

new routes on Nevado Santa Cruz and Huandoy Norte. Our climb on Santa Cruz failed due primarily to illness and bad weather. A week later, on July 15, Bill Hooker and Glenn Converse were killed instantly in a massive ice avalanche while approaching our high camp at 19,000 feet on the northwest side of Huandoy Norte. It was all over in just a few horrifying seconds, and although we were trying to save our own lives we knew that there was no possible way that Bill and Glenn could have survived.

When Bill and I were climbing the east ridge of Artesonraju in 1972, he remarked that climbing Artesonraju had been a dream and desire for him for 30 years. When he was a small boy he saw the photo of "the great South Face" of Artesonraju in the Kinzl-Schneider book on the Cordillera Blanca. At that young age Bill felt the desire to climb that mountain. Shortly before the avalanche he and I stood together on the glacier and admired the south face of Artesonraju, seemingly alive in the warm glow of the afternoon sun. I was proud to have been with Bill when he finally satisfied his dream to climb that mountain.

Bill is only one of three close friends I have lost to climbing accidents this year. There is at least some solace in the fact that he died a proud, happy climber in a place he loved so much . . . and that his body lies buried in the *nieve blanca* of the Cordillera Blanca.

THOMAS A. MCCRUMM

GLENN LELAND CONVERSE

1937-1974

Occasionally there is an individual whose presence is so strongly felt among his associates that his death is simply incomprehensible. Such a person was Glenn Leland Converse. After the avalanche on Nevado Huandoy which claimed his life, it seemed certain that he would momentarily come wandering back to camp. Most of those who knew him well still find it difficult to believe that Glenn isn't just off on another junket, soon to return with enthusiastic accounts of his travels and excited plans for his next adventure.

Glenn's life was lived to the fullest extent possible. Whether on a weekend excursion or ambling about the world for a year or two, his ebullience combined with humility gained him immediate acceptance by those he met and made his friendship especially valuable to many. Having many friends from all parts of the world, it was not uncommon for Glenn to encounter someone in the mountains and exclaim "I know you! Remember, we climbed together. . . ." Such friends always remembered, and a warm reunion would follow.

Glenn enjoyed rock climbing in "The Valley", and was equally enthusiastic about sometimes arduous mountaineering ventures that he fre-

quently spearheaded. He always managed to find time to help a novice along, and was quick to invite new friends on many of his outings.

Born in Oakland, California, on January 4, 1937, Glenn went on to complete work through his Masters degree in mechanical engineering at California Institute of Technology, and later earned his Ph.D. from Stanford University in aeronautical engineering. He did post-doctoral work in Japan in the field of Geophysics. His work at Stanford and in Japan was aided by grants from the National Science Foundation. He was employed at the USGS in San Francisco where he was doing earthquake research. Glenn will long be remembered by his many friends.

BRENT W. MILLER

JON GARY ULLIN

1943-1974

That Gary Ullin has died in the Pamirs is incredible. Gary was strong, both physically tough and emotionally stable. He got up many a climb by his strong steady push; he was of a kind that lives on. The mind won't accept that he is gone; we still have many climbs to do.

Gary grew up in Seattle and the Cascades. He studied aeronautical engineering at the University of Washington, graduated in 1966, and worked for a year as an engineer with Boeing. He got a commercial pilot's license and instrument rating while flying around Mount Rainier. Then he was trained by United Airlines and flew commercially out of Chicago, which was not his favorite place to live. In 1970 he moved back to Seattle and active climbing again. Still flying for United, he loved telling friends in Seattle that he commuted to work in San Francisco. He also loved using his pilot's pass to fly up to Juneau for an afternoon to check out the current glacier conditions, or to ride out to Boston for an AAC meeting, or to buzz down to California for a climb in the Sierras.

It was appropriate that he found as a girl friend Gretchen Daiber, daughter of the old man of the Cascades, Ome Daiber. In recent years, Gary and Gretchen grew very close. Gary enjoyed the luxuries of a good life, including his plush house on Mercer Island and its sumptuous furnishings, and enjoyed supporting them with a glamorous job. But at the same time he was always the one to push a little harder on a climb, when the hour got late or the storm blew up. Gary wrote that "knowing that life is what you make it has opened all doors to me," and he ran full speed ahead. He put himself totally into whatever project or adventure or experience he shared with you. For him, all days were summit days.

As a boy in the Cascades, Gary soon outgrew the organized mountaineering courses, and let the mountains be his teacher. As his experience grew, he began teaching others. In recent years he was a guide