

but he established several new routes and variations as well. Further afield, he climbed in most of the North American areas and did many of the Fifty Classic Climbs. In 1975, he participated in the first ascent of the northeast ridge of Mount Vancouver in the St. Elias Mountains, his one expedition. He became a member of the American Alpine Club in 1984.

Paul visited Europe several times. Typically, in Chamonix he ticked off many of the hundred finest climbs listed by Rébuffat and fitted in other routes as well. His major routes also included the Cassin on the Piz Badile and the north ridge of Piz Cengalo.

Paul's interest in reading and climbing coalesced in his extensive library and the detailed knowledge he accumulated. He was an expert in the esoteric field of climbing guidebooks and he was of great assistance to guidebook authors and climbing historians. Though a man of few words, his letters were frequently lengthy and filled with detail. It was this knowledge that bore fruit when we tied for first place in the *Rock and Ice* trivia contest shortly before his accident.

All this biographical detail still does not get at the essence of the man who was our friend and companion on many adventures. Paul was so quiet that many found him hard to know. But behind that shield was a fine person with knowledge and experience to share. The memories we keep of Paul are those of successful climbs, of the enjoyment of finding obscure guidebooks, of solving the riddles of the trivia contest and of Paul's driving through the night, as the rest of us slept, to get us to the next destination on numerous road trips. It is sad that we will not be able to share future experiences with us, but I know that he will be a frequent companion in my thoughts.

ALAN RUBIN

MICHAEL KOSHUTA  
1956-1990

On this fall morning in Colorado, I get up to light the wood stove and fix a cup of coffee. I sit down to a view out the window of hillsides sprinkled with the colors of autumn, the pines and the newly whitened peaks. The horizon slips through the shades of early light into a brilliant reddish alpenglow against a bright blue sky. I wish it would stay the same, just like this, but I know it can't and probably it won't.

I must write an obituary for another friend I have lost in the mountains, but this morning I am reminded more of life and the importance to live in the moment. Michael Koshuta and his companion, Stuart Jones, were close friends of mine, having joined me on adventures over the years. One in particular was the Harvard route on the west face of Mount Huntington in Alaska.

The climbing was much harder than any of us had anticipated and the weather was relentless throughout the twelve days we spent on the face. Huntington demanded the best of each of us and our fourth companion, Rudi Bertschi. Regardless of what it threw at us, we dealt with each new challenge as an opportunity to exercise our imagination and skills to their fullest.

When we arrived at the summit snowfields and heavily corniced ridge leading to the top, there was a brief quiet lull. To continue on would almost certainly mean an epic getting back to camp below the great roof and possibly being stuck on the face for another couple of days. Our supplies would not allow for this any more than the weather. We reluctantly agreed to descend. Back at Base Camp, we had a couple of days to relax until the plane could come to pick us up. We hypothesized as to whether or not we could have made it. All that didn't matter any more then than it does now. We had survived a great adventure together.

It is hard to guess what happened to Michael and Stuart as they were traversing off the Cassin Ridge of Denali via a route that some companions and I had established only weeks before. Somewhere, very near the end of the traverse, they fell. Their bodies are hanging over a rock outcropping, still attached to the rope which bound them throughout the climb. This time they lost the struggle and it cost them their lives. But more important, it cost the rest of us the opportunity to enjoy their company as we had hoped to for many years to come.

MICHAEL COVINGTON

HENRY S. FRANCIS JR.  
1930-1990

Harry, as he was known to all, except possibly his parents, died at home on October 7, 1990. Though his fatal cancer had been diagnosed in the spring, he quickly came to grips with it and enjoyed the rest of his life. Harry loved logistics and personal relations. He was an organizer of every expedition he went on and those who accompanied him appreciated his skills, knowing very well that without Harry's push we'd have been at some far less exciting place. It was Harry who came back from a visit to Bob Bates with ideas to lead a 1952 Harvard Mountaineering Club attempt on Mount McKinley and later a visit with Dr. Charles Houston that caused a large Harvard Mountaineering Club group to spend a long summer exploring the Hushe Valley of the Karakoram in 1955.

I was not surprised when Harry turned up at Little America V in December of 1957 as executive assistant to our Chief Scientist. Our Scientist loved his research and so Harry moved in and ran the place. He taught a history course and tried to learn Russian. We all loved him for protecting us from bureaucratic pea-counters.

After the International Geophysical Year, Harry continued with the National Science Foundation and was directly and heavily involved with the negotiations for the Antarctic Treaty. Mount Francis, 72° 13' S, 168° 45' E, overlooking the Tucker Glacier, was named for Harry in honor of his Antarctic activities.

For the past 20 years, Harry's interest has been directed towards conservation. He worked as Assistant Secretary for Environmental Affairs for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and then for almost 15 years as the major