

In Memoriam

Edited by David Harrah and Angus Thuermer, Jr.

MARJORY BRIDGE FARQUHAR
1903-1999

Marjory Farquhar, one of America's outstanding pioneer women climbers, died in San Francisco on January 22 after a short illness. Together with her late husband, Francis Farquhar, Marj was a great force in western American mountaineering and especially in the Sierra Club and the AAC. Besides bringing technical climbing to the Sierra Nevada and Yosemite Valley, the two of them were mentors to generations of California climbers. For decades, their home on Avalon Avenue in Berkeley was the AAC West. Climbers would introduce themselves with, "Remember me? I met you at the Farquhars'."

Marj was born on November 7 or 17, 1903, in San Francisco. (The original record was destroyed in the earthquake and fire and another record is difficult to read.) She went to school in the Bay Area and graduated from the University of California at Berkeley in 1925. She was a fine photographer and had her own photographic businesses from time to time.

She began her climbing with various ascents in the Sierra Nevada beginning in 1929. In 1931, when Francis Farquhar persuaded Robert Underhill to come to California to teach modern rock climbing techniques, she was a member of the small group of Sierra Club climbers who received that instruction and who began to pioneer new technical climbs in the Sierra Nevada and Yosemite Valley. In 1934, she made an early ascent of the Higher Cathedral Spire and was the first woman to do that climb, which remained for many years the test piece for all Yosemite climbers. She also made an early ascent of the East Face of Whitney, a climb she repeated several times.

She married Francis Farquhar in 1934. Besides rearing a family, she was active in the Sierra Club, and together with Francis she hosted a never-ending succession of dinners, receptions, AAC meetings and numerous other events. For 40 years their house was the ground zero for the conservation movement in California. She also served on the boards of the Sierra Club, the Save the Redwoods League and the AAC, among other organizations. If people were mountains, Marj Farquhar would be Lhotse, fourth highest mountain in the world, strong, impressive and rising far above most other mountains. Yet because she was married to Francis, an Everest of a man, her contribution to everything they accomplished is not fully appreciated by many people, even by some of their friends.

Marj was a woman of tremendous talent and unbelievable energy. She always was surrounded by her three children, Peter, Suzanne and Roger, their spouses and various grandchildren, as well as many other, more distant members of the family. In addition to everything else, she served as a mother hen to two generations of college students who lived at Avalon Avenue, not to mention various strays and waifs of the climbing world who would drift in from time to time. She was one of those remarkable persons who could love you, encourage you and shape you up, all simultaneously.

Marj also had a sharp sense of humor. One time, when someone commented to her how

great Francis looked in a photograph taken on the top of Mt. Whitney, she replied, "He should. He rode a mule to the summit."

One could not be blessed with better friends than Francis and Marj. They may not have moved mountains, but they certainly moved mountaineers. Although they are both gone, their combined beneficial influence and example will continue to reverberate through American mountaineering for a long, long time.

NICHOLAS B. CLINCH

THOMAS HUGHES JUKES

1906-1999

Tom Jukes was born in Hastings, England, in 1906 and died on November 1, 1999, in Berkeley, CA, after a short illness. He was a classical environmentalist, a scientist of the first order and a long-time mountaineer and explorer of the Sierra Nevada. All who knew him were impressed with his devotion to accuracy in science, his unwillingness to suffer fools gladly, his sense of humor and his unequalled energy. At the age of 93, Tom was still working at the University of California.

Tom's first backpack trip in the Sierra took place in the summer of 1935, when he went from Kearsarge Pass to Bishops Pass along the John Muir Trail. From then until 1980, he spent part of every summer in the Sierra, where he climbed innumerable peaks, fished scores of its lakes and crossed most of the highest passes. On his last backpack trip in the Sierra, he went again through Kearsarge Pass and from there to Charlotte Lake, a favorite fishing spot.

That year, a knee replacement put an end to his backpacking, but beginning the next year he went with his wife, Marguerite, his children and grandchildren to Virginia Lake in the Northern Sierra each summer until just three years ago. There were only two summers when he did not visit the Sierra—the war years of 1943 and 1944.

Tom was a life member and an ardent supporter of the Sierra Club, founding its Atlantic Chapter in 1950. It was the first chapter to be formed outside of California and became one of the more successful. In the late 1960s, he became disillusioned with the direction the Sierra Club was taking. He believed that control was moving from genuine environmentalists such as Ansel Adams, Francis Farquhar, Dick Leonard and Raffi Bedayn to those who, for the most part, had little experience in the wilderness and no knowledge of the science that makes up the environment.

Tom's first skirmish with the new environmentalism occurred in 1962 with the publication of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*. The Sierra Club extolled the book, despite its lack of science and its failure to acknowledge that DDT had been responsible for saving innumerable lives and for its potential to continue to do so, particularly in the Third World. This was a crusade that he led until the end of his life.

In November, 1985, he again took up battle, this time against the banning of all Sierra Club climbing activities. The fight was unsuccessful. The new leadership could not be persuaded that climbing was an important aspect and a part of the appreciation of the wilderness. They did not much care that early climbers such as John Muir, Dick Leonard, David Brower, and Francis Farquhar were responsible for what the Sierra Club stood for and for the policies that made it what it had become by the 1960s.

I think it apt to quote a poem composed and sent to Tom by Ansel Adams in 1972 during one of Tom's duels with the Sierra Club.