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# In Memoriam

Edited by KENNETH A. BROWN with HEIDI POMFRET

H. ADAMS CARTER

1914-1995

The sudden death of Adams Carter on April 1 brought a sense of loss and sadness to the mountaineering world. Ad, as he was known, was internationally renowned as the Editor of *The American Alpine Journal*, the world's outstanding mountaineering publication. His encyclopedic knowledge of mountains and mountaineering was extraordinary. He probably knew or communicated with more climbers than anyone on any continent, sometimes writing as many as 40 letters a day to get accurate information for the journals he edited annually for 35 years. Their high quality may never again be equaled.

Ad was an avid skier, a member of the American ski team in the 1930s, who skied almost to the day he died. His mountain climbing began early. He went up Mount Washington in New Hampshire at age five, and 10 years later climbed the Matterhorn and began making ascents and new routes with guides near Kandersteg in the Swiss Alps. In the autumn of 1932 he entered Harvard College, and the following June went to Alaska to challenge 12,700-foot Mount Crillon in the Fairweather Range. Three men on this expedition were to be his close friends for over 60 years: Bob Bates, Charlie Houston and Brad Washburn. Though the summit of Mount Crillon was not quite reached in 1933, Carter and Washburn achieved it the next summer.

These climbs led to Ad's becoming a member of the National Geographic Society's Yukon Expedition, led by Washburn, in the winter of 1935. The expedition mapped by dog team the unexplored St. Elias Mountains, the last large blank spot on the map of North America. It made the first crossing of the range between Canada's Yukon Territory and Alaska, and discovered and named 13,000-foot peaks and 40-mile-long glaciers. The Hubbard Glacier it found to be 90 miles long.

In his senior year at Harvard, Carter helped plan the British-American Himalayan Expedition that climbed 25,645-foot Mount Nanda Devi in Garhwal, the highest peak then climbed. A higher peak was not climbed for 14 years! Ad helped to pack Odell and Tilman, the summit climbers, to their

H. Adams Carter.

József Nyka



high camp. In 1939, when Ad was again climbing in Switzerland, he carefully watched maneuvers of Swiss mountain troops, though he had no idea that two years later he would be working at the U.S. Army's Quartermaster General's office to develop clothing and equipment for American mountain troops. At the end of the war he flew to Tokyo to interview the Japanese Quartermaster General and then to Germany to do the same with the German General. He also questioned prisoners, especially about cold weather operations.

For many years following World War II, he took young climbers to the Swiss Alps, or more frequently to the Cordillera Blanca in Peru, to introduce them to climbing and to expedition life. Many of those who went with him later led expeditions, made their own first ascents, and improved the quality of American climbing.

In 1956 an army officer from Chile climbed a peak in the Atacama Desert which he claimed was higher than Mount Aconcagua (considered the highest peak in the western hemisphere). The geographical societies of Argentina and Chile, stimulated by this news for opposite reasons, both asked for an American survey of the mountain's height. Ad accepted the request, set up a small survey party, and went to the Atacama Desert. Ascent of the peak was prevented by a major storm, but to the anger of the Chilean authorities, Ad's party completed a survey of the peak (the Ojos del Salado) and found its height to be 22,590 feet, 244 feet lower than Mount Aconcagua.

Fourteen years later, Ad again came to the assistance of South America when a devastating earthquake struck Peru. Ad's great knowledge of the area and his ability to speak with the local people was very valuable in organizing a relief effort by climbers, doctors and nurses to aid the mountain people whose homes had been destroyed.

Carter's knowledge of languages was also of tremendous help during the many years he edited *The American Alpine Journal*. He was quick to pick up new languages, even obscure ones like Balti and Quechua, and always tried to learn the meaning of mountain names.

In the early 1970s Ad and his wife, Ann, attended both the coronation and wedding of Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev, the King of Nepal, whom they had invited to their home when he was a special student at Harvard. They also trekked to the K2 Base Camp with their friends Bob and Gail Bates, looking for possible new routes on the mountain. In 1976, 40 years after the first ascent of Nanda Devi, Ad and Willi Unsoeld led an expedition that successfully climbed the difficult and previously unascended north ridge of the mountain.

In 1988, after Ad's high climbing ended, he, Ann, and their friends traveled as guests of the Chinese Mountaineering Association in western Yunnan, an area off-limits to foreigners.

Carter was an honorary member of many national and international mountaineering clubs, as well as former president of the Harvard Traveller's Club, whose meetings he almost always attended. Interesting people, especially foreigners, were always welcome at the Carter's homes in Milton, Massachusetts (where Ad taught French, German and Spanish for over 30 years at Milton Academy), and at Jefferson Highlands, New Hampshire, in full view of Mount Washington. At either home, visiting mountaineers and skiers were always sure of a warm welcome, good conversation, and delightful company.

Adams Carter was a superb companion who accumulated friends wherever he went. His warmth and generosity are as memorable as his achievements as teacher and editor. He lived life to the fullest until the moment he died.

BOB BATES

Ad was a large, rumped teddy-bear of a man, always enthusiastic and cheerful, always good-natured. His enjoyment of people was contagious and reciprocated. People were Ad's major interest all his life. I never heard him say he had met someone he didn't like!

Ad had a great talent for sharing enjoyment. In the 60-plus years that we were friends I remember seeing Ad angry only once — when we insisted that he give warning before trying to enter our crowded tent high on a mountain in Alaska. He was big, strong and just a tad clumsy in his early climbing years, but from teaching hundreds of students to climb he became an outstanding all-around mountaineer. He didn't fall and seldom crashed while skiing; when he did it was spectacular!

When he was young, courage and strength rather than skill enabled him to win many important ski races, but he became an expert and even after two hip replacements was able to roar down steep trails. It was quite intimidating to follow Ad, and he seemed not to tire until long after I had. Ad never gave up.

With warm hospitality he and Ann welcomed visitors from many countries and many walks in life. In their second home in the White Mountains Ad would take guests skiing (even if it rained), hiking (even if it snowed), or onto some of the difficult rock routes in that beautiful region. And we loved it! Ad was always ready to go on rescues, sometimes at risk to himself.

*The American Alpine Journal* was Ad's special love and in the 35 years he was the Editor, he made it the best mountaineering journal in the world. He spoke, wrote and could tell jokes in Spanish, French and German (which he taught at Milton Academy), as well as several obscure languages. He

managed his voluminous global correspondence on an old manual typewriter before reluctantly moving to a computer. He was a dedicated historian and an atlas of mountain information who could answer most climbers' questions from memory.

Those of us who knew Ad best were privileged, but so were thousands of casual acquaintances. It did not take long to recognize how essential his wife Ann was in his life: she welcomed unexpected guests, planned their days, and in a hundred ways Ann made it possible for Ad to be the diverse and interesting man he was.

CHARLES S. HOUSTON, M.D.

TOM CABOT  
1897-1995

Tom Cabot had been a member of the AAC since 1924, distinguishing him as our oldest living member at the time of his death on October 9, 1995.

In the late 1960s, I met Tom in Penobscot Bay off the coast of Maine, where he and his wife, Virginia, sailed and gunk-holed most summers. After just a short time on board his boat, it was easy to tell how he got his reputation as a doer, straight-forward thinker, and generally competent outdoorsman. I saw him many times thereafter, including monthly Harvard Traveller's Club meetings in Boston. My father-in-law, who brought me into that club and who was his first cousin, gave me Tom's autobiography, *Beggar on Horseback*, to read in 1979. In 1980, I went to him to ask for money for an expedition to China. I used the approach he discussed in his own book: know your cause, explain it clearly, expect to be questioned, and then ask for the gift. That was when I learned that he felt the mountains had taken too many of his friends, and as a result, his interest in climbing had ended — including the support of expeditions.

Early on, Tom was known mostly for his accomplishments as an industrialist. Upon graduating from Harvard, he built a small company in West Virginia started by his father into the world's largest producer of a much needed product: carbon black. He went on to become an industrial consultant to our government's State Department. But he soon became even better known as a philanthropist and conservationist, both of which gave him his greatest pride. Through it all, he was an avid horseback rider, skier, canoeist, and sailor. His mountain and exploration experiences, too numerous to list, included the Selkirks and Assiniboine, the Alps, Mexico's volcanoes, Patagonia, and an expedition to Columbia in the 1930s to explore and map

the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta.

His benevolence will be felt by the Cabot Conservation Fund, and by those who are recipients of monies from the Virginia Wellington Cabot Fund at Radcliffe, set up in honor of his wife. His unbridled energy will be remembered by many and carried on, especially considering that among his living relatives are 29 grandchildren and 23 great-grandchildren.

JED WILLIAMSON

CHARLES STACY FRENCH  
1907-1995

Charles Stacy French, American Alpine Club member since 1937, and former Director of the Carnegie Institution's Department of Plant Physiology and Professor of Biology at Stanford University, died October 13 at the age of 88. Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, he was educated at Loomis Academy and Harvard University where he received a doctorate in biology in 1934. He was very involved in mountaineering and skiing activities with the Harvard Alpine and Skiing Club, climbing often in the White Mountains and skiing at Tuckerman's Ravine. He was also involved in and led expeditions to the Alps where he climbed the Matterhorn and had many wonderful climbing adventures.

After the completion of his doctorate Stacy French worked as a research fellow at the California Institute of Technology. He also found time to go on a number of climbing expeditions with Norman Clyde and his good friend and fellow botanist, Carl Sharsmith (longtime ranger at Tuolumne Meadows in Yosemite National Park). He climbed Mount Whitney, Mount Shasta, Mount Hood and Mount Rainier, and was a member of a climbing party led by Norman Clyde that established a new route on the Hotlun Glacier of Mt. Shasta in 1934.

Stacy French was an Austin Teaching Fellow at Harvard Medical School and also taught at the University of Chicago and the University of Minnesota before being chosen as the Director of the Department of Plant Physiology in 1947. Aside from the main labs on Stanford University Campus, the department maintained research field stations at Point Reyes National Seashore and Mather and Tioga Pass just outside the western and eastern boundaries of Yosemite National Park. Part of the work at the Yosemite stations was to develop range grasses for various altitudes. The Tioga Research Station was above timberline and focused on alpine grasses. He would make yearly pilgrimages to oversee the work going on at these research stations and would camp and hike with his family in the Sierras as part of these excursions.

A member of the National Academy of Sciences and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Mr. French also participated in numerous scientific and professional organizations. He was active in the Committee for Green Foothills and the Friends of Hidden Villa (local environmental organizations which he loved dearly). He was also a longtime member of the American Alpine Club, the Appalachian Mountain Club, the Explorer's Club and the Sierra Club. He was married to Margaret Wendell Coolidge of Cambridge, Massachusetts for 54 years and is survived by two children, Helena Stacy French of Arlington, Massachusetts and Charles Ephraim French of Santa Barbara, California.

CHARLES EPHRAIM FRENCH

NELLO PACE  
1917-1995

Nello Pace, one of our most versatile members, who joined the AAC in 1955, died June 17, 1995 of prostate cancer at the age of 78. Nello specialized in environmental physiology, which he once defined as the "study of all the discomforts known to man." To do this, he endured many of the discomforts himself, climbing Himalayan peaks to study the effects of low oxygen levels on humans, traveling to Antarctica to record the effects of sub-freezing temperatures, and even serving at a front-line unit during the Korean war to study combat fatigue. He also pioneered the study of weightlessness and its effects on the body. One of few experts in the field of gravitational physiology in the 1960s, he served as a consultant to NASA and conducted some of the first studies of weightlessness on orbiting monkeys.

Pace's most enduring interest was high altitude physiology, and to study it he spearheaded an effort to build a high-altitude laboratory on White Mountain in California. He directed the White Mountain Research Station, the highest permanent year-round research laboratory in North America, for 27 years. From labs at 4,000 feet in Bishop, California, and at the 11,000-foot level, the 12,500-foot level and the 14,246-foot summit of White Mountain he conducted numerous studies of the effects of low oxygen, and encouraged experiments in fields such as biology, physics, astronomy, botany and zoology. There he and colleague F. Duane Blume developed a respirator that was used by climbers in a 1971 ascent of Mount Everest. In 1983 the research station laboratory at 12,500 feet on Mount Bancroft was named the Nello Pace Laboratory in his honor.

Pace was born in Richmond, California, June 20, 1916, and grew up in the San Francisco Mission District. Upon graduation from Mission High



School in 1932, he entered the University of California at Berkeley, where he obtained a B.S. in Chemistry (1936) and a Ph.D. in Physiology (1940).

After a brief stint at the Medical College of Virginia, he joined the Navy at the outbreak of World War II. During four years of duty, he helped set up the U.S. Naval Medical Research Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, and headed its physiology facility. During this time he studied diving and aviation medicine, as well as the effects of heat, survival after shipwreck, and carbon monoxide poisoning.

Pace returned to UC Berkeley in 1946 to work on medical physics at the Donner Laboratory, and joined the physiology department faculty in 1948, ultimately becoming the chair before he retired in 1977. Recalled to active duty during the Korean War in 1952, he studied combat stress among frontline troops.

In 1954, he served as chief scientist on an ascent of Makalu to determine the effects of hypoxia or low oxygen levels on human performance, and led an International Physiological Expedition to Antarctica in 1957-58 as part of Operation Deepfreeze III to study how the body adapts to extreme cold. In the 1960s he was founding member of the International Society for Gravitational Physiology. He was one of the principal scientists collecting data on a pigtail macaque sent into satellite orbit in 1969 for 30 days on a "Primate Mission" called Biosatellite 3. His primary interest during the flight was the impact of weightlessness on the distribution of fluids in the body as well as mineral loss in the urine and changes in muscle mass. He continued his studies of weightlessness as an experimenter with the joint USA/USSR Cosmos 1129 biological Satellite Mission in 1979-80.

In his retirement, Pace founded the Galileo Foundation in El Cerrito, California, to support annual meetings of the International Union of Physiological Sciences Commission on Gravitational Physiology. From 1987 until his death, he served as president and director of the foundation.

As an indication of his broad interests, he once compiled an English-Sherpa-Tibetan vocabulary (published in 1960) that for many years was the only Sherpa dictionary in existence.

Pace served on numerous panels and committees of the National Academy of Sciences, NASA and the U.S. Public Health Service, and chaired the panel on gravitational biology of the Committee on Space Research (COSPAR) for many years. His honors include the Yuri Gagarin medal of the USSR Federation of Cosmonautics (1990), a Docteur Honoris Causa from the University of Bordeaux in France (1993), the Cavaliere Officiate (Order of Merit) from the Republic of Italy (1976), and a Founder's Award from the American Society for Gravitational and Space Biology (1990). He was an honorary fellow of the California Academy of Sciences and a member of organizations ranging from the AAC to the Undersea and



Hyperbaric Medical Society.

Pace is survived by his wife, Mary Jo de Rouhac Pace of Berkeley, daughters Susan Rossi of Oakland and Cynthia Barber of Union City, and grandchildren Carla and Dino Rossi and Robert Barber.

THOMAS JUKES

### ROBERT LYON SPURR

1937 - 1995

**M**y father, Robert Lyon Spurr, Alaskan mountaineer and mountain runner, was killed on North Maroon Peak outside Aspen, Colorado, on August 11. He apparently lost his footing shortly after beginning his descent and fell 250 to 500 feet.

It would be an understatement to say that Bob Spurr loved the mountains. The mountains of Alaska, where he lived, and Colorado, where he vacationed, were his playgrounds. He would get excited about every detail of each outing: the route he took, the animals he spotted, the altitude gained, the invigorating way it made him feel. He was always planning the next journey even while eagerly recounting the one just completed.

My dad was a "climber's climber," a purist, an enthusiast. He knew the mountains of Alaska better than his own backyard.

"It's a different world up there," he would say to my mom. "I wish you could see it."

He would talk to anyone about a climb or hike, always with particular interest in the route they had taken. To him, the quality of the route taken was more important than reaching the summit. Just a few days before his death, following the climb of Maroon Peak, he expressed disappointment in the guidebook's suggested route. He wrote in his log, "Too many traverses! Need to repeat climb — do ridge more directly." I dare say he did not even feel he had climbed the mountain. Sure, he had reached the summit, but climb the mountain? Not yet.

My dad began hiking and climbing as a boy, primarily in New England (Mount Washington, Mount Katahdin, Mount Chocoma), but also in Seattle (Rainier National Park) and Anchorage (Chugach Mountains) where his family lived for brief periods of time. His first and second "first recorded ascents" took place in the Chugach on Mount Gordon Lyon and P 3,990' (nicknamed "Mount Robert") in 1953, when he was just 16 years old. Shortly after, he returned to New England to finish his secondary education at Phillips Academy in Andover. Although he attended college (Drew University, 1959) and graduate school (Northeastern University, 1963) in the

Northeast, he had long dreamt of returning to the mountains of Alaska. No surprise, then, that he jumped at the chance to teach physics at Alaska Methodist University (now Alaska Pacific University) and moved us to Anchorage in 1965.

My dad was not one to pat himself on the back or talk about past accomplishments, so it wasn't until after his death, when I read his journal accounts and heard from past climbing partners, that I learned about his "early" climbing years and the contributions that he made to mountain climbing in Alaska. He was past president of the Mountaineering Club of Alaska and taught a class in mountaineering at Alaska Methodist University. I recently read a scrapbook article that described a class he taught on the Matanuska Glacier for crevasse rescue practice — prussik and pulley techniques. A student reported that my dad rushed back and forth along the crevasse line, "inspecting the pulleys, jumping up and down, and yelling, 'Classic! Classic! Physics in action!!'" He climbed Mount McKinley in 1968 and had a number of "firsts" in the Chugach, Talkeetna, and Kenai mountain ranges in Alaska, including first recorded ascents of Temptation (1969), Isthmus (1967), Mooswa (1967), Yisbo (1967), Lower Tower (1968), Trident (1969), Sheep Mountain (1969), Katadoyana (1969), Alabaster (1970), and Adjutant (1973), and first recorded winter ascents of Pastoral (1967), Kickstep (1967), and Byron (1968).

Through the years, he continued his mountain adventures. He had climbed 41 of the Colorado Fourteeners, well on his way to achieving his goal of conquering all 54. He was also an accomplished mountain runner, competing yearly in the Pikes Peak ascent and holding the second fastest recorded time in the 50-and-over age group. He always enjoyed going up far more than coming down, and in an interview once said of himself, "I'm a bottom to top kind of guy."

My dad's greatest achievement, however, was not in first ascents, races won, or mountains scaled, but rather in the way he lived his life, the countless people he introduced to the mountains, and the healthy respect for the mountains he instilled in others. His unwavering commitment to fill his days doing what he enjoyed is the legacy he leaves to his family and all the climbers, hikers, and runners he met along the trail. He taught through example how life was meant to be lived. He lived a life true to himself. He died doing what he loved.

At the time of his death, he was Associate Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Alaska, Anchorage. He leaves his wife of 36 years, Elizabeth Hatch Spurr, two daughters, one son, one grandson, his father, two brothers, and many other relatives.

TRICIA SPURR THOMPSON

## JIM HINKHOUSE

1943-1995

Jimmy "Jim" Dean Hinkhouse died with climbing companions Scott Hall and Tom Downey during a storm at Windy Corner on Denali, May 23, 1995.

Jim was born and raised in Scappoose, Oregon, and graduated from the University of Oregon. He worked for Boeing, Wharton Econometrics, and Weyerhaeuser before returning to Boeing in 1987. Throughout his life Jimmy was a multi-talented athlete. He became interested in mountaineering when he moved to Seattle, where he was a member of the Seattle Mountaineers, eventually becoming a climb leader for the group. In 1994, he retired from his career as an economist in the Boeing Commercial Airplane Group marketing department to pursue his interest in mountaineering, writing, and addiction recovery counseling. He also was a member of Boeing Alpine Society (BOEALPS) and had recently joined The American Alpine Club.

In 1990 he began combining his interest in mountaineering and substance addiction recovery. He was unable to arrange an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting atop Mount Rainier that year when the AA National Convention was held in Seattle, but the following year he organized three groups of 12 climbers each who made a simultaneous ascent of the mountain for the first of many AA meetings in high alpine settings. The group also included several experienced mountaineers, but over half were neophytes who spent four months in an alpine climbing and conditioning class with Jim and his mountaineering friends.

Soon thereafter, Jim established One Step at a Time (OSAT), "an outdoor club for members and friends of 12-Step Recovery programs." Under his leadership and guidance OSAT grew to include climbers from throughout western Washington, sponsoring an annual alpine mountaineering class, Mountaineering Oriented First Aid courses, a full schedule of alpine and rock climbs as well as skiing, running, and kayaking activities, and four regularly weekly 12-Step Recovery meetings conducted in wilderness settings in the Seattle area. At the time of his death, OSAT numbered over 100 active members, with several hundred more benefiting from the weekly 12-Step meetings.

In recalling a frightening climb of the Leuthold Couloir on Mr. Hood, my daughter observed that "Jim knew just how far behind you ought to be: Not too close, so you knew you were accomplishing it on your own; but not so far back that you felt alone." A non-climbing friend whom Jim saved from difficulties with alcohol commented that the same characteristic made him an invaluable friend to people striving to establish lives free from the suffering of alcohol or drug addiction.

Jim died with over sixteen and a half years of sobriety. He is survived by his two children, Aaron and Kym, two grandsons, and a multitude of climbing companions and others whom he inspired and taught about recovery, climbing, and living life to the fullest.

RIK ANDERSON

THOMAS P. BONNER  
1962-1995

Thomas Bonner died on March 11, 1995 from a fall while leading a rock climb on Ragged Mountain in central Connecticut. Ragged Mountain is where Tom and I first received formal climbing instruction. I think it must somehow be significant that this was where he last climbed.

I have known Tom since kindergarten. We grew up in the same neighborhood in Guilford, Connecticut, exploring the nearby woods and marshes and eventually stumbling onto climbing. By the time we were juniors in high school, we had had enough stumbles and sought guidance.

After those three days of climbing school, climbing was a part of Tom's life. He pursued leading, investing time to practice, study and purchase equipment. In a way, climbing was not very different from one of his other favorite activities, woodworking. Tom could make anything, and his New York City apartment was proof with its custom-made tables, closets, pillar stands, pediments and shelves, many of them crammed with books on mountaineering and rock and ice climbing. Perhaps his oddest creation was a large wooden compass, big enough to trace circles two feet in diameter; I am still not sure why.

In retrospect, Tom's approach to and satisfaction from woodworking and climbing were probably the same. Both required patience and skill, and the finished products were appealing, whether a meticulously-restored wooden Lightning sailboat or a spider-like climb.

Tom was a true friend, loyal to his family, and had a unique sense of humor. He was my only climbing partner. We climbed together infrequently after high school, until recently, when we tried several snow and ice courses. One saw us hunkered down in the White Mountains during the "Storm of the Century" of 1993.

Tom climbed Katahdin in 1994 with his fiancée, her mother (who was celebrating her 66th birthday) and her mother's friend. At Chimney Pond he whipped up delicious meals, another of the activities he enjoyed.

We summited Rainier in July 1993; it was the highlight of our climbing experiences together. The last conversation I had with Tom was when he

called to share his joy of a lead on ice, as well as to check on a recent injury of mine. Tom was always checking in. When his mother became ill, he traveled home from New York almost every weekend to visit. Tom was always there, either at home or on a climb.

Thomas is survived by his parents, John and Marguerite Bonner, seven brothers and sisters, six nieces and nephews who adored him, and his fiancée.

Tom loved to climb,

Tom climbed with a sense of humor and cigars  
Tom climbed on ahead, but not too far  
Tom climbed in the Gunks and in the Whites  
Tom climbed on rock and ice  
Tom climbed as a partner and a friend  
Tom died on a climb in the end  
Tom will never be forgotten as we move on and climb  
Tom will be with us and on our minds  
Tom's patience and kindness and inner peace  
are guidance for us and our own peace.

ALEXANDER G. TAFT

ROB SLATER  
1960-1995

To the determined climber, there are main events that lead one toward the greatest peaks. Beyond the tragic news of Rob Slater's death on K2 lies a story of how this great adventure climber came to be.

I met Rob in 1976 on a NOLS North Cascade Mountaineering Course. I quickly picked him out of the crowd as the "gung-ho one" — Mom and Dad didn't push this guy off to summer camp. We shared the same spirit for the mountains: that this was an adventure and the ABCs of learning to climb were an added bonus. When he spoke of the mountains, he had that faraway look, that keen ability to utilize the "mind's eye" that is characteristic of high-level adventures.

Rob Slater had a brilliant career in Yosemite, climbing standard-pushing routes with people such as Randy Leavitt. On his last two walls we climbed *Lost in America* and then *The Shortest Straw* along with John Sherman. Yosemite nailing did not seem to inspire Rob anymore. He had become fascinated by the desert spires of the Southwest and climbed them prolifically with various partners.

The most pivotal event that brought Rob back to the mountains was our 1988 winter ascent of the *V-Notch Coulior* in the Sierra Nevada. We were benighted on top of the climb and were placed in the painful situation of making it through the night without bivy gear. Every hour felt like an entire evening as we stomped and huddled on the edge of hypothermia. The light of the day felt like a new chance to continue on with our lives. The down-climb went quickly, and we were soon brewing in the warmth of the tent. Rob said, "That was the most miserable night of my life." We both agreed that we would do it again.

Our next objective became the 1,000-meter *Slipstream*. On February 27, 1995, we set out for Canada; it would be Rob's fourth attempt, and my third. It had not snowed for several days, so the avalanche danger was reduced. As we climbed, it became progressively colder. The ice was concrete hard; ice picks broke, forcing the second to jümar as our ice axe supply dwindled. Every placement took much effort. It was easier to virtually solo many of the pitches. We summited in the dark and ran over to the descent gully in hope of getting down that evening, but found the entrance into it to be avalanche-prone. We searched in vain for a prior rappel anchor while the prospects of an exit dwindled in the black night. We built a snow wall enclosure and began our vigil.

Rob had always wanted to see the northern lights. Well, he finally got his show. The light form was not the typical green glow that is seen off in the distant horizon. This light form was a well-defined curtain hovering and waving directly above the glacier below. The sparkling curtain would fan across the sky and branch out into a series of columns. It pulsed over our heads for some 40 minutes. Rob was completely exhilarated — I knew this event was quickly moving up to number one in a long list of adventures.

In the pre-dawn hours, Rob said, "Oh, man, my feet are icy cold." I began massaging his legs as he stomped his feet. Things were getting desperate as our precious warmth became difficult to maintain. As the northern sun began its nearly horizontal winter ascent into the sky, I began to dig into the ice cap for an anchor. Rob, however, was more interested in experiencing the adventure. He was off photographing *Slipstream*, which was now in the sun. He was elated.

During the descent, Rob continued to eye our accomplishment. I had never seen him happier. As we made our way down, an avalanche began. We ran among the ice blocks of a prior avalanche, and it soon became obvious that it was not going to hit us. After that, Rob resumed his adventurer's gaze toward *Slipstream*, his face still animated with tremendous joy.

On the ski out, our faces hurt from the cold. (We later found out that the ranger station 6,000 feet below recorded -30° C.) Back in the camper, Rob propped his bare feet up on the table. I blurted out, "Rob, your feet! They

look frostbitten." Rob looked surprised and said that his feet had rewarmed with no pain. Several hours later, as the ugly blisters of frostbite began to form, Rob maintained that it was worth it. Between all of the attempts, the extreme bivy and a five-week-long healing period, he had no regrets.

Rob Slater had an indomitable thirst for adventure. His close partners were the people who shared in the spirit of adventure. He owned hundreds of adventure-related books, some quite rare. He would take to reading select harrowing passages over and over. Adventure was his full-time hobby.

As a bond trader, Rob was always immersed in issues of risk and return. As a climber, risk was the essential element that made a climb rewarding. He had yet to climb a 7000-meter peak, but he felt ready for K2. He worked for some two years to train for and organize the expedition. He was looking forward to "settling down" after climbing K2; but on the summit day, fateful decisions were made. Some individuals retreated in the deteriorating weather. Others were well on the way to summiting. The ever-ambitious Robbie continued on. Just after summiting at 7 p.m., Rob's greatest day turned to disaster. A powerful windstorm hit, tents in the basecamp were flattened and seven people were taken.

I want the world to know that on top of *Slipstream* Rob said, "*Slipstream* went down. All I gotta do is climb K2 and I'm home free." He just wanted two framed photos on top of his mantel: *Slipstream* and K2. After all the courageous effort, the final outcome wasn't fair. Although he misses his friends and family dearly, our friend is satisfied. He climbed the mountain of mountains.

BRUCE HUNTER

#### ALISON JANE HARGREAVES

1962 - 1995

Alison Jane Hargreaves had shot to prominence as one of the world's greatest mountaineers in just a few years, but hers was no casual encounter. Born in Derbyshire in 1962, she acquired a deep and abiding love of the mountains. Introduced by her mother and father in childhood and by her teacher Hilary Collins at school, she clambered over the winter ice on the Kinder Downfall in the Peak District or walked the Welsh three thousanders. She was also a very determined young woman. On her 18th birthday she came down to breakfast with her bag packed and announced that she was moving in with Jim Ballard, whom she later married. Tom was born in 1988 (after the Eiger climb) and Kate in 1991. Jim also climbed and sold mountaineering equipment but acknowledged her superiority at the sport, so dur-



ing her recent absences on the mountains he had accepted the role reversal of being responsible for Tom and Kate.

During the summer of 1993, the family packed into their old Land Rover for Alison to tackle the six Alpine North Faces. After some very intensive training, her first big route was up *The Shroud*, the continuous ice climb to the left of the Walker Spur on the North Face of the Grandes Jorasses. Climbing solo without the need to rope up, she could travel very fast and overtook a competent pair of French climbers. Her actual climbing time on the six faces totaled less than 24 hours, which intrigued the French media. There was some criticism that *The Shroud* avoided the most serious parts of the Grandes Jorasses. To answer her critics, with some razzmatazz she tackled the much more demanding Croz Spur in wintry conditions in a single day, November 10, after being dropped by helicopter at the foot of the face.

After having to turn back on Everest in 1994, she got her second chance in May 1995. Alison undertook an "unsupported" attempt, carrying all her own gear and without the benefit of bottled oxygen, something that previously had only been achieved by Reinhold Messner. On the top, just after noon, she radioed, "To Tom and Kate, my two children. I am on top of the world and I love you dearly." She took great care on the descent, reaching Base Camp the next day with no apparent after-effects from the lack of oxygen.

After only a brief interlude in the U.K. with her family, where she was feted as a media personality, she was back in the mountains bound for K2. This peak in the Karakoram Range of northern Pakistan has a savage reputation. "I have weighed the risks," said Alison, "and I believe they are worth taking." After initial forays on the mountain for acclimatization, Alison and her American partner, Rob Slater, with Bruce Grant and three very experienced Spaniards, set out from Camp 4 at 7400 meters on 13th August. They reached the summit in three pairs between 6:30 and 7 p.m. Over the radio one of the Spanish climbers, Oritz, observed that it was a windless evening, although there was great concern about a front approaching from the north. The storm hit at about 8 p.m. while they must still have been on the exposed upper part of the Abruzzi Ridge. It seems that Alison may literally have been blown off the ridge from about 8500 meters to where her body was found at about 7400 meters. The fate and precise location of the other five will not be known until others attempt the climb next year or later.

I had very much hoped that Alison would have been able to complete her Himalayan Trio with an ascent of Kangchenjunga, but it was not to be. For all of us who climb, the mountains have brought wonderful experiences that, for me and perhaps Alison also, could not be better summarized than in the words of Alfred Mummery. Almost exactly a century ago, in August 1895, Mummery, like Alison, was lost on one of the world's great 8000-

meter peaks, Nanga Parbat. "Mountaineering," he said, "roused a passion within me that has grown with the years, and has to no small extent molded my life and thought. It has led me into regions of such fairy beauty that the wonders of Xanadu seem commonplace beside them; it has brought me friends who may be relied on in fair weather and foul; and it has stored my mind with memories that are treasures, corruptible neither by moth nor rust, sickness nor old age. It is true that the great ridges sometimes demand their sacrifice, but the mountaineer would hardly forego his worship though he knew himself to be the destined victim. But happily to most of us the great brown slabs bending over into immeasurable space, the lines and curves of the wind-molded cornice, the delicate undulations of the fissured snow, are old and trusted friends, ever luring us to health and fun and laughter, and enabling us to bid a sturdy defiance to all the ills that time and life oppose."

Alison, we mourn your loss, but equally, we celebrate your marvelous achievements. We hope your children, Tom and Kate, will continue to grow in stature and learn to appreciate in the fullness of time what a very special mother you were.

GEORGE BAND

PAUL NUNN

1943-1995

On August 6, Paul Nunn and Geoff Tier were descending from the summit of Haromosh II (6666 meters), in the Karakoram Range, when they were overwhelmed and buried by a massive icefall collapse. They would have all been safely back in Base Camp if that ice had broken a few minutes before or after. This accident was sheer bad luck, for these men were not driven to take undue risks. They were there for the fun of climbing, and none more so than Paul Nunn, whose prodigious energy and enthusiasm for the sport had become legendary over the past 35 years.

Nunn was at the center of British climbing, its affairs and development. He was involved in every aspect: its literature, guidebooks and social life. He was a great yeoman of the climbing world and its servant. As chairman of the British Mountaineering Council, he held the leading post in the sport at the time of his death.

Paul Nunn was born in Abbeyleix Co Laois, Ireland, in 1943. He was brought up by adoptive parents in Macclesfield, Cheshire. He attended the Catholic Xavier College in Manchester, where he joined the Boy Scouts, who introduced him to hill-walking and rock climbing in the Peak District at the age of 12. His natural curiosity led him to climb farther afield in North Wales, the Lake District and Northern Scotland. He also pioneered an enor-

mous number of new routes in Great Britain, climbed many of the classic hard routes in the Alps and Dolomites as a teen (including the Cassin route on the Cima Ovest in four and a half hours and the first British ascent of the Phillip-Flamm route on the Civetta in 1963), and, in 1972 with Paul Braithwaite, Dennis Hennek and myself, he climbed the east pillar of Asgard, a 4000-foot rock climb up on the Arctic Circle in Baffin Island. While in Russia in 1974 with Clive Rowlands, Guy Lee, Paul Braithwaite and myself for a new route on Pik Lenin (7,135 meters), Nunn had to descend with altitude sickness. In every other way Paul Nunn was the ideal expedition climber. He was not given to homesickness, he was always supportive of other members of the group, and he was a craftsman where technical climbing was concerned. Certainly if he had acclimatized better he would have been included in Chris Bonington's 1975 Everest expedition. However he was undeterred and simply threw himself into expeditions to lower peaks, principally in the Karakoram. He returned to Pakistan or India almost every year with the occasional visit to Nepal.

But a list of his numerous climbs would hardly do justice to Paul Nunn's contribution to world climbing. In the 1960s he was instrumental, along with Nat Allen and Dave Gregory, in reviving the British Mountaineering Council's commitment to producing climbing guides to the Peak District. He sat on many important committees at the Alpine Club, the Mount Everest Foundation and the British Mountaineering Council. He contributed to all the main magazines and international alpine journals. In particular, his book reviews were always so refreshing to read. He was a leading contributor to the influential *Mountain* magazine from its inception. His balanced views helped the founding editor raise the standards of mountain journalism to new heights. It is well worth reading his essays as collected in *At the Sharp End* (1988).

Paul Nunn was also a formidable economic historian. He gained his degree at Sheffield University and taught for two years at the Cavendish Girls School, Buxton, before taking up a post as economic history lecturer at Sheffield Polytechnic, where he became principal lecturer in economic history at the School of Cultural Studies. He was himself an expert on the management of 18th century estates and did his doctorate in this field. He contributed to the prestigious publication *Essays in the Economic and Social History of South Yorkshire* (1976).

Through original research he was able to solve the mystery of where capital originated to finance the Industrial Revolution. Together with John Salt, he developed an independent history degree course at the Sheffield Polytechnic, a very lively course specializing in regional history.

Paul Nunn had time for people and he really cared for those down on their luck. He made time to visit me in hospital recovering from broken legs after the Ogre climb, and while languishing in Nottingham isolation hospi-

tal with a mystery disease in 1980.

Just before setting off for Haromosh II he found time to write a warm and sympathetic letter on the death of my father. He was generous with his time, never had a bad word for anyone, was always positive and, most of all, kind.

It was these qualities that encouraged the climbing fraternity to vote him in as chairman of the British Mountaineering Council. He had half completed his term of office but had already made his mark, making BMC a much friendlier organization than ever before.

DOUG SCOTT

### SIR ROBERT CHARLES EVANS

1918 - 1995

Charles Evans was a mountaineer's mountaineer: expert, unassuming and self-effacing to a fault, whose love of neurosurgery and climbing demanded judgment, skill and nerve. He began serious climbing in 1938 and after WWII, as soon as Nepal first opened to foreigners, made some remarkable explorations and climbs there.

In 1953 Charles was invited to Everest as deputy leader to John Hunt. He and Tom Bourdillon climbed to within a few hundred feet of the summit. But his equipment was not working well and to persist would have endangered both and faulted the expedition. With sound judgment they gave up their chance to be the first and Charles left his oxygen cylinders for Hillary and Tensing at 28,700 feet.

Two years later Charles led an equally harmonious team to Kangchenjunga, third highest, and considered by many the most difficult challenge in the Himalayas. Their success was widely praised, especially because the two teams stopped six feet below the top out of respect for the Nepalese reverence for the mountain.

Perhaps his most inspiring legacy will be the way he accepted his fatal illness, multiple sclerosis. As a neurosurgeon he knew all too well what probably lay ahead for him in 1960, but he showed wonderful grace under pressure as his body slowly deteriorated.

After giving up surgery he soon had to stop climbing, and he became Vice Chancellor of the University of Wales until 1973. He was able to sail for a few years, then handed over to his wife Denise, also an experienced climber and sailor.

Among many tributes and high awards he was knighted in 1969. Climbers and sailors and all who admire courage will miss Sir Charles Evans sorely, and the young will model after him.

CHARLES S. HOUSTON, M.D.

## VLADIMIR BALYBERDIN

1949-1994

Vladimir Balyberdin, age 45, the most famous Russian mountaineer of his generation, was killed in a traffic accident in St. Petersburg last summer. His sad death highlights the massive changes which have taken place since the collapse of Communist Russia.

On the night of July 22, 1994, Balyberdin, who made the first Russian ascents of Everest, K2, and Kangchenjunga, died when his car (awarded to him as a "perk" for being a successful mountaineer) was caught under the wheels of a lorry. He had been using it as an unofficial taxi to earn extra money in Russia's struggling free market economy. Balyberdin is survived by his wife and three daughters.

In 1981, at age 32, Balyberdin became the most famous Russian mountaineer when he made a daring first ascent of the West Face of Everest, which has never been repeated. Soviet team members climbed in the standard Russian style of the time, using thousands of meters of fixed line and oxygen, wearing cotton clothing, and sleeping in old-fashioned cotton tents. In 1991 he climbed it again, without oxygen in three days from Base Camp, after only two weeks of acclimatization. This was disappointing for him, as he was trying to set a new speed record for reaching the summit of Everest, in order to beat the one set by Marc Batard in 1990: 23 hours. However, a week later on a second try to be "the world's fastest man," Balyberdin did manage to climb to 8200 meters in 20 hours with no crampons (they had been brought down to Base Camp a few days earlier without his knowledge).

Balyberdin climbed Nepal's 8586-meter-high Kangchenjunga (the world's third highest peak) in 1989, with the strongest Russian team ever assembled. They completed a high traverse of the summit, spending a record five continuous days above 8000 meters, a feat which is unique even now.

In 1992, when Balyberdin made his ascent of K2 (the second highest mountain in the world) it was under different circumstances. With President Gorbachev's dismantling of communism in favor of the free market, government expedition funding had dried up, and Balyberdin was forced to enter the complex world of international mountaineering. The expedition proved to be a fantastic success with seven team members reaching the top.

What qualities put Vladimir on top of the world three times on extremely difficult routes? I can say what they were not. Balyberdin was neither suave, charismatic, nor friendly. Behind his mild demeanor lurked a suspicious and selfish man. On several occasions, I watched him try to declare the expedition finished after he had summited, unwilling to share the glory of success with anyone else. At other times, he made detailed plans to work

with others, then changed his mind at the last moment, deciding to go "solo." Inside this quiet and thoughtful-looking climber brewed a mysterious potion indeed, and you never felt like you totally knew the man.

Balyberdin may not have been easy to be around, but he was an outstanding mountaineer. He came from a simple peasant upbringing in Tomsk, Siberia, and from years of Soviet mountain climbing competition with the Spartak sports club. In his day, the only people allowed onto Soviet expeditions were winners of speed climbs held on the ice faces of 7000-meter peaks in the Pamirs, such as Pik Lenin and Pik Communism.

Vladimir knew how to find a route better than nearly anyone. In 1991, in Everest's Khumbu icefall, he led our group to fix 1,000 meters of rope on a new route in extremely dangerous conditions in only seven hours of climbing! His invulnerability to cold and altitude were legendary. In 1993 on K2 he was the only climber who would brave howling blizzards, while the rest of us waited in the tent, wondering what kept him going.

Now we must say good-bye to Vladimir Balyberdin, this small, quiet, and complicated man. Like the great nation from which he sprang, he was a man of vast contrasts. Never ready to fully commit himself to teammates, he nonetheless commanded a rough-hewn respect from all of us, who stood awestruck at the raw power and intense focus of his effort. *Dosvydanya Vladimir!*

D.L. MAZUR