

ABSENTIS ET INQUISITIO
by Jennifer K. Crittenden

*But we little know until tried how much of the uncontrollable there is in us,
urging across glaciers the torrents, and up dangerous heights, let the judgment forbid as it may.
~ John Muir, The Mountains of California*

By early August 2013, his posters were everywhere in Mammoth Lakes, on the shuttles, in the store windows, at the grocery and the post office, at trailheads, at the Welcome Center, the police station, and the library. “MISSING since July 17, 2013 MATTHEW GREENE,” they said. Pictured was a pleasant-looking, blue-eyed man with thinning, sandy hair. The details were sparse: Matt had been staying at Shady Rest campground and had vanished, leaving his camping gear behind. Some friends had been with him, but they left town after his Subaru developed mechanical problems. Matthew was hanging around for a few more days while his car was being repaired, then would meet up with friends in Colorado.

A serious hiker and climber, he was likely to have headed into the mountains, but his family and friends had no idea which direction he might have gone. With so little to go on, the authorities conducted a general search, but turned up nothing. The newspapers ran articles reporting on the lack of progress and cautioned their readers to “always let your friends know where you’re going when you venture into the wilderness.” I’m sure I wasn’t the only stranger who stared at Matthew’s photo on the shuttle and wondered, “Matt, where are you? What happened?”

Eighty years earlier, on August 7, 1933, the father of another outdoorsman waited anxiously for his son at Glacier Lodge, an outpost on the eastern side of the Sierra, between Owens Valley and the crest. The father, Walter Starr, Sr., was himself an accomplished mountaineer; in 1886, he and a companion had been the first to trek through the high Sierra from Yosemite down to Kings Canyon on pack animals. By 1933, as a wealthy, prominent attorney in the Bay Area, he had strong ties to the Sierra Club, Ansel Adams, and William Farquhar who would play an important role in the conservation movement during the next decade. Starr’s two sons had inherited his love of the Sierra, and both were frequent visitors to the Range of Light. His older son, Walter Starr, Jr., known by his nickname Peter, was especially devoted to the wilderness and spent his weekends and vacations, camping and climbing. On this occasion, the plan had been for Peter to spend ten days in the mountains, exploring the trails

and peaks along the John Muir Trail, and re-supply at Glacier Lodge on August 7th, where he would meet his father and then continue his wandering for another week.

He didn't show up on August 7th. He didn't show up on August 8th. On the 9th, Walter decided to head back to the city. He was disturbed that Peter didn't appear, but thought it very possible that Peter had decided to investigate some new trails or had found something of great interest. After all, he wasn't due back at work until August 14th, a week later. Perhaps he had decided to take advantage of the extra time, and in those days, it would have been very difficult to notify his father of the change of plans. In our age of "text me when you get there"—what I call "progress through life" constant communication—it's hard to understand such a casual attitude, but that's how it was back then. You just didn't know where everyone was all the time. Besides, Walter considered, his son was an extraordinarily experienced mountaineer. If anyone would walk out of the woods, unscathed, just a few days late, it would be Peter.

Peter began accompanying his father on his outdoor adventures at a young age. By the time he was in college, he was spending most of his free time in the mountains. By age thirty, he had summited forty peaks or more, and documented his experiences, detailing the difficulty, distances, elevation changes of various trails and routes—his passion is palpable in his copious notes. A track star in college, Peter had maintained his fitness and could hike and climb at a pace that would exhaust most recreational enthusiasts. On two occasions, arriving at a summit and discovering that the usual pencil was missing from the register can, he used blood from his ear to scrawl his entry. He was no wimp. A photo from that time shows a tall, startlingly good-looking man, grinning confidently at the camera, dressed in a sleeveless white T-shirt, khaki knickers, knee high socks, and basketball shoes—the climber's attire of the period. Although he had an outgoing nature and enjoyed a close circle of fraternity brothers and friends, he liked to be in the mountains by himself. He usually climbed alone and never used a rope.

After completing both his undergraduate and law degrees at Stanford, he traveled in Europe and Africa for nine months. Among his adventures, romantic and otherwise, he had summited Mont Blanc, the treacherousness of which he described in a letter to his father. It read in part, "Upon arriving at the refuge, I had one of the shocks of my life. I had always imagined the summit of Mont Blanc to be a nicely rounded dome, in fact it appears as such from Chamonix. But it was evident . . . that what appeared to be flat from below was a steep sawtooth ridge with "hardly room to stand on" it . . . Due to the sharpness of the arete, the top was absolutely not the least bit flat but came to a pointed ridge along which one walked pigeon toed with one foot on one side, the other on the other. Thousands of feet

dropped on either side as approximate to perpendicularity as possible below to glaciers below on either side—solid ice so no feeling of security. If anyone slid, I don't see how the others could hold on as the ice picks made practically no entry into the surface.”

Peter had gone to work at a large San Francisco firm after passing the bar, but he continued to spend as much time as possible in the mountains. The eastern Sierra was the subject of his intense interest. His current project was an ambitious one-person effort to identify and document the whole region south of Yosemite, along the John Muir Trail, including the Minaret Range. His goal was to publish a detailed guide for hikers and climbers of the vast array of trails and routes through the area. After four years, as of 1933, he had accomplished the bulk of this work and was pushing to finish.

During an afternoon in late July, he entertained a fraternity brother on the day before his wedding, swimming and playing tennis. Peter himself had never married. The following afternoon, after attending the wedding, he left, as his mother wrote in her diary, “on his vacation to his beloved mountains.”

Matthew Greene himself was no outdoor novice. He grew up in rural Pennsylvania where access to meadows, woods, and streams was abundant. His father was the dam tender at a lake near the family's home, so his kids were allowed into areas normally not open to the public. He was an outdoors enthusiast, and Matt accompanied him on numerous fishing trips. Despite being eight years her senior, Matt was attentive to his younger sister and took her fishing and hiking although she says that “he was hell to keep up with.” By adulthood, he had developed a taste for climbing, hiking, and biking.

After graduating from Penn State, he taught school in Colorado at a facility for disadvantaged youths, and began spending as much time as possible in the wilderness. In 1998, he joined the Peace Corps and lived for three years in Papua New Guinea. His letters home regaled his friends and family with stories of rustic living, adventures in the outback, stumbling across a pit full of human remains, and dozens of extraordinary photographs of exotic landscapes and breathtaking views.

In one from Australia, he reported on his “journey to become a jungle savage.” He wrote, “[Sugar]cane grows monstrous in these parts. When I walk from place to place it's not uncommon for a native to cut me a stalk eight feet tall with the girth of the fat part of a javelin. You don't actually eat it, but rather chew on the sweet center part and then spit it out. Moral of the story—I've learned how to make short work of an enormous stalk of cane, and there's nothing better to re-energize you on a long hike. When I went skydiving, our landing zone was in a tiny strip of grass among the vast fields of

cane, which happens to be Queensland's major crop. They produce so much of the stuff that the farms have mini-railroads to cart it around. But it's a different variety than the [Papua New Guinea] type—not much taller than 5 feet and as skinny as your thumb. After we landed and the parachutes had been repacked, one instructor hopped up on a passing cane train and grabbed a few stalks for everyone only about a foot long. I forgot all about pesticide, ripped the sides off in a full swoop with my teeth, chewed the sweetness out of the center, and tossed the rubbish on a garbage heap—all in a matter of 10-15 seconds. As I wiped my mouth I looked up to find everyone was staring at me like I just drank out of the toilet bowl or something. After 15-20 minutes of careful picking with a knife, the next person finished. Some took a full half hour. They must've thought I'd been raised by wolves."

After his Peace Corps stint, Matt taught high school math during the academic year in Nazareth, Pennsylvania, about 75 miles north of Philadelphia. He had been there 12 years and was a popular teacher, well-liked by his students and colleagues. In his free time, he loved spending time in nature, as did several of his fellow teachers, and they frequently hiked and climbed together. Although he had a close-knit group of friends, at 39 years of age, Matt was a bachelor, independent, and accustomed to being alone.

A fit athlete, he ran the Boston Marathon in 2007, finishing with a very respectable time of 3:07, and placing 1602 out of 20,348, despite rain, cold temperatures, and high winds. He had a reputation as a speedy hiker and a careful, critical thinker in the wild. In a letter home, he described his ascent up Australia's Mt. Sorrow, set in the Daintree Rainforest, in Matt's words, "a jumble of 2000+ foot jungle-covered mountains alive with tales of trekkers setting off on hikes never to be heard from again." Although the round trip was estimated to require seven hours, Matt completed it in three. He scoffed, "It wouldn't have taken me seven hours if I was wearing shackles."

As was his habit, as soon as school let out, he had driven out to California to meet up with his friends from Pennsylvania, Jill and John, arriving in Mammoth Lakes on June 27th. The three of them threw themselves into rock climbing nearly every day, biting off Crystal Crag, Clark Canyon, Iris Slab, Gong Show Crag, and Benton Crag. They completed two significant ice climbs: North Peak and the V-Notch Couloir on Palemonium, a hair-raising 1200 foot rope ascent that required traversing the glacier.

Matt had started having car trouble on the drive out to California and discovered when he took the car into the repair shop in Mammoth Lakes that his Subaru had blown a head gasket. Jill and John first intended to wait for the repair, but the shop kept pushing out the date it would be completed. Matt urged them to go on and said that he would be in touch. He was used to doing his own thing and wasn't concerned about staying behind. They departed reluctantly on July 7th. The next day Matt started

soloing in the Minarets. He climbed Reigeluth and Clyde on the 8th and the 11th respectively. His last annotated climb was Unicorn Peak on the 13th.

Records would show later that he made a credit card purchase on July 17th at the Rite Aid drugstore. He went to the library and used their computers to post on a climbing website. He talked to his parents and placed a call to the car repair place at 4:33 pm. He sent a light-hearted text to his friends that evening about 8:30, saying all was well. His cell phone received a text message at 2:53 the next morning from a pal back in Pennsylvania. It could not be determined if he had left his phone on all night, despite the lack of electricity to charge his phone at the site, and read the message in the morning, or if he had been awake at 2:53 and turned the phone on to read his mail. It's a question we will never know the answer to. He was never heard from again.

When Peter Starr didn't show up for work on August 14th, a week after he missed his appointment with his father, his family and colleagues snapped into action. They alerted the police, and Peter's senior at the law firm arranged an immediate lunch meeting with Francis Farquhar, president of the Sierra Club and a well-known business man who had a wide network of contacts in northern California. He recognized that time was of the essence and promptly notified the nearby ranger stations and began to spread the word that help was urgently needed to locate Peter.

The first challenge the searchers faced was that they didn't know where Peter was going. It was only known that he had planned to travel over Tioga Pass to the east side of the Sierra for a multi-day exploration ending with a rendez-vous with his father ten days later at Glacier Lodge. Authorities began searching for his car at all the trailheads and dead end roads from Yosemite down to Mammoth Lakes. Late on the 14th, they found it at Agnew Meadows, the trailhead that serves as the gateway to Ritter Range and the Minarets, a jagged saw-blade of craggy peaks that form the most dramatic skyline of the eastern Sierra—dark, brutal, and very dangerous.

Farquhar concluded from the timeline that if Peter was still alive, he would only have been able to survive by staying near water and the best way to quickly find him would be to search by air. Peter's law firm arranged to borrow a biplane from Standard Oil Company, one of the firm's clients, and Farquhar took off with a pilot to scour the rugged terrain near lakes and waterways for any signs of Peter. It is clear from the aerial photographs Farquhar took of their reconnaissance that it was like looking for a needle in a haystack—the number of crags, chutes and crannies is overwhelming, and the scale of the mountains such that a man, or his body, could be hidden for weeks without being found.

At the same time, Farquhar had engaged the services of two gifted young climbers, Jules Eichhorn and Glen Dawson. Eichhorn had been introduced to mountain climbing by his piano teacher, who happened to be Ansel Adams. In 1927, at a Sierra Club mountaineering camp, Eichhorn met Dawson who, like himself, was 15 years old. Over the next few years, they formed a sterling climbing partnership, beginning what some describe as the golden era of Sierra mountaineering. During the summer of 1930, they climbed no fewer than 18 peaks in the region. Returning the next year, they thrilled the mountaineering world by summiting three minarets in one day: Clyde, Michael, and a third, which was subsequently named Eichhorn Minaret. Similar exploits followed in 1932. In 1933, at the age of 21, they climbed three separate peaks of the Devils Crag before being caught in a tremendous storm forcing them to bivouack (sleep with a minimum of equipment) on a ledge before descending for a triumphant return to the main camp. They had just returned from this trip when they received an alert from Farquhar. In the afternoon of the 14th, he sent a wire to Dawson in Los Angeles, asking him to ready himself for the trip north, and telephoned Eichhorn in San Francisco with the same message. A day later they would begin their journey out to the eastern Sierra to look for Peter Starr.

Farquhar also notified a Sierra packer that he would need the services of Clyde Norman, a Sierra mountain man reputed for many things, including his search and rescue abilities. Since he was exploring the nearby Palisades Glaciers, she left a letter for him at Glacier Lodge, ending, “The man’s that is [*sic*] lost is [Peter] Starr. Father will pay all wages and expenses. They need you very much. Be sure to go.”

By nightfall on August 15th, Eichorn, Dawson, and Norman were joined by over a dozen authorities, volunteers, friends and family members. Twenty-strong, it was possibly the finest search and rescue team assembled in Sierra history. They converged on Ediza Lake, a beautiful scenic spot, a three-hour hike from Agnew Meadows, where Peter’s campsite had been discovered just below the lake. His name was on items in the camp, and some belongings were identified as his. There was however no sign of Peter. Further investigation uncovered that some miners in the area had noticed that the camp had been abandoned, as early as a week before. They allegedly had notified somebody, but no one had attempted to discover what had happened to the missing camper.

Meanwhile, the news about Peter had been picked up by the press. The story that a handsome, bachelor attorney, from a wealthy family, had disappeared during a solo-expedition was compelling, and articles ran in newspapers in San Francisco, Los Angeles, the Central Valley and Owens Valley over the next days, reporting on the search.

Jill and John attempted to reach Matt periodically on his cell phone after the 17th. They sent texts and left messages when he didn't pick up, assuming that his phone had run out of battery power, or that he was in areas without signal, a common occurrence in the high mountains around Mammoth Lakes. When he didn't meet up with his friends in Colorado as planned, they became concerned. Meanwhile Matt's mother was trying to reach him, but all her calls were going directly to voicemail. Calls started going out to other friends and Matt's parents, and it became clear that no one had heard from Matt for over ten days. Matt's brother-in-law reported later to the press, they felt, "This is strange. This is unlike Matt. He is a highly meticulous person." Something was really wrong.

It turned out his car had been waiting to be picked up for over a week. His camping equipment was still at the campground although Matt had paid for the site only through July 17th. Campground staff had packed up his belongings and stored them. They had alerted the police to the situation, but no one had attempted to find the missing camper.

Now alarmed, Jill and John contacted the Mammoth Lakes police department, and Detective Hornbeck notified his family. Matt was formally reported missing on July 29th. On August 1st, the detective informed the family that the county's search and rescue (SAR) team didn't have enough information to start a search.

"The area where we're talking about is so vast it isn't even funny," Undersheriff Robert Weber of the Mono County Sheriff's Office was quoted in the press. "So far, nothing has come back giving us a location to even start." Hornbeck told ABCNews.com. "We're just hoping that some climbers or hikers will come across him somewhere." He had placed flyers with Matt's photo at some strategic locations. It was also reported that the police believed Matt might have gotten a ride with someone to a climbing site.

A group of Matt's friends headed straight out to Mammoth Lakes to get involved. Because of the challenge of the terrain, the dangers of the stark peaks, melting glaciers, and rock slides, searchers would be limited to experienced climbers. Matt's family cautioned well-intentioned volunteers to please be careful—they didn't want anyone else to get hurt. Matt's family set up a donation site for funds to support independent search and rescue efforts, travel costs for volunteers, and to defray costs for the "worst case scenario."

It was known among Matt's friends that when he departed on a day hike, he would frequently pull the relevant pages from R.J. Secoy's hiking guide and take them with him. Upon his return, he would re-insert them into his book. Back in town and searching through the book, his pals discovered that several pages were missing related to the series of peaks from Banner and Ritter through the two-

mile long expanse of peaks and canyons of the Minaret range. It narrowed down the search somewhat, but not much.

Mono County issued a press release stating that because the search area surrounding Banner and Ritter was outside the county, SAR had not been officially activated. The sheriff's department sent a ground crew to look around the bases of Banner and Ritter, and the California Highway Patrol (CHP) used a training exercise to search in the area with a helicopter, including the Minarets. Neither effort turned up any clues. The county notified Madera County and Yosemite Park officials that a climber might be in their area. Staff also began emailing people who had signed up for recent forest service permits to see if anyone might have seen Matt.

Matt's family launched a Facebook page and a social media campaign to raise awareness about his disappearance. Through their efforts, newspapers began to run articles about him, and LA Times, San Diego Union Tribune, ABC News, and news outlets in Pennsylvania provided coverage. The reporters interviewed authorities and family members. Matt's sister, Tiffany, was quoted as saying, "We can't visualize him getting himself into any kind of dangerous situation. He's the personality type who would just turn back if it was too dangerous." When the Lehigh Valley Times asked Matt's mother if he could survive two weeks in the wild, she paused. "It's possible. It's just that it's so long. No matter how good you are, no one is invincible," she said.

All counties are required by law to provide emergency services to residents and visitors. Mono County's SAR team was established in 1966 and was originally called the June Lake Mountain Rescue Team. The group is comprised of unpaid volunteers from the community and is managed by a Sheriff's deputy. The team typically undertakes about 50 missions per year, ranging from lost hikers and fallen rock climbers to missing skiers and snowmobilers. They train in search, tracking, rock rescue, navigation, CPR, and first aid. Specialists also receive training about swift water, avalanches, ice climbing, search dogs, helicopter and snowmobile rescues, and diving in open water and under ice.

The group maintains an elaborate website, reporting on operations, personnel, donations, and training. According to the website, their process requires verification of a point where the missing person was last seen. The rescuers then track in a widening circle from that point. Their philosophy is that they look for clues, not people. Then the clues will lead to the person. That may be their stated method, but after I read dozens of mission reports, it seemed to me that more frequently they find out where the person was coming from or heading to, or a phone call or text message is received stating the person's location, and they go there. Their motto is: "Where roads end, we begin..."

Hornbeck told the Lehigh Valley newspaper that the county's SAR team was outstanding, but

without a starting point, there was no way to launch a search. He also said that there had been three days of bad weather in mid-July, causing flash floods in the backcountry mountain canyons. The bodies of people caught in flash floods may not be found for weeks, even years, he stated. He further pointed to a fire burning 25 miles away whose smoke was blocking the view of the mountains and would interfere with the ability of the search dogs to follow a scent. He also said the terrain was too treacherous for dogs. "The word is out," Hornbeck said, "but we haven't heard anything yet." On August 6th, he told the Mammoth Times, "My hands are tied. We don't have any more leads."

Hornbeck also told the press that incidents of missing hikers were common. What was uncommon in this situation was the experience and cautious nature of the missing hiker. Indeed, on August 20th, a 47-year-old Bishop man was reported missing when he failed to return home by 8 pm. He had called his family around noon from Round Valley Peak, saying that he would be home in a few hours. SAR personnel found his body late on August 21st. He had fallen down a 30 foot rock chute above Tamarack Lakes, approximately 3 miles from the site of his last phone call. He and his wife had purchased a home in Swall Meadows a few months before and moved from New York City to live his dream of a climbing life in the eastern Sierra. He was a former Inyo County SAR member. Assisting in the search were Inyo County SAR, California Highway Patrol helicopter H-80 out of Apple Valley, Mono County SAR, and China Lake Mountain Rescue Group.

Meanwhile, the news about Matt spread to some mountaineering websites, and serious outdoors people began to get involved. They checked the summit records at Lyell, Banner and Ritter and reported that Matt had not registered. Information began to flow in concerning areas that had been searched without success. Then it was discovered that, although Matt had departed with a daypack, leaving behind his tent, stove, heavy coat, and bivouac, he had taken a mountaineering axe and crampons with him. This news reached Dean Rosnau, a search and rescue expert, who was familiar with the glaciers in the Minarets.

One of the most recognizable sections of the Sierra Nevada is the fraternity formed by Mount Ritter and Banner Peak. At 13,157 feet high, Mount Ritter is the highest of the range, and distinguished by its symmetrical pyramid shape. A saddle containing snow most of the year joins it to Banner Peak, whose top is more dome-like and only slightly lower at 12,945 feet. Mount Ritter was named for a German geographer by the California Geological Survey, who was responsible for naming many of the peaks in the area. John Muir was the first to summit Mount Ritter, a feat he accomplished in 1872, and

his account of being paralyzed by fear, and unable to move either up or down, while spread eagle on one of its sheer faces is riveting. Banner Peak was named for the clouds that seem to fly from its peak.

Continuing to the southeast, one's eye discovers an even more striking result of ancient volcanic eruption and glacial carving. The narrow spires of the Minarets rise starkly from their chutes, thrusting aggressively into the sky, like inverted black icicles. If they were part of the landscape of a fantasy novel, they would surely be the lair of a mythical dragon or a powerful warlock.

The Minarets were first known only by number, but gradually, as persistent and wily mountaineers found ways to reach their tops without falling prey to their landslides, glaciers, and sheer faces without handholds or footholds, they were named after those arrived first. The highest minaret, Clyde Minaret, was named after the esteemed climber Norman Clyde who would be called to help search for Peter Starr. Clyde first climbed its 12,281 feet in 1928.

Michael Minaret was named after a Yosemite post master and his school-teacher wife who climbed the 12,276 foot peak together in 1923, while camping at Ediza Lake. Exploring westward, they discovered a notch in the crest through which they could pass to the other side of the Minarets. They then found a chute which they managed to follow up to Michael's dizzying heights. As they approached the summit, the husband became concerned about his wife's safety and begged her to wait while he completed the last section, which he described as "the most difficult 300 feet that I ever had the pleasure of climbing. The couple had met on a Sierra Club hike and lived out their lives in Yosemite Valley where they studied birds and flowers of the region. When you gaze at the Minarets from the east, Michael Minaret hovers slightly behind the main range, like a gawky, uneasy visitor who isn't sure he has been invited to the party.

The entire area is chock-full of inspiring sights with extraordinary vistas in every direction. The blue waters of the aforementioned Ediza Lake contrast with the red and green deposits in the surrounding bluffs. Higher and closer to the range, Lower and Upper Iceberg Lakes are dominated by the gray granite cliffs shooting precariously above their shores. A large hemlock forest grows nearby, adding its "floppy tops," to the palate of natural beauty, as though nodding in approval at what the artist has wrought.

Back at Ediza Lake in 1933, signs indicated that Peter had left for a day hike, traveling light, leaving behind his tent, crampons and ice axe. This led some of the party to conclude that he had not intended to venture into the higher elevations, but Dawson had a different take on it and wrote in a

letter, “It only made me believe that he was out to do real rock work.” From Peter’s campsite, a wide range of summits were within range, and only six of them had been previously climbed.

The searchers divided into the mountaineers and the non-mountaineers who would search the lower slopes and the trails leading up to the base of the range. The experienced climbers organized into four groups with different assignments: two climbers from Mammoth Lakes would summit Ritter, Peter’s father and brother would search Banner, Clyde and a companion would climb Clyde Minaret, and Dawson and Eichhorn would cross to the other side and investigate Michael Minaret. They set out at first light on the 16th.

The two local climbers discovered that Peter had summited Ritter on July 30th and left a record in the register, indicating that he had crossed the glacier from Ediza Lake using crampons and the ice-axe. Notes from his ascent found at his camp, along with shots of the glacier on his camera, confirmed that information, and the fact that the equipment was back in camp made it reasonable to assume he had returned home safely that evening.

During their search, it must have preyed on the minds of Peter’s father and brother that they had lost nine days since the planned rendez-vous. Neither of the two had ever climbed Banner before, but of the four peaks, it was the least challenging, although given the context, that didn’t mean much. They succeeded in reaching the top, but Peter had not signed the register, and they uncovered no clues as to his whereabouts.

Clyde and his fellow searcher scrambled across the glacier at the base of Clyde Minaret and advanced up the spire on its precipitous north face. Reaching the top, they determined that Peter had not signed the register. They would have liked to look around more carefully, but a thunderstorm was rapidly approaching, and neither wanted to be caught on top with lightning bolts striking all around. On the way down, zig zagging back and forth, looking for signs of Peter, they came across a set of “ducks;” a duck is a small stack of three rocks set by ascending mountain climbers as a way to help them find the path back down. Further along, close to Upper Iceberg Lake, they discovered a bloody scrap of handkerchief of the type that Peter used. Those two clues would encourage Clyde to focus on Clyde Minaret, wrongly as it happened.

Meanwhile, Dawson and Eichhorn had traveled through the notch, now known as Michaels Notch, that the Michaels had used to access the west side of the Minarets. They ascended one spire, thinking it was Leonard Minaret. When it was later discovered that they were the first to climb this particular peak, it would be named Dawson Minaret. Using a new chute, they climbed to the top of Michael Minaret, and examining the register, realized that no one had signed since their entry two years

earlier. Descending by a different chute, they came across a set of recent ducks and a half-smoked cigarette, that would again turn out to be of the brand that Peter smoked. With storm clouds moving in and encircling the peak, they returned quickly to camp.

That evening, back at camp, there was considerable speculation that Peter had fallen from Clyde Minaret into a bergschrund, the gap that opens when a glacier pulls away from snow that stays attached to a rock wall. This terrifying crevasse acts as a powerful, silent blender in which rocks, boulders and anything else that falls in are ground to bits by the action of the sliding, melting glacier. Depending on conditions and the size of the gap, traversing a bergschrund can present an enormous challenge to an alpinist. That would explain the signs of Peter in the vicinity and why his body appeared to have vanished.

On the 17th, Clyde returned to Clyde Minaret but found only more mysterious ducks. Dawson and Eichhorn summited Eichhorn Minaret, but there was no entry from Peter in the register. They then explored several sides of Michael Minaret, including a valley between Michael and Clyde. They too found nothing new. By the time, they had returned that evening, the non-mountaineers had pulled out, convinced they had missed nothing in the lower portions of the search area.

Following further discussion, the group decided to scour the east side of Banner in case Peter had been drawn by a rarely-used route up its face. But, on the 18th, those efforts were fruitless, and by that evening, the team was discouraged, and talk turned to calling off the search. Clyde disagreed. He knew there were many cracks, ledges, crooks and crannies that had not been investigated, and Peter could easily be hiding in one of those. The others didn't disagree but argued that any hope of finding him alive was gone. Peter's father and his brother needed to return home to be with Peter's mother in her time of grief. Clyde argued his case, but he was outvoted. The rest of the team departed. Clyde stayed behind.

Peter wasn't the only one to have friends with planes. After the CHP training effort using a helicopter came up empty, a climber who owned an old piper airplane mounted it with a Red camera, a high-tech, digital camera used in the film industry, and flew it around the area. He and Matt's friend Tony shot over 100 gigabytes of high definition video and then undertook the onerous task of analyzing the data, looking for anomalies. Tiffany hired SkyTime Helicopter Tours who sent a pilot and chopper out to search the area, but after two fruitless missions, she couldn't afford for them to keep looking.

Jill, John, and several of Greene's friends and fellow colleagues gathered in California and

canvassed bus drivers, store owners, librarians and others in Mammoth Lakes, posting flyers at trailheads. With no official SAR effort, a team of Matt's mountaineering colleagues arrived in town on August 10th and began working in the back country looking for clues. A searcher from SAR send a message to the family, urging caution: "Anyone helping needs to understand that this is serious terrain. The altitude alone will do in many people. Just being a willing searcher who loves Matt is not enough. Anyone going into the backcountry needs to be skilled at handling the rigors of the mountains, otherwise there is risk of them becoming a victim as well." Some local SAR personnel volunteered their time, and SWS Mountain Guides, a commercial guiding company, notified the family that they had climbed Clyde Minaret, the glacier route on Ritter, the north face of Ritter, the Ritter/Banner Saddle, Northridge, and the south face of Banner. From all those efforts, nothing useful emerged.

By now, over 12,000 people had "liked" Tiffany's Facebook page, and it had been "shared" by a multitude of people. It had attracted hundreds of comments, some useful like Greg Rutter's who wrote, "I am going up Clyde Minaret via Rock Route, will check that area," but some were more eye-brow raising: "I am a psychic medium living in Australia and have been asked to help find Matthew... I feel he is underground or in a cave after falling and hurting his ankle." Trudi wrote, "What if a wild animal [sic] got him," and Dennis suggested, "Try checking the rivers." Dan W. Ober opined, "What most likely happened is that he stopped to help someone and they turned on him." Another wrote: "My worry is he may have stumbled upon a drug smuggling operation and was 'silenced'." A crank wrote, "Very sad story but cannot be compared to other tragedies [sic] like the brides party limo exploding on a bridge in Cali." Most just posted "prayers" or "I shared this."

At its first football game, Matt's high school decided to adopt a different hue from its ordinary blue and white, and the stands were a sea of 'greene' for Matt. Senior Richard Gazzola told the Lehigh Valley News, "I hope his family just realizes how much he's touched everyone here." On Facebook, the students and teachers continued to sing Matt's praises. One student recounted a time when Matt stopped the class so he could scrape some gum off her desk that was bothering her. Another said that Matt was her favorite Math teacher and she was checking the Facebook page "what feels like 100 times a day hoping to see good news."

Tiffany posted another letter excerpt from Matt's time working with troubled youths in Colorado in 1998, "'Breaking up over a dozen fights...repairing broken windows...watching a student dump an entire trash can over his teacher's head...hearing a class full of students call an enormous cop 'pig' and tell him 'get out—you don't belong here and we don't want to listen to you'...having the school director twice in one week make me physically remove three students from the building and

lock the doors and bar the windows so they can't get back in... I'll miss working for youth benefits in Colorado. They seemed crazy until I realized where they come from. I grew up with Little League, soccer, track, fishing trips with Dad, meals with Mom, etc. These kids grew up wondering why Mom hasn't called in six years or why is she living in a shelter, why is Dad in jail, etc. Understanding their roots is what allowed me to get through to them. Having them respect me enough to not curse at me or throw things at me like they did to everyone else was one of the biggest victories of my life. I learned a lot through that job, and now feel that if I get along with them, I can get along with anyone."

Norman Clyde was old-school. With his burly, powerful body, fierce wide-spaced eyes gazing evenly out of a craggy, square face, broad-brimmed hat jammed on his head, and ever-present ice axe, he looked as though he had emerged, carved entirely in granite, out of a stone cliff. While others were mountaineers, he *was* mountaineering. He was the most acclaimed climber in Sierra history. By 1933, he had made 82 first ascents, an almost inconceivable number. He stayed in the back country full-time, moving from camp to camp in the summer, and living in a caretaker's cabin in the winter. He earned a very frugal living as a guide or by writing articles.

He had not always been alone. He married in 1915 but lost his wife to tuberculosis only four years later. In 1924, following graduate studies at UC-Berkeley, he took a job as a teacher and the principal of the high school in Independence. On Halloween in 1928, he became aware of some "tricks" the students were planning to play on the school. He hid on the grounds, and when the kids appeared, he fired shots to scare them off. Appalled, the parents tried to have him arrested for attempted murder. They were unsuccessful, but the controversy forced his resignation. He would never hold a full-time job again.

After the rest of the team departed, Clyde considered his options. He wrote later that he believed, "it would afford a good deal of consolation to his parents to know what had happened to him, particularly to be certain that he had not died a lingering death." Others would say that Clyde was just stubborn.

At that moment, a tantalizing telegram dated August 18th was transmitted to him. A Sierra Club member wrote that he had encountered Peter on August 2nd near Ediza Lake and that during their conversation, Peter had stated that he intended to bivouac by the Iceberg Lakes that night and would climb "North Minaret" the next day. This information would be extremely useful to Clyde as he continued the search. The only problem was—there is no "North Minaret." The Sierra Club member

was not familiar with the Minarets and probably misunderstood Peter. Now Clyde was left in the position of puzzling over what a man he had never met might have said, using the words “north” or “northern,” as a clue about his intentions on August 3rd.

On the 19th, Clyde continued searching. His notes for the day read, “Went up to ridge north of Iceberg Lake leading westward toward what appeared to be Leonard Minaret, followed ridge westward to base of this Minaret and across a glacier north of it to a wide “U” notch; climbed the Minaret from the notch, but found no evidence; passed through notch and skirted base of Minarets on west side until abreast of Michael’s notch through which I passed and returned to camp.” It reads like a precursor to the way Californians would be mocked on Saturday Night Live for describing the route they took to drive anywhere: “I crossed the 5 and hitched a ride down to where 101 meets the 10, hung a right on El Hambre and got off at Sunset” or “This weekend, we took the 105 west, exited on Palmer, and took Venice all the way down.” Clyde did take note of the steep northwest face of Michael Minaret, remarking to himself, “capital place for a fall.”

Over the next few days, Clyde would continue to summit other peaks, search in the canyons between the Minarets, and rest between climbing days. He returned again and again to Clyde Minaret where the inconclusive ducks tormented him. After scrutinizing the bergschrund, he decided that the lack of debris on the surface of the glacier was an indication that Peter had not fallen there.

Meanwhile, back in San Francisco, Peter’s family was suffering from a lack of closure. His mother, in particular, was traumatized. In the face of no new information from the mountains, they decided to schedule a memorial service for Peter for Sunday, August 27th.

On the previous Friday, Clyde decided to focus on Eichhorn and Michael Minarets, where the cigarette butt and another line of ducks had been found. Their summits had been searched by Eichhorn and Dawson, but there were many faces and chutes that remained unexplored. He started up the intimidating northwest face of Michael, but turned back and chose a different route to the summit, declaring the face too dangerous. Like Eichhorn and Dawson, he found nothing at the top. Upon descending, he continued to scan the northwest face with binoculars although many areas were hidden. A storm was brewing, and he was forced to hurry. Following a ledge around a corner, he turned his binoculars back to the northwest face and discovered Peter’s body lying on a ledge fifty yards away. He was dressed in a white T-shirt that contrasted sharply with the dark rock. He had fallen on his back and was gazing skyward, with his arms flung out.

Eighty years later to the day, another search and rescue expert was looking for a missing climber he had never met. Eastern Sierra local Dean Rosnau had been exploring the back country for 39 years and had participated in more than 700 SAR missions. After reading about Matt Greene's disappearance, he told *The Sheet*, "It would have haunted me, with my skills and my background if I didn't do something."

He had searched unsuccessfully on a previous outing, but continued to be pulled to the Ritter Range. He wrote on a climbing website, "I felt a strong leaning towards the Ritter/Banner theory. Frankly, it's what I would have done had I been in Matthew's position of wanting a fun, full value day in the mountains." On July 17th, it was among the few areas that still had snow and ice and would have been within Matt's reach from Shady Rest Campground, given his abilities, if he took the shuttle or caught a ride to Reds Meadows. Because of the text at 2:53 am, some believed that he might have started out very early that morning. And then there were the missing pages from his guidebook. Even with that focus, however, Rosnau said that 100 professional searchers could spend the rest of their lives looking in the 200,000 acres of the now-named Ansel Adams Wilderness Area and never find him.

On this day, he was accompanied by "Cupcake," described by Rosnau as a long-time friend, climbing partner, and "all around nut job." They were bent on navigating the Minaret Glacier, the icy slick on the east side of the range, terrain in Rosnau's words, that is "as dangerous as it gets." A pair of glasses, similar to Matt's, had been found on a sign near Inyo Craters, and Rosnau was anxious to hear if they matched Matt's prescription before he set out, but as of Sunday morning, it was still unknown if they were Matt's.

That day, he and Cupcake entered at Agnew Meadows and hiked up to Ediza Lake along Shadow Creek, with the intention of exploring the talus (the rocky slope at the base of a cliff), and the cliffs and chutes below the glacier. By noon, they had reached Iceberg Lake and had lunch, then pressed on toward the glacier. The morning wind had turned into a full-force gale, affecting their footing as they ventured onto the talus below the glacier. After planning their strategy for the next day, they returned to camp where the wind had now risen to such a scream that they wore ear plugs during the night.

On Monday, he radioed back from their base camp at Iceberg Lake before setting out. This time, it was confirmed that the glasses were not Matt's, so he and Cupcake began the steep ascent to search the entire face below the toe of the glacier to look for signs that Matt might have fallen into the bergschrund, as was speculated, or had fallen onto the glacier and slid down its hard, slick surface. The cliff band was covered with heart-stopping drop offs into deep slashes at the bottom of which roared

the torrents of glacier runoff—freezing, racing waters waiting hungrily for anything or anyone to fall into their crushing stew. If the water doesn't get you, the slippery talus field lies at the ready, where any misstep can break an ankle or dislodge a cascade of boulders, as big as refrigerators, down the cliffs, carrying away anything in its path.

They continued up to the main part of the glacier just below Michael Minaret until they reached the maw, the lowest point of the glacier where the melting snow pours from its mouth. Rosnau described it as eight feet tall and reported that the glacier was groaning like a rusty hinge. "Spooky!" he wrote in his field notes. They carefully traversed several nearby chutes covered with slippery rubble and so steep that a loss of footing would result in a fall of hundreds of feet. One large gully, rushing with ice water, would serve as a funnel for anything rolling down off the glacier, including the visible boulders stuck above in the melting snow. Rosnau knew he had to check out the ledges below but also knew that he could not stay long; he would have a target on his back the whole time he was situated in there below the glacier. After satisfying himself that there was nothing to find, he quickly snapped a selfie before getting the heck out of there.

Rosnau's photos convincingly convey the difficulty of the search, not only because of the danger to the searchers but the hundreds of hard-to-search hiding places. At the end of the second day, having unearthed no new clues, Rosnau's feet dragged as he regretfully turned back toward Agnew Meadows to face the disappointment that his news would bring to Matt's family. Apart from a small white glove that was clearly not Matt's, they had uncovered no new signs. He addressed Matt in his search notes, "I feel a sense of the burden on your family and friends...how desperately they miss you and would like to know the answers to all their questions...oh how it pains me to not be able to have those answers for them."

After discovering Peter's body, Clyde immediately descended, hiked to Agnew Meadows, drove to Mammoth Lakes, and telegraphed the news to Walter Starr. The family discussed various options, but ultimately Starr telegraphed back to Clyde, "Do not try to remove remains." The memorial service took place as planned; upon arriving, guests filed past an enlargement of the last photo on Peter's camera, a beautiful landscape shot of Ediza Lake and the Minarets.

Several days later, a small group of mountaineers re-convened at the base of Michael Minaret with the plan to inter Peter's body where it lay. Jules Eichhorn joined to assist, and he and Clyde entered the gully now known as Starr's chute and carefully made their way across the treacherous north

face. Then, roped together, they climbed straight up to Peter's ledge, a narrow, steep surface, with little room to maneuver. Near the body, they found Peter's pocket watch, smashed. It had stopped at 4:23. There were no other personal effects, such as his knapsack or hat.

Clyde turned out to be unwilling to touch the body, so 21-year-old Eichhorn dragged the body to a crack in the cliff wall and inserted it as well as he could, then covered it with rocks. It took him several hours to do this, and he reported that Clyde wept during the process. Eichhorn himself was dismayed that he and Dawson had not discovered the body during their searching, as he felt it must have been visible, but the rock climbing in that area was highly technical, and they were most likely concerned with securing hand and foot holds.

Peter's father wrote in a letter to Dawson, "Clyde and Jules were able to entomb him against the wall, on the ledge. That is as it should be. He has become a part of one of the Sierra peaks he loved." At 12,000 feet, Peter's grave is the highest in the Sierra and perhaps in North America. Peter's notes on the region were compiled and published as *Starr's Guide to the John Muir Trail and the High Sierra Region*. Now in its 12th edition, it remains an important resource for hikers and climbers. Walter Starr financed a 1938 production of Ansel Adams' stunning photographs of the high country called *The Sierra Nevada and the John Muir Trail*. It was dedicated to Peter, and Walter Starr used it successfully to persuade Congress to designate Kings Canyon as a national park. In 1936, the Sierra Club adopted a resolution to name a mountain near Mono Pass "Mount Starr," in Peter's honor.

In 2014, Matt's dad, Bob, traveled to Mammoth Lakes to undertake a rigorous one-man search over the course of the summer. From Pennsylvania, he had initiated an email correspondence with Rosnau who was initially opposed to this endeavor and wrote later he threw "everything at him" to try to talk him out of it. He emphasized the likelihood that an out-of-shape 67-year-old would get into trouble in such dangerous terrain at altitude and the unlikelihood that he would find anything. He did not anticipate the determination of a grieving father looking for his missing son. Unwavering, Bob began training with a 45-pound pack, going for long hikes around the wintery Pennsylvania countryside, including local areas of the Appalachian Trail. He lost weight, bought gear, and arranged for a condo. He was, in Rosnau's words, "a man with a mission."

Arriving in Mammoth Lakes in May, he began with conditioning front-country hikes while he waited impatiently for the snow pack to melt enough to allow him access into the Minarets. He uploaded detailed notes of his daily solitary outings to a trekking website, including commentary on the

difficulty of the terrain and recommendations for family-friendly trails. His pleasure in discovering the deer, grouse, quail, coyotes, and fish of the eastern Sierra is evident, and as a dam expert, he was impressed by the construction efforts to build Agnew and Gem dams. On May 18th, he hiked over Mammoth Pass down to Reds Meadow and back, a tough 1800 foot ascent on the return. From the top of the pass, he could see the tantalizing but still snow-locked Minarets in the distance. When the road down to Reds Meadow opened at the end of May, he immediately began descending to evaluate the snowpack around Ediza Lake and Thousand Island Lake. It was still thick.

By June, he was camping in the backcountry, spending his days searching the base of the cliffs of the Ritter Range and glassing the upper areas up to the snow line. He emerged every three to five days to re-provision. He wore a SPOT locator, an electronic device that uploaded his geographic coordinates, and his family tracked his movements every day. The data was further loaded into findmespot.com to mark the areas he had searched. By June 30th, he had found no sign of Matt. “Another blade of hay has been eliminated from the stack,” he wrote at the end of long day, “but the search for the needle continues.”

Partway through his initiative, he received an exciting visit from Detective Hornbeck. Two hikers who had been in Mammoth Lakes the year before had come back to town. They spotted the flyers about Matt and came forward to report that they had camped next to him at Shady Rest. They were somewhat unsure about what day they had talked to him, but they were certain he had said that he was headed to the Minarets. The news intensified Bob’s focus on the area.

For the first three days in July, Rosnau joined him, and the two headed back to the Minaret Glacier. By then, Bob had logged over 400 miles in the eastern Sierra and was a toughened, mosquito-bitten, hard-core hiker. After setting out from Agnew Meadows a little before six in the morning, to test Bob’s stamina, Rosnau set a brutal pace up to Iceberg Lake where they would set up base camp at the same site that he and Cupcake had used. According to the proud Rosnau, Bob stayed right with him. According to the more modest Bob, Rosnau “pretty much blew me away.”

Portions of the area that Rosnau had hoped to search were still snow-covered, so he ascended a cliff face leading to Cecil Lake next to the terrible gully that he and Cupcake had searched. Partway up, he made a startling discovery, a water bottle in a carrying pouch, that showed appropriate wear for having passed the winter there. Yelling for Bob, he continued to search for other clues and shortly thereafter found a pocket knife that had surely been exposed for years. Rosnau quickly snapped photos of the items, and the two climbed higher in search of a cell signal. With the assistance of his pals on supertopo.com, the photos were loaded onto the site for potential identification purposes. Rosnau was

beside himself with excitement. If these items belonged to Matt, the men could be quite close to their target.

Meanwhile, the day had gotten very hot, and the two searchers rested in the shade of a tree to catch their breath before they noticed some ominous clouds were gathering overhead. Hurrying down to pump some water, they then set off back down the slippery rocks to Iceberg Lake while lightning and thunder began to abuse the cirque above them. Back in camp, after a big meal, they fell asleep to the sound of rain.

The next day was clear, and the two prepared themselves for an arduous day. Rosnau's plan was to ascend to the glacier but instead of then searching to the south as he and Cupcake had done, he and Bob would turn right and investigate to the north under Dawson Minaret. When they reached the glacier, they stopped for lunch and an internet break and learned that the water bottle and knife were not Matt's. Disappointed but tenacious, they picked their way through the talus and boulder fields to the bottom of Dawson Minaret and explored a snow-packed chute, rushing with ice water, where they discovered an incongruous mylar balloon under a rock overhang. Balloon in tow, they carefully descended to the moraine below, heading back to camp to conclude their day with dinner and conversation.

Over the past two days, Rosnau and Bob had gotten to know each other and, connected by tragedy, had forged a friendship. Rosnau was cultivating a deep respect for Bob and his considerable and on-going efforts to find his son. Knowing the father and seeing what a great influence he must have been on his son, made Rosnau all the more frustrated that he had never met Matt and that he could not find him now. On the morrow, on his way out after another day of failure, he again cried out to Matt, "Damn, you are hard to find!... I feel as though I know you so much better now that I have met the amazing man who raised you... I'm sure you're looking down on him with pride... He fits in here, Matthew... The mountains that spoke to your soul now do to his..."

Bob then met up with five of Matt's friends, fellow teachers flying from Pennsylvania, who came out to help with the search. They climbed Clyde Minaret and investigated the south notch glacier and around Cecile Lake, taking a day off to do some catch-and-release trout fishing in Skelton Lake, before returning to Riegelhuth Minaret, the talus area south of Minaret Lake, and the gullies up to the crest. Besides encountering a black bear, they did not uncover anything unexpected. Bob also took a break to kindly escort several on a sight-seeing trip to Devils Postpile and Rainbow Falls.

Tiffany and her mother came out on July 12th to be there for the one-year anniversary of Matt's disappearance. Together with Matt's friends, they spent a few days, taking in the scenery, checking out

the Pacific Crest Trail and climbing up to Crystal Crag for an up-close look at the kind of technical climbing Matt was fond of. On the 17th, they placed new flyers, now including pictures of the gear that Matt had been carrying, and hiked to Ediza Lake to look at the search area. Tiffany described it as “stunning.” “Matt is with us in spirit,” she wrote on Facebook and posted a spectacular photo of the lake. Though she enjoyed the unusual vistas, she was crushed to return home several days later after finding nothing new. They had been so hopeful. “Hard to turn around,” she wrote, “knowing he’s out there.” Waiting for her red eye home on July 19th, she cried for the first time all week.

The summer wore on. Bob returned to the Minarets, hoping to access the west side, but couldn’t find a pass he felt he could safely solo. He elected to search the area between Dead Horse Lake and Ediza Lake, and the talus slopes north of Cecile Lake up to the Gap. “The search was very slow going,” he wrote, “due to the vast rockfalls and steep slopes that need to be examined. Even with due diligence, many, many areas were missed.” On July 26th, Bob’s thoughts must have turned to the signed, sealed and stamped birthday card his son had left behind in his car when he disappeared the year before, ready to be mailed in time for his father’s birthday.

On August 1st, Bob was determined to make it to the west side, and climbed the rigorous 3000 feet from Agnew Meadows to north Glacier Pass. Exhausted, after a seven hour climb, he tucked into his tent out of the wind but within earshot of the rocks falling off the Ritter and Banner peaks. The next day he finally attained the west side and searched and glassed the region around the Ritter Lakes, and on the third day, after some navigation difficulties, he descended to Hemlock Crossing and on to Headquarters Meadows. On the fourth, it was back to Reds Meadow and a shuttle ride to Agnew Meadows, his starting place. No sign of Matt.

Another of Matt’s friends flew out, this time from Virginia, and Bob showed her the now familiar trek from Agnew Meadows to Shadow Trail to Ediza Lake and Iceberg Lake, in hopes of helping her find some solace. The second day, he took her up to Cecile Lake and reported that most of the people on the trails were aware of Matt’s disappearance. “The quest continues,” he wrote that night.

On the 12th, Bob decided to check out two of the approach routes to Ritter Peak that were included in the pages that Matt had torn from his guidebook. Arriving at the bottom of the southeast glacier, he looked up the chute that rises 300 feet to the ridge and paused, encountering another climber who doubted his abilities to summit and was waiting for his friends who had left him behind 3½ hours earlier. Bob waited for the hiker’s friends who returned within 30 minutes and then descended with them until he broke off to investigate an alternate version of the path up to the top. It was a strenuous day, and Bob noted that his legs were cramping that night.

A few days later, Bob decided again to attack Ritter Peak via a more moderate chute than the one he had gazed up the week before. He described this approach as more boulder-hopping and rock negotiating than technical climbing. He did find a water filter embedded in the upper glacier ice, but Matt's was already accounted for. He summited on August 19th and left a message for his son in the register and returned back to Agnew Meadows the next day.

On his last two days, Bob explored again on the east side of the Minarets. On the first day, he climbed in the area around Dead Horse Lake, including a side trip to find the abandoned Minaret Mine down in the valley where Steve Fossett, the adventurer pilot, crashed in 2007. On the second day, Bob summited Pridham Minaret, leaving another message for his son in the register, noting that his message now lies at both ends of the Ritter Range, the area he describes as "most likely to be Matt's final resting place."

Thus ended Bob's four-month sojourn into the wild to search for Matt. He had hiked over 650 miles and grown close to the achingly beautiful but heartless landscape that had captured his son. He had made a friend and grown wiser and stronger, but the conclusion was ultimately unsatisfying. Tiffany wrote on Facebook, "'The Mountains are calling...'—that resonates."

Peter's mother wrote in a letter to Clyde, "I know of no words adequate in which to express to you the gratitude I feel for your great efforts which finally resulted in your finding our beloved boy."

In late 2013, one of Tiffany's Facebook posts read, "Braving the cold, a neck injury, and some of the most dangerous terrain in the world, [Rosnau] has sacrificed his time, health, job and family to aid us and push us forward. There are no words to express our thanks, our frustrations, our sadness and our hope."

In early 2015, another climber, haunted by the events surrounding Matt's disappearance dreamed of bringing closure to the Greene family. As the moderator of the High Sierra Topix mountaineering website, 'Maverick' could access the most talented of his subscribers and began organizing a super-effort to return to the Ritter Range and scour it with a large group of volunteers. By March, the group was thirty-strong and included experienced climbers and SAR experts, some with over 35 years of experience. Despite never having met Matt, Maverick told me, "I want to do this for a fellow mountaineering brother. Our passion for the mountains binds us all together." The group plans to return to Mammoth Lakes just after Labor Day in 2015.

Matt was contemplating the tensions between passion and reason when he was reading W. Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. He wrote to a friend, "Why do we sit back and allow reason to crush the passion in us as we age? I don't know why our minds always gravitate to reason. It's a nuisance. It's a pitiful thing when people reach the point in their lives where passionate inclinations no longer win out over regular routine."

Peter enjoyed writing poetry his whole life, much of it about the natural world and the Sierra. Only a few days before his death, he wrote a poem entitled *The Mountain's Call* that concluded with the lines, "Defiant mountains beckon me, To glory and dream in their paradise."

THE END

In researching this story, I was fortunate to have access to the work and wisdom of others as outlined below. Nevertheless, all errors and omissions are my own.

For the account of the search for Peter, I benefited from the book by William Alsup, an attorney himself, titled *Missing in the Minarets: The Search for Walter A. Starr, Jr.* Mr. Alsup proved himself an excellent detective, sleuthing out the clues and evidence to support his reporting. His detailed and beautifully-expressed text is highly recommended. Of special note are the many photographs and maps of the area, exquisitely reproduced by the Yosemite National Park Press.

For background on Matthew Greene's disappearance, I relied on newspaper reports, notes by the searchers, including Matt's father, and his sister's extensive Facebook postings, as well as personal correspondence with me. I am grateful for her willingness to answer my many questions and her support of this story.

I also drew heavily from Dean Rosnau's postings about his search activities on www.supertopo.com. They are worth viewing because of the extraordinary photos he uses to tell the story. Dean is currently at work on a book about his search and rescue adventures. Given the quality and sensitivity of his writing about his search for Matt, I anticipate an exceptional and riveting book.