

THE YODEL

ON AND ON

The things we know best are the things we haven't been taught Vaunvenargues

Is it September already? Where in the world did the time go...Have I really been that far removed that the summer got swept out from under my feet? Well, at least I got to live vicariously through my friends in OSAT. While I've been contemplating the complexities of diaper creams, teething remedies, and the value of Organic baby food, OSATers have busy, busy, busy climbing, hiking, and going on great adventures, both far and near. The diversity of activities in this group always makes for some very interesting and inspiring stories.

The Climbing Course was a wild success this year, thanks to the hard work of some very dedicated OSATers. With Kim G the new "helmswoman" I think next year's course is in some very talented hands. I'll never forget the year I undertook the most challenging prospect I had ever considered--the ascent of Mt. Rainier. I was a complete novice, who didn't know one end of an ice axe from the other. I'll never forget approaching Her summit. It was the most overwhelming, yet powerful experience I had ever had up to that point. I couldn't have done it without the education, support and encouragement I received from the Climbing Course, and the members of OSAT. So, here's to continuing on the tradition.

Speaking of tradition, it is that time once again to think about who you would like to see on the Board of Trusted Servants (BOTS). Have you, yourself always wanted to serve OSAT in a way that would add to the continuing legacy of the group? Do you know someone who you think would be a creative and innovative force? There are three positions opening up as Kim G, Robert T, and my terms all will expire at the end of the year. The BOTS is comprised of 5 elected members of OSAT who meet once a month to discuss issues concerning the ever-changing and growing club. Members are elected "for overlapping 2 year terms to oversee the operation of the club in accordance with its by-laws". Chris N and Roy O will remain on the BOTS until their terms end next year. We will be taking nominations, beginning at the Car Camp. Voting will then commence until November at the Gratitude Dinner, and then the votes will be counted and announced at the Christmas Party. Be sure when you nominate someone that you get their permission first! I look forward to seeing new and fresh faces and ideas! (For detailed info regarding what BOTS does, check out our web page!)

I thoroughly enjoyed putting this issue of *The Yodel* together. As you will see, this newsletter writes itself, with all of the creative stories and adventurous accounts that your fellow members have submitted! See you at the Car Camp (pg.).



**KEEP CLIMBING MOUNTAINS...AND
DON'T SLIP!**

The next deadline for *The Yodel* is Sept. 30. KCM & DS-Marina S., Editor E-Mail: sandsmar@sprynet.com

ONE STEP AT A TIME (OSAT) is an outdoor club for members and friends of 12-step recovery programs. Our mission is "To provide a clean and sober environment for members and friends of 12-step recovery groups to participate in outdoor and social events in the spirit of conservation, preservation, and ecology."

What's Inside...

- ② 12-Step Mtngs / Phone #'s
- ③ Activities and Climbs
- ④ Notices
- ④ Club News/ Feature Articles
- ⑥ Off Belay / Echoes

12~step meetings

Tiger Mountain

Time: Thursdays @ 7:15 pm & Sundays @ 10:00 am

Location: The Tiger Mountain Trailhead is on the south (right) side of the High Point Way Exit (1st exit east of Issaquah) off I-90. Make a reverse U-turn onto the road parallel with the Interstate. Park as close as possible to the west end of the road.

Contact: Thursdays -Bill L
Sundays - Dave W 425-869-0460

Notes: Newcomers should not try to find this meeting alone. We meet in the trees just below the summit of West Tiger 3. The hike gains 2,000 feet in less than 3 miles. Bring warm clothes and a flashlight for the evening meeting.

Carkeek Park

Time: Mondays @ 7pm

Location: Take I-5 to Northgate, take the Northgate Way exit, and head west. Keep going past Hwy 99. When you cross Greenwood, N.gate Way changes to Holman Rd. A block or two later, look for Art's Foods, and travel thru the parking lot. You'll find 100th and 6th. Park near there, or in Art's parking lot. The group meets at 7pm in the parking lot, then walks down together into the park.

Notes: This park has a beautiful view of the Sound. Be sure to dress very warmly, and bring candle lanterns and headlamps, as it is dark and usually cold.

Contact: Terri St. 782-8858

Lake 22

Please note: Walt can no longer chair this meeting. Therefore, it is on hold until someone can be found to take over. Thanks to Walt for his time!

Time: Sundays @ 1pm

Location: Drive through Granite Falls (North and east of Everett via Rtes. 2, 204, 9, and 92) and turn left onto the Mountain Loop Highway. The trailhead is about 15 miles from Granite Falls. There is a parking lot and hiker sign on the right side of the road.

Notes: A great hike with beautiful waterfalls and lovely old growth forest. Easier than Tiger Mountain. The hike takes about 1.5 hours.

Contact: Walt Q 745-8413

OSAT Web Page

Grab your surf board, OSAT is on the 'net! We now have an address on the World Wide Web thanks to the efforts of some very dedicated OSAT techno-wizards!

We're on the World Wide Web at the following URL (address):
<http://members.aol.com/osat1996/index.html>

Volunteers Phone Numbers

OSAT works because its members work! The following are among those who work make OSAT what it is, by taking a specific responsibility. When you see these individuals, let them know how you feel about the job they are doing, its the only pay they get!

The health of a volunteer organization is measured, in part, by the eagerness of the membership to participate in running its affairs. The BOTS is striving to rotate responsibilities among those who wish to help. If you have an interest in serving the club in any capacity, please contact a member of the BOTS or any of the other volunteers.

Board of Trusted Servants (BOTS)

Kim G.....869-8019	Chris N.....706-3242
Marina S.....776-7213	Robert T.. 850-0805
Roy O.....525-0510	

12-Step Meeting Coordinators

Terri St.....782-8858	Dave W.....869-0460
Bill L.....?	Walt Q.....745-8413

Contact Persons

Activities Coordinator.....	Brian C.....	353-9748
Activities Hotline.....	Rob G.....	824-7972
Equipment.....	Grant.....	525-9199
Finances.....	Charlie A.....	932-7195
Hotline Message.....	Pam G.....	742-4274
Hotline Follow-up.....	Karen S.....	523-6228
Membership.....	Jason R.....	242-7980

Newsletter.....	Marina S.....	776-7213
OSAT East Coast.....	John H.....	(617) 641-3423
Running.....	Doug H.....	889-2041
Service.....	Dave W.....	869-0460
Webmaster.....	Chris N.....	706-3242

Activities Hotline Instructions

For additional activities information not available at the time of publication, or to add new activities to the calendar, call the activities hotline: Dial the OSAT Hotline, **236-9674**, and press "1" after the membership message begins. Rob G is encouraging callers to leave info about upcoming climbs or other activities. So, the next time you get a last-minute urge to hit the trail, or have a party give the "Activity Hotline" a call!

OSAT's Excellent Adventures...

No matter what your skill level is, we think you'll find something fun to do with your fellow OSATers!

Sept. 20-21, Sat-Sun: Rock Climbing Weekend, Squamish. Limited Space. Leader/Contact: Bob C-768-9819 or Rkiceclimb@aol.com

Sept. 26-28, Fri-Sun: OSAT 6th Annual Car Camp (Please see pg. 5 for more details about the car camp!) Here is the weekend line-up:

Saturday:

- Mountain bike ride to Monte Cristo led by Tom M--P: 481-3374
- Hike to beautiful Gothic Basin with Rik A--Ph: 234-1770
- Hike to Vesper Peak-great views, led by Chris N--Ph: 706-3242
- Saturday night campfire meeting

Sunday:

- White Chuck rock climb. This intermediate level rock climb requires permission of the leader Shirley R--Ph: 957-7975
- Ice Caves hike and tour led by Reily K and her dad Jim
- Hike/Scramble Mt. Pugh led by Kim G (869-8019) and Dick W (339-3751)

- Hike/Scramble Mt. Pilchuck led by Doug H ph: 271-5116

For more general information regarding the Car Camp, contact Dave W. at 869-0460.

Sept. 27, Sat: Yellow Aster Butte (off the Mt. Baker road, in mid/late Oct.). Yellow Aster Butte is probably a strenuous scramble(not just a trail hike). Party could split, and some who would like to try a class 4 on Tomihoy, can proceed independently. Tomihoy is exploratory for me. We will need a very early start because of shorter days and the drive. Date can change according to weather. Leader/Contact: Paul C at seapwc@halcyon.com

Sept. 28, Sun: Del Campo Peak A lovely trail hike up into beautiful Gothic Basin. Then a fun scramble up Del Campo Peak with gorgeous views. Meet at Wiley Creek Campground (home of this year's car camp) for and estimated departure time of 7am. Leader/Contact: Charlie A at 932-7195 or Dick W at 339-3751

Oct. 5, Sat: Eagle Lake Very strenuous hike that might also do a scramble of Townsend or Merchant East Peak. Both would be exploratory. We will pass by Barclay Lake if part of group wanted a much less strenuous destination which is even good for kids. Leader/Contact: Paul C at seapwc@halcyon.com

Oct. 10, Friday: Fourth Annual OSAT Football Outing Come support our adopted football team! Cleveland High (OUR TEAM!) will take on Vashion at Seattle Memorial Stadium. Game starts at 7:30. Maybe a half time showing of Hoot and Nancy's baby? Leader/Contact: Charlie A at 932-7195

Date to be determined: One Day Seminar: Learning to lead on 5th class rock. It will be on a Sunday in September or October, and will be held at Leavenworth. If you have rock shoes, a harness, know how to belay, can climb mid-5th class rock, and want to learn to lead with gear, this is the seminar for you. A rope and rack would also be helpful. Leader/Contact: Shirley R at 957-7975 to sign up or for more information, or if you would like to help out as a leader. Limit 6 students



RUN FOR FUN (or pain!)--If you love running, walking, rollerblading, or any other form of exercise, we meet at Greenlake every **Wednesday, at 5:30 pm** near the drinking fountains near the boathouse (on the south and slightly west side of the lake). After one, two, or even three (ugh!) laps around, we retire to the Honeybear Bakery for healthy (or fattening, your choice) food and fellowship. Call **Doug H (889-2041) or Dick W (339-3751)** for more info.



Notices

Advertising in this column is free for all OSAT members. To keep your ad in subsequent issues, you must contact Marina, prior to deadline. Send your personals, gear swap offers, and situations wanted (e.g. "will belay for food") to the *Yodel*, Marina S. at 22810 55th Ave. W., Mountlake Terrace, WA 98043 or e-mail me at...sandsmar@sprynet.com

FOUND--The Rainier climb that Shirley lead, which left the 19th via Emmons glacier was an amazing trip! However, after getting home and unpacking I found that I have an extra ice axe cover, black rubber, that I didn't have before the trip. If this is yours, please call **Tracy M** at 781-4891.

FOR SALE--Nordic Track Classic, x-cntry ski trainer: excellent condition \$175-2. Powerglide x-cntry ski trainer: good condition \$50-3. Climbing wall panels 4'x4' with texture, features, and t-nuts \$25 apiece or \$20 for 5 or more. 2'x4' \$15 contact **Robb W.** at 781-0929 or drumgoat@aol.com

FOR SALE--Dolt cordura hanging garment bag. Dusty rose color with black nylon shoulder strap. Folds with 3 outer zippered compartments. New. \$30.00. Black Samsonite hard case "carry-on" suitcase with "pivot ease" wheel system and internal pull up extension handle. 14X8X22". \$80.00. Water-ski gloves: Heat Wave Extreme Team size M, Jobe World Wide size M. \$9.00 ea. Call **Tracy M** at 781-4891

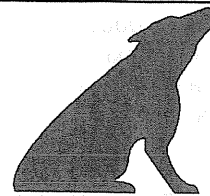
LOVE SHOULDN'T HURT!! -- Are you or someone you know in a relationship that you may have wondered is emotionally, physically, sexually, or socially abusive? You need to know, It Doesn't Have To Be That Way! You can feel safe that this will be a CONFIDENTIAL matter for you. If you'd like information, phone numbers, and resources in the King County area, call **Robin @ 206-661-2564**, or e-mail @ lucvats@juno.com

OSAT T-SHIRTS--They come in three lovely colors: Ash with blue/green print, white with neon print, and navy with white print. They have the new OSAT design (by James B) on the front and all have a commemorative OSAT climbers insignia on the left sleeve in memory of Tom, Scott and Jimmy. They look very sharp, and we know you'll be askin' for more than one! They are available in Med., large, X-large and XX-large. Price is \$15.00, so please call **Joan S** at 277-8943 to get yours! If you'd like to write to her the address is: 15816 SE 169th Pl., Renton, WA 98058.

MOVING SOON?--Tired of hitting your friends up for a helping hand? Jim Fahey will be happy to do it for you. call him at Jim Fahey Moving. He has 18 years commercial and residential experience. He can even move the big stuff like pianos. Ph: 206-787-7888 or e-mail at jimfahey@apl.washington.edu

IF YOUR BODY WEARS OUT, WHERE WILL YOU LIVE NEXT?--Go see DR. MARK FREDRICH at his new location at: WOODWAY CHIROPRACTIC 20015 Highway 99, Suite A (Corner of 200th SW and Highway 99) Lynnwood, WA 98036 Ph: 771-BACK (771-2225)

(FREE INITIAL CONSULTATION & EXAMINATION FOR ALL OSAT MEMBERS!!)



Climbing Club News

Monthly OSAT club meetings are held on the second Wednesday of the month at 7:30 PM. The next meeting will be held Sept. 10. We meet at the Congregational Church of Mercer Island, located at 4545 Island Crest Way (take the Island Crest exit from I-90, the church is about 1.6 miles south of the freeway, on the right. The meeting is held in classroom #1 (Upstairs, north end of hall).

The BOTS is committed to keeping the "business" portion of the meeting as short as possible, so we can concentrate on welcoming new members and enjoying the scheduled entertainment.

Within the requirements of the by-laws, Club business will be discussed and acted upon at the BOTS meetings. Business requiring general membership participation will be brought to the Club meetings. Minutes of the BOTS meeting and Club meeting will (hopefully) be published jointly in the following Yodel.

Tiger Mountain WTA Trail Maintenance Work Party

by Rik A

Who: OSAT, supporting Washington Trails Association

When: Sunday. September 14, starting at 8:30 am (very civil start time!). We'll be finished by 3:30 at the latest

Where: Tiger Mt. trailhead (it is unclear whether this means the old paved dead-end or up to the new parking lot at the end of the gravel road, presumably if you don't see folks standing around at the old place, keep going!)

Wear: Boots, gloves, long sleeve shirts, long pants (these are USFS requirements, as is a helmet which they will provide or you can BYO)

Bring: Lunch & snacks, water, daypack -- WTA/USFS provides all trail work tools

Just by showing up, and lending a helping hand, you'll receive a free trailhead parking pass for our National Forests!

COME ON OSAT - LET'S SHOW WTA WE APPRECIATE THEIR WORK ON ALL THE OTHER TRAILS WE USE BY HELPING OUT ON THE MOUNTAIN WE USE THE MOST!!!

OSAT 6th Annual Car Camp

by Robb W

Welcome OSATers and friends. This year's car camp is on the last weekend of September. The campground will be open to us at 2pm Friday 9/26 until 1pm Sunday 9/28. It's at Wiley Creek Campground on the Mt. Loop Highway. (Same as last year.) We have the entire campground!

There are several barbecues and fire pits, toilet facilities and 4 wooden shelters. There is NOT running water, so bring cooking and drinking water as well as food. We must remove our own trash. Wiley Creek is located approximately 1.5 miles east of Granite Falls and 4 miles east of Verlot on the Mt. Loop Highway. (See Map)

There will be campfire meetings, new BOTS member nominations, planned and spontaneous meetings and activities (please see pg. 3 for schedule).

Editor's note: This is a great opportunity to begin and rekindle friendships, new and old with your fellow OSATers. I look forward to this every year!

Thanks

by Bob C

Thank You-to all those volunteers, leaders, sherpas, and family members who helped with the Mt. Rainier climbs. This is the spirit of OSAT. Sharing our experience and making life long friends. Most of all, if you get the chance to see any of the Climbing Course committee members, let them know what an outstanding effort they made this year. Kim G. Vice-chair and next years Chairperson. Charlie A. where we've held our meetings and a stable members for years. Dick W. last years chair. Chris N.-Jim K.-Janyth A. -Bob C.

Five Years Ago in OSAT

by Rik A

The two OSAT Rainier climbs in July 1992 both featured memorable events. The DC climb ended up splitting into two summit parties on consecutive days due to Jim and Shirley waiting an extra day at Ingraham Flats. This is probably the only time in recorded history that Shirley asked to wait and rest before heading for a summit. Those who summited the first day included Dave B (his first), Hoot, Charlie, Robert and John R. They held a memorial moment for John C, whose widow and son were simultaneously participating in the moment from the top of Crystal Mountain. Jim and Shirley summited the next morning ahead of an RMI group led by Phil Ershler.

The following weekend while ascending the Inter Glacier John S spent an hour on a one foot ledge about twenty feet down in a crevasse after a snow bridge collapsed while he was walking across it. Getting John out to safety is an adventure none who participated will ever forget, and those who missed the experience were treated to detailed accounts, one by the "victim" and one by Jim as lead rescuer, which were subsequently published in the Mountaineers bulletin.

In August a dozen tackled Glacier Peak. Nine summited in partly cloudy, very windy conditions with a short pitch of steep ice near the top requiring a belay. The long hike out, partially in darkness, suggested that it would be several years before the participants forgot the pain and would climb Glacier again in two days.

Paul C volunteered to organize family hikes, and the OSAT AA group established some specific operating guidelines and traditions for itself, such as no smoking in the circle, dogs must be kept under control at all times, birthday night traditions, etc. As fall approached, the club anticipated the first OSAT Retreat in September. The calendar was chock-full of October-December events, climbing, running, parties, and meetings.

Camp Kitchen

by Tracy M

Need a ride to the trail head? Mention these hot flaky scones and your hiking buddies will line up to drive you.

Approach Scones

1 C unbleached or pastry flour

1 C whole wheat flour

1/2 t salt

2 1/2 t baking powder

5 T butter

1/2 C currants, raisins, or chopped dates

2 eggs

5 T cream, half-and-half, or milk

1 t vanilla

Preheat oven to 400. Sift dry ingredients together

Mix in butter with pastry fork or fingers. Add the dried fruit and mix lightly to coat

Beat the eggs in a separate bowl and add the cream and vanilla. Set aside

1 T of this mixture to use later for the glaze.

Pour the dry mixture into the wet mixture and blend lightly

Knead the dough a few times on a floured board, then shape it into a circle about 3/4 inch thick, patting the edge with the side of your hand to make it smooth.

Mix a little sugar (optional) with the reserved egg and cream and brush it over the top.

Cut the circle into 8-10 wedges

Place wedges on an ungreased baking sheet and bake at 400 degrees for about 15 minutes, or until they are well puffed and golden on top.

It is good to eat when salivating. If you take the time to say grace before eating these scones, you'll be salivating plenty!

Please send your camp recipes and hiking gourmand ideas to Tracymann@compuserve.com. or snail mail them to Camp Kitchen, P. O. Box 30573, Seattle, WA 98103.

Off Belay

by Bob C. *email me RKICECLIMB@aol.com

Squamish Squamish Squamish Squamish

Squamish Squamish Squamish

Well now that the Peruvian vacation is over, what is a guy to do to find some fun? Hmmm, let's see. Of course, off to Squamish British Columbia for some waaay excellent rock climbing! This area is characterized by gigantic granite walls surrounded by lush forests and beautiful mountains. The small town is a growing community with all the amenities for any budget. **How the hell to get there.** Pack up the car camping gear and head north. In Bellingham, take State route 539 and head for the border (do anything to avoid the traffic in Vancouver, it's worse than Seattle!). Follow the Canadian Hwy. 1 to Highway 99 north and you are there!

An average speed of 90mph will take only a couple hours. **Sleeping** has really changed there. The climbers campground has to a pay per night (\$7 Canadian) with NO campfires. Way uncool. So I chose to sack out in the nearest parking lot. Also the campground closes the gate at night and doesn't open till 7am. Another sucky point. Besides the parking lot idea is FREE. **Climb!** A beginning climber should not be intimidated by this famous climbing area. Sure you'll run into some of the best climbers the world knows but F#! them. Start your hit list with Diedre 5.7, this is a ultra classic with solid protection. Next head over to the Smoke Bluffs where many climbs ranging from 5.6-10a can be lead climbed or top-roped. Squamish is definitely characterized by crack climbing and steady friction routes. The Octopus Garden area offers great entry level crack climbing. Edible Panties 5.7 is not to be taken for granted! For those who want to test their leading nerves head up the Split Pillar 5.10b from the ground up! Hot Cherry Bendover 11b will definitely excite you. The local climbing shop is Vertical Reality where if you forget your rack or chalk bag can be replaced easily. Finally this is not Just a climbing trip. There is an AA hall in town. It's very easy to find on third street at the end of town. He meetings are good and attendance is strong! On belay!!!!

Way Firsts

How about ALL those new students who slugged their butts up MT RAINIER!!!! I wish I had all your names. Everyone who tried has found the meaning of going for your dreams. I'm very proud of you all.

- Winton C. up a little peak in Peru Alpamayo 19,975.
- Kim G. on-sights (in excellent pro-placement) Saber at Castle Rock 5.6***
- Joe C. one day ascent of the complete North Ridge of Mt. Stuart 5.9***** (car to car 17 hours, ouch)
- Chris N. goes into Outerspace 5.9****
- Terri S. bikes around (Oh My Gawd) Mt. Rainier in the RAMROD.
- Jim B. his first Triathlon, Beaverlake Tri-1/4 mile swim-13.5 bike-4.4 mile run.
- Anne B also in the Beaverlake Tri-bummer about the flat.

Go do this

Sliver Star Mountain via Sliver Star Glacier

First Ascent: Fred Becky (of course)

Elevation: 8,876'

Difficulty: Grade II; class 3 rock, 30 degree snow

Time: 1-2 days

Equipment: Ice Axe; crampons in late season

Mike Mailway

Name the highest mountain range in North America? Did you say the Rockies? Wrong. Everybody knows the continent's highest peak is Mount McKinley in Denali National Park. But not all that many can name the record ridge. The St. Elias Range between Canada and Alaska.

Quotes

Driver: "So why are you doing this anyway?"

Walker: "Because I said I would."

Driver: "Who did you say it to?"

Walker: "Myself" -Fyona Campbel

Echoes

The Yodel always welcomes your thoughts, anecdotes, stories, and of course accounts of your thrilling climbs and activities. Anytime you feel like sharing your experiences, or run across a thought you find inspirational, why not share it with your OSAT friends?

I Walk In A Field Of Strength

by Susan R.

I walk in a field of strength
among the individual green blades of action,
surrounded by the blossoms of positive thoughts.

I breath deeply, inhaling the fragrant scents of power,
brushed by the dew drops of success.

Seeking, following, blazing the trails and footpaths of
hope,

I rest in the shades of happiness.

Always moving under the warm rays of optimism,

I walk in a field of strength.

The Obsession

by Terri S.

I've been to the summit three different times, I've skied down her slopes, I walked all the way around her (Wonderland Trail)....and now, the obsession with Mt. Rainier continues...I rode my bicycle around Mt. Rainier in One Day!

Yes, this mild mannered Mt. Mama successfully beat the sag wagon in yet another Epic event, The Ramrod...154 miles, 10,000 feet of elevation gain....swooping descents...lots of really bizarre ego stuff...woo hoo!

How To Make TRAFFIC JAM

by Susan R.

The nutty flavor of laughter complements the tart, sometimes bitter flavor of traffic, making a no-fuss, easy jam. All ingredients are commonly available, but feel free to substitute your favorites.

Total prep time: Varies depending on the location and cause of the traffic.

Yields: A cheerier disposition.

Ingredients:

1 atmosphere of air (fresh air works the best, but is often difficult to find under general traffic conditions)

A bushel of smiles

A barrel of laughs

One or more voices, singing in the traffic

A large snarl of traffic

To prepare:

1. Merge into traffic.
2. Take a deep breath of air.
3. Smile to yourself.
4. Sing or say out loud, "Isn't it great that I can share this experience with so many other people. All of us in the same place, doing the same thing, at the same time. We are the JAM."
5. Laugh heartily.
6. Repeat steps 2-5 until suitable traffic consistency and flow are reached.

Snippet from the top of Washington

by Tracy M

Having reached the summit, Deseree smiled through her balaclava and felt immensely humble and empowered simultaneously. It was 0730 and the day was hers, completely. Climbing through the night by the light of a full moon had been a most amazing experience. By 0530 the sun was out but the rope team ascended past 13300 and into the white cloud Her Majesty wore that day.

Deseree climbed the last 1000 feet in a surreal mist unable to see Brian at the end of the rope that stretched out in front of her, or Steve at the end of the rope that trailed behind her. Four more crevasses were set up and jumped with belay in the thick blanket of mist and Deseree felt warm and safe in it's shroud, and grateful that she could not see clearly the magnitude of the deep white cracks as she climbed past them. Crossing over the rim into the bowl was like stepping onto another planet.

The transition from snow to loose popcorn gravel with crampons was awkward. Steam rose up from cracks in the ground and the wind whipped freezing rain around like devils. The only view was one step in front of her. But she knew the goal wasn't a nice view, the goal was to climb the mountain, and it was realized one step at a time.

"...the goal was to climb the mountain, and it was realized one step at a time"

SNOW TREK

by Kim G

STARDATE: July 17, 1997. Captain's Log: The final goal of our training was laid before us. We 11 climbers were set to attempt the final frontier of OSAT. And a fine goal it was. Those attempting this feat were armed with extremely heavy packs, a good attitude and a look of certain insanity.

To base camp at Emmons we trekked: Rope leaders: Chris N., Jim F., Wendy P. and yours truly as captain of this rag tag team of drunks. Our able-bodied students were: Anita, Frank, Chris, Dwight, Tyler, Pat and Rob. As we entered the base camp area a cold mist set into camp and the wind picked up to a brisk pace. We eagerly jump into our tents and snuggled into the sleeping bags for a nights rest.

The morning dawned with a clear sky and anticipation hung around camp all day. Our rest day included naps, eating, naps, eating, drinking, trying to poop, pooping some more and playing a rousing game of cribbage where I beat and humbled the world champ Frank...much to his dismay. The best gadget person in

the world is Jim F. That guy has more stuff than a pack rat...we're talking major stuff. I couldn't figure out how he fit it all into one pack. What an animal. Discussion centered around the route and our time of departure. I think we were more then ready.

As we began our trek out of camp that early evening we were graced with a spectacular sight of Mt. Rainier's shadow cast upon the horizon. A full moon rose, and we continued up. Jim F. turned around with a wilting member of our team a couple of hours into the climb and the rest of us continued. We fell into quiet concentration. As I was scanning the dark landscape for the trail, I saw a huge, dark formation...probably a rock I

thought....as I continued my headlamp caught the glint of red eyes...oh my GOD, what was it!! What creature was lurking to kill us at 12,500 feet. I yelled out to ask if they were

human....indeed they were. Whew. Just a couple of nuts watching the sun rise.

After extensive lamination, we crossed a rather scary snow bridge and continued up. The dark night closed in and the lights of the city winked in the distance. The summit seemed a long way off.

Hey, was that the sun coming up. Our frozen bodies were eager to taste the warmth. I could hear the positive attitude everyone had with the new dawn.

Hey, the summit's almost here. Pat was excited enough to crack a joke or two on my rope and Anita was brimming with joy. Frank and Tyler were awesome as they were crested to the final summit bid. Rob was the ever-ready bunny and just wouldn't quit. I was so excited that this crew was ALMOST there!!!

Despite the joy, the altitude took it's toll on Chris and I headed down with him. Chris N. hauled the rest of the group to the summit and a joyous round of summit pictures and laughs. I felt like a mother hen as I watched those people troop toward the summit. They were AWESOME.

We headed out and our wonderful sherpa Kathy H. hauled out the heavy, wet ropes. She had cold sodas for us at the parking lot and we cheered her gratefully. We all stopped for dinner and reminisced on our ascent. Boy was it fun!!! I was truly grateful we were safe...but even more, I was grateful for this club of OSAT.

McClellan Butte: 16 Hours in the Classroom

June 28-29, 1997

by Chris N

Climbers: Bob F, Darlene N, Dave W, Deena M, Ilene F, Kathy H, Louann G, & Wendy P.

You know what's so great about OSAT? Of course you do! It's the people! 8 of these intrepid folks joined me at the N.B. McD's. for a good old-fashioned conditioning hike. "So", I asked, "do we drive up the fire road and intersect the trail, saving 1/2 an hour, or start at the new trailhead?" "Drive up where and save what? No chance" was the reply. I knew then that this was not to be just another conditioner. These folks were serious. We set off up the trail in good spirits and at a mighty good pace. Before long we were crossing through some remains of last winter and by this time it was evident to me that everyone here had been keeping up with their conditioning regimen in preparation for the BIG grunt in July.

We called a halt at the third snow-filled gully that crossed the trail in preparation for it's ascent. We then set out up the snowfield, taking turns kicking steps in the hard packed snow. Darlene and Wendy had let me know earlier that they would be our "sweep" team and we signaled from up above to find that they were close behind. As our group approached the rock and made its way off the snow, I heard what I thought was a voice from down below. We hushed and listened hard, only to hear the words that I never wanted to hear on any climb: "We need help!"

At this point two thoughts immediately crossed my mind. The first was that I needed to get back to the others as quickly as possible to see what the trouble was. The second was that, in order to do that, I would need to leave the climbers I was with without a leader. I asked them to not go any further and to meet back at the trail crossing. I descended as fast as I could to find Wendy waving and Darlene out of sight. As I approached more closely, it became apparent that Darlene had had an injurious fall, and a tree well had stopped her from sliding farther down the hill.

They explained what had happened and I suddenly realized that Darlene, the group and I were in a situation that we never wanted to find ourselves in. After a brief evaluation and discussion, we determined that Darlene would not be able to get back down without help, more help than our hearty group could offer. I had brought along a cell phone that day (and so had Darlene!) and used it to reach the King County Sheriffs office who put me in touch with Seattle Mountain Rescue (SMR). We described our situation and our location and were told that a rescue would immediately be put into progress. Having spoken with the SMR co-ordinator, we decided that it was O.K. for some of our group to descend. Bob and Kathy went out to meet the SMR folks at the trailhead and Ilene and Deena followed close behind while Louann, Dave, Wendy and I hung out with Darlene.

The first call for help was made at approx. 12:30 and we saw the first rescue personnel at about 5:15. Between

these two times we got updates on the progress of the rescue but the weather had deteriorated quite a bit (ie. it began to pour) and we were starting to get pretty soggy. Movement would be good! To describe the actual rescue would take a full edition of the Yodel but what I can try to describe though is the amazing support that I experienced that day and the outpouring of care and support I saw Darlene receive that day. Every person on that climb made sure that Darlene was taken care of. The wonderful attitude of each person contributed to Darlene's well-being and helped us both try to relax in what turned out to be a very stressful situation. I cannot begin to describe how important Darlene's attitude was to me, and I'm sure, to the others. Always upbeat and optimistic, she was the undoubtedly the calm in that day's storm.

After hearing that many, many bodies were on their way up the trail, Louann and Dave headed down and soon thereafter Darlene was in the care of the SMR team. I feel fortunate to have witnessed the rescue process from beginning to end. We finally reached the SMR vehicles at about 1:45 a.m. wet, tired, and

grateful. The scope of the rescue operation became even more evident when we rolled into the "command center". I have to believe that there were close to 75 people involved that day. The people I didn't expect to see there though were Bob, Kathy, and Deena who had waited below for 12 hours to make sure that Darlene was all right!!

I learned a lot of lessons that day. Not only about rescues, but about being a leader (good & bad) and especially about the people in OSAT. That day made it perfectly evident to me, and I'm sure to others, why OSAT is a group like no other. You know what's so great about OSAT? Of course you do!

Many, many thanks to the individuals and agencies involved in the rescue operation that day. They include Seattle Mountain Rescue, King County Search & Rescue, Explorer Search & Rescue, 4X4 Rescue Council, and King County Sheriffs Department.

"...it became apparent that Darlene had had an injurious fall, and a tree well had stopped her from sliding farther down the hill"

Mt. Rainier, Emmons Glacier Route

July 19-21, 1997

by Shirley R

Rope Leaders: Bryan C, Bill L, Sally C, Shirley R.

Sherpas: Will A., Bob Mx, Rik A., Dick W.

Climbers: Tracy M, Steve K, LouAnn G, Matt C, Bob F, Patty F-L, Chris F-L, Terry K.

I'll get right to the point and say that this was a great climb. It was an outstanding show of teamwork from start to finish by all participants. The few little mishaps that are inevitable were dealt with very little complaining, and 11 people summited on a very brisk and low-visibility morning. Fueled partly by watermelon (compliments of Rik A.), chocolate cake (compliments of Chris F-L in honor of Patty's 10th AA birthday), good fellowship and determination, a day of rest and a good meeting, and with a whopping early start of 11 p.m., we climbed, through strong headwinds, white-out conditions, and gaping crevasses, to the crater rim. Expecting calmer conditions inside, I headed for the crater, only to get blown backwards with a much stronger blast! Going to the true summit wasn't attempted, due to the high winds, (I think I'd rather walk down than be blown, thank you!), and we didn't hang out very long because of the cold. Maneuvering back down to camp through the crevasses was the next challenge. Despite the cold summit temperatures, lower down the snow was getting soggy and snow bridges collapsed before our eyes (and in some cases, under our feet!) We managed to all get back to camp and before long we were glissading happily down the lower interglacier and arriving at cars. Tracy's friends greeted us with a pickup-load of tasty refreshments in the parking area — are we spoiled or what? My responsibilities as leader now being completed, I breathed a sigh of relief. Now, I want to take this opportunity to thank everyone on the climb, for doing your part and helping make the climb a success.

Stoned in the Olympics

by Dave N

Our plan was simple, climb Mt. Stone and the Bandersnatch on Jabberwocky Ridge and have fun. Little did we know it would be a bit of a Lewis Carroll fantasy.

It started innocently enough with breakfast at the Hungry Bear in Eldon. Maybe it was the oyster and eggs or maybe it was the giant pancakes, hmmm?

The hike to the Lake of the Angels was a normal, grueling 1000 feet-per-mile affair. But then, when we got to the lake, the magic started. There sitting on a rock by the trail, was Tweedledum. After an entertaining encounter with him, we were left wondering many things, but mainly—where was Tweedledee?! We never did see Tweedledee and we soon forgot about him, when a grinning Siberian husky wandered into camp and I started calling to it "Sasha, Sasha come here." The dog

"After an entertaining encounter with him, we were left wondering...where was Tweedledee?"

was followed, shortly, by an older fellow, who, when I asked the name of his dog, replied "Sasha". Needless to say, everyone was amazed.

Turns out the fellow is the one and only Warren Guntheroth, locally famous for his peak bagging dog, who has ascended well over 20 peaks with Warren. As we were getting over meeting him, another older fellow with a frame pack stomps into our camp, stops in the middle, and replies to our hellos with a very gruff, "sure is a mob up here" then stomps off across the meadows! Well, excuse me! After a good laugh and dinner, we headed out for an evening stroll—to the top of Mt. Stone. Pete, Merry and I reached the summit at 8pm, just in time to see the sun go down on the fantastic view all around. From Rainier to the Pacific, with the other front range peaks looking like huge dark castles to the north and south.

We switched to headlamps about half way down as the lights of Puget Sound twinkled in the distance. Rainier became a ghostly shape to the east, and the first stars appeared. It was a magical descent.

As we talked and drank hot chocolate, we enjoyed the stars above that were reflected in the still surface of the Lake of the Angels. Nothing could break the spell.

On Sunday, lingering long, enjoying the sun and company, we tarried too long to test our skills on the Frumious Bandersnatch. We did do an invigorating hike to St. Peter's Gate, from where we did Espy, the Tower, swearing to return another day...in September. Do you want to go?

MT. SHUKSAN, Roaring Mountain, August 3

By C. Robb Worthington

I got to my isolated campsite perched on the ridge just below the Sulfide Glacier at 5500' or so about 4:30. With not a soul in sight I stripped down and with handfuls of snow scrubbed myself clean of the sweet sweat of the climb up from 2500'. There was just enough warm sunshine to dry me off while I wandered about in

the buff and set up my bivy and stove, all the while keeping a sharp ear out for company. Its not that I'm over modest but you never know

who will or won't appreciate stumbling across an example of homo sapiens alpini in his natural state. Komo Kulshan (Mt. Baker) watched in its whiteness from across the valley, steaming in the cloudless sky.

The approach is suddenly steep and rugged after an easy stroll along an old logging grade. Just like in some Stephen King novel where flies reside in the trail of the destroyer, the biting black flies have taken up residence in the recovering 20 yr. old clear-cut area above the

logging grade. Fortunately within a half hour or so the trail enters a wonderful mature second growth forest and the flies retreat somewhat. They are soon replaced by less aggressive mosquitoes who've swarmed out of the puddles caused by the melting of the remaining snowpatches in the darker hollows of the wood. After another half hour to 45 minutes the way breaks out into the open to traverse an alpine snowpatched ridge at about 4800'. The breeze and the views take care of the remaining winged parasites as the trail heads across a steep snowbowl and up a wall, through a notch, a left turn and there is camp..... and a naked man if you've come quietly.

As the sun set behind Komo Kulshan the breeze began to die and the skeeters figured out where I was hiding. Replacing my civilized layers I finished my dinner, read a bit of Walt Whitman and settled down to sleep beneath a starry sky.

Next morning Komo Kulshan was resting in a sheath of clouds. Around 8 or so I sat on a rock overlooking the Sulphide Lake valley. 20 feet in front of me the snow shelf plunged almost vertically into the giant amphitheater above the lake. To my right, east, the steep rock walls clung to the remaining snow slopes like a sleeper clings to his blanket. I looked down to take another bite of oatmeal and heard a rumble. Starting as I always do at that sound I saw an entire snowpatch crumble from where it sat a few hundred yards from me on a north facing slope. It slid off into the abyss in a great churning niagra of chunks and blocks to be pulverized on the slopes below. I sat very still, the blood ringing in my ears, and rethought my plan for traversing that direction after breakfast.

Around 9am as the sun warmed me and I was again contemplating returning to my natural state I heard voices.

Just in time two climbers moving quickly passed through. We chatted as they passed.

They had done in two hours what had taken me almost three to accomplish. Zoom, they were gone around the bend. We would next day watch from the glacier as these two speedy ones skipped to the summit and back to camp in about five hours. Because those two had gotten so close to me without my hearing them I decided I should probably forego the au natural experience for the day.

I wasn't expecting Rik and our group until afternoon, so I had a leisurely morning cooking and lounging about, reading and generally gazing off into the north cascades.

Finally I spied my fellow OSAT'ers below the headwall approach to my camp site. I started to pack up and put on my boots. I figured it would take them about 45 minutes to get to me so I was in no hurry. Suddenly a climber popped up on the snowpatch and motored over to me. I had watched him depart the break spot below 15 minute ago! It was the legendary Tom Morgan, an OSAT

member, who was well ahead of his party. As I would later learn, this guy sets the standard for rapid movement in the mountains. I'm hoping I can be him when I grow up. He stopped and we chatted while his group caught up. We would end up camping next to them and enjoy their company at the meeting.

So the group I had seen was not my group. I thought I'd better relax some more. About an hour later here they came. Rik, Cathy, Bill, Sarah, Jason, Rick, Dick and Bob. Happily joined with my party we set off to climb the final thousand feet to the high camp up on the Sulphide glacier.

We picked a ridge on the Glacier with a nice flat spot next to Tom's group and got started with setup and snow melting. The clouds over Komo Kulshan cleared and the mists swirled around the summit of Shuksan. After a dinner we had a climbing pow-wow and then called Tom, his wife Leah, and Jim, a fellow AA'er, over and had a very nice meeting. These are still a bit new to me. I'm not in AA but have had some exposure to it through my family. I'm bowled over by the feeling of closeness that develops from these get togethers and thankful to be included.

We settled for sleep shortly after sundown. As we arose Tom led his party out of camp by headlamp. They wanted to be down off the Summit pyramid before we started climbing. We left at 5:09 after a serenity prayer. It was cool and clear and the sky was well into its sunrise color shift. Crampons on, headlamps off, I started out with Jason and Rick. Dick was next with Bob and Cathy. Rik followed with Sarah and Bill. We got somewhat separated on the initial steep part of the glacier crossing. After climbing for about 500 or 600 feet

"It was legendary Tom Morgan...As I would later learn, this guy sets the standard for rapid movement in the mountains

the route begins a traverse around needless ascending and then drops into a broad col before heading up sharply to the summit pyramid. We stopped above the col and regrouped.

Because of the reported looseness of the rock and the narrowness of the route to the top we were a bit concerned about getting to the route before other parties on their way up by other routes. We set off. We stayed pretty close due to the steepness of the route and as we got to about 8500' we saw another party arrive at the col via Hell's Highway and the Fisher Chimneys.

Fortunately they came in behind our entire party. We traversed the final steep snow sections, including one nice little rock move we did with crampon's on, to a good stopping point at the beginning of the rock route. Here we removed our crampon's and stashed our axes. I coiled my rope and stuffed it in my sack just in case.

All the way up from the col we had seen Tom's party in various places on the pyramid; the summit, the gully system which is the normal route, to left of that position and finally above again. We passed their gear over by

the SE corner route, to the right of our "normal route". Apparently they were still on the pyramid but we didn't see them, back at their gear, until our descent. I had been watching them in an attempt to get a handle on the route but with them flitting about I arrived pretty unsure. This confusion was quickly dispelled as Dick had done it before and it was somewhat obvious to us that the dual gully system was where we needed to be. It turned out as we climbed that the left hand gully was a bit more difficult due to fewer features but had less loose rock. We tended to cross back and forth between the two as our comfort level dictated. The actual exposure was only a bit more than the gully system on Mt. Si but felt scarier due to the overall relief. I would say that the toughest move I did was a slightly overhung 5.7. Otherwise it was 5.2 to 5.5 the whole way.

Eventually Dick and Rick and I were far enough ahead that we had left the climbing up to each members own comfort level. We crossed over to the SE corner route just before the summit. That section though easy had much greater exposure. Rick had a great big grin on his face as he joined Dick and I on the summit. We stood on the 9127' greenschist summit of Mt. Shuksan, "roaring mountain", at 9:15am. We had it to ourselves for a few minutes before being joined by two climbers from the Fisher Chimneys party. They had passed our group. We did not know who from our group was still climbing. We were sitting, eating, and enjoying the view when we heard Rik bellow "OSAT!". He had come up the left side and not crossed over so we didn't see him approaching. Exchanging hugs we welcomed Bill, Cathy, and Tom to the now party-like summit. As they topped out they each made a final move which made them appear to be climbing a sheer wall with the entire North Cascades below, very beautiful, dramatic, and exciting.

The other two climbers took our picture with the banner before departing. I wanted to let them get out from under us before starting down, the more so because one of them wasn't wearing a helmet. The climb down was not nearly as tough as I expected. After a nice glissade off the final slope we set about tearing down camp. Now 12:15, lunch was foremost on my mind. I ate my remaining food and volunteered to help anyone who was willing reduce the weight they would carry down by eating up any left-overs. Cathy rescued my day by bringing over some delectable delights. I eagerly munched away as I packed up.

We set off in clumps, passing each other on the way down. We gathered for dinner in Concrete at the Backwoods Cafe' which is actually in Darrington.....just a little joke. A wonderful gathering to put an end to a wonderful climb.

God, grant me the Serenity

to accept the things I cannot change,

*The Courage to change the things I
can.*

And the Wisdom to know the difference

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We appreciate any and all contributions! Without your input, there would be no Yodel! Please continue sending your trip reports, stories, thoughts, and ideas.

Also, if you have a computer, we would greatly appreciate your stories sent to us on computer disk. The Yodel is published using Microsoft Word 6.0, however, your disks can be converted from previous versions of Word, as well as Word Perfect. Make sure your disk is formatted for IBM. Be sure and send a hard copy along with your disk just to be sure, and as always, make sure you have a backup! Please send all submittals to: Marina S., 22810 - 55th Ave. W., Mountlake Terrace, WA 98043. And, for you really up-to-date types, send us your submissions via Cyberspace to: sandsmar@sprynet.com. (please note that the "k" in our name is intentionally missing). See you next issue!

Ed.

'The relationship of height to spirituality is not merely metaphorical, it is physical reality. The most spiritual people of this planet live in the highest places. So do the most spiritual flowers...I call the high and light aspects of my being spirit and the dark and heavy aspect soul. Soul is at home in the deep shadowed valleys. Spirit is a land of high, white peaks and glittering jewel-like lakes and flowers...People need to climb the mountain not simply because it is there, but because the soulful divinity needs to be mated with spirit.'

The 14th Dalai Lama of Tibet.

