

istry (he collected gases from the fumaroles of Mount Hood which he laboriously analyzed), and a long list of others. Whatever he did, he did well and with technical accuracy and thoroughness. In consequence, if one learned how to get him talking, evenings in a small flapping tent high on some hill or glacier could be interesting indeed. And among my most vivid personal recollections is a picture of Fred balancing along the knife-edged snow and ice summit ridge of Mount Alberta, like a tight-rope walker, but without his ice axe, for he had left it behind to belay the hand-line safeguarding our retreat.

JOHN C. OBERLIN

*(The following was taken from a letter from Fred Ayres' sister to the Editor.)* Fred and I were always very close. He was my wonderful big brother and had always sort of "looked out" for me. He was my brother, yes, and more than that; he was a friend, a traveling-, camping-, hiking-, skiing-companion. Those days of climbing; the long back-packing trips into the mountains and the desert and canyon country; navigating back-country desert roads by direction instead of road sign; repairing washed-out roads; taking pictures; examining rocks, flowers, old ruins and artifacts; rationing food and water when these got low — all of these and many more I treasure in memory. I treasure his concern for me: "Well, we'd better rope up here," and the time this quite literally saved my life. . . . I hope the tribute written about Fred contains something about what he was, as well as what he did. I hope it mentioned his kindness, consideration and concern for others, and his uncanny ability to detect the needs or limitations of those who were with him. I think his pack was always as heavy, if not heavier, than anyone's. But doubtless those who climbed with him know all these things. I am glad that you, and so many others, loved him for his prowess and for his goodness.

IRENE AYRES

MARC EMERSON  
1954-1970

On September 27, 1970, Marc Emerson fell to his death while climbing on Castle Rock near Leavenworth, Washington, when his climbing rope slipped off the carabiner that was attached to his swami seat. Thus at the age of sixteen, died a climber who surely would have changed the world of technical climbing.

Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, he lived in Cincinnati, Ohio until

he was ten, but spent his first ten summers in the Teton Mountains in Wyoming. At age seven, he climbed Teewinot and three years later he did the Exum Ridge on the Grand Teton. At the age of eight, Marc visited France where he reached the Tête Rousse on Mont Blanc. Spending all his life in the mountains, Marc was very energetic. At the age of fifteen and sixteen he found his way in the Cascades on peaks such as Stewart, Ingalls, Prusik, the Liberty Bells, Glacier peak and Mount Ranier.

Just the evening before Marc's death, after a hard day of climbing, Marc and I huddled around a campfire, discussing for hours climbing, food, life and death. Marc told me that there was no other place where he wanted to die than in the mountains he loved. The next day, fate met destiny.

Marc came to the mountains because that was where he belonged among the animals, the meadows, the cool mountain breezes. He was a free and loving soul who gave of himself as if there was no end and for Marc, there was no end.

Marc started serious rock-climbing in August of 1969, and in a period of thirteen months had progressed so rapidly and perfected his technique so finely, that I have seen no equal. He was a true mountaineer. There was Marc, over six feet tall, always reaching the unreachable. What a force Marc was! I, along with numerous other friends, spent many tense moments with him on climbs. After every climb with Marc, I apologized for my lack of faith in us, for it was Marc's positive thinking that got us to the top of many climbs.

He is survived by his big sister, Leslie, a truly beautiful person, his father Richard Emerson and his mother, both of whose courage is infinitely large.

*You have left us forever  
And we feel it deeply  
We treasure those precious memories  
That make you live in us for all time.*

RICHARD DOORISH

GRACE HOEMAN, M.D.  
1921-1971

The most active climber in Alaska, Grace Hoeman, died at age 49 on April 12, 1971, in an avalanche on Eklutna Glacier near Anchorage. One companion perished with her; another survived.

Grace Hoeman was born in Silver Beach, Washington, but was taken to Europe at age four. She lived in Switzerland, Germany, and Holland. She gained a bachelor of medicine degree from the University of Berlin in 1944 and a doctor of medicine degree from the University of Utrecht in 1948. Returning to the United States in 1950, she was active in phthysiology, preventive medicine and finally anesthesiology, which