

Jim Rogers, through his influence with Secretary of War Stimson, under whom he had served as Assistant Secretary of State in the Hoover Administration, and his long term friendship with General Marshall, then Chief of Staff, helped break a bureaucratic log jam which led to approval of the creation of the famed 10th Mountain Division, the elite group of highly trained mountaineering troops who learned their trade at Camp Hale in Colorado, drove up the chain of Apennines under the terrible conditions and broke into the valley of the Po.

His philosophy in mountaineering, as in all endeavors, is summed up in a phrase from a little play *The Fire of Romance* which he wrote for performance by the Denver Cactus Club: "We scale the summits only to unmask still loftier summits for another's task."

STEPHEN H. HART

JAMES RAMSAY ULLMAN
1908-1971

On June 20, 1971, American mountaineering lost its most distinguished man of letters when James Ramsay Ullman died of cancer at the age of 63.

For more than 30 years, Jim's books introduced Americans of all ages to the world of the high mountains: *High Conquest*, *Kingdom of Adventure*, *Everest*, *The Age of Mountaineering*, *Tiger of the Snows*, *Banner in the Sky*, *Americans on Everest*, *Straight Up*, *And Not to Yield*, and *The White Tower*. His writing was as much a part of the mountaineering experience as the Grand Teton and Mount Rainier. Through Jim's words and feelings, his characters and descriptions, we found our own views of the mountains, mountaineering, and our climbing companions articulated for the first time. He spoke to each of us about the mountains and about ourselves.

Jim's writing spans the period of growth of American mountaineering from a small elite to the thundering army which now threatens to overrun the wilderness. Yet he was less interested in movements than in men. In his books, he celebrated the golden age of mountaineering, but he described it in terms of the men who created it. Everest may have been conquered by the British, but it was Jim who chose to tell the schoolboys of the world of a Sherpa named Tenzing. He was a romantic man, and he understood the romance and excitement of the mountains. He was a good story-teller, and he left us with fine tales. He was a man with a sense of adventure and his writing is filled with the excitement of finding a challenge and meeting it with courage and skill.

Jim's professional life was an enormously varied and productive one: newspaper reporter, theatrical producer (one of his plays, *Men in White*, won a Pulitzer Prize), World War II service with The American Field Service, author of over 20 books (many of which have been book club selections) and numerous short stories and magazine articles,

member and historian of the 1963 American Mount Everest Expedition, and an authority on the South Pacific, the Caribbean Islands and the Amazon River, all of which he explored in small boats.

Despite his numerous accomplishments, he was a shy and modest man who listened well and perceptively to those around him. He could be scathingly critical, yet found something warm and cheering to say to each of us. He smiled easily, even in time of personal sadness.

When he learned he had an incurable illness, he found the courage to live with it and told his friends about it so that they might share the final part of his life with him. Perhaps this way Jim's way of testing our courage and proving his own. His wife Marian helped Jim fill his final months with those he loved, and he continued to write until he was physically incapable of doing so. When he died, tributes poured in from friends throughout the world.

We have all lost a gifted friend, our Club has lost a valued member, and mountaineering has lost an articulate and thoughtful spokesman. But Jim's spirit lives on in the books he wrote, in the characters he created, and in the events he documented and brought to life. He understood the mountains and translated that understanding into personal terms. As he said, "It is not the summit that matters, but the fight for the summit; not the victory, but the game itself." We can be grateful that he chose to play at our game.

SAMUEL C. SILVERSTEIN, M.D.

MICHAEL WOODWARD HANE
1935-1971

Participation in an expedition to the Cordillera Blanca had long captured Mike's imagination. Early in 1971 I learned of his determination to go finally to Peru during the coming summer. Later, Gerry Roach told me that his Seattle-based expedition had an opening for another strong mountaineer; Mike would be an appropriate selection. The primary objective was a second ascent of the east peak of Chacaraju.

On July 12, in the early afternoon, three members of this expedition were nearing the summit ridge of Chacaraju, on a new and difficult route from the south side, when an ice avalanche in their ice flute was released. The third man was Mike and despite the protection of anchors into the ice and a hard hat, the impact of the falling ice and snow injured him mortally. It was a selective act of fate and heroic efforts to overcome the destiny of the event enabled Mike to reach the hospital in Huaraz, 52 hours later, still alive. His incredibly strong constitution could not overcome the effects of his injuries, however; he died early on the morning of July 15, never having regained consciousness.

Mike Hane had many friends, both in and out of the mountaineering community. His enthusiasm for the loves in his life was intense and