

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

close to the sun in pursuit of deep insight and fulfillment.
 Good night, sweet prince.

CHARLOTTE FOX, AAC

W. V. GRAHAM MATTHEWS II 1921-2004

I first knew Graham when I returned to Harvard College after World War II and found him enrolled at Harvard Law School. He had attended Exeter Academy ('38) and Harvard College (graduating early with the class of '42), where he was a classmate of Andy Kauffman and Mal Miller (both '43). He was already a mountaineer of consequence, having made the ascent of 18,603-foot Persian volcano, Mount Demavend, while stationed in Iran as an army cryptographer. Graham quickly became a loyal member of the Harvard Mountaineering Club and partook of all the usual New England climbs, both summer and winter.

Law school, even at Harvard, was not for Graham, and after one year he packed it in and took to selling the *Encyclopedia Britannica* door-to-door in South Boston. The futility of this practice dawned on him toward the end of 1948, when several of us were gathered at Pinkham Notch over the Christmas holidays. Joe Dodge needed a winter presence at the old (and well-equipped) Tuckerman Shelter (a.k.a. Howard Johnson's). We volunteered Graham for the dollar-a-day job, which he held down for the next five months, though he grouched mightily at those of us who had talked him into taking the position, for the isolation of January and February was notorious. During that winter, Graham, mindful of the necessity for ski patrollers to have a quick access to the Gulf of Slides for rescue purposes, laid out the first of the two memorable trails that came to bear his name—this one across the mid-level, timbered part of Boott Spur. (The other trail marked with his name—which he laid out in 1978—runs west from Battle Abbey to gain access to the higher peaks of the Battle Range in British Columbia.)

Bigger mountains called him, however, and he left Tuckerman's in the spring of 1949. The next few summers found him almost everywhere—the Coast ranges of B.C. and Alaska; the Andes of Peru; Idaho's Sawtooths; the North Cascades; the Canadian Rockies; the Selkirks; back to Peru; and finally the Tetons, where he saw the desirability of a camping facility for climbers and campaigned for what later became the AAC Climbers' Ranch.

His first ascents (1947-1973) include Mt. Asperity and six other peaks in the Coast Ranges of B.C.; Grand Aiguille and West Peak of Heyburn in the Idaho Sawtooths; Trapper Mountain in the North Cascades; Mt. Shackleton in the Canadian Rockies; Mt. Salcantay and Yanapaccha in the Peruvian Andes; and Gibraltar, West Peak of Blackfriar, and Downie Peak in the Northern Selkirks. He was a member of the 1950 Harvard Andean Expedition that made the first ascent of Yerupaja (although he did not summit) in the Andes, and made numerous new routes and second ascents in the various ranges. Most of these climbs have appeared in the *AAJ*.

Graham taught school in several places across the United States, from Fessenden School near Boston, to the Robert Louis Stevenson School in Pebble Beach.

It was on a climbing trip in Yosemite that he met and married (on June 12, 1955) Mary



Graham Matthews in 1959.
 Irene Beardsley