. During the 1990s I tried to get Chuck out on HellBike trips, even invited him to the tropics. He had no bike, no boat, no time, no money, or so he said. Yet that wouldn't have stopped him. I think he just didn't see a way to work his kite into what he likely considered an otherwise banal trip.

Chuck solicited me for climbs right up to the last time I saw him. But I'm just not that tough. Or charmed. I've quit those hanging arêtes on control. Look over the edge, though, and you'll see that Chuck Comstock's base camp is there.

DAVID DUANE PAISLEY
1961-2000

Colorado Springs-based professional guide and mountaineer David Paisley died May 31 as the result of a crevasse fall while descending Mt. Bona in Alaska after a successful ascent.

An all-around alpinist, Dave was a nonspecialist mountaineer who enjoyed all aspects of the outdoor environment, from technical rock climbing to waterfall ice to peakbagging in the Cordillera Blanca, on Mexico volcanos, and in recent years peaks in the St. Elias Range.

He began his involvement with the mountains in the late 1970s and early '80s, wetting his interest in cold weather mountain pursuits through winter climbing and backpacking trips in New York's Adirondack mountains. Dave's involvement with the outdoor pursuits department at Ohio State University provided a catalyst for the transition to technical rock climbing, where he learned and plied his cragging skills at nearby Clifton Gorge, Ohio, and Seneca Rocks, West Virginia.

Beginning in 1980, Dave started working summers in the Sangre de Cristo mountains of northeastern New Mexico for the Boy Scouts of America at Philmont Scout Ranch and Explorer Base. At Philmont, Dave used every opportunity to explore and climb the mountains of New Mexico and Colorado with other like-minded staff members.

At the end of every Philmont season, Dave had several free weeks before returning to classes at OSU, and these periods were singularly devoted to his quest of climbing all 54 14ers in Colorado. Thus began an intimate, all-season relationship with the mountains of Colorado which lasted the remainder of his life. After finishing college in Columbus, Dave moved to Colorado Springs, in 1985 (with Patience Wickersham, who would become Patience Paisley the following year). Though he traveled to the greater ranges of the world over the years, the mountains of Colorado remained both his spiritual and geographic home.

Over the 15 years that the Front Range served as a home base, Dave and Patience remained extremely active in their outdoor pursuits, and dedicated climbing partners.

A signature Paisley trait was Dave's exacting organizational skills: he was meticulous and methodical in his preparation for every trip, whether an extended weekend outing to the San Juans or an expedition to Mt. Logan. And, by extension, he was a strong practitioner of risk-management. As a climber, he was conservative, and invested strongly in the idea that safety and sound judgment were as much a part of the repertoire and toolkit of a climber as any piece of hardware.

Dave's gear room stands as a monument to the unfortunate irony of the never sufficiently examined rhetoric that "he who dies with the most toys wins." Part climbing museum, part utilitarian storage, a spare bedroom in the Paisley household served as the storage vault for all their outdoor equipment. It held 15 pairs of skis, ten sleeping bags, a full wall closet of outdoor-wear for all seasons and activities, two walls covered with ice tools, shelves loaded with 15 working ropes, two dozen packs, a pile of accessories, cook kits, six tents, and hanging racks of climbing hardware. All of it was labeled, all logged and inventoried and, most notably, all used extensively.

His first REI ice axe—used until all the paint had worn off the shaft—hangs as a matter-of-fact symbolic piece among the multiple sets of ice tools. Strangely, though he did own a chalk bag, Dave was something of the anachronism in that regard: he refrained from using chalk on technical rock climbs.

In the course of his 38 years, Dave managed to come extremely close to his conception of a perfect life. He was out on every weekend, regardless of the weather, doing anything from telemark skiing to waterfall ice climbing to mountainbiking, and spent every available vacation bagging peaks. More often than not his partner was his wife, Patience; their marriage was simpatico, in that there wasn't ever room for argument about "...too much time out climbing." If anything, there was never

enough time; the Paisleys were disappointed when they got less than their 52 weekends per year away from home. A "good year" meant more than 150 days in the outdoors.

Dave will be remembered by all who knew him, worked with him, or climbed with him, as a soft-spoken, humble, and friendly mountaineer who never lost an ounce of motivation, kept the volume on "11" when playing heavy metal (which was when he wasn't sleeping), and was always making plans for the next trip or projects.

PATIENCE PAISLEY, GEORGE RODWAY, and JAMES VIVIAN

SETH SHAW
1962-2000

Seth Thomas "ST" Shaw and Tim Wagner had successfully climbed a new route on the east face/southeast couloir of Mt. Johnson in the Ruth Gorge of the Alaska Range when, on an overcast rest day, the two set out for a bit of ice bouldering. Upon entering the crevasse, the ice shifted and an immense amount of ice buried Seth Shaw. Having completed a climb of his dreams, Seth lost his life "passing time with a little workout."

Seth was known to those that met him as one of the kindest and humblest fellows about. He was always keen to help others out, be it with his profession as a snow forecaster or with a helpful tip for a tricky move on a climb. His motivation for climbing was quite simple: it was fun. "Hee haw," he would often chuckle as he tied in.

He climbed for the joy of it, not for what others might see of this frivolous pursuit in him. One would have to pry tales of the varied types of climbs that Seth excelled at. No discipline was out of Seth's practice or enjoyment.

The son of Tom and Anne Shaw, Seth grew up in Southern California with training in gymnastics and wrestling, two sports that suited his body type and would parlay well in his true calling of climbing. Drawn to the mountains of Utah, Seth attended the University of Utah and received a degree in Meteorology, which he applied as a forecaster for the Wasatch Avalanche Forecast Center. Each winter, backcountry enthusiasts were greeted by Seth's adroit observations on the local weather and snow conditions. His colleagues were happy to have him part of the team.

Be it ticking the steep sport routes in the Hell Cave of American Fork or soloing the major ice climbs of Provo in a day, Seth was a player in the strong community of Utah climbers. The quest for unclimbed ground provided Seth with many an adventure on the sandstone haunts of the southwest. Combining these skills with a penchant for cold and snow, Seth went on to the Greater Ranges. Two routes in the Kichatnas, a new route on the northwest face of Mt. Hunter and a new route on the north face of the Moose's Tooth are testament to his determination in the Alaska Range. In 1998, Seth ventured to Shipton Spire in the Karakoram and enjoyed a fine ascent. These and other desperate climbs Seth would summarize in his unique drawl as "not so bad." He was understated in much of what he did, especially climbing, which left those of us who knew his skills wondering how hard his routes really were.

Perhaps Seth will leave a mark in the gastronomy circles with his broccoli peanut butter burritos and on the fashion scene with the shorts and polypro combo. These quirks are a reflection of his dedication to climbing. If something wasn't directly essential for climbing, it didn't justify an expenditure.

Yes, Seth, we loved your sense of humor and childlike goofiness, but damn, we'll miss you. You were always motivated, and you were stronger than all of us.

CONRAD ANKER

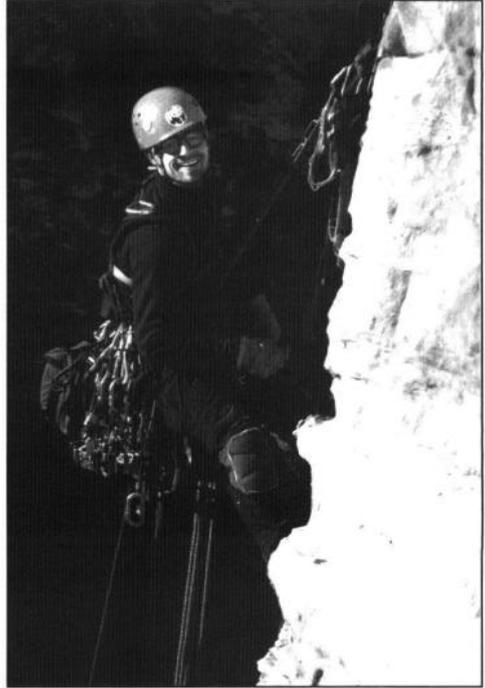
CAMERON TAGUE
1967-2000

On July 6, Cameron Tague slipped off of Broadway, the ledge system that splits the Diamond's imposing alpine wall in Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado. Cameron was certainly no stranger to Longs Peak, as this was possibly his 40th visit, but this time he was accompanied by his love, Emma Williams, who had recently come to the States from the United Kingdom to be by his side. July 6 was a terrible day.

To fit the life of a truly great being into a few pages of an obituary is not only an impossible task; it is also an unfair one. Even the most recent memories of him could fill volumes and volumes and still never be complete. I want to erect pyramids or name oceans after him to show the gratitude that I have for having him in our life. I wish we could hire Oliver Stone to create a movie masterpiece, like a combination of *Ben Hur*, *Papillon*, and *Apocalypse Now*. I want the Rolling Stones, The Who, the Police, and Van Morrison to write a 15-hour rock opera immortalizing his existence. Or better yet, I wish that we could all sit around a campfire together and take turns telling stories about the man with the electric blue eyes, goofy smile, and powerful laugh who affected us so deeply.

I can go through the standard process and tell you that Cameron Tague was born in Oklahoma City on August 26, 1967, the youngest child of three. He came out to Colorado for school in 1985, where he received an economics degree at Colorado University, spending all of his free time in the peaks and canyons of the Front Range. He was immediately consumed by climbing and proceeded through its lessons at an amazing pace. Soon he began climbing the serious routes of Eldorado Canyon's lichen-covered faces, even adding a few test pieces of his own. He climbed the steep, alpine faces of Rocky Mountain National Park, soloed the most intricate lines in the Fisher Towers and the steep routes on the mighty Captain. He eventually went on to get his master's degree in metallurgy at the Colorado School of Mines, but did not allow this to interfere with his passion, as he lived intensely, never wasting a moment of life's precious time. He freed long aid routes everywhere from Mexico to Canada. He opened difficult lines in Patagonia and Peru. He climbed the Diamond about 30 times, sometimes solo, sometimes in winter. He climbed in the Black Canyon of the Gunnison religiously, often linking together two or even three routes in a push. His climbing feats were legendary, and his motivation was unreal, but mentioning his amazing list of accomplishments does not even come close to describing who Cameron was or how he made us feel.

Picture him at the door at 1 a.m. with an extra cup of coffee in hand, smiling and telling



Cameron Tague in Zion. MARK GAY

you that it is going to be a perfect day for the Diamond. The gear is packed, he has lunch and he is not leaving without you. Or see him pumping up Boulder Canyon at the end of the day on his bike with his panniers full of books and his master's thesis, on his way back from school, which is 50 miles away. Watch him take 30-foot whippers into space off the roof pitch of the *Wisdom* in Eldorado Canyon, laughing like a child being pushed by his dad on the park swing. Or visualize the image of him walking toward camp, his face and body covered in Fisher Towers mud. He is carrying a huge pack full of ropes, pins, and cams. Mr. Hobbes, Cameron's massive Chesapeake Bay retriever, is strutting by his side in the exact same manner as his master, proudly carrying a duct tape-covered, two-liter bottle in his mouth. Cameron is exhausted but grinning from ear to ear, and as he moves closer, he lets out a huge "YEHAaaaa!" that echoes through the desert night.

These images are Cameron. He could never be portrayed by describing accomplishments or by outlining his life. He is feelings, memories, a type of energy that will always make us smile.

"Superman" is the best word I have heard used to describe him. He was intense, powerful, kind, and full of the most infectious energy. Whenever he was near, you always found yourself striving for greatness or doing your absolute best, to be more like him. He was the driver of so many great adventures, whether he was at the helm or just planting the idea and giving you the push you needed to move forward. He was rare and beautiful; he was the most perfect man I have ever known. Those who knew him closely were lucky, and those who just came across him during his short and intense life will not forget him. His ashes were distributed among his close feast of friends and are currently being thrown into the winds of the world's great mountain ranges.

KENT McCLANNAN

NECROLOGY

Robert C. Hind 1911-2000

Michelle Potkin 1956-2000

Adam Kloff 1972-2000

Brian Reagan 1972-2000

John Jackson 1976-2000