

In Memoriam

NORMAN CLYDE

1885-1972

Norman Clyde died in Big Pine, California in December 1972 at the age of 87. He had lived as every alpinist wants to live, but as none of them dare to do, and so he had a unique life. When he died, I felt that an endangered species had become extinct. For half a century, he had spent spring, summer, and fall in the Sierra Nevada, and his winters on its magnificent eastern flanks, usually as the caretaker of some mountain lodge, empty until next season, alone in the untrodden snow. His ascents, nearly all in the Sierra, must have numbered in the thousands.

Climbers today tote horrible little mechanical stoves with blue cylinders of low-molecular-weight hydrocarbons prepared by the petroleum industry on which to warm their pre-cooked freeze-dried shrimp creole. Norman carried a cast-iron frying pan and some chunks of dead wood in his gigantic old knapsack, to cook fresh trout. He was large, solitary, taciturn and irritable—like the North Palisade in a thunderstorm, and he could also be mellow and friendly, like the afternoon sun on Evolution Lake. It is impossible to think of Norman Clyde without remembering the glories of the southern High Sierra, because you were always liable to meet him up there if you wandered far enough. He was a reader of the classics, and carried books with him. He was famous for mountain rescues. His last camp was at 10,000 feet in the Fourth Recess of Mono Creek and he had to cross the main crest to get to it, at the age of 85. He was the only man I know who gave himself up completely to a passionate love of the mountains. In return, the mountains spared him a hundred times as he clambered alone to their summits by many a new route, and they let him die of old age, in full view of their peaks.

THOMAS H. JUKES

HENRY IKARUS MANDOLF

1897-1972

In October, 1972, Southern California lost one of its most influential mountaineers, Henry Mandolf. He was born in Graz, Austria, and was introduced to mountaineering by his father, who was a high ranking officer in the Austrian mountain troops. Henry was an ensign in the Austrian Navy during World War I, was captured by the Italians, escaped, and made his way back to Austria via the mountains. Before 1918 he participated in a number of actions and received his country's highest decoration for personal valor. After the war, he earned degrees in both mathematics and engineering from the University of Graz. In 1924 he married Frida, who survives along with a son, a daughter, and five grandchildren.

He emigrated to the United States in 1923, and later took a position as an engineer for the Consolidated Aircraft Company in Buffalo, New York. He moved to San Diego in 1935, and was a chief project engineer developing the Convair PBY and PB2Y aircraft for World War II. In the 1950's he became president of the Langley Corporation, which is well known for aircraft and missile components and for a line of fine spinning reels, which Henry designed. At Langley he was also instrumental in developing a critical liquid oxygen valve for the Atlas missile.

Henry was an active member of local climbing and skiing groups wherever he lived. He started climbing in the Eastern Alps in 1919. While he lived in Buffalo, he climbed in the Adirondacks and Alleghenies, often making winter ascents. From San Diego he climbed many peaks in Southern California and the Sierra Nevada. Following World War II, he promoted weekend trips from San Diego to the Sierra. His companions were often young people and sailors temporarily stationed in San Diego whom he would introduce to mountaineering. His ambition was to climb every major named summit along the High Sierra crest; his missed climbing only two of these.

His longer trips included climbs in the Tetons, Canadian Rockies (an attempt on Robson and successful ascents of Resplendent and Athabaska) and Wind Rivers, where he was especially proud of an ascent of Mount Henry. At Yosemite, he filmed an ascent of Lower Cathedral Spire.

Henry was always a mentor to other climbers and skiers. While others raced down the slopes, he would patiently teach a group of new skiers the basic techniques. At the request of the City of San Diego, he founded the first Basic Mountaineering Course of any Sierra Club Chapter. The course has continued for 19 years and has become routine through his fine organizational efforts. He realized early the need for an inexpensive textbook, and under his editorship, the very successful text *Basic Mountaineering*, was prepared. Very modestly he always thought of himself as editor rather than author, although its style and layout are characteristic of the man. The writing is brief, to the point, almost telegraphic, yet everything a climber needs to know to get started in the sport is there. Henry has exported the course and text throughout the United States and especially within the Sierra Club.

It was my pleasure to accompany Henry on his last Sierra climb. It was a crisp October day as we slowly scrambled up the talus of Mount Davis above Thousand Island Lake. We both realized it might be his last ascent, but in due time we made the summit. We looked across at the isolated peak of Mount Rodgers, which he had not climbed. He left it for others to climb, along with only a few other peaks in the "Range of Light."

Henry Mandolf was a thorough, determined man, of strong drives, who never settled for anything but the best. He was always ready to promote his favorite sports of climbing and skiing, and gave everything

of himself to seeing that others also enjoyed the hills. We admired him for his helpfulness and great accomplishments; we often argued with him that we could not reach his goals, but we usually found that he was right, and that together we could all do more than we dreamed. The example of his life will continue to inspire us to the best that humans can experience.

WILLIAM H. THOMAS

MARK DENNIS WEIGELT
1949-1972

Mark Weigelt died on October 15, 1972, in a massive rockfall in the exit gully of the Ice Cliff Glacier on Mount Stuart in the Washington Cascades. He was very exuberant that day because the glacier was well broken, in excellent shape, we were climbing well, and it was a beautiful day. He enjoyed his last day, as all his others, to its fullest.

Mark, a native of Washington, grew up with a fine view of the Olympics beckoning from his front window. Because of his natural abilities as a gymnast, he took up rock climbing while still in high school. He rapidly became an expert, climbing throughout Leavenworth and making seasonal trips to Yosemite.

However, Mark was not content to be just a rock climber and eventually took up alpine climbing. His first ascents include numerous routes in the Leavenworth rock climbing areas, as well as technical alpine routes in the Northwest and Canada.

Because of his gregarious nature, and because he wanted others to be able to climb safely, Mark taught some of the University of Washington's climbing classes. He devoted time to this, not for any monetary rewards, but to help his students to really appreciate and protect the mountain environment. His course was difficult, and only those with a real dedication ever bothered to finish the course. He always started out with a difficult map and compass bushwhack and bivouac, to ferret out those who didn't already have a deep motivation to be in the mountains. Those who completed Mark's course learned not only the technical aspects of the sport, but also of the fragility of the mountain environment and the need to think about and be responsible for one's actions.

The thing that one most remembers about Mark is his personality. He was strong and belligerent, yet filled with a deep kindness for those around him. He was full of energy—always had to be doing something. When the weather was not suitable for climbing, he was down at the "Y" working out or playing basketball, or off on a bicycle trip.

For being such an excellent climber, Mark was always willing to climb with a partner of nearly any ability—and help him or her enjoy the climb. He was sure of himself, yet felt no need to prove it.

The mountains were such a large part of Mark's life, it seems fitting