

THE YODEL

VOLUME 8, ISSUE 5

SEPTEMBER 1998

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."

Next Yodel Deadline: Sept. 28th

BOTS Nominations!

by Patty F.L.

It is once again time for the members of OSAT to nominate those they would like to see serve on the Board of Trusted Servants (BOTS).

There are five members of the board who meet once a month to discuss club related issues. Club issues are either voted on by the BOTS or brought to the club meeting for a group vote. It is a two year term that the members serve and this year Chris N. and Roy O. will complete their term and be replaced by two new members.

It is a very rewarding way in which to give back to OSAT.

So, if you would like to serve or know someone you would like to nominate (with their permission, of course), please call one of the current BOTS members by October 1st. The names of the nominees will be published along with a ballot in the next issue of the Yodel. All ballots should be returned by December 1st. The new BOTS members will be announced at the 1998 OSAT Christmas Party.



KEEP CLIMBING
MOUNTAINS AND DON'T SLIP

OSAT CLUB MEETING

Been to a Club Meeting lately? Why not drop in September 9th @ 7:30 and join us for more great slides and dialog from a South Asian Traveler: OSAT's own Linda Z.

Linda will continue her Slides from her trip.

**Please see side-bar at right for Club meeting info and directions

Monthly OSAT club meetings are held on the second Wednesday of the month at 7:30 PM. The next meeting will be held Sept. 9th. Linda Z. will be presenting her slides and experiences from her recent trip to Nepal.

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).

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Five Years Ago in OSAT

by Rik A

Challenges of a growing club surfaced in the summer of 1993. At the June club meeting we discussed the problem of "equal access" to OSAT sponsored events, as people were complaining that climbs were full before they were published in the newsletter. A number of OSAT traditions were proposed in July concerning the development of a Climbing Committee and an OSAT Technical Leader List. These suggestions gave way at later meetings to the less formal organization of climbs that exists today, with the climbing chairman simply responsible for keeping a healthy list of activities available and the leader and participants mutually qualifying each other for their participation in a given event. All of this seemed pretty important given the expeditions being considered: OSAT climbers were beginning to look for international adventure, and the July 1993 Yodel contained the first notice for the February 1995 Kilimanjaro Expedition.

Jim used to keep track of how many meetings OSAT had conducted at Camp Muir: Bob C led #7 in May just days before his departure to Denali, #8 followed on June 6th, the day after the roped travel field trip in Pinnacle Basin, and #9 included sherpas and climbers on the third of three Rainier climbs conducted: in 1993. First-time submitters on the first OSAT "slow" (3-day) climb included Ivar, Francy, and CC. This trip featured a move from Muir to Ingraham Flats on the middle day, and one highlight I recall was Francie declaring victory in using a pee bottle. Tom D also was on this climb. The second climb was up the Emmons (Doug and I sat out the summit day at Camp Shurman) and the third climb in mid-August featured exciting crevasse crossings on the Ingraham direct and was Scott H's third Rainier climb in three weeks! In addition, Robert, Charlie, Jim and Anne climbed the Kautz Glacier route.

Other events that summer included OSAT rock climbers up the Tooth behind Bob C and down to

Smith Rocks following Anne G's (now B) lead, a car camp at Ipsut Creek, an Enchantment Lakes encampment holding probably the first AA meeting at Snow Lake, the first Mt. Si Breakfast fund raiser (Linda Z and Laara's first time to the top of the Haystack), and Carol P celebrated her first Rainier summit by providing beginning kayak lessons below Snoqualmie Falls. Eleven OSAT climbers had Olympus to themselves later in the summer, and a few climbed Mt. Constance on two separate climbs.

Twelve candidates vied for the five spots in the first Board of Servants election (they weren't elevated to the level of "Trusted" servants until later). The campaign speeches were reported to be spirited, and there was talk of developing political parties within the club, with the Liberal Rock Jocks facing off against the Conservative Scramblers and Moderate Alpine Ascenders.

OSAT E-mail List

by Rik A

Over 100 OSAT members have email. Over half of these are listed on a page attached to the web site, and the rest are kept in a confi-

dential distribution list. If you have email but are not getting periodic (one or so per week) OSAT messages, send your address to rik.anderson@boeing.com

If you have a message you would like sent to everyone on the OSAT email list, you may also send it to Rik at the same address and ask that he forward it to the entire list.

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Check us out on the Web!
<http://members.aol.com/osat1996/index.html>

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Running~Doug H 425-271-5116

Service~Dave W 425-869-0460

Activities Hotline
206-236-9674
(see sidebar on
page 7 for new
info)!

'STP' the Insanity!

by Roy O

It was a typical summer morning on July 11th, four drizzle damped hard core shivering OSAT cyclist departed the STP 1998 starting line at 7AM on a journey to end at the sun soaked finish line in Portland OR. I sure am glad the STP organizers decided to change the STP date to an expected sunny Mid-July weekend. ;-)

Rick C., Wendy P., Chris N & and I were ready for whatever this Northwest summer weekend would give us.

The start of the STP was at the Univ of Washington. From there, we headed for the I-5 Express Lanes. It was nice to get out of the rain while we rode south-bound on the partial covered Freeway. Why can't the whole STP route be covered like this? Just south of the Kingdome, the course linked up with the normal STP route. It was still raining but the

rain eventually stopped in Tukwila, just in time for us to take in the dry food stop in Kent. Rick C. took my suggestion to relieve himself behind a nearby building and was caught, red handed, by a little old lady with sharp eye for urinating violators. Oh, we were having fun despite the chilly, wet ride!

As soon as we left the Kent REI food stop, the rain hit us again. But it didn't rain for long...soon the skies were day again. The scenery was beautiful as usual and the OSAT fellowship made it all worth while.

After some hard rain showers south of Tenino; Chris and Wendy rode off to St Mary's near Chehalis while Rick and I continued on to Vader where we meet up with my personal support person, JoAnne O. and Rik A., our second support driver. After setting up the tents, we headed to dinner at Grandma's Country Cafe.

This is NOT a four star diner, but edible food none the less.

Sunday morning was dry as Rick C & I rolled into the Lexington food stop to meet up with Chris & Wendy along with Rik A. We took a nice long break and then took off for the final 60 miles to Portland State Univ. and hot showers.

Along the way to Portland, Chris ran into Tom C, fellow OSAT member. It was about this time that the sun came shining through and the remaining ride was warm and sunny. Congratulations to Rick C on his first STP and to Chris, Wendy & I for yet another successful STP. Rick, Wendy, Chris and I want to thank JoAnne & Rik for being our vital support as drivers this year.



From the Editor

by Marina S

"...where everybody knows your name..." Recognize those words? Yup, part of the theme song from *Cheers*.

It popped into my head recently when I was headed up Tiger Mountain. I hadn't attended a Tiger Mountain meeting

in a VERY long time, due to having knee surgery nearly 6 months prior.

It was a mild Sunday morning, and I was eager to hit the trail. As I ascended, I felt a sense of excitement and trepidation. Would my knee hold up? How much pain would I have to endure? If I saw an OSATER, would

they welcome me back?

As it turned out, my fears were unfounded. As I gloriously hiked along, with no noticable pain, I began to encounter familiar faces with great big smiles and hugs.

When I reached the top, I was warmly greeted and knew I was home.

Armchair Mountaineer

by Rik A

No mountaineering book collection is complete without a few volumes about the human adventure on highest peaks in the world. The Hinkhouse Library has about twenty books dealing exclusively with Himalayan stories, and most of these deal with climbs on one or another of the fourteen 8000 meter peaks.

To begin with, Sivalaya is an encyclopedic coverage of explorations of all the 8000 meter peaks. By 1978 only Everest and Makalu had been summated more than 10 times, but the hundreds of explorations and attempts are cataloged here and referenced to their primary documentation (books or journal articles). Although comprehensive (up through the late 1970s), it is more of a reference book and likely to put the adventure-seeking reader quickly to sleep. Better choices abound, and many of the best include substantially more history of the climbs which preceded the climb about which they are written.

The early Everest saga is recounted in Mallory of Everest and First on Ever-

est, and Hillary and Tenzing's first ascent is documented in Sir John Hunt's classic Conquest of Everest as well as Hillary's own High Adventure. I have just completed Reinhold Messner's Crystal Horizon, the story of his first solo ascent, via the north ridge and Norton Couloir. I was pleasantly surprised to find Messner's writing not nearly as self-indulgent as I had feared, and he includes a lot of the early history, word-pictures of Tibet, and quotes from Nena Holguin who accompanied him on the trip. This book might make my top 20 mountaineering literature list.

Whereas the popular press focuses on Everest, mountaineers a quick to turn to K2 when looking for stories of challenge and adventure. K2: The 1939 Tragedy tells the story of the climb which brought K2 to be associated with American climbers as Everest is with the British, Nanga Parbat with the Germans, and Dhaulagiri with the Swiss. The story of the first American success on K2 is told in Rick Ridgeway's The Last Step. My reading this spring included two perspectives on the multiple tragedies of the 1986 season, Kurt Diem-

berger's romantic Endless Knot, and Jim Curran's more documentary Triumph and Tragedy.

A winter attempt on third highest Kanchenjunga is recounted in Cherie Bremer-Kamp's Living on the Edge. This is the next on my list, after having noticed a quotation on the dust jacket which brought back memories of the OSAT Aconcagua expedition: "In the background is a constant roar, terrifying in its simple persistence." Maurice Herzog's Annapurna is the classic about the first ascent of an 8000 meter peak, the mountain about which Linda Z will be speaking (in part) about at the August club meeting.

Of course many other books include information about the fourteen on the magic 8K meter list. Give me a call (206-232-8908), email me, or grab me at any OSAT event if you'd like to reserve any of the books mentioned above, or come over to browse the vast collection of the Hinkhouse Library.

Keep climbing mountains (vicariously), and don't fall asleep!

OSAT 12-Step Meeting Locations

Tiger Mountain

Time: Thursdays @ 7:00 am & 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
ph:206-789-8758

Sundays - Mark S
ph:253-631-5354

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, Ngate 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.
ph:425-782-8858

*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*

Alta - Hibox

by Roy O

This famous BUSHWACKING climb was put down by Roy O., Bill L. & Charlie B. on August 15th.

The weather forecast was for possible rain, but since we were well within the Alpine Lakes and east of Snoqualmie Pass, we had a dry day with some scattered clouds.—I had been on an attempt of Hibox three years ago and experienced the most brutal bushwack I have ever done. I was determined to avoid the same fate this year.

We started out up the Rachel Lake trail to find a way north to the Hibox Ridge. Nothing looked promising so we continued on past the beautiful Rachel and Lila Lakes at the base of Alta Mountain. As we traversed the East Shoulder of Alta to find a route from the north, Bill noticed a small, steep ravine that looked promising. We made it and I think

we decided to call it Bill's A-Crack since that is about all we saw of Bill as he headed up. We should have brought our helmets; the loose rocks gave us plenty of pucker" on this 5.0 (guess) scramble route.

After the steep decent of Alta, we decided that a traverse from Alta along the south side of Hibox Ridge looked like it would go. This was a long traverse and gave our knees and ankles a real workout on the steep hill side. We finally found ourselves below Hibox with a steep scramble up some very loose scree and we noticed signs of a rough climbers trail. After more hazardous, loose rocks, we topped out on Hibox in the mid afternoon sun without any bushywacking!YET!

The decent back to the Rachel Lake trail was different story. I had convinced myself that there must be an easy way back to the trail without the dreaded

bushwack. As we worked our way down through beautiful forest and small cliff bands, I felt like Lewis & Clark, in search of the Mythical Northwest Passage. And like that expedition, I found myself leading us down a dry creek bed into thicker and thicker brush with no easy way down. Small water falls became larger and higher. It took a bit of creativity to find the best tree and/or bush rappel. Eventually, I realized that we were heading down the same route that three years ago had been so difficult. At least this time it was a one way journey!

Finally, we got back to the trail. We all felt exhausted but relieved to be heading back before dark. For any others wanting to follow this route, the best exit to avoid the bushwack is probably back toward the west and Rachel Lake. This adds a couple of miles but is probably much quicker.

Dragontail Peak "The Serpentine Arete"

by Patty F-L

August 14 - 16, 1998
grade IV, 5.8

Climbers: Shirley R. climb Leader
Chris N.
Brian C.
Chris F-L

The thought hit me that I was finally gonna get my shot at the summit of Dragontail Peak when I crested the final rise of the five mile approach and beheld Colchuck Lake in all her unreal, green-blue splendor. Dragontail and neighboring Colchuck Peak totally dominated the beautiful azure sky with their complex, water-streaked, variegated, mas-

sive granite forms. The beautiful weather could hardly dispel their almost sinister aspect.

A lifetime ago, it seemed, Shirley called to invite me on her Dragontail Peak climb. That was late January, when all of us OSATers were slogging up wet muddy trails on Si or Mailbox and still looking forward to almost four months of more wet, muddy trail slogging. But trying to be the pro-active sport that I am, I readily accepted...after all, what else did I have to lose? I'm the "everyone else gets to go climbing but me" victim. You've seen me! We chat on the walk down to Carkeek, or after the monthly club meetings,

and I always say "cool" when you give me that blow by blow account about your latest climbing trip that YOU just got back from. I might even ask you some intelligent questions like "where's that one?" Then, I'll douse your dissertation with my latest "poor me" epic about how work has taken away my weekends. Yeah, right! That poor, poor guy! Well gang, after enduring months of lip chewing, finger nail biting, peering beyond the far horizon of the future (searching for that ill omen that would spell disaster for my coveted climbing trip), and countless meetings with the "committee" (yeah, you know the

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Dragontail cont'd

(Continued from page 5)

one!), I was finally standing on a granite slab over the breeze-dappled waters of this lovely alpine lake trying to find the route on that mile wide expanse of sheer granite.

Our climbing trip started out with a stop at a fabulous bakery in Monroe --- I can't remember the name of it but it's right there! Shirley and I arrived at the trailhead first, while Brian C. and Chris N. were to arrive later that day. We donned our backpacks and headed up the trail. With just a couple miles to go before topping out at the lake, I saw none other than Dick W. and Charlie A. coming down the trail from the direction we were heading! They looked so happy and serene, their beard stubble reflecting a week on the trail, fishing and peak scrambling in the Enchantments. After taking pictures, chatting about our trips, we traded hugs and parted ways. I love running into friends up in the mountains like that!

An hour later we were staking out our bivvy site, situated at the extreme southern end of the lake and closest to the start of the climb. After several hours of filtering and boiling water for coffee and tea, snacking, and just plain lazing around, I started getting antsy. You see, Shirley and I had all the climbing gear, while Brian and Chris were bringing both ropes. The shadows that had been creeping into my mood beat the ones inching their way into camp. Fearing the worst, I took a walk back around the lake searching for a toilet, and the two guys with climbing ropes. I found the rocket box, but no rope carrying angels in capilene. Shirley announced when I got back that we could hike out the next morning, buy a rope in town and come back up and climb Dragontail on Sunday. My self-centered fears were somewhat mollified...whew

The strains of a Texas twang drifted down to camp...the boys were here! After razzing them about their "alpine" start, and how we were beginning to figure out how many lengths of our shoe laces we would need to string together a climbing rope, we all settled down to our stoves. Between gulps of mush, we'd look over our shoulders at the ground we were to cover all the next day. The approach would consume 1,300 ft. of elevation up and over the terminal and lateral moraine of the shrinking Colchuck Glacier to the base of the 2,000 ft. Serpentine Arete. From the summit we would have to traverse roughly east down the ridge, dropping down a snowfield to the top a Asgard (Asshard) Pass which sits on the other side of Dragontail away from Colchuck Peak. From there it was just talus bashing back down to camp.

After fending off hordes of mice climbing all over the hanging food bags for the entire night, we "awoke" and began brewing up. Some clouds had moved in to spoon against the flanks of several lesser peaks in the immediate area but all was clear, and cool, with just the slightest whisper of a breeze to ruffle the nylon of our wind shirts. We started up at first light, and without any mishap, arrived at the start of the climb as those same clouds began showing a tinge of salmon coloring. It was beautiful, and it was ours alone, as we were the only ones up there that day.

Without giving you the full dissertative account about every hand hold, foot hold and where I placed that bomber #.5 Tricam, suffice it to say that we had embarked on a truly classic climb! We all shared in the truly heartfelt camaraderie of the "untypical" typical OSAT outing! Brian C. kept up with his non-stop, yet always welcome monologue, re-

plete with now familiar expletives, jokes and good natured onryness. Shirley who can't yell louder than a mouse can bark, could be heard effortlessly as there was nary a breeze to take away the climbing commands she "yelled" down to Chris N., her rope partner. Climbing with her the past couple years, I've always admired her calm, quiet, competent leading (and climbing) style. And how 'bout that Chris N.! We all know about that hair, that veritable mop, and his Chamois Pad sandwiches!...he had some great leads that day, pushing through the "comfort zone" to a higher level. The climb went surprisingly well for us, with very minimal rockfall, while our view continued to expand ever higher.

Soon, we could see the proud, jagged profile of Mt. Stuart beyond the confines of the Colchuck - Dragontail cirque. Also, the sun was finally making her presence felt with her most welcome warmth after spending all morning on the shadowy Northwest side. At one point, we arrived at a place where there was no longer any need for being roped up. We were there! After coiling ropes, we wound our way over and around the exit gullies until the world dropped away from all directions. We wandered around aimlessly for a few minutes with dazed, awestruck, and very happy expressions on our faces, amazed at the incredible summit architecture around us. After snapping obligatory summit photos, we kicked off our tight climbing shoes, wriggled our toes with delight and commenced to chowing on lunch.

One hour later we donned our helmets, stashed all unnecessary gear and began our trek back to camp. After a brief spell negotiating a climber's trail on the ridge, we dropped down onto snow and tra-

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Dragontail cont'd

(Continued from page 6)

versed to the top of a relatively steep (30%) slope with a bad runout onto some talus about halfway down its 600 foot face. With no other choice, or options for a descent, and this was THE descent, we did what we had to do. We were a bit nervous about this particular bit because we had no ice axes or boots, yet by keeping our heads, and our weight over our feet, we did just fine in our approach shoes. Shirley established the path, while those next in line

would continue to shore up the individual steps. We arrived at a rock band that took us right down to where the snowfield flattened out. From there it was just a quick sprint to the upper slopes of Asgard Pass. The pass was the only real troublesome feature of the whole climb. We kept losing the trail and getting "cliffed" at dead-end spots, and had to actually bush-whack through some thick vegetation perched above one such cliff till we could regain the trail again. We sum-

mated at about 2 PM and didn't reach base camp until 6.

At camp, I literally drained my pack of almost all of my food, drank some water, then sat back and enjoyed my hot tea, savoring the inner stillness that comes from exerting one's self on these "higher" adventures. Thanks to OSAT for bringing such incredible people, places and things into my life!

Tahoma Glacier

by Rik A

Dick W said the Whitehorse climb he led earlier in May was successful in part because he remembered my axiom "Don't cancel a climb based on the forecast, wait until you see the actual weather." Sunday morning at the foot of Tahoma Glacier Dick greeted me, "This isn't forecast, Rik, this is actual weather!" Nevertheless, a few of us were committed to another night in our tents, and ended up pleased with our decision to work a bit further up The Mountain.

In part we continued because the hike up Tahoma Creek had lived up to expectations: a near-private trail through old growth, the sense of excitement during lunch at the suspension bridge, and a wonderful team of sherpas providing extra lift to Camp I. Poor visibility allowed only elusive, softened images of the lower Tahoma ice falls, and the sherpas had to leave without the promised view of the west side routes.

Prospects of summing were dashed in miserable conditions the next morning, so Dick led six of the party out while five of us roped up

and headed into the fog. "Some of us are sicker than others." We tentatively felt our way across the soft glacier, poking through weak bridges or into hidden cracks on a few occasions, and breathed a sigh of relief when Chuck found a route through the crevasses onto the lower Puyallup Cleaver.

Glimpses of Tokaloo Spire helped us navigate to the ridge where the wind picked up and got us thinking about shelter. A landmark we referred to as The Camel seemed the best bet. The wisdom of our choice was borne out as we dug tent platforms atop a snow ridge in the lee of the 60-foot fin of rock which overhung our perch. Afternoon views of South Puyallup Glacier toward Upper St. Andrews Rock clarified why this is the preferred line to the 10,000 foot level of the Tahoma - the route lay crevasse-free and well protected from the dramatic icefalls that punctuate the Puyallup's tumble down the mountain. While Pete, Robb, and Chuck scouted the rock climbing potential of The Camel, Tim dug a snug snowcave and I enjoyed intermittent views stretching beyond Sunset Ridge to the Sound and the Olympics.

After dinner we circumnavigated The Camel and closed the evening with a meeting during which Chuck and I recalled a climb five years ago with Scott Hall to a spot within a few hundred yards of Camel Camp. We drifted off to sleep with the patter of snow pellets hitting the tent. When the patter stopped, we thought the snow had stopped; but later the swoosh of mini-avalanches off the tent indicated it had just gotten fluffier. During midnight bladder-breaks we found our carefully constructed catwalks buried in a nearly a foot of fresh snow, and began thinking of escape options.

Socked in Monday morning, we gave but short consideration to tracking our wands back across the obvious avalanche slope for the opportunity to search for soft bridges across crevasses on the lower Tahoma, now hidden under a mantle of fresh powder. Instead we resolved to venture down terra incognita from Tokaloo to St. Andrews Park. Before we got to Tokaloo Spire, I managed to lose the ridge top in the whiteout, and we found ourselves on a steepening slope falling off to the north. Imaginations ran wild in the fog: the yawning glacier far below and what we

(Continued on page 9)

Dragontail cont'd

(Continued from page 6)

versed to the top of a relatively steep (30%) slope with a bad runout onto some talus about halfway down its 600 foot face. With no other choice, or options for a descent, and this was THE descent, we did what we had to do. We were a bit nervous about this particular bit because we had no ice axes or boots, yet by keeping our heads, and our weight over our feet, we did just fine in our approach shoes. Shirley established the path, while those next in line

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Glimpses of Tokaloo Spire helped us navigate to the ridge where the wind picked up and got us thinking about shelter. A landmark we referred to as The Camel seemed the best bet. The wisdom of our choice was borne out as we dug tent platforms atop a snow ridge in the lee of the 60-foot fin of rock which overhung our perch. Afternoon views of South Puyallup Glacier toward Upper St. Andrews Rock clarified why this is the preferred line to the 10,000 foot level of the Tahoma - the route lay crevasse-free and well protected from the dramatic icefalls that punctuate the Puyallup's tumble down the mountain. While Pete, Robb, and Chuck scouted the rock climbing potential of The Camel, Tim dug a snug snowcave and I enjoyed intermittent views stretching beyond Sunset Ridge to the Sound and the Olympics.

After dinner we circumnavigated The Camel and closed the evening with a meeting during which Chuck and I recalled a climb five years ago with Scott Hall to a spot within a few hundred yards of Camel Camp. We drifted off to sleep with the patter of snow pellets hitting the tent. When the patter stopped, we thought the snow had stopped; but later the swoosh of mini-avalanches off the tent indicated it had just gotten fluffier. During midnight bladder-breaks we found our carefully constructed catwalks buried in a nearly a foot of fresh snow, and began thinking of escape options.

Socked in Monday morning, we gave but short consideration to tracking our wands back across the obvious avalanche slope for the opportunity to search for soft bridges across crevasses on the lower Tahoma, now hidden under a mantle of fresh powder. Instead we resolved to venture down terra incognita from Tokaloo to St. Andrews Park. Before we got to Tokaloo Spire, I managed to lose the ridge top in the whiteout, and we found ourselves on a steepening slope falling off to the north. Imaginations ran wild in the fog: the yawning glacier far below and what we

(Continued on page 9)

Annapurna Trek: Part Two

by Linda Z

editors note: This is the conclusion of Linda's account of her Himalayan adventure. In part one, Linda described her desire to trek in the Himalayas. Here, she describes which path she decides to take ...

Not being a technical climber by any stretch of the imagination, I considered doing the "easier, softer", well-established Jomson Trek. I could do it alone and if I cared to I could pick up traveling companions along the way. By this time, however, I longed for the peace and solitude of a long solo hike. Then I heard about Annapurna Sanctuary; a natural amphitheater of mountains that rose above the base camps of Annapurna South and Machhapuchare. The trek was reputed to be a test of endurance more than technical expertise and the trail was well marked. I figured it would be a stretch, but the spirit of OSAT spurred me on. I decided to go for it --Annapurna Base Camp, elevation 13,550 feet.

Not wanting this trek to become a schlep, I decided to hire a Sherpa, travel light, and stay in tea houses along the way. I didn't need a guide. All I really needed was a trail map and a government-issued trekking permit that corresponded to the chosen route and number of days I expected to be out. This suited my purse and my temperament. It meant I could go at my own pace and let my energy merge peacefully with the natural environment rather than being diverted by the social and political dynamics of group travel.

I took the morning bus to Pokhara where I intended to

find a Sherpa. Stepping off the bus seven hours later, I was immediately surrounded by hotel hawkers; each offering the best deal in town. How could they know the limit my funds and patience had reached by this time? I hated the hustle that was such an intrinsic part of every westerner's travel in this region. It's true that the locals needed our money and we needed their expertise, but their approach was overwhelming.

From Pokhara I got my first clear look at the Annapurna Range. It took my breath away. The next morning, I set out for a day hike to breath in some of that fresh mountain air and sort out my plans. It was delightful. On that trail, I met a young guy from a nearby village who spoke good English and offered to be my porter. He wasn't pushy, didn't ask for much, and seemed to know what he was talking about. My intuition told me this was my guy. Risky!... oh well.

Back in Pokhara, I met a Canadian couple who were going my way. They then hired my porter as their guide. He was thrilled that we each paid him \$5 a day. He helped us get our trekking permits and the next day we set out for our two week trek. We took a taxi from Pokhara to Birethani and started the trek from there. It was five exhilarating and exhausting days up and down the trail, across makeshift bridges and avalanche shuttes to Machhapuchhare Base Camp and then a day of altitude acclimatization before going up to Annapurna Base Camp. WOW!...one of God's houses.

The trek to Annapurna Base Camp had taken us from Pokhara (2,600') to Birethani

(3,422') to Kimche (6,468') to Chomrong (6,726') to Bamboo (7,674') to Himalaya Hotel (9,426') to Machhapuchare Base Camp (12,149') to Annapurna Base Camp (13,550') Walking an average of 10 miles a day, the trail between villages would take you up thousands of feet only to bring you back down and then up again. The evenings spent in tea houses were a time to write journal entries, drink garlic soup to ward off altitude sickness and meet other travelers. Much of the time was spent recanting trekking and travel stories. One time, waiting for a storm to pass, I learned to play the card game "asshole" another time I learned "shithead". It helped to pass the time as we waited in the unheated lodge with only a kerosene heater under the huge dining room table to warm our frozen bodies. Imagine a huge heavy blanket instead of a tablecloth and twenty wet and weary travelers sitting around the table with their legs under the blanket and their sock hanging on clothes lines underneath. Everything was wet after a while. If the sun did not appear the next day, it simply stayed wet.

The weather at that time of year (late Feb./early March) was unpredictable, at best. We were lucky that it only rained a couple of days. Unfortunately one of those days was our first, and it left us soggy until the next

afternoon when the sun helped dry us out. It was not unusual to see people trekking with damp socks and underwear hanging off their packs. Returning to MBC from ABC we were surprised by a blizzard! Since there was no avalanche danger and the base camp was only an hour or so away so we forged ahead - exhilarated to be

(Continued on page 9)

OSAT BRUNCH ON MOUNT SI!

SEPT. 26TH, 1998

The OSAT Mount Si Brunch is back! Mark your calendars for Sept 26th for this fun and delicious event. Brunch will be served at the picnic area in the trees just below the Mt Si Summit from approx. 10 AM until 1 PM (or later).

Tickets are \$5 and will be available at OSAT events, Twelve Step Meetings around Seattle and at the Mount Si trailhead on the morning of Sept 26th. Those attending the OSAT Brunch should allow at least two hours hiking time depending upon aerobic conditioning.

As always, we are looking for volunteers to sell tickets, advertise the Brunch and of course carry stoves, food and FUN up to Mt Si the morning of Sept 26th.

Volunteer pack mules will meet at the trailhead at 7:30AM. For details and to volunteer, call Roy O. H (206) 525-0510 or W (206) 362-9062.

OSAT Hotline Information

In an attempt to make the OSAT Hotline more "user friendly" a new procedure for retrieving information will be presented below. It is important to keep in mind that there will continue to be someone responsible for maintaining the voice mailbox. The voice mailbox is to be used for retrieving information only, please do not erase messages. The procedure for leaving a message on the hotline has not changed. It has been decided to open the voice mailbox to OSAT members in order to make information about club activities more accessible. Most of you are probably familiar with retrieving messages from a voice mailbox. Simply follow the prompts, responding with the codes listed below.

To leave a message regarding OSAT activities call: (206) 236-9674 Press 1 and leave a message at the end of the recording

To get current information regarding OSAT activities call: (206) 236-4777

At the prompt enter the passcode - 39

Press 7 to hear the message

Press 5 at the end of the message

Tahoma Glacier cont'd

(Continued from page 7)

first thought to be a huge cornice above. It proved to be a steep 100 feet of climbing through deep snow which Tim broke through to regain the ridge. At this point the ghostly Spire poked through the soup a few hundred yards away, and we were back on course.

Numerous compass headings, altimeter readings, GPS bearings, and map checks later, Chuck and Rob broke trail to the St. Andrews survey point which the topo indicated affords the safest, albeit steep, exit off the end of

Tokaloo Ridge. Pete led down a couple of rope lengths off the ridge. Scrub juniper provided veggie-belays down the sheer rock, and trees below aided in orientation as the visibility improved somewhat. Just as I was about to suggest setting up a rappel, Pete assured us the going was getting easier and he could see a safe downclimb to the base of the cliff. Safely into the timberline, we wandered down the steep slope among the trees eventually finding the snow-covered Wonderland Trail switchbacks and, eventually, the relative security of "hazardous trail" signs and

the West Side Road.

Twenty OSATers took part in this adventure. Thanks to each of them for the part they played in demonstrating that it doesn't take gorgeous weather and reaching the summit to make for an inspiring experience on the mountain. Climbers to The Camel: Rik A (leader), Chuck T, Robb W, Pete S, Tim M. To Camp 1: Dick W, Rod B, Jim F, Roy O, Bob L, Charlie B. Sherpas: Dave B (sirdar), Teresa F, Patty H, Bruce & Tracy M, Kimberly P, Carol C, Rick S, Mike C.

Montani semper liberi!

Annapurna cont'd

(Continued from page 8)

stomping through the Himalayas in a blizzard.

The rain had not been much of a problem until we reached the altitude where it turned to snow. Just beyond a village called Bamboo, a specific area was known to be prone to avalanche. As we headed that way, we kept up on the latest weather reports by interviewing returning trekkers we met on the trail. Every day the stories changed. Some people had made it to base camp, others were turned away by the fresh, waist-high snow. I wasn't sure we'd get much further on our trek when word came that an avalanche had wiped out the trail between us and the base camps. But God bless those Sherpas and their determination to get supplies to all the lodges. Nothing

stops them. They constructed new bridges and had a new trail mapped out in no time. Onward we went, feeling reassured that we would make it, after all.

Our arrival at Machhapuchhare Base Camp was exhilarating. Those who arrived before me cheered as I stepped over the last ridge. Believe it or not, I arrived in time to cheer for others. We didn't know yet that as we cheered, a rescue team was returning from the trail above us where a young man had just died. Rumor had it that he collapsed from altitude sickness, perhaps cerebral edema. He had complained of a headache and chose to ignore it in favor of climbing further. Reaching ABC, his head hurt so badly that he started running down the mountain and fell dead in his tracks.

He couldn't be revived. He was only 25.

His death made everyone hypervigilant about HACE. It seemed like we all had headaches that night. In the morning, my traveling companions and my porter headed back down the mountain. I chose to go up!

OSAT got me up to Annapurna Base Camp that morning. And OSAT kept me safe. I wasn't afraid and I wasn't stupid -- I was careful and committed and confident...and slow. Travelling behind a new set of trekking buddies who I had met previously at one of the lodges, I had time alone with myself. In silence, I passed the place where the young man died. I remembered friends we'd lost. I sat in silence for a while and all I could hear was my

OSAT'S Excellent Adventures

SEPTEMBER

Sept. 5-7, Sat-Mon: *Labor Day Weekend! Boston Basin*
Leader/Contact: Rik A at 425-234-1770

Sept. 19-21, Sat-Mon: *The Bandersnatch* A three day loop via upper Lena Lake. Exit down the Putvin Trail. Beautiful alpine country in the Olympics. Must be a strong hiker. Rock climbing skills a must to do the Bandersnatch. Full moon. Limit 6. Leader/Contact: Dave N at 253-752-9214

Sept. 27, Sun: *Three Fingers* South Peak. Approx. 15 mi. round trip. Ice axe and ladder climbing skills required. A full day of climbing but worth every step. Leader/contact: Chris N. (206) 706-3242.

NOVEMBER

Nov Thanksgiving Appetite Builder - Mt. Si, 7am Leader/Contact: Rik A at 425-234-1770

1999!!

Jan. 1, New Years Day 1999 - Mt Si - 8am Leader/Contact: Rik A at 425-234-1770

April/early May, 1999 *OSAT BC Base Camp* Several days of spring climbing in the BC Coast Range - Joffre Lakes group of 7500-9100 ft glaciated mountains encircling a beautiful lake basin - North of Whistler/Pemberton - (participants will pick the weekend, plan 3-4 days) Leader/Contact: Rik A at 425-234-1770

Memorial Day Weekend, 1999 *Three Sisters*, Oregon (4th OSAT attempt on the gnarly Northy!! This time we'll get her!! Scheduled later this year to avoid the long snowshoe trek!) Leader/Contact: Rik A at 425-234-1770

s!OSAT HIKES

For OSAT members and friends who prefer a slower pace, the adjunct, *s!OSAT*, now offers non-summit oriented serenity hikes. (Also considered ideal re-conditioners for recuperating

OSAT members) No need to rush during these gentle hikes, chosen for their natural beauty and limited elevation gain. Your hiking suggestions and leadership services are welcome. Please join us. Call Linda Z. for information: (206) 545-7773

Sept. 12, Sat: *Grand Park* Leader/Contact: Dick W. (425) 339-3751 and Bob Mx (425) 739-1498

Oct. 3-4, Sat-Sun: *Bean Creek Basin* (overnight) Leader/Contact: Merry & Linda (206) 545-7773

Date TBA: *Annette Lake* Leader/Contact: Linda (206) 545-7773

Date TBA: *Hart's Pass* (2 day car camp) Dick W (425) 339-3751

Date TBA: *Mt. Angeles* (Hurricane Ridge) (Terri P.?)

Date TBA: *Rachel Lake* Leader/Contact: Doug & Susan (425) 271-5116

Date and Leader TBA: *Tahoma Creek Trail* (Wonderland Suspension Bridge)

Date and Leader TBA: *Boulder River Trail*

Date and Leader TBA: *Wallace Falls*

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). Call Doug H (425) 271-5116 or Dick W (425) 339-3751 for more info.

Annapurna cont'd

(Continued from page 9)
breadth. Such a fragile connection to life.

On the way back down, we trekked for eight more days, through hail and snow, up and down, taking a different trail home in order to reach another high altitude spot with a panoramic view. Sunrise at 10,000 feet - nice! Arriving back in

Pokhara, I felt a sense of exuberance and empowerment I didn't know I could feel. I had gone beyond my limitations. There have been few times in my life when I have held myself in such high esteem. I had an immense sense of accomplishment because I overcame every obstacle I created for myself -- all the self doubt and fear. Maybe that's what Jimmy meant when he said,

"climbing mountains is not about climbing mountains".

The combination of trekking and other travel adventures has left me with a renewed sense of self. I feel centered and strong. Now that I've been home for more than two months, I look back at the trek in the Himalayas as one of the one of the most outstanding events of my entire life.

OSAT 7TH ANNUAL CAR CAMP!

Laaaaadies aaaaand Gentle-
mennnn!!! Kids of all ages!!! The
event you have all been waiting
for!!! Its the one...the only...Big end
of summer event...that's right—you
know it-you love it—it's the An-
nual OSAT Car Camp-Sept
18- 21 at Bridge Creek
Campground! Let's get ready to
rummmmmble!!

Ahem...pardon me folks, I get a little
excited about some things in life, and
the OSAT Car Camp experience is
no exception. You are cordially in-
vited to join all of your OSAT
friends for a week-end filled with
fun and fellowship.

Due to the fact that almost every year
of this camp-out has been rain-
soaked, we have decided to move
east of the mountains! This year's
Camp-out will be near Leavenworth
at Bridgreek Campground.

This year's event will feature the
traditional Saturday night Campfire

Meeting. Hikes are scheduled all
week-end long for every age and
level. Some of the hikes on the
menu include:

- *Eight Mile Lake* -in the Enchant-
ment Wilderness (about 6.5
miles round-trip). Led by Roy
O.
- *Lake Stewart* -a little farther into
the enchantments. Led by Char-
lie A and Dick W.
- *Lake Edna* on Icicle Ridge. Led
by Rik A

We'll also serve up Rock Climbing
for all levels of experience!

One of the main courses of the week-
end will be the opening of nomina-
tions for candidates to replace the 2
exiting members on the Board of
Trusted Servants. (A big thanks to
Chris N and Roy O for their out-
standing service on the BOTS).

And now for the particulars:

- The campground is ours from

2pm Friday, Sept. 18 until the
morning of Monday the 21st.

- There is toilet facilities, BUT
there is no running water, so it is
strongly advised that you bring
your own water!

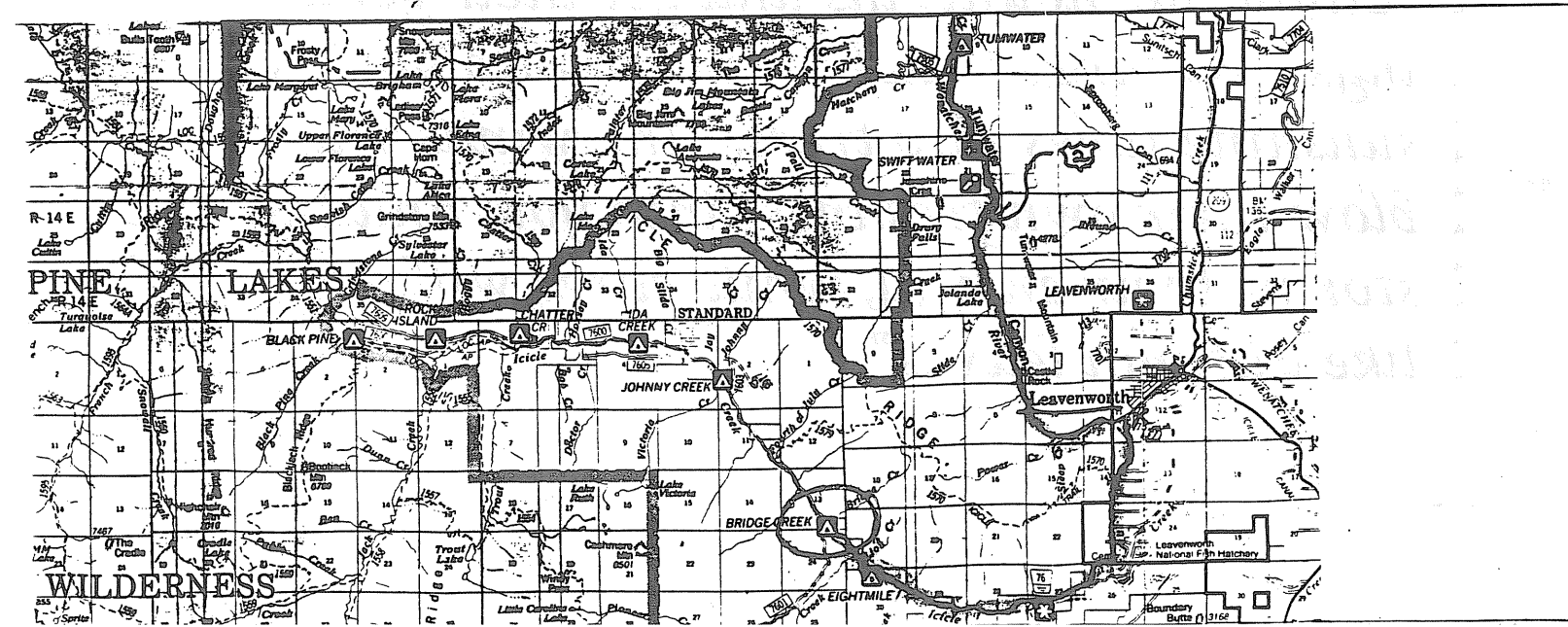
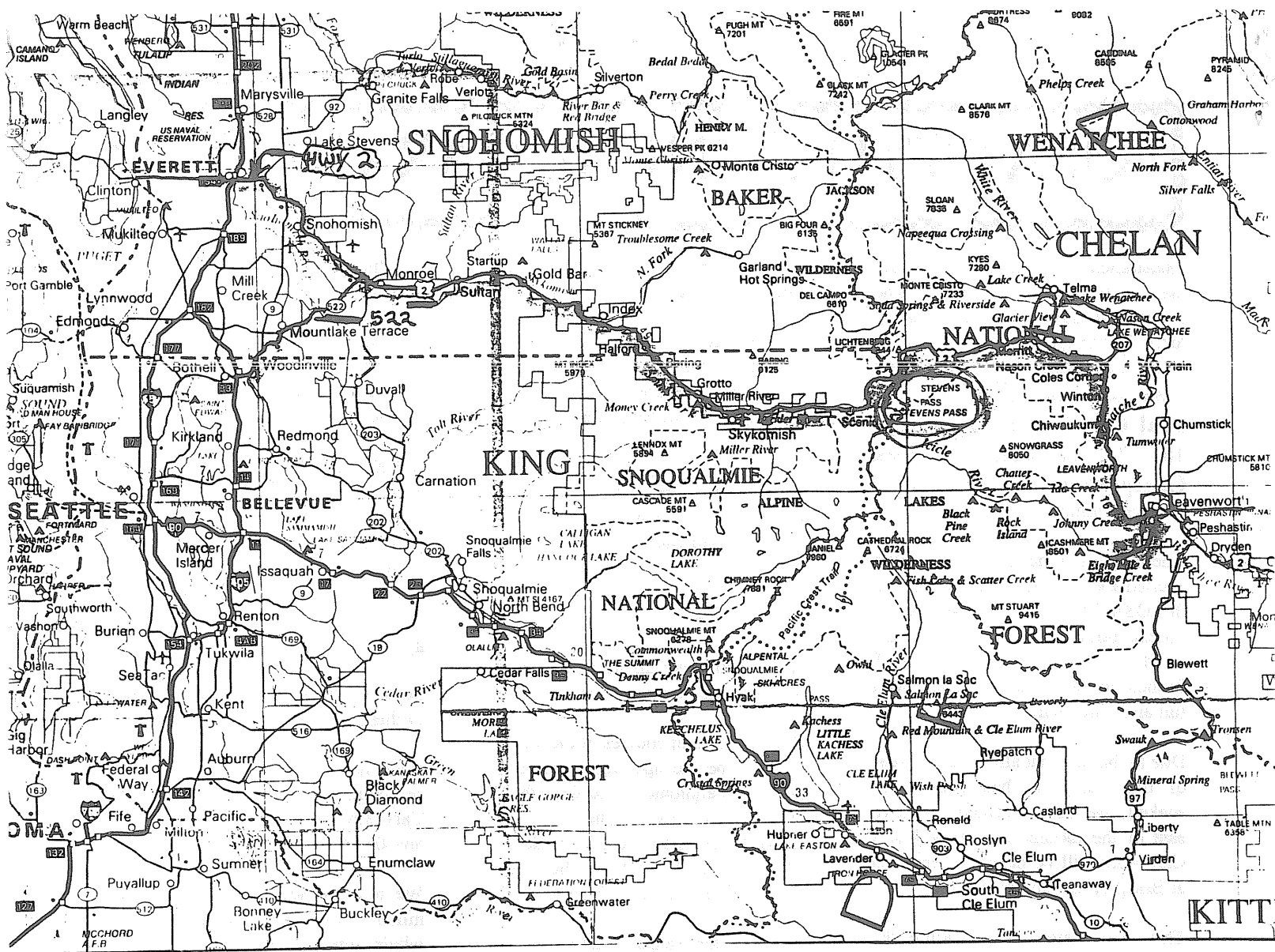
DIRECTIONS: Take Hwy 2 east
over Steven's Pass and on to Leaven-
worth. As you enter Leavenworth
look for Icicle Creek Road (the BP
station is an excellent locator). Turn
right on Icicle Cr. Rd and head about
9.4 miles to Bridge Creek Camp-
ground.

Look for the map on the reverse side
of this page.

If you have any questions prior to the
campout, please call our illustrious
Car-Camp organizer Dave W at 425-
869-0460.

We hope to see you there for this
much anticipated and fun-for-the
whole-family-weekend!

*"Climb the mountains and get their good tid-
ings. Nature's peace will flow into you as
sunshine flows into trees. The winds will
blow their own freshness into you, and the
storms their energy, while cares will drop off
like autumn leaves"*



OSAT Marketplace

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

RELATIONSHIPS: If you feel like you are getting your primary addictions under control and want to start working on the relationships in your life, call Rich H, MA, Marriage and Family Therapist at 206-547-2756

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 Lynnwood, WA 98036 Ph: 425-771-BACK (425-771-2225) FREE INITIAL CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FOR ALL OSAT MEMBERS

BIKE FOR SALE: 1992 Trek 1200. \$350. 56 cm (22.5 in) Aluminum frame. Fluorescent yellow frame color. Excellent condition. Bottle cage that matches the frame included. On-board trip computer with Total Mileage, Incremental Mileage and Speed. Pedals not included. E-mail Jim Blakely:

Found: At the climbing course potluck, a complete set of negatives bundled with tickets to the upcoming fundraiser. Contact: Chris N. (206)

WANTED: Climbing/Ski partner to make turns on NW volcanoes and other unnamed (but will be found) descents. Write Ciel Sander, PO Box 175, Albany, OR 97321 or call 541-752-6987. Will ski for food!

FOR SALE: BABY ITEMS!

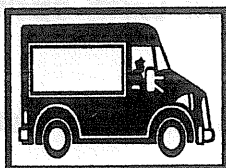
- White baby's crib. No mattress but in excellent condition \$35
- Evenflow infant car seat with base. Used only for 6 months. \$20
- Baby walker \$10
- Misc. baby clothes and items for a girl

If you are interested please call Larry or TracyAnn A at 425-673-0490

Moving Soon?

Call Jim Fahey Moving!

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- Need help moving a piano? Jim's your man!



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\$15.00!

OSAT

T-SHIRTS

They come in various colors and sizes. Price is \$15. Please contact Joan M.

E-mail: shadow@stluiswest.net

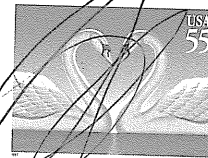
Ph: 425-277-8943



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"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