

Frank looked up and said, "Okay, boys. Meeting's over. I've got some important business."

At first, I assumed that Frank was a soon-to-be-50 executive in need of finding himself. Then I looked again. Here was a man who had spent his adult life climbing the corporate ladder, reaching the top rung. Now he was proposing to leave all that utterly behind to go on a venture which he knew little or nothing about, for which he had a far greater chance of failing than of succeeding. Something was going on, and I was curious to learn what.

Over the next year, from Aconcagua, to Mount Everest, to the highest point in Antarctica, I found out. It wasn't about discovering himself. It wasn't about taking risk either. It was about embracing change. Every good climber knows how to take risks. Calculating and controlling risk is one of the pleasures of the sport, as it can be one of thrills of business. But I know very few climbers who know how to embrace change. In that there is a significant difference, and that difference was part of Frank's genius.

When we made our first climb in South America, Aconcagua, Frank was close to helpless. He couldn't set up a tent, pack his gear, start a stove, much less boil water. He slipped, fell, struggled, even crawled—but he made it to the top. By the end of the year, on the Vinson Massif, he had metamorphosed. He built snow walls, pitched tents, sharpened crampons; he was lean and strong. On the way out, pinned by storm at an Antarctic base, he even learned to cook, heating his soup in a microwave. When he got home, he couldn't wait to tell his wife Luanne. "It was fantastic. You push all these buttons and presto. Darling, we've got to get one." "Frank," she said, "We've had one for twelve years." He had climbed all of the Seven Summits but one in a single year. Mount Everest alone eluded him, but he did reach the South Col.

When the Seven Summits was over, a reporter asked Frank why he climbed. Frank quoted the last line of his favorite Robert Service poem, "I want to see it all." To do that, he had the courage to send his life into an unknown direction. When the climbing year was over, he had no idea of what lay ahead. He had no job, no planned direction, no grand design. But what he did have was verve and a zest for life. He had embodied Goethe's maxim, "Whatever you dream, you can do. Begin it. Boldness has genius, power and magic." We all know where these qualities took him in the last ten years of his life. *That* was Frank's testimony and *that* is his endowment to us.

RICK RIDGEWAY

GORDON L. DOTY
1931-1993

I came to Portland, Oregon, in June of 1971 for my internship. I climbed South Sister in August. In September, I read about a Gordon Doty, who had just returned from an expedition to Mount Logan. Late one afternoon shortly thereafter, I was working up a patient on my medical rotation when the

attending physician walked in. He said, "I am Gordon Doty." I said, "Not Gordon Doty, the mountaineer." He lit up with a smile as wide and bright as an alpine sunrise. With that, our friendship began.

During my internship, Gordon was obviously a mentor in medicine. I can still remember the things he taught me, I also remember his caring for both his patients and interns, his thoroughness, his competence, his reassuring bedside manner, and I am still in awe of the depth and breadth of his medical knowledge.

Gordon was born on April 3, 1931 in Belding, Michigan. He received his undergraduate degree from Michigan State University where he majored in wildlife management and ornithology. He graduated from Wayne State University School of Medicine in 1956 and completed his residency at the Detroit Receiving Hospital. In 1967, he joined the Hematology Clinic in Portland and the staff of the Providence Medical Center, where he became a leader in the development of the cancer program. He was instrumental in implementing the hospice demonstration project at Providence, serving from 1981 to 1984 as medical director of the Providence Hospice Program. From 1984 to 1986, he was president of the hospital's medical staff.

To me personally, he was my introduction to mountaineering, my mentor of the mountains. In the 1970s, we made dozens of trips together and with others in the Washington and Oregon Cascades and in the Olympics. Gordon loved the mountains. He just liked being there, so we went no matter what the weather was like in Portland because "it could be sunny up on the mountain." And sometimes he was right, but I remember a blizzard on Rainier, a white-out on Mount Hood and waiting for two days in a monsoon rain in the North Cascades.

I have tried to think of some humorous mishap that had befallen us on a Doty trip such as I experienced in the Alps when the professional guides drove us for three hours to the trailhead, opened the car trunk to find that they had left behind the ropes. I could think of none! Gordon was so well organized. He was innovative, always tinkering and puttering with his gear, trying to come up with a better way: like packframe extensions and mosquito-netting sacks to allow you to see what is inside, long before either was commercially available.

Things don't always go as planned in the mountains and objective dangers are always there, but Gordon was one of the safest climbers I have ever been with. The climbers and their safety were more important than getting to the top. He had an uncanny ability to know when to retreat. I remember occasions when we bailed out in time or would have become the next "ice men."

Gordon joined the American Alpine Club in 1978 and was chairman of the Oregon Section of the AAC in 1980. Among other awards, he received the Exceptional Service Award from the Providence Medical Center in 1991 and the Internist of the Year Award in 1992. The Oregon Cancer Survivors Committee named him the Health Care Professional of the Year in 1992. He is survived by his wife, the former Nancy Moorman, three daughters and seven grandchildren.

Berg Heil, Gordon! It has been a great honor and privilege to know you. Thank you for all you did for me and countless others. I will miss you.

HUGH B. McMAHAN, M.D.

PAUL VICTOR STRUMIA
1928-1994

Paul V. Strumia of Gladwyne, Pennsylvania, a member of the American Alpine Club since 1950, died after a brief illness on July 4, 1994. Born in Philadelphia, he grew up in Penn Valley, Pennsylvania. He earned a bachelor's degree from Princeton University in 1948 and his medical degree from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School in 1952. He trained in pathology at Yale University and at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. In 1956, he served in the armed forces at Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington, D.C. At the time of his death, Paul had been associated with Bryn Mawr Hospital for 36 years, where he was associate director of the pathology laboratory.

Paul's interest in mountaineering no doubt came from his father, the late Max M. Strumia, a member of the American Alpine Club, who made many ascents in the Alps and many climbs in the Canadian Rockies during the 1920s with Roy Thorington and other Club members. Most, if not all, of Paul's climbing was in the Italian Alps. He climbed a number of the major peaks including the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc from the Italian side.

I had known Paul for many years as a professional associate on the Staff of Bryn Mawr Hospital and as a friend with whom I had skied but not climbed. Our medical staff had respect for Paul's clinical acumen and judgment, for his modesty and his capacity to work in harmony with others. He published more than 30 scientific papers on blood preservation, blood fractionation and allied subjects. He was immeasurably devoted to his work and to his family, finding happiness in both.

He is survived by his wife Lucetta, children Max M. and Paula M. and a sister Mary Vanni of Genoa, Italy.

E. DOWNS LONGAKER, M.D.

MACAULEY LETCHFIELD SMITH
1905-1993

Macauley Letchfield Smith was born in Louisville, Kentucky on March 10, 1905 and died on August 23, 1993. He graduated from Phillips Academy Andover and received degrees from Yale and from the Harvard Law School. He was a member of the United States Track Team in the Olympics in 1928. We were married in 1930. From 1942 to 1946, he was an officer in the Air Force,