a few flings at the Matterhorn—were closer to home, the summits of his Tetons. But in the prime of his career, he could climb them as few did, with a grace and art that flowed instinctively out of the rhythms within him. "When you climbed with Glenn," guide Herb Swedlund said, "you could almost hear the mountains sing."

Mountains, of course, can't sing. Mountains can make echoes, and they can thunder with avalanches and roar with rockfall, but they're made of granite and snow and frozen lava. So on this day 20 years ago, how could a mountain harmonize with a 68-year-old man who was moving on its skyline, smiling and humming in the breeze and letting the gusts romp in his hair? Well, the mountain couldn't sing, but it could harmonize. They were a duet, the old man and the mountain, the Grand Teton, his mountain. This was the 50th anniversary of his climb, the first climb of what is now the Exum Ridge of the Grand, the most popular in America. He'd gone alone, a college kid from Idaho, wearing football shoes and carrying a rather useless length of clothesline rope. Paul Petzoldt, his partner in the national park's first climbing school, suggested Glenn might want to explore the ridge as a new route. Not far from its beginning, on what the climbers now call Wall Street, the rock ledge disappears into 1,500 feet of nothing but straight down. Exum couldn't pick out the tiny rock nubbin that now offers a foothold for the climber. In 1931, it was either leap the eight feet of air splitting the ledge, or walk back down. Exum walked back down to the start of the ledge seven times. That last time he came sprinting up to the edge of the chasm and jumped.

What were his thoughts, one of his pals later asked him.

"I was thinking," he said, "how bad it would be for me if I missed."

He didn't, and he became in the years that followed the patriarch and gentle warden of the mountaineering ethic. Mountaineering, he thought, should not be the fuel of a climber's life. It should not turn him into a summit fanatic, but it could be a field of legitimate achievement and thrill, as long as it did not inflame the ego into recklessness. He would gather novice climbers into the Jenny Lake climbing shack before their first guided climb. Climbing a summit, he said, didn't heighten a person's worth or put him or her into a clan of the elite. Accept a climb for what it is, he said, a rare walk into the heights. Accept it for what the climb can tell you. It can tell you about physical and psychological strength you were unaware was in you, and repay your effort with satisfactions you didn't think you could achieve. It might tell you something about adversity and dealing with defeat, if you want to call it that. It can teach you that in order to deserve a height, you have to exert and test your limits.

But it can also raise a flag of warning to the sensible climber. If you're not fit, if you're hurting, or if the mountain is simply too much for you on this day, turn back. That is not cowardice. It is telling yourself, another day will be better. Don't let pride ruin this day, or your life.

He would talk that way, and those of us who climbed with him would often walk into that climbing shack filled with novices, simply to hear his quiet wisdom and to sense one more time the unmistakable good will and humanity of this remarkable man.

And oh, how we miss him.

JIM KLOBUCHAR

JULES M. EICHORN
1912-2000

Sierra pioneer Jules Marquard Eichorn, a 66-year member of the American Alpine Club, died February 15 after a climbing career that left his name indelibly etched on the Range of Light.

Born in San Francisco on February 7, 1912, he was the son of German immigrants who

pushed him, as a youth, in two directions that set his future. Frail in childhood (and gracefully handsome as a mature man), he learned to walk up Mt. Tamalpais in Marin County and was encouraged to study music. His first piano teacher was a perfect match: Jules, a teen, knew nothing about playing piano and had as a teacher Ansel Adams, in his early 20s, who had never taught the subject. Jules earned money for his piano lessons by washing Ansel's prints in the photographer's bathtub.

Ansel introduced Jules to the real mountains on the Sierra Club High Trip of 1927, when Jules was only 15, and they remained life-long friends. Ansel used raking light to highlight Jules' striking features in a 1930s portrait featured in the 1963 Sierra Club/Nancy Newhall tome *Ansel Adams Volume I: The Eloquent Light.*

Jules climbed several peaks in 1927 and more in 1928 and 1929, but in 1930 Jules and I teamed up for four seasons of climbing everything in sight. During this period, Sierra climbers began to learn modern rope work and the proper method of belaying.

On the 1930 Sierra Club High Trip, we left the main party for several days and went backpacking together. By camping at timberline above Lake Italy, we could climb Bear Creek Spire, Mt. Abbot, and Mt. Dade. Other summits were Turret Peak, Mt. Darwin, The Hermit, a new route on Mt. McGee, and the first recorded ascent of what would become Mt. Mendel. The second ascent of Devil's Crags followed, as did climbs of Middle Palisade and Mt. Sill, followed by the first traverse to North Palisade, and the first ascent from the west of Mt. Winchell. It was the only time I tried fishing, and it was only because we needed trout to add to our food supply. Jules had many skills, including camp cookery.

This pace continued, but the high point came in 1931, when Francis Farquhar invited us to join him with Norman Clyde and Robert L. M. Underhill to participate in the Palisade Climbing School, including the first ascent of Thunderbolt Peak, which got its name in an electrical storm. There were blue sparks coming off our ice axes and fingers. Jules was the last man off the summit area.

The East Face of Mount Whitney, on August 16, 1931, was a climb that forged a life-long linkage. After a series of climbs that summer, the team moved to Whitney and glassed the formidable face, picking a route. Underhill was 42, Clyde 46, Jules and I 19. The accomplishment was a mountaineering milestone.

Jules was taller than I am, courteous and cooperative but tenacious. We considered ourselves co-leaders and when the two of us were climbing, we would alternate leads to save time in changing belays.

We were together only a few times after 1933. That year, we participated in the search for Walter Starr, Jr., who died on Michael Minaret. A new book, *Missing the Minarets*, by William Alsup, gives many of the details. Starr's father later provided a scholarship for Jules at the University of California, Berkeley, and he graduated in 1938 with a degree and credential in music. For 35 years, he taught music in the Hillsborough School District.

Jules then became a pioneer Yosemite Valley climber. With Richard Leonard and Bestor Robinson, he made the first ascent of the Higher Cathedral Spire on April 15, 1934. He led the Bathtub pitch, shared a lead with Leonard using a new German technique—direct aid—and solved a crux pendulum by placing a piton sideways. The first ascent of the Lower Cathedral Spire followed on August 25, 1934.

In 1935, Jules was with Bestor Robinson, Richard Leonard, David Brower, Jack Riegelhuth, and others on an attempt on Mt. Waddington in British Columbia. In 1961, he climbed Mt. McKinley in Alaska. In the summers of 1940 and 1941, Jules was a national park ranger at Yosemite and, in effect, was the first climbing ranger to give instruction and partic-

ipate in rescues. His two great loves were music and the mountains. He climbed with the same verve as he played the piano.

Jules was proposed for membership in the American Alpine Club in 1933 by Francis P. Farquhar and Norman Clyde. He served on Board of Directors of the Sierra Club from 1961-67. His service coincided with that of Ansel Adams, as mine had earlier (Ansel was on the Board from 1934 to 1971). Later, Jules was a conservation activist in San Mateo County. He organized summer trips for boys to the High Sierra and employed his old friend Norman Clyde to assist him.

Jules was married three times. He has 11 children and step-children. At the time of his death, there were 18 grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren. His wife of 18 years, Shirley Lyhne-Eichorn, cared for him in his final years and arranged for two memorial services, one in Redwood City and one at Big Basin State Park in the redwood grove that bears his name.

Two peaks in the High Sierra are named for him: Eichorn Pinnacle, the spectacular west summit of Cathedral Peak that Jules and I first climbed on July 24, 1931, and Eichorn Minaret, which we called Third Minaret, first climbed by Jules and me with Walter "Bubs" Brem on July 31, 1931.

GLEN DAWSON, *with* CAMERON BURNS

DAVID ROSS BROWER
1912-2000

Cancer claimed David Brower on November 5. During October, in pain and knowing that only weeks were left, he could have gone quietly into the night. But no, he wanted all possible medical assistance until the very end, for he still had work to do. I imagine that even on his last day he was composing still another brilliant paragraph attacking those who are destroying our fragile planet.

Most of us today cannot imagine what Lake Tahoe looked like in the early 1920s, but Brower never forgot his numerous vacations there as a child. He could drink the lake's water, walk the shoreline for miles without seeing a building. As he grew older he watched this beloved place change beyond recognition, especially after 1931, when gambling was legalized in Nevada and casinos and hotels began to mar the lakeshore. It's never easy to see a favorite childhood place get ruined, but few do much about it. "Progress" is a powerful word—and most of us welcome its more subtle aspects. Brower couldn't do much to save the Tahoe of his youth, but by 1952, as the first executive director of the Sierra Club, he was in a position to influence those who wielded power over much of the West. And did he ever.

The story of Brower's rise to become the world's pre-eminent conservationist of the last half of the twentieth century is perhaps not well known to American Alpine Club members, though his name has appeared on our rolls since 1946. His first battle concerned Colorado and Utah's Dinosaur National Monument. The Bureau of Reclamation wanted to dam the Green River, which would have meant flooding two incomparable desert canyons. Brower was well aware, of course, of the damming of Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite, around the time he was born. John Muir had fought this battle and lost, but the times were different in 1954. Brower (and others, of course) won this one, and people who visit Dinosaur today should fall to their knees and offer thanks.

In the early 1960s he lost the next big fight and regretted it every day until his death. The Bureau wanted to dam the Grand Canyon, but, under pressure from Brower and numerous organizations, opted to dam the Colorado far upstream instead, outside the national park. This