

the Northwest. He taught climbing at Olympic College. With Tom Miller, Dave Lind, Charles Cehrs, and Jay Todd, he shared the first ascent of the West Peak of Mt. Johannesburg (1949, North Cascades). He taught, "Nobody leaves the mountain until everyone is off safely." He sponsored the first minority memberships in both The Mountaineers and Seattle's Corinthian YC.

Bill was an avid downhill racing and alpine skier beginning in the 1930's. Long before chair lifts or rope tows, his favorite place to ski was Paradise on Mt. Rainier. A typical day was skiing down and over Mazama Ridge, then down and atop the Tatoosh Range and then back to Paradise. Another favorite ski destination was a remote valley near Rainier. He camped in the snow and skied there in the 1930s and '40s before anyone envisioned it as a ski resort—Crystal Mountain. Knowing the terrain, he helped design the resorts ski trails and had fun leading three generations of family in a sometimes terrifying game of follow-the-leader begun with the cry, "Through the Trees!" He skied there until age 85.

William P. Elfendahl was preceded in death by his first wife of 38 years, Florence in 1978; his brother, Major Elfendahl, and his grandson, Charles W. Elfendahl. He is survived by Sarah, his second wife of 25 years; two sons, Gerald W. and Lawrence E.

GERALD ELFENDAHL

RUSSELL O. HUSE 1908-2004

Russell Huse's roots are deeply embedded in the area of Ventura County, California, originally known as the Rancho El Conejo, part of which was named Rancho El Triunfo and later called the Russell Ranch. This 6,000-acre farming and cattle ranch owned by Russ's grandparents, Andrew and Abigail Russell, comprised a large portion of the area known today as Westlake Village.

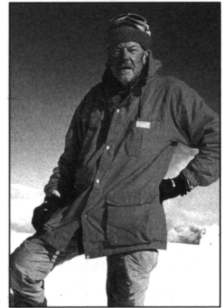
Born in Los Angeles in 1908, Russ received part of his elementary education at the one-room Triunfo School located on the ranch. He spent summers and holidays living with his grandparents. Inspired by his love of the land, he began writing poems and essays in his early twenties. Russ began his career with six years as a park ranger at Yosemite National Park. In the 1940s he held positions in the aircraft industry as technical artist for publications.

In 1951 Russ began his 23 years of service at the Naval Center at China Lake, California. His position was supervisory technical report writer/illustrator for the Aviation Ordnance Department, preparing publications for the Navy's research and development programs.

Russ was a cofounder of the China Lake Mountain Search and Rescue Group and became an honorary club member. At age 49, while other people were beginning to look forward to retirement, he started mountain climbing in earnest.

Russ climbed most of the major peaks in the Sierra, the Tetons, the Cascades, Mt. McKinley, Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, the volcanoes of Mexico, and several peaks over 20,000 feet in the Andes. Russ remarks, "At twenty thousand feet the air is always rare and the mountains ever there." He retired from climbing in his mid seventies.

Throughout his long life, he never stopped helping people where he saw a need. As a member of the Rotary Club, he was provided the opportunity to serve local communities and address global problems. Because of his dedication and service he has been awarded a lifetime



Russell Huse in 1973.

Honorary Club Membership in Rotary.

During retirement, Russ continued writing poems and essays, and perfecting his oil painting skills. In his late eighties, he began assembling his works for publication in this book and future ones. His last book of poetry was *From Sunlight And Shadow: Reflections at Age 95*.

Russ was blessed with a tremendous support, companion, inspiration, and Muse, his wife Edith. They were happily married for more than 67 years. The Huses made their home in Westlake Village overlooking the site of the old Russell Ranch. Russell O. Huse passed away in Thousand Oaks, California, on May 1, 2004, the day after turning 96 years in age.

MIKE WINICK

REESE MARTIN 1955-2004

Reese Martin was a true contemporary Renaissance man. Growing up, he was a constantly moving “Air Force brat,” eventually expected to fill the shoes of his “Right Stuff” era test pilot father and his WWI pilot grandfather. Instead, as a teenager Reese developed a love for climbing and skiing in the Cascades when his family was living in Seattle, and continued those passions for the rest of his life in the Rockies, Sierra, Coast Range, Andes, and Himalaya. But Reese was not just a mountain sports enthusiast. He spent time surfing, and was involved in the art scene in Ventura, California, where he lived later for 16 years. He was an Environmental Engineering consultant and political advocate there, also participating in the Big Brother program for five years, building a sports car in his garage, and staying involved in climbing, mostly by authoring new rock routes. He was a Southern California regional coordinator for The Access Fund from 1994-1998 and a member of their board of directors from 1998-2002.



Reese Martin and Max in 2004. *Eric Hobday*

In 1999 Reese moved to Aspen, Colorado, and the following year married me, a ski patroller, climber, and fellow Access Fund board member. Together we remodeled a home and at the same time built a “cabin getaway” at 10,000 feet on nearby Chair Mountain. Still, Reese found time to “clean up” bolts on Independence Pass rock climbs and add his own crag with me called “Reese’s Pieces.” And he learned to paraglide. The latter became a passion eclipsing all others, and so he was finally able to assume the role of heir to his family’s piloting dynasty, in a rogue sort of way.

Though he took great pains to be safe and disciplined in his new sport, the stock phrase “I’d rather be lucky than good” unfortunately did not apply to Reese on July 9, 2004. When landing that day in a cross-country paragliding competition at Lake Chelan, Washington. Reese was caught in turbulent air and dashed violently to the ground. The “encyclopedic mind of useless information” (as he referred to himself) and the eclectic man of many interests and passions was suddenly gone.

Reese seemed likened to Icarus, who fell from the sky while flying artificial wings too