

had enough of climbing and gave her rack and ropes to her son. Needless to say, by the next summer she ended up having to replace all of the hardware.

Not only was Julie a high-caliber climber but she was an avid skier and a master scuba diver, having organized and led several dives in the Caribbean. As a cyclist, Julie participated in a study of the effect of cycling on the heart with the Colorado Heart Cycle group. In two recent summers the group rode 1,000 miles in ten days over many of Colorado's passes.

But perhaps Julie's enthusiasms will best be remembered in her work as a master teacher in the Boulder schools for the emotionally disturbed and the mentally and physically handicapped. After earning three graduate degrees in special education and spending eleven years as a teacher and administrator in the Illinois schools, Julie returned to Boulder in 1977 and was currently teaching at the Aurora Seven Elementary School. The children at her school no doubt felt Julie's tremendous spirit when she was there as much as they miss it now that she is gone. Her family and friends share deeply in that loss.

ALAN LAMB

#### HELEN MALCOLM LE CONTE

1905-1985

Helen Malcolm Le Conte died in San Francisco on July 11 at the age of 80. She had been a member of the American Alpine Club since 1933 and had a lifetime interest in the mountains. She was born in Berkeley and lived all her life in the Bay area.

She graduated from the University of California, Berkeley in 1927 with a bachelor's degree in music. In her professional life, she worked as a secretary and administrative assistant to various San Francisco architects and graphic designers.

#### KIM MOMB

1956-1986

Kim was with me in thought the day before his tragic avalanche accident. The air temperature and continuous drizzle was such that it made me think of avalanche. I dismissed the thought easily knowing that the man I had climbed with so often these past nine years was perhaps the most cautious and safe individual I had ever been with. In fact, it was his maturity which led to our eventual partnership. Despite his youth, Kim's incredible athletic ability and boldness was tempered with intelligence. He knew that to survive in the sports he had chosen to release his energy, he had to use his head and inner feelings to escape death, all the while flirting with it.

Kim's herculean physique was his most obvious physical characteristic, but the essence of the man was not his build, but his energy. In every activity he chose to do, he strived for excellence in technique and performance, then competed. Win or lose, Kim was comfortable with himself because trying was the real competition, not the results. He consistently gave what he learned back to others, teaching his skills patiently, adding that easy smile and laughter that made all the pain and fear worthwhile.

We were lucky for Kim to invade the sport of mountaineering because he could have been a champion in any one of a dozen sports he excelled in. Kim learned to ski at an early age, which led him to a brief career later competing on the National Freestyle circuit. But his real love was motorcross. He grew up with bikes and motorcycles and eventually raced for Team Yamaha on the National Motorcross circuit while still in his teens. Kim was also a regular competitor throughout the Northwest in cross-country skiing, sailboarding and bicycling.

Kim will be remembered by the mountaineering community for his ascent of Mount Everest via the East Face. I will remember him from our trips together to Makalu, Kangchenjunga and other Everest expeditions. Kim gave 110% of himself in every activity and to everybody. He touched many of our hearts as seen by the 800 or so friends who attended his funeral in Spokane.

I like to think Kim and I had a special relationship. It has been said that I was his mentor, but I have to disagree. If I had the pleasure of teaching him a little mountaineering, I benefited by learning how to touch and cry and express my emotions by living so closely with him. That was Kim—expressive, emotional, caring.

Perhaps those qualities were enough to endear him to us, but I think there was even more. It hurts so much to lose Kim because there was a little bit of each of us in him. He lived our dreams. Through him we could live on the edge and risk it all—without risking anything. Kim was a real American hero who shared that honor with everyone whose life he touched. Thanks Kim, for giving us a few precious memories to keep forever.

JOHN ROSKELLEY

*Correction.* On page 369 of *A.A.J.*, 1985 the Editor regrets having carelessly given credit for the obituary of Frances D. Randall to Peter Robinson. It was actually written by Roger Robinson.