

finest oils and watercolors, the lion's share of his personal collection to be sold for the benefit of the American Alpine Journal Publishing Fund. The works weren't on exhibit very long when a well-known Texan and ski-resort owner bought the entire collection, at list price. I thought Lou would have second thoughts about parting with his "babies," but this wasn't the case. He was happy because others would now get pleasure from his efforts.

So the Lou Bergmann many of us knew—pioneer skier, climber, writer, artist and illustrator—has gone on ahead. He leaves a legacy more important than his many accomplishments: an enthusiasm for life and people and the sharing of life's experiences and accomplishments. The last paragraph of *Mountain Memories*, a beautifully illustrated autobiographical sketch, written just before his health began to fail, reads, "Looking back to all the years spent in the mountains, I cherish the most glorious recollections as well as I recall the hours of toil and fear. I have only one regret: It's over."

We will miss the Berg-mann, this man of the mountains.

PHILIP ERARD

HORST von HENNIG  
1902-1992

On November 30, Horst von Hennig passed away at this home of over 50 years in Greenwich, Connecticut. The day before, he had celebrated his 90th birthday. He had been a member of the American Alpine Club since 1952. He was also a member of the Alpine Club of Canada and the Swiss Alpine Club. He was an enthusiastic mountaineer and skier throughout his life until ill health during the last few years curtailed such activities.

Dad loved the literature of climbing as much as he loved the mountains. He served as head of the Library committee for over 20 years. During this time, the Library grew tremendously and became a smoothly functioning operation. In 1981, he was awarded the Angelo Heilprin Citation in recognition of his many years of devoted service to the Club and its Library.

My father was born in Rathenow, Germany on November 29, 1902. His introduction to the mountains came when, as a young boy, he accompanied his mother to the Alps. In his late teens, a cousin introduced him to hiking and climbing.

From 1919 to 1937, he climbed actively in the northern and western Alps, Dolomites, Apennines and in Sicily. In 1929, in Stuttgart, he married Elisabeth Doertenbach.

He made many winter ascents. I recall spending the winter of 1936-37 in Zermatt. While I was struggling daily to herringbone and sidestep up and snowplow down, Mom and Dad would be off on trips to the Breithorn, Oberrothorn and Tête Blanche. Mom said she always stayed behind at the huts to melt snow and tidy up.

Late in 1937, we moved to the United States. After living in New York City for several years, we moved to Greenwich, Connecticut in 1942. In the summer

of 1951, while vacationing in Canada with my mother and sisters Tilda and Margaret, Dad met Henry Hall at Amethyst Lake in the Tonquin Valley. It was this chance meeting that led to Dad's joining the American Alpine Club. He always considered his membership to be a particular honor and took special joy and pride in participating at meetings.

Dad passed his love for the mountains on to his children and grandchildren. I still vividly remember climbing the Allalinhorn, Alphubel, Zinalrothorn and Matterhorn during a spell of spectacular summer weather in 1949. The following summer, we visited the Dolomites and climbed the Torri Grande and Inglese, and Punta Fiammes. He climbed Mount Rainier with his son-in-law Eckart Colzman. In winters, we skied in Vermont or St. Moritz. He attended many Alpine Club of Canada summer camps. Hans Grosser remembers climbing Mount Edith and the south face of Yamanuska with him in the mid 1950s.

A man of values, with a true sense of integrity and right and wrong, a member of the old guard, a gentleman, the last of his generation—this is how his grandchildren eulogized him. And it is the way many of us remember him. He was gentle and kind, thoughtful, considerate and generous. Above all, he inspired us and taught us to love the mountains, a gift for which we are grateful. And it is in this spirit that his memory lives on.

DIETER VON HENNIG

PIERRE BEGHIN  
1951-1992

Another of the world's foremost mountaineers has lost his life in the Himalaya. Pierre Beghin, the Frenchman who during the last decade broke the barriers of the impossible, was killed on October 11 on the south face of Annapurna when a rappel anchor pulled out. Engineer by profession, he worked in the Division de Nivologie of the CEMAGREF in Grenoble as an expert on snow problems and avalanche protection.

Born in 1951, Pierre excelled in rock and ice climbing, extreme skiing and high-altitude mountaineering. In the Alps, he made many bold climbs, solo and in winter, including the first winter ascent of the Bonatti route on the Grandes Jorasses from December 25 to 29. In the Andes, from July 20 to 24, 1978, he climbed the 1966 Paragot route on the north face of Huascarán Norte—with a broken shoulder and alpine-style.

His high-altitude experiences in Asia started in 1974 with an attempt on the Uli Biaho Tower in Pakistan. His outstanding stamina and determination at high altitude were well recognized. The list of his accomplishments is long and distinguished. We mention only a few. On October 7, 1981, he completed the ascent of the virgin, rocky west face of Makalu. On October 17, 1983, he became the first Frenchman and the first solo climber to ascend Kangchenjunga. Doubtless his two most exceptional feats were the 1989 five-day traverse of Makalu via the south face and west ridge, three-fourths of which he did solo, and