

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:

one of the best all-round climbers of the youngest generation and a climber of rare unworldliness and nobility of character.

RONALD H. SACKS

DAVID JONATHAN BERNAYS
1932-1980

David J. Bernays was born in 1932 in New York City and died suddenly of a heart attack on July 6, 1980. Dave, who as a young man got his beginning as a mountaineer on the hills and rock faces of the Adirondacks in the 40s, went on to climb in many other parts of the world in the 50s and 60s before settling with his family in Topsfield, Massachusetts. Much of his recent spare-time energy then went into his house and his boat. Professionally he was a skilled electronics expert.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to have climbed with Dave in those mountaineering years found a climbing partner eager to try almost any challenge, from caving to cliff hanging, while at the same time patient enough to teach his skills to anyone who shared his enthusiasm for this vertical sport. While many of us just grumbled about available equipment, Dave was always puttering and perfecting new ideas that quickly led to better clothing, tentage and hardware, especially ice hardware; his popular ice piton was in heavy use for many years and his snow picket is doubtless the best ever designed. Expeditions in the Himalaya and elsewhere have kept in close communication with his super-light radio which runs on tiny flashlight batteries.

After learning to cope well with the mountaineering challenge of the Northeast, Dave was involved in many expeditions, which took him to Mexico, the Canadian Rockies, the Brooks Range of Alaska in the 50s. He took part in three expeditions to Peru in the 60s.

Dave was eager, responsive and a true friend to all who cared to share their world with him.

HARRY K. ELDRIDGE