

SHELDON E. MOOMAW, JR.
1944-1978

On July 29, 1978, Sheldon Moomaw was killed in a fall on 24,580-foot Noshaq in Afghanistan. With his passing, the climbing world has lost one of its most enthusiastic climbers. At 23,000 feet on Noshaq (after a long day of carrying 50-lb. loads), he still had enough energy left to start planning an expedition to Pakistan in 1980.

Sheldon was the type of person who brought dreams into realities. In his short mountaineering career, he had climbed in most major ranges in the United States, including over one hundred peaks in the Sierra Nevada. He ascended numerous peaks in the Canadian Rockies and is one of the few people to have climbed Mount Robson twice.

It was in South America that Sheldon acquired his love for high-altitude climbing, that led to his expedition to Noshaq.

On this expedition, Sheldon demonstrated particular promise in organizational skills. He energetically dealt with the red tape contingent upon traveling and climbing in a politically sensitive area.

At 34, with a wife, Toni, and two children, Kelly, 12 and Don, 11, his death is especially tragic. The saving grace is that he died where he wanted to, in the mountains, and not (as he often said) "at rush hour on the Santa Ana freeway."

SAM ROBERTS

KESLER L. TETER
1933-1978

Kes Teter, my friend and oft-times climbing buddy, is still climbing. An astonishing statement? Not really. For those who were fortunate enough to know Kes and to have climbed with this irrepressible dynamo, he will always be on the move, though no longer physically with us, having died on Noshaq on July 29.

I met Kes six years ago, professionally, and our first outing venture was a desert climb in southern California. Kes was awake at the first light of dawn and made certain we were up and as eager to move as he was. The same scenario recurred on all our climbs, accompanied by the exhortation, "Come on; let's go. Time's a'wasting."

This personified Kes in his approach to climbing. He moved quickly, precisely and confidently. Life for him was a perpetual, rapidly evolving sequence of movement; he enjoyed it in every fiber of his being. His enthusiasm could not be quenched or denied and he imbued his companions with the same esprit.

Is it a wonder now that those who knew him cannot for a moment doubt that he is effervescing, darting about and perhaps impelling the Devil himself to bestir, for there was not a moment to lose?

Yes, we will miss his temporal presence, but a transient closure of one's eyes brings him back, eyes sparkling, ever smiling. For myself, and I think I echo the sentiments of others, Kes made life worth living, worth enjoying and worth knowing him.

ANDREW J. SMATKO, M.D.

JEAN JUGE

1908-1978

Last August American mountaineers learned that Professor Jean Juge of Geneva, the man who for years had been the principal driving force behind the Union Internationale des Associations d'Alpinisme, had died on the flanks of the Matterhorn (after completing the ascent via the north face). With his death, the climbing world has lost not only a fine alpinist, but also a great teacher of mountaineering techniques, a great promoter of brotherhood among all climbers, and above all, a fine gentleman.

Jean Juge knew, as all mountaineers do, that it is not so much how long a man lives that counts, as in the manner in which he leads his life. Certainly Juge lived out the traditional allotted span; but in the manner of his death, at an age far beyond that at which most climbers hang up their boots, he showed us all not only how to live, but also that the enthusiasm and dreams of youth can be continued and with perseverance and courage can sometimes be extended to outstanding achievements even in old age.

There is no point in recalling the principal achievements of M. Juge's career, for they are well detailed elsewhere, nor is there need to stress that even in his sixties Jean Juge was making climbs on which many skilled alpinists in their twenties would hesitate to embark. The fact is, however, that for those Americans who knew him, the number of men like Professor Juge, of whatever nationality or background, can be counted in mere handfuls. Very few of us can excel at the same time in our vocations, our favorite sport and also in our ability to impart to others that feeling of general humanity which transcends national, economic and social boundaries. This, more than anything else, was his supreme quality.

No doubt, Jean Juge died as he and many another mountaineer might wish. But those of us who survive him will long wish that it need not have been so soon.

WILLIAM L. PUTNAM