

to the Lake." Al's answer: "What time do you want me to pick you up?" My response: "6:00." Al's retort: "I'll be by at 5:00. And make certain you're ready, since I can't afford to lose an hour of climbing!"

JOHN D. GORBY

GUY MATTHEW ANDREWS

1959-1980

I first met Guy in 1975 just after his 16th birthday. His mother had arranged a climbing lesson as a birthday gift and I was glad for the day outside and the extra money. These chance meetings we have with people sometimes turn to gold. Guy and I quickly become friends and we climbed together regularly through the following years.

His progress in rock climbing was ordinary for someone so enthusiastic and physically able. He spent all of his free time in the local mountains and crags and gained the confidence to try a hand at mountaineering. In this he was extraordinary. So fast was he advancing that he was asked to go along on our 1978 Annapurna III Expedition. We thought the experience of going to Base Camp would be just what he needed and maybe he could be used for some of the lower load carrying. After a few days at Base Camp it became obvious that he was indeed one of the strongest members of our team. As it turned out, he and his sense of wit became a joy to us all and a strong link that our weakening chain needed. He carried to 22,000 feet without a complaint and always did a little more.

He teamed up with Ed Connor and Chuck Bludworth for an ascent of Aconcagua's south face during the 1979 Christmas holidays and ended up giving his all. Severe conditions, a slow pace, altitude and perhaps not quite enough of the meanness one gets with age brought an end to Guy and Chuck on the summit of Aconcagua. A dreadful loss to all those friends and family who love him so dearly.

We remember you so well!

WERNER R. LANDRY

OTIS McALLISTER

1889-1980

Otis McAllister, a member of the American Alpine Club since 1943 and an honorary member since 1977, died on November 16, 1980 at his home in Mexico City. He was 91 years old. He graduated from Harvard in 1907. After moving to Mexico to teach in 1919, he founded the Club de Exploraciones de México in 1922 and was its president for the next nine years. He was the source of unstinted assistance both to

Mexican climbers and to foreign mountaineers climbing in his adopted land. He received three gold medals: one from the Club de Exploraciones in 1926, one from the Federation of Hiking Clubs of Mexico and one from the Legión Alpina of the city of Puebla. He was born in San Francisco, where his grandfather, James Otis, was mayor in the 1870s.

### TOBIN SORENSON

1955-1980

*On the mountain He will destroy the covering that is cast  
over all peoples, the veil that is spread over all nations.  
He will swallow up death forever, and the Lord God will  
wipe away tears from all faces.*

Isaiah 25:07

Tobin Sorenson was as much a deeply pious man as a brilliant climber—passionately committed to both. On October 5, 1980 he fell and died while solo climbing the north face of Mount Alberta. Presumably there was a Bible in his pack—for even on day climbs he'd take along a copy of the scriptures. Not only was Tobin bold as a climber, but as a smuggler of Bibles—notably to Central European countries in 1977.

He could lead 5.12 in Yosemite; he was superb on technical ice; and in short order he became a first-class alpinist, completing a remarkable five-day, alpine-style ascent of the Eiger, Harlan Direct, in 1977. In the last few years Tobin was getting into his stride at high altitudes. Typically, he kicked off at a level where more ordinary mortals would fear to tread. In the summer of 1978, he soloed a new route on the east face of Huandoy Norte.

Despite these achievements Tobin comported himself modestly as a climber. He was invariably cheerful. He was selfless and giving. Once I happened to leave my axe at the top of an ice climb; when I discovered this two hours later back at the car, he offered to fetch it himself. When I declined, he came along to keep me company in the twilight. At such times his faith seemed like a strong moral force.

Though one can only speculate, it is possible that his faith was intertwined with his attitude towards climbing. Objectively Tobin was a high-risk climber. Far from reckless or dangerous, he understood the state of the art today and the risky conditions under which the limits of the impossible can be pushed back. He dreamt of applying the severest rock-climbing technique to eight-thousand meter faces. Had he lived, surely he would have dazzled and amazed us with his gifts. (Just watching him on ice, his grace and poise, his economy of movement, the minimal protection, was a little awesome.) With his death we have a twofold loss: