

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.

During two seasons in the French Alps, his climbs included the Central Pillar of Frêne, the Voie Jackson on the north face of Les Droites and the Cecchine-Nominé route on the Grand Pilier d'Angle. In the Alaska Range, he teamed up with Jim Nelson and completed the second ascent of the Infinite Spur on Mount Foraker, ten years after the first ascent. In southeast Alaska, he made the first ascent of the south ridge of Mount Augusta and the south buttress of the Devils Thumb. He traveled to the Tien Shan in Asia and climbed Khan Tengri. In the summer of 1992, Mark was part of a strong team in the Karakoram that just missed summiting on Shipton Spire after climbing a big-wall route.

During his years at Microdot, Mark's weekend climbing trips were legendary. His well-worn Datsun (and later Subaru) with the famous *Piolet* license plate would be heading towards the mountains or crags well before five P.M. on Fridays. With only two days to quench his thirst for climbing each week, he pushed beyond what most people thought possible. One late summer weekend, he hiked into the southern Picket Range of the Cascades, traversed Mounts Terror and Degenhardt and was back at work on Monday morning, a trip that would take most climbers four or five days to complete. Mark's most significant climbs in the Cascades were the first winter ascents of Bonanza Peak and Mount Triumph and a new winter route on the west face of the north peak of Mount Index.

Mark lived simply. There was no fuss or fashion about his clothes, his hair or anything else. His infinite curiosity coupled with an amazing ability to focus and concentrate meant that nothing was ever without interest for him. After a long climbing trip, Mark might call you and talk for hours, not only about the climb, but also about the books he had read while in camp, the people he met, the wildlife he encountered, the municipal politics of Yakutat, clear-cutting on the Inland Passage, French wines, international issues, computers and anything else that was on his mind at the moment. He was never bored. On an ice-climbing trip to Colorado, he and his partner turned an otherwise average trip into a tour of brew pubs, looking for the best stout, which they found in Telluride. Mark enlivened a day of lift skiing by getting enough runs to bring the lift-ticket price down to less than a dollar per lift ride.

Whether climbing, skiing or hiking, Mark loved to be out in the open air, breathing, living. Indoors or out, he expressed his zest. Around camp, you would find him reading, melting snow, brewing tea, sharpening tools or listening to news or a cultural broadcast on a short-wave radio. In town, Mark was always "being productive," as he would say, researching a new climb, reading about an old one, sorting slides, brewing beer, studying oriental rugs, working out, anything to keep moving, to feel alive. There were times when his intensity and constant motion would drive you crazy. But he always took the time to bring you back with a kind word or a warm gesture.

For all his climbing accomplishments, one thing we shall remember most was Mark's incredible greeting whenever and wherever we encountered him, a smile underlined by a grizzled chin, an unblinking stare magnified by glasses

and then a massive handshake. His hands were perhaps the most animated and expressive parts of him. At times it seemed that without hands Mark couldn't really express himself.

Mark is survived by his parents Hans and Austie Bebie, his sister Wendy Gordon and her family, his sweetheart Charlotte Fox and his many friends. We all miss him.

WILLIAM PILLING *and* JIM BOURGEOIS

