

LAWRENCE E. NIELSEN
1917–1992

Lawrence E. Nielsen was born and raised on a cattle and wheat ranch near Pilot Rock Oregon. He was educated at Pacific University, Washington State University and Cornell University, from which he received a Ph.D. in chemistry and physics. Larry spent over 32 years as a scientist with the Monsanto Company, doing research on plastic and composite materials. His research resulted in about 150 publications, six patents and five technical books. He received two national awards for this research and a listing in *Who's Who in America*. Larry was also an Affiliate Professor of Chemical Engineering for eleven years at Washington University in St. Louis.

Larry was a member of over eighteen climbing and glacier-research expeditions to Alaska and the Yukon, several of which were sponsored by the American Geographical Society and the Arctic Institute of North America. In 1959, he led the first expedition to retrace the Gold-Rush route of 1898 over the Valez Glacier. An amazing number of artifacts were found melting out of the glacier ice.

Larry retired to Redmond, Oregon in 1977 and began tracing the pioneer roads of Oregon, often assisted by his wife Deanne and other members of his family. This research resulted in four books: *Pioneer Roads in Central Oregon*, *In the Ruts of the Wagon Wheels*, *Roads of Yesterday*, and *Oregon's Fading Past*, the latter published posthumously.

He is survived by his wife Deanne, a daughter Linda and two grandchildren.

JAMES RAMSEY

ANDREW W. KRAMER
1894–1993

Andrew W. Kramer died at the age of 99. He lived at Lake Buff, Illinois. He had been a member of the American Alpine Club since 1945. He was known for his articles on nuclear science and engineering. Mr. Kramer was also an accomplished painter in watercolor and oil. He had traveled and climbed in over 200 countries.

ROBERT J. JOHNSON
1931–1993

Bob Johnson has gone from us, a victim of a rare and tragic accident in the Red Rock canyons of Nevada.

He shared with us a unique community of Boston mountaineers bonded in a love of adventure and self-awareness known to but few of the fortunate of this world. Some perceive our passion as fraught with uncommon danger but I assure you that the risks faced in leading a vibrant life loom anywhere as large

as those encountered in the lead of a difficult pitch. Bob stood out among us for his respect for safety and good method. He advanced in skill through practice and diligence—always aware of ability in relation to potential adversity. He taught these things. He lived these things. So let Bob remind us that no soul, at whatever pinnacle of skill or prudence, can expect always to elude misfortune.

Bob forms part of my earliest memories of the New England mountaineering scene which I entered after leaving New York. I met Bob in 1968 when he had already climbed for several years and in the days when we explored out-of-the-way crags. He led me up my first ice climb in Mount Washington's Huntington Ravine. We often went to Tumbledown Mountain, Joe English Hill, Katahdin and Chapel Pond. And, not all of us make it a point actively to lead up to the age of sixty-two!

I don't know how very many of us Bob influenced. He taught and encouraged more new climbers than anyone else around. He took on those who did not stand out as comers. He looked through the first rank to those in the rear who needed encouragement. Bob's apprentices always got full measure. On training weekends, having arrived after midnight on a Friday, Bob and his second invariably stepped off for the cliffs first in the morning and, whenever it rained, they had no followers.

Because of our respect for Bob, in 1972 we made him our Appalachian Mountain Club Mountaineering Committee Chairman. His vast mountaineering library gave him a ready knowledge of the history and geography of the world's ranges and their climbers. Always keen to find new climbing areas, he came to know more about our local rocks than most and had begun work on a local guide. An outcrop he discovered in the Lynn Woods already goes by the name of Johnson's Crag.

We shall always remember Bob Johnson and talk of him in the high, wild, steep, improbable places of tomorrow.

WILLIAM C. ATKINSON

MARK BEBIE

1952-1993

Mark Bebie and his friends, Steve Risse and Tom Waasdorp, died on March 20, 1993, while attempting *Slipstream* on Snow Dome in the Canadian Rockies.

Mark was a Washington native. He grew up hiking, skiing and climbing in the Cascade Mountains. Mark graduated from Lakeville High School and Syracuse University. After college, his work included a stint with the airplane manufacturing giant, Boeing. In 1983, he joined a small, but rapidly growing, computer software company, Microsoft, as a programmer. In 1988, Mark quit his job and embarked on a climbing odyssey which included a series of high-standard ascents around the world.