

Blanc de Seilon (1950); most of the important peaks of the Zermatt area, including two ascents of the Matterhorn (with his son, 1950; with his daughter, 1955). His further ascents were made in the Bernese Oberland, the Bernina, Ortler area, the Oetzal, Zillertal, and Brenta Dolomites. His last season (1960) was with the guide Oswald Brantschen of Randa, when they climbed widely separated peaks, among them Aiguille de la Za, Weisshorn and Königspitze.

Beyond this, Bob Linck was quite content in any outdoor environment, making one aware of this through his magnificent photography. His wife supplies notes of an unusual day out of Chamonix, quite in the tradition of the 18th century crystal seekers, the forerunners of pioneer guides: "In 1959 we went on a crystal hunt with Camille and his friend Luc. We started from the Couvercle Hut, where we had gone the night before. *Mardi, le jour des Crystaux, le 1 Sept.* Up at 4 – off in a beautiful early morning light at 5 o'clock. Luc had on a pair of old boots with tricounis on the heels. Crossed Glacier de Talèfre to Col de Talèfre – reached rognon of rock and found exciting traces on top. Luc went across col to wall and did some real prospecting – found a pocket. Worked over an hour and called us. We went over with sacks and ropes and perched ourselves on steps while Camille and he worked the mine for over an hour. With bloody knuckles and elbow, Luc produced a marvelous collection of smoky quartz crystals. We felt very lucky since Luc had not guaranteed finding anything, but assured us that he had "un bon nez" for crystals. This trip was one of our greatest pleasures."

Bob Linck managed publication of our *Journal*, 1952-70, and served as treasurer of the Club from January, 1968, until the time of his last illness. He was a Man for All Seasons, a friend whom we shall all miss.

J. MONROE THORINGTON.

GEORGE W. MARTIN
1901-1970

It was twenty years ago when I met George Martin. By that time, I had acquired some of the deep love for the mountains that we all know but knew few of the rules governing travel there. This inadequacy was to be corrected, but only through the efforts of George Martin. Today, literally *thousands* of his ex-students would echo this chain of events as related to themselves. For though one of George Martin's greatest loves were mountains, his greatest love, aside from family, was educating and inspiring the young. He was an educator in Bremerton, Washington for 36 years. He attained positions as vice-principal of Bremerton High School

and later was Registrar of Olympic College — a position he held for 18 years. He retired in 1966. He held a master's degree in zoology from the University of Washington.

In 1948, George found himself dedicated to broadening the college curriculum to include mountaineering and associated outdoor education. The reason? Bob Thorson, Student Body President of Bremerton High School, had recently fallen to his death in the Olympic Mountains. George knew that the beautiful, beckoning peaks to the west would lure others, as they had lured Bob; others as unprepared for mountain travel as Bob had been. George knew that mass education was the only way to avert future tragedies. This view was not accepted by all, however. There were those in community leadership and the media who thought climbing should definitely be discouraged, especially after the death of Thorson. Ultimately, the School Board decided the issue in favor of George, and mountaineering became part of a college's curriculum.

George was a humble man, never seeking glory from a peak. Yet, he was supremely self-confident. On the mountain, just the sight of him climbing was inspiration to continue. This was George: A chunk of iron — with legs, spirit and humor. It was in the mountains where his superlative qualities as a teacher and leader were so evident. He had an uncanny ability to imbue everyone in the party with his own great confidence and perseverance. I recall many occasions in the Olympics with George: Mountain rescue practices, survival exercises, climbing course outings; our milieu so grim that I couldn't even see George. But I could *hear* him! His great, hearty "YO HO!" could be heard often, no matter what deafening sounds Nature mustered. He warmed the spirit on the coldest day. My only concern on occasion: How soon would one of those heart warming jubilations trigger an avalanche upon us!?

Shortly after initiating the basic climbing course at Olympic College, he organized courses in rescue and survival, advanced climbing, basic and advanced campcraft, and skiing. The campcraft classes, especially, have gained nationwide recognition for their uniqueness and scope. Not only do these classes provide instruction in botany, zoology, geology, meteorology, astronomy, climbing, camping and survival, they do it where it all happens — in an open-air classroom called Olympic National Park.

A teacher's success can be measured, in part, by the subsequent accomplishments of his ex-students. Some of his multitude of students have gone on from Mount Washington, Mount Olympus and other locals, to climb things like Bugaboo and Snowpatch Spires, Robson, Waddington, the Willis Wall of Rainier, McKinley and many others. Those places have felt his influence. As an insurance measure, George was instrumental in founding the Olympic Mountain Rescue Council, where he remained active

in missions and administration for many years. Following his retirement in 1966, George traveled widely. He climbed in Europe and hiked in the foothills of the Himalayas; visited Japan, India, and many countries in Africa and the Mid-East. He wrote for national publications, published outdoor handbooks and maps, and lectured on many subjects. His lectures were usually enhanced by some of the thousands of slides he had taken on his travels.

George W. Martin left this world as he had lived it — advancing the cause of knowledge. On the evening of September 1, while presenting the Mountain Rescue Council film, “By Nature’s Rules,” he was stricken by a coronary. In spite of a promising rally, he passed away September 7.

For a man who never sought the spotlight, he indeed directed its light — illuminating the way for thousands — thousands who will miss him as much as I.

RICHARD A. PARGETER

EDWARD A. LANE
1935-1969

The Logan Expedition was a dream come true for Ed Lane. It meant the completion of three peaks, the most difficult, high and largest mountain massif in North America. His Logan Traverse would have covered the entire Logan Massif from Canada to Alaska.

Those that knew Ed Lane remembered him as a individual who loved the mountains with his whole being. For the people who were privileged to hike with him, his leadership and ability were highly respected. Fellow climbers could always depend upon his good judgement and skill. In mountaineering, I knew of no man who better exemplified this spirit to the fullest. He loved a mountain for what it truly was, with the personal satisfaction of having enjoyed it and yet not having to tell the world about it. When on summits, Ed always seemed to be recording data from old registers or placing new ones.

No man should be remembered only for the peaks he has climbed, but for the person that he was. However, Ed Lane’s record as a climber would rank high in any book. A deep love for the mountains that is truly experienced by only a few was often evidenced by his silence upon a summit. Ed especially enjoyed traversing ridges, the more bumps on them, the better. He was not a “peakbagger” in any sense, never boasting of his climbs or displaying emblems of any sort. He told me once that the only emblems he collected were the memories of each climb and that was all that he needed to remind him. These memories he could never lose