you that it is going to be a perfect day for the Diamond. The gear is packed, he has lunch and he is not leaving without you. Or see him pumping up Boulder Canyon at the end of the day on his bike with his panniers full of books and his master's thesis, on his way back from school, which is 50 miles away. Watch him take 30-foot whippers into space off the roof pitch of the *Wisdom* in Eldorado Canyon, laughing like a child being pushed by his dad on the park swing. Or visualize the image of him walking toward camp, his face and body covered in Fisher Towers mud. He is carrying a huge pack full of ropes, pins, and cams. Mr. Hobbes, Cameron's massive Chesapeake Bay retriever, is strutting by his side in the exact same manner as his master, proudly carrying a duct tape-covered, two-liter bottle in his mouth. Cameron is exhausted but grinning from ear to ear, and as he moves closer, he lets out a huge "YEHAAAAA!" that echoes through the desert night.

These images are Cameron. He could never be portrayed by describing accomplishments or by outlining his life. He is feelings, memories, a type of energy that will always make us smile.

"Superman" is the best word I have heard used to describe him. He was intense, powerful, kind, and full of the most infectious energy. Whenever he was near, you always found yourself striving for greatness or doing your absolute best, to be more like him. He was the driver of so many great adventures, whether he was at the helm or just planting the idea and giving you the push you needed to move forward. He was rare and beautiful; he was the most perfect man I have ever known. Those who knew him closely were lucky, and those who just came across him during his short and intense life will not forget him. His ashes were distributed among his close feast of friends and are currently being thrown into the winds of the world's great mountain ranges.

KENT MCCLANNAN

NECROLOGY

Robert C. Hind 1911-2000
Michelle Potkin 1956-2000
Adam Kloff 1972-2000
Brian Reagan 1972-2000
John Jackson 1976-2000