After the war Dick resumed climbing with the RCS, often in exploratory probes of Yosemite's uncharted walls. Perhaps Hansen best summarized those years in his words at the Houston Memorial gathering. "Dick, together with the climbers of his era, provided experience that enabled the next generation to improve equipment, climbing techniques, and to set their sights on ever more difficult climbs as those who went before him gave him a shoulder-stand."

In 1947 he joined an RCS expedition to the Mount Waddington region, accomplishing new ascents on various summits surrounding the Upper Tellow Glaciers. Three years later he returned, a member of the summit team on a first ascent of the Southeast Chimney, third for Waddington itself, and sharing in the many first ascents made on satellite peaks ringing the Tiedemann. After a warmup ascent of Robson in 1953, expedition climbing for Dick culminated the next year in a first attempt of Makalu where he was regularly among those stressing higher on the mountain. In later years Dick's mountain interest shifted toward climbing treks, with a focus on the Bella Coola region of British Columbia where in the late 50s and early 60s he joined friends on a number of ventures, pioneering new routes and making occasional first ascents. His last big climb was Kilimanjaro in 1972, although he continued treks in the Sierra Nevada with family and friends for several more years.

Dick served several terms on the executive committee for the parent chapter of the Sierra Club as well as on that club's mountaineering committee. An AAC member since 1948, he was the first chairman of the newly formed Sierra Nevada Section in 1956 and also was Acting Editor of the American Alpine Journal that year.

With a lifelong interest in track and field, he blossomed as a serious distance runner, completing a Boston Marathon at age 54 on the hottest Patriot's Day on record; shortly thereafter, he knew he was afflicted with cancer and underwent surgery. Yet within months Dick was again in training, often with his wife Lola, daughter Cheryl, or son Jeff. Soon he was running marathons and longer distance races, later setting national records for his age group. He kept it up until his last year.

A gentle, unpretentious man has passed, one who cared for mountains as he cared for people and who had the rare capacity to make the rest of us smile when winds blew ill.

WILLIAM W. DUNMIRE

RICHARD M. EMERSON
1925-1982

Dick Emerson and I met almost forty years ago and shared the U.S. Mountain Trooper's war. Thirteen years his senior, I am unprepared to write the inclusive dates after his name and to face his leaving before I did. I had rather counted on the reverse.
Dick’s high points in mountaineering I shared only vicariously. His high point on Masherbrum was the highest camp, where his stomach rebelled and forced him to stay there alone while others spent the day and an entire night reaching the summit and struggling back down to camp. On his approach to Everest’s West Ridge his stomach again lowered his expectations, but this time not out where he could spend a day overlooking the world at its highest, but rather within that world, bivouacking by secret plan, secure and snug within a crevasse, safely out of the tempest of one of the wildest Himalayan storms on record. He climbed back out of his fortress when the night and the winds relented, astonishing the friends who had not expected to see him alive again.

Lesser highs, in altitude if not in achievement, were in the post-war Tetons, where as a National Park Service climbing ranger he participated in rescues so scary you’d rather not hear about them, and in climbs that it was a delight to read about.

It was the skill of his writing and telling that let me share his postwar climbing world, in which he carried on far beyond where I left off—at the bergschrund under the north face of the Grand in 1956, which he and Phil Berry thereupon ascended. His other world I shared through an unbroken friendship; this let me be on hand for his wedding in Wyoming, watch his postwar winning of his Ph.D., witness his skill as a parent with Pat of their two delightful children, and enjoy the excellence of his photography. Out of everyone’s twelve thousand slides, one hundred made it into the Sierra Club book, Everest: The West Ridge; seventeen were Dick’s, and they are revealing of what mountains and mountain people meant to him. His camera and he got along very well together, and I am anxious to try to find out what he had in mind in the mixing of photographs, research, and prose to explain what Professor Emerson, social anthropologist, wanted to interpret for us about the Inhabited Wilderness of the western end of the Himalayan chain. He and Pat went to Baltistan again and again. At the year’s beginning, the material to be interpreted was awaiting the organizer, there on the desk to which he was not to return.

A cardiac arrest as he slept, perhaps triggered by the stress of a malignancy I had always thought Dick was far too rugged to incur or put up with, took away the years that ought to have remained for him, just before Christmas and the wedding planned for his daughter, Leslie, and Randy Udall. On January 2, for his part in the eulogy, Randy selected some words of Dick’s that were some of his finest, of special meaning to me, and good medicine, I think, for anyone who cares about mountains. Back in 1960 I had asked Dick to write about the Masherbrum expedition for the Sierra Club Bulletin, and he did a craftsman’s job. I had one useful editorial suggestion to make. When Nick Clinch and Jawed Akbar headed for the top, and Willi Unsoeld and George Bell were far below and out of sight, there Dick was, alone. “What was all that solitude like?” I asked him. “Could you add a paragraph or a page and tell us about it?” He did, and the Bulletin’s passage also occupies a page of the Everest book. Randy found it there and excerpted it:
It did not come all at once, that sense of consuming solitude. At first it was just a matter of resting passively, amidst spectacular scenery, but this steadily changed into a peculiarly mixed sensation of aroused relaxation: poised and attentive, infinitely at ease. After so much effort, to sit there, totally alone at 25,000 feet, surrounded by a still and motionless world of rock and ice and blue-black sky, was satisfying in a very special way. It was not the euphoria of altitude. It was the exhilaration of wilderness... I raised my goggles for an unobstructed view of Beauty.

And I remembered a few poignant words borrowed from a tombstone in England to grace a plaque on Olaus and Mardy Murie’s mantel, seven thousand feet below one of Dick’s favorite summits, the Grand Teton:

THE WONDER OF THE WORLD
THE BEAUTY AND POWER
THE SHAPE OF THINGS
THEIR COLORS, LIGHTS AND SHADES
THESE I SAW
LOOK YE ALSO WHILE LIFE LASTS

Dick looked and saw very well, far more sensitively than his detached manner would ever let you think. He also heard the sound and caught the aroma and the flavor. He felt the mountain, underfoot and at his fingertips, respected it, and moved there with an assurance that I have never seen surpassed. “We never grow tired of each other, the mountain and I,” Li Po wrote long ago. I think that Dick, twelve centuries later had some Li Po in him and, given enough time, would have seen the mountain tire first. Many people knew how much he loved and was loved. I am grateful to be one of them.

DAVID BROWER

GUNNAR NASLUND
1950-1982

On August 4, 1982, Gunnar Naslund, a four-year member of the American Alpine Club, lost his life when he was struck by a collapsing cornice as he led a rope attempting the first ascent of Needle Mountain in Alaska’s remote Granite Range.

Gunnar located in Anchorage after his 1975 graduation from Marquette Law School in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His attraction to Alaska’s mountain wilderness quickly turned to unfailing devotion when the climbing bug bit and he became an inveterate mountaineer and explorer almost from the start. After several years of sporadic legal employment punctuated by longer and longer