

She made numerous first ascents and first winter ascents of peaks and rock climbs in the Sierra Nevada, and first and last ascents of rock routes in the Glen Canyon area of Arizona (last because the routes are now covered by the waters of Lake Powell). She delighted in making first descents, for example the first descent from Upper to Lower Yosemite Falls by rope and rubber raft.

Margaret made a major contribution to the development of women's climbing. In 1970 she was a member of the first all-women's team to climb Mount McKinley. In 1972 she reached the summit of Noshaq in Afghanistan, and with Alice Liska shared the altitude record for women from the Western Hemisphere. Among her climbs with Vera Watson, her frequent climbing partner, were Mount Robson, first ascents of two peaks on the Grueningk Glacier, the first all-women's ascent in winter of Pigeon and Howser Spires, and in 1977 the first all-women's ascent of Sajama (21,424 feet), the highest peak in Bolivia. Of all her peak climbs, Monja Grande in Ecuador was her favorite.

She brought her analytical skills to bear on her favorite activities—climbing, flying, caving and hang gliding—accepting inherent risks and proceeding with maximum control and safety. A superb photographer, she made stereo pairs of peaks and climbing routes for scientific study and for planning climbs. Less widely known are her sensitive photographs of the minutiae of the mountain world—small flowers, mineral crystals, knotty wood.

In August 1977, Margaret was thrown from a horse and paralyzed, but she maintained an extraordinary level of activity. Having time to devote to her longtime interest in solar energy, she designed a solar heating system for use in her home. In the fall of 1978 she was a member of the National Science Foundation's panel on science and the handicapped. She contributed to the American Women's Annapurna I Expedition by making concentrated wine by a process she had invented, as well as pickets, flukes, cable ladders, etc.

In her last years Margaret had many cruel blows—paralysis, the loss of her friend Vera Watson, and finally cancer—but she treated them calmly and matter-of-factly.

Margaret had rare imagination and determination—truly a unique woman, an innovative climber, and an inspiring friend.

ARLENE BLUM

GILBERT V. HARDER

1945-1979

On September 19, 1979, after several days of storm, an avalanche swept away Camp IV of the American Annapurna I Expedition and with it, the lives of Gil Harder, Eric Roberts and Maynard Cohick. Gil

was a very special person to mountaineers in Texas. He was quiet, humble and kept to himself at home. But once Gil reached the mountains he underwent an amazing transformation. He became alive, animated, and drove himself relentlessly to the top. This earned him a "summit-at-all-costs" reputation that he partially deserved, especially after his climb of Nanda Devi with Eric Roberts. But perhaps the Air Force was partially to blame. More than once Captain Harder, a pilot, was declared AWOL and only a splendid letter congratulating the Air Force for Gil's climb of the tallest mountain in India, written by the Indian Ambassador saved him from court marshall proceedings. But there was more to it than just "go to the summit" or "go to jail." Even in college, where Gil first started to climb, he would continue to the top of most of Colorado's fourteeners after the others had turned back because of storm. Just how many summits Gil reached we'll never really know but the list includes McKinley, Robson, Logan, Noshag, Huascarán, Aconcagua, Pik Komunisma and Nanda Devi. It must have been especially hard on Gil being stationed in Abilene, Texas. Since the mountains were so far away, he would train by spelunking and long distance running. In his last year Gil ran three marathons and completed a fifty-mile road race in the Dakotas. He was a humble man with a powerful soul that burned with desire to stand on top. We're going to miss him.

JOHN G. McKEEL, *Abilene Mountaineers*

TURLOUGH O'BRIEN

1954-1979

Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die; and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life. Both life and death are part of the same great adventure.

Theodore Roosevelt

Toby, are you there? Can you hear me? May I have the strength to live life with the same robust and intense passion as you did. But your departure strangles the will and leaves a void within that hungers for your warmth, beauty and love. Do you know how many tearful friends yearn over your departure and refuse to accept the idea that you will not, once again, return to bring joy to their hearts with your radiant presence? We loved you, Toby. Why did you go away? There was still so much to do and say. Does nothing survive?

Toby, forgive my self-pity. Your spirit, benevolence and joy for living will remain in all whom you touched. Whenever I climb, your