Because of all or his contributions to mountaineering, it is difficult to believe he did anything else, but he did. He was a certified public accountant by profession in the firm of Farquhar and Heimbucher in San Francisco. He served as a member of the California State Board of Accountancy and was a former president of the California Society of Certified Public Accountants. He also served as president of the California Historical Society and the California Academy of Sciences.

He received many honors from the organizations he served so well, including the John Muir Award from the Sierra Club and his election to the honorary presidency of that organization. He also was elected an honorary member of the American Alpine Club in 1967 and received the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters from UCLA.

Francis Farquhar’s written works will serve as a permanent monument, but his real memorial lies in the hearts of all who knew him and were inspired by him. His passing leaves a large void in the ranks of American mountaineering and in the lives of his friends. On the State Capitol in Sacramento are the words “Give me men to match my mountains.” In Francis P. Farquhar, California had found such a man.

NICHOLAS B. CLINCH

ELIZABETH COWLES PARTIDGE

Quite likely her many friends have quite different memories of Betsy, for she was exuberant in her enjoyment of many things. Mountains were her consuming passion—but only one of several. People really interested her the most, and hundreds received her “keep in touch” post cards.

Though I knew Betsy for almost forty years, my most vivid memory—I like to think most characteristic of her—dates to the fall of 1950. Five of us were walking across Nepal after the first visit to the south side of Everest by westerners. It had been an incredibly joyous month—a picnic across hundreds of miles of a land never visited by Europeans; we had seen Thyangboche unspoiled and unscarred by westerners. There were no campsites or litter along the way to Everest Base Camp. Betsy had won the hearts and minds of the Nepalese who thronged about her every day; she was constantly engulfed by laughing children. Most impressively she had won the affections of the most formidable of misogynists, Bill Tilman, the toughest of the old school of Himalayan travellers. Our Thanksgiving was a special one: Betsy laid a white tablecloth (mosquito net) on a table (packing boxes), with flowers, candles and punch—(rakshi and oranges); our priest Andy Bakewell gave thanks. We feasted on roast goat and thought gratefully of what we had been privileged to see and to do, at a time when much of Asia seemed to be going up in flames. Betsy was at her very finest then, though I imagine she radiated to others just as much happiness in a later year when she and “G.P.” (her second husband, General Earle Partridge) made a similar journey with Bill and Laney House.
She had been introduced early to mountain walking by her minister father and when serious tuberculosis took her to Colorado to convalesce, it was obvious that she would remain there.

Betsy was a lifelong patron of the Arts: she learned to fly when in her sixties, and she and Pat flew "Air Partridge" all over the United States. She was endlessly thoughtful, not only of her own children, but of many god-children and friends as well. I doubt that anyone knows how much she did for how many.

Betsy did not take up causes; she was not a crusader but voiced opinions when asked, and they were usually generous and tolerant and influenced many of her friends.

My last memory is also characteristic: a week before she died—"Charlie" she said, "I've done everything the doctors asked me to do; I've done my duty. Now can I just go?" She died at home, surrounded by family, in peace and courage. Few people knew all about Betsy, but all loved the bits they knew: a sunny privileged life, lived to the utmost and with joy to very many.

CHARLES S. HOUSTON, M.D.

WILLIAM W. HOOKER

1934-1974

The Peruvian Andes were a familiar mountain range for Bill Hooker. I first met him there in 1972 when we were climbing together from a base camp in the Quebrada Santa Cruz. It was his second trip to Peru—having been in the Cordillera Vilcanota in 1957 with a small group from Harvard. I was surprised to learn that Bill had first started climbing in the Washington, D.C. area, where I live. We began a good friendship by recalling old friends and climbing areas. We climbed together a lot that summer, and before our expedition was finished, Bill and I were talking of returning to the Cordillera Blanca.

Bill was a graduate of Harvard magna cum laude in 1956, where he climbed extensively with the Harvard Mountaineering Club. In 1956 he and others made the first ascent of the popular Dike Route on the Middle Teton; but they bypassed the Dike Pinnacle on their way to the summit, leaving the complete first ascent to another party that followed a week later. I ran into Bill in Garnet Canyon in August, 1973 as he was taking his two young sons up the Grand Teton on their first climbing trip. At that time Bill and I started to make definite plans for our own expedition to Peru, for summer 1974. It was to be Bill's last "big" mountain trip—he was looking forward to spending the summers in the future climbing and hiking in the Sierras with his sons.

Our expedition materialized after much hard work on the part of Bill, and we all managed to meet in Huaraz in June. We had plans for