

THE YODEL



Volume 8, Issue 8

Keep climbing mountains and don't slip!

September 1999

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ONE STEP AT

A TIME

(OSAT)

MISSION:

"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."

My First Rainier Climb

By Mike R.

First, I would like to thank all of you for your kind words and wishes. Your encouragement was a definite inspiration. As some of you know, our first attempt from the Paradise/Disappointment Cleaver side of the mountain was

disappointing to say the least. We had a short weather window, and were thwarted in our attempt by 100mph winds, whiteout conditions and temperatures below freezing.

We thought it best to abandon our egos and descend to ascend another day. You just don't mess with mother

nature up there. Apparently a snow-boarder and a doctor from NY were not as fortunate, bringing this year's Pacific Northwest fatality count total to over a dozen. Tough winter.

Now for the good news: I was lucky enough to get on another climb up the longer, more difficult Emmons

Glacier side with a later OSAT team. Ironically this was the climb I was originally supposed to be on. After spending the night at the White River trailhead in the Creamsicle (my white VW Westfalia) we began our approach.

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Forbidden No More

By David N.

Any climb is so much more than the dry details of the slog in or the moves, beta by beta. The human drama, the relationships, the tragedy and the comedy are what make a climb a great one or not.

My experience of climbing Forbidden Peak started with a simple reply to a group e-mail request. Shirley R. was seeking a fourth body to round out a small team. The pull of the Siren was too much for me. I had a tentative date to do another climb with a friend but I hadn't told them yet. A quick response to Shirley and I was in.

The leader of the climb was Ralph L. and second in command was the irrepressible Tom M. Conversations with Ralph made it clear that he had credentials and was a long time friend of Tom's. Since meeting in the Mountaineers the two of them had shared more than a few adventures together.

I met Ralph for the first time and we got acquainted a little on the way to meet Tom and his Big Red Beast of a van. Tom did the driving and the story telling on the ride to the trailhead. My favorite was the one about the National Park Service and obtaining our valuable, much coveted climbing and camping permit. The story went that on Wednesday while returning from the eastside of the state he stopped in to see about the availability of a permit.

When told that the soonest he could secure a permit for our Saturday through Monday climb would be Friday morning, the wheels began to turn and he quickly said "

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From the BOTS

Submitted by Patty F.L.

The second quarterly report from the BOTS, a little late, but better late than never! As most of you are well aware, the BOTS and OSAT as a club have been confronted with many exciting and challenging issues over the last four months.

Craig C. met with the BOTS in April and agreed to take on the task of the OSAT 2000 calendar. He researched the resources available and laid out a design for us to approve. Craig, along with four other members will be putting the final touches on the calendar and we will have it available for sale at the Gratitude Dinner in November. At the club meeting on August 11th many beautiful photos were displayed. It appears that we will be seeing a fantastic representation of the club activities and membership come November.

At our May meeting we welcomed Charlie A. aboard as the new BOTS member. The meeting was also attended by Rik A., Wendy P. and Karen C. We discussed the need for a Critical Incident Stress Debrief as the result of the death of John R. There had been some concerns expressed by a club member that by having a de-brief with professionals outside the club we would be setting ourselves up for litigation. With the help of Karen C. and with the recommen-

dations of the Mount Rainier National Park officials, we determined that it was in the best interest of the membership to allow the debriefing. The cost of the debrief, for three professionals, was \$300.00.

The June BOTS meeting welcomed Dax, our new website designer. Dax presented the BOTS with a print-out of the site to review. It was decided that the Yodel should not be published on the website because it had public access. Many phone numbers of club members appear in the Yodel and it was felt that public access was inappropriate. Dax was asked to remove the Yodel from the site. It has been brought to our attention just recently that the Yodel archives were still on the site and Dax has been requested to remove them also. The Website costs \$60 a year for the domain name. Domain registration was \$70.00 for the first two years and will be \$35.00 a year after that. To maintain the site we will spend \$95 per year.

A decision was made to make a contribution in honor of John R. to both the Seattle Search and Rescue and Tacoma Search and Rescue of \$100 each. We are looking into a gift for those who assisted with the search for John R. from the Mount Rainier National Park office. It has been suggested that we send a

(Continued on page 7)

Five Years Ago in OSAT

by Rik A

Note: We're still a little behind on this column -- call it "Five years and a couple of months ago" if you wish. 1994 was a very busy year in OSAT (and this month we have a 10-year-old recollection), so rather than short-change the colorful history of the club, we'll just keep plugging away a bit at a time and hope to catch up sometime before the turn of the Millennium.

OSAT-associated weekly 12-step meetings hit an all-time high in the summer of 1994. In addition to the two Tiger meetings we know today and the Meadowdale Beach meeting (which was moved to Carkeek Park in 1995), there was a Sunday afternoon meeting at Lake 22 and a Tuesday evening Step Study on Tiger.

Pete S led a memorable McClellan Butte climb in June, with Terri P, Bill L, Robin K, Steve & Francie, Ivar & Marina. Bill was scoping out the mountain as a paragliding launch site, Steve & Francie renewed wedding vows with a summit kiss, and the Sandmarks were in training, dashing to the summit in record time.

Rainier climbs that summer included a June Birthday Gratitude climb that started out with an emotional Camp Muir meeting involving 27 including sherpas. Pam G's first-hand account is filled with grati-

tude for Robert (with his yodels) and Terri S urging her on in spite of foot problems. Jimmy, Steve & Francie, Ivar & Marina, Tim, Scott, Winton, & Diane completed the 100% successful party. The first climbing course climb wasn't so lucky. The mountain had perfect summit weather on the 3rd and 5th, but on the 4th of July when the OSAT group got to the top of Disappointment Cleaver, wind and poor visibility turned the team around. There was satisfaction, however, in making it 1000 feet higher on the route than RMI (or any other climbers) did that day! Later that week Bob C's group of Scott H, Hoot, Mike, Robin, Ken M, Charlie and Christian summited via the Emmons, and at the end of the month Shirley, Charlie A, and Dick W led students Gerald and Peder to the summit.

Jim H led the first OSAT climb of Little Tahoma. The group watched goats in the evening from their bivvy just below Meany Crest. A perfect day greeted them as they made their way up Fryingpan and Whitman Glaciers. A great summit photo (which is in the Pennant scrap book) was taken of Jim & Shirley, Dave N, Rod B, Dave N and Rik by Charlie A.

After leading a successful scramble to the top of Guye Peak in June (with Ken M, Bob McG, and Joe K), Joseph H hitched up with Terry P for the west face rock climb. On his 3rd trip up the route, per-

haps Joseph got a little overconfident: "I blew the move, and paid the price....The rest of this climb will always have a special place in my memory because of one very talented lady, Terri P," who provided first aid, descended alone to a bivvy site, then off the mountain the next morning to summon the aid needed to get Joseph off the mountain.

TEN YEARS AGO (summer 1989), the concept behind OSAT was just beginning to percolate in Jim Hinkhouse's ever creative mind, but a climb that summer left an indelible image of his character. Jim drove straight from his high school reunion in Scappoose Oregon to the parking lot of Timberline Lodge for a couple hours of sleep. As the sun rose later that morning, he crossed from the top of the Palmer ski lift to a rendezvous at the Illumination Rock campsite. It was to be his first climb on Mt. Hood. As the team worked its way across the upper Ried Glacier, Jim yelled from the back of the rope "Great steps," and the adrenaline overload provided by his encouragement resulted in a crampon slash through the rope leader's gaiter as the next step was kicked with extra vigor. But it is the recollection retold in Jim's obituary in the American Alpine Journal that provides the enduring memory. As the party passed through the neck of Leuthold Couloir, pebbles whizzed by like stray bullets. "Jim

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How to Contribute

Deadline for October Yodel: September 17, 1999

Via Email: yodel@osat.org

Via FAX: (206) 729-1917

You are **strongly** encouraged to submit your contributions via electronic mail. If you do not have email, you may send a floppy disk (PC format only). Be sure to send a hard copy along with your disk and make sure you keep the original.

If you want any part of your submission returned to you, please specify this, and include a SASE.

Find Us Online

Main OSAT Website: <http://www.osat.org>

provided more support than my dad" confided a climbing companion. "I was never so scared in my life. He always knew just how far back to be; not too close so you knew you were doing it on your own, but not so far away that you felt alone." A non-climbing friend whom Jim saved from alcoholic suicide commented that the same characteristic made him an invaluable friend to those striving to establish lives free from alcohol or drug dependency. Who can doubt that Jim is still there, providing that support?

From the Editor

By Bill A.

As some of you observed, the Yodel is no longer online. This was a decision by the BOTS (see article in this issue), that reflects a desire to ensure that members keep up their dues in order to get the Yodel, and also to protect the privacy of our members. Don't despair, if you have been reading the Yodel on the

web, you can still read it electronically. Bob L. has been converting it into an Acrobat PDF file, which you can open from your email. If you want to get the Yodel this way, just drop him an email: memberships@osat.org and he will put you on the distribution list. Thanks everyone for all the submissions — it is a full issue this month. KCMADS.... -Bill

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OSAT Club Meeting: *Meeting this month at the campout!*

Monthly OSAT club meetings are held the second Wednesday of the month at 7:30pm. We meet at the Congregational Church of Mercer Island, located at 4545 Island Crest Way (take the Island Crest Way exit from I-90, the church is 1.6 miles south of the freeway, on the right. The meeting is held in classroom #1, upstairs on the north end of the building. [Note: this month we are having the meeting at the OSAT Annual Car Camp — see page 5.

OSAT 12-Step Meeting Locations

Tiger Mountain

Time: Thursdays @ 7:00 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 to use the cable line trail, or in the upper parking lot to use the regular trail (recommended for first-timers).

Thursday Contact: Tino S. Sunday Contact: Mark S.

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 @ 7 pm

Location: Take I-5 to Northgate, take the Northgate Way exit, and head west. Keep going past Hwy 99. When you cross Greenwood, Northgate Way changes to Holman Rd. A block or two later, look for QFC, and travel through the parking lot. You'll find 100th and 6th. Park near there at the Carkeek Park trailhead parking lot. The group meets there at 7 pm and 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: Bill L.

OSAT Telephone Numbers

There are two main phone numbers for OSAT - a general information number, good for new members, and an Activities Hotline Number, where members can get up-to-the-minute activity information, as well as leave their own trip announcements.

GENERAL INFORMATION:

(206) 236-9674

ACTIVITIES HOTLINE:

(206) 236-4777 (Use passcode 39)

When you call the hotline, enter passcode 39. Then type: **7** to play messages or **5** to record a new message.

LISTENING: While listening, press **7** to replay current message, **5** to keep current message and listen to the next message. *Never erase hotline entries when you call to listen!*

RECORDING: Press **2** to record your message. When you are done, press **#** to pause the recording. After pausing you may press **2** to add more, or **5** to keep the recording you just made.

Handling the OSAT E-List: Tips guaranteed to help you use the OSAT Email list effectively:

UNSUBSCRIBING:

Send a blank email to: osat-unsubscribe@egroups.com

SUBSCRIBING:

Send a blank email to: osat-subscribe@egroups.com

POSTING: (Use discretion: remember we ALL get the email.) Send your message to: osat@egroups.com

“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

Off Belay
By Bob C.

Alpine Lyte

The goal of lightweight alpine climbing is to move lightly and efficiently through the mountains without base camps. The focus is on simplicity, carrying only what is essential, sacrificing comfort for mobility.

When starting out, evaluate your background. You may be a strong mountaineer, a strong hiker, a strong rock climber, or no background at all. Getting some practice in these areas are important but you need not be an expert in any to be a strong alpine climber.

If you bring it, it will come
descent.

Keeping pace

Avoid the sprint mentality when your mountain/alpine climbing. Think of the big picture, the whole climb. A slow is the best way to get the most out of your body. When it comes to route finding ask yourself which way would you choose if you were doing the first ascent. If your guidebook offers information that directly contradicts what you perceive to be the truth, then the book may be wrong. Have fun, climb high.

*Go carefully, Lads be careful;
a single moments enough to make
one dead
for the whole of One's life
-J. Pecoste*

First Ascents

- Brian C gives "Vomit Launch" a redpoint...5.11b Smith Rock
- Congratulations to the new "High Five'n Rainier Summit-teers" (sorry if I missed anyone) Todd P., Jodi W., Allen P., Mike R., Jenny G., Meredyth G., Rick C., Tim H., Carey M., Kevin S., Steve K.
- Dave N. on Forbidden's ultra classic West Ridge. Grade III 5.6

A lot of you know enough to go lighter than you do, but end up bringing to many articles in your pack "just in case." Resist the temptation of over packing and remember the old adage "bring bivi gear, use bivi gear" meaning a climb that can done over a long day could turn into a two day epic from the extra weight, logistics and mental attitude from the extra stuff in your pack.

Just do it

Getting started is an easy although scary adventure. Choose a climb that is well below your ability and gather all the information about the route. There should be someone in our club or down at the climbing gym that has "running beta" (dude) or the latest information about the approach, climbing route and

**MEN'S MEETING:
September 17th.**

Contact Bob C. for details.
His email address is:
rclark@puget.com ,
or call him on the phone,
at: (206) 768-9819

Best Bets

- Message.....Meredyth
- Coffee.....without a doubt Café Vita, downtown Seattle-5th & Denny
- Movie.....Sixth Sense, forget Bruce Willis's previous films
- Must do climb of the season.....Mt. Slesse, NorthEast Buttress.....OMG!

OSAT Traditions

- 1) Every OSAT activity has a designated leader. The leader makes the decision as to who is qualified for the activity. This decision must be based on principles and not personalities.
- 2) Alcohol and illegal drugs are not allowed on any OSAT activity.
- 3) Party members are not to separate from the group without prior permission of the activity leader.
- 4) An OSAT leader should have completed a MOFA course or ensure that at least one participant in the activity has done so.
- 5) When in a wilderness area, each party member will carry the 10 essentials.
- 6) Outdoor activities start with the Serenity Prayer while holding hands in a circle.
- 7) Each OSAT glacier climb will have at least two rope teams that include a person with crevasse rescue training.
- 8) Anyone can volunteer to lead an activity, even a technical climb. As leader, you should be certain that everyone on that activity has signed a Release and Indemnity Agreement. As a participant, you may want to "qualify" your leader.
- 9) Party size for OSAT activities will adhere to the rules of the appropriate jurisdiction.

The Gnarly North

(A short, loose verse about victory at last)
By Rik A.

Defeated by tragedy, ice, and avalanche;
This year provided the perfect chance.
Alone in the wilderness, just clouds to see,
But the Northy is waiting there for us three.
A bivvy for Sean, and two in the tent,
Good thing the rain was set to relent.
Thunder and lightning interrupts sleeping,
So head up the scree to summit the thing.
No snowshoes this time, but a bogus report,
And a squall at the zenith adds to the sport.
Wrong turn to a gully, definitely impassable,
Through the fog it looks like the gates of hell.
Climb dinner plates and bookcases for fun,
And to prep for volcanoes in Oregon!
S--t that is steep! and exposure to boot,
But a belay or two should clear it for Hoot.
Well guys, you did it, and learned the secret,
Don't try ol' Northy when the weather is perfect.
"Four time 's the charm"? I thought it was three!
Just like the Sisters: Faith, Hope & Charity.

Visit our club website: <http://www.osat.org>

1999 OSAT EVENT CALENDAR

Sep. 4-6: *Eldorado Peak*, West Arête, Grade IV, 5.8; glacier/steep snow, limit/ldr permission Bob C. (206) 903-0338

Sep. 10-12: *OSAT 1999 Annual Car Camp* at Bridge Creek Campground. On Icicle Creek near Leavenworth. All levels of rock climbing - great hikes even into the Enchantments. Dave W. 425-869-0460. [See article in this Yodel!]



Want to lead a trip? Email it to us and we'll list it: yodel@osat.org

Tuesday Fun Run! Join us Tuesday evenings @ 6:30 for a scenic run along Lake Washington (Mt. Rainier visible on a clear day). Variety of running/walking levels can enjoy a series of flat or if you prefer stairs "yeah baby" paths. Contact Susan & Grant E. 206-721-5868 or meet at the Mt. Baker playground swings.

GREENLAKE RUN!

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.

OSAT 1999 CAR CAMP!

Submitted by Dave W.

Don't miss OSAT's traditional big end of summer event! The 1999 3-Day Car Camp, September 10,11, and 12 will happen at the Bridge Creek Campground group site off of the Icicle Creek Road, 9 miles from Leavenworth, WA.

We will have the campground from 2 pm Friday afternoon (9/10/1999) through Sunday evening (9/12/1999).

Please bring adequate drinking water.

Here is an overview of the events planned for the campout weekend:

Weekend Schedule:

Friday: 1) Fun, 2) Campfire meeting, 9pm

Saturday: 1) Fun, 2) Hike to beautiful Colchuck lake, great views of the Enchantments. Led by Rik A. (206) 766-2553, 3) Experience top-rope rock climbing — bring harness and rock shoes. Led by Dave W. (425) 869-0460 4) Campfire meeting 8:30pm

Sunday: 1) Fun, 2) Hike to 8-Mile Lake. This laid-back hike goes to the edge of the Enchantments. Led by Jim K. (425) 888-3294, 3) More top-rope rock climbing

The campground can be reached by way of Blewitt Pass, then turn left on Highway 2, or follow Route 2 from the Seattle area over Stevens Pass to Leavenworth. At the edge of Leavenworth as you reach town turn south on Icicle Creek Road at the BP gas station. When you see 8-Mile campground you have one mile to go to 8-Mile Road and the Bridge Creek Campground, which is on the left.

See you there! If you have any questions about activities, what to bring, or how to get there, please call me at: (425) 869-0460.

Forbidden Continued...

(Continued from page 1)

Well, I've changed my mind. Give me one for Thursday through Monday." The poor befuddled fellow didn't know what to do, so he went ahead and filled one out.

It was with a great sense of superiority and amusement that we made our way up the Skagit River Road. A brief stop gave us the opportunity to share our good fortune, hugs and some chitchat with the O.S.A.T.ers headed up to try Eldorado. [Editors note: *I was on that Eldorado climb, and (un?) believably enough, I inadvertently left the liners to my plastic mountaineering boots under my bed, at home. I had resigned myself to the situation when the Big Red Beast churned up behind us in the parking lot. Tom surveyed my situation, and said, "Oh sure, I got a pair of those you can wear in here somewhere..." He clattered and rummaged through the*

back of the truck for a couple minutes before emerging with a pair of plastics that "had been on top of Rainier several times." — We all summited Eldorado -- Thanks Tom!]

The steep trail to Boston Basin was... well, steep. When I wasn't looking at my feet I was getting more and more familiar with the back of Ralph's backpack and he was, I'm sure, getting familiar with Tom's. We continued in this fashion, passing everyone on the trail, until we lost it under snow. I was then able to speed to the front ever so briefly until Tom pulled ahead once again.

We found a marmot infested patch of dirt and rock at about 6300 ft. and then we proceeded to cover as much of it with gear and wet clothes as possible. This did not seem like much of a concern to the hoary rodents who went about

their business with only occasional curious glances. A cute little one was the most curious and spent much time on his burrow stoop watching us.

Having settled in and eaten well, we turned our attention to the beauty all around. Above the camp stood Forbidden. Like a castle wall, Ripsaw Ridge stretched across to Sahale. Across from us the imposing bulk of Johannesburg sat streaked by dark aretes and brilliant ice falls. The boom of avalanches occasionally intruded, halting our conversation. At one point a huge block slid from Forbidden, then cartwheeled and bounced down the entire basin intact. It was very amazing to watch!

Our leisure was disrupted by the arrival of the N.P.S. in the form of a young and serious type on skis. I quietly fussed over my stove and

left the talking to Tom. He tried his best to charm the pants off the sprout but he was not going for it. Whipping out walkie-talkie he conferred with his overlords at Fortress Marblemount. With a sour look he conceded that our permit was OK but admonished us for not being there the day before. We were now free to return to loafing and scarfing. Our attention turned to the slow progress of a group of five Mountaineers on the mountain. We watched as they made their way slowly to the summit very late in the day.

Tom and Ralph, who both knew the leader, had much to say about his style of leadership. It became apparent after several more hours of painfully slow progress that they would get the chance to have a true mountaineering experience. *Bivouac!* As the sunset cast a

(Continued on page 6)

More Forbidden No More...

(Continued from page 5)

beautiful alpine glow they were barely half way back down the ridge.

After a night of occasionally waking to check the progress of the stars making their lazy arc across the sky it was time for slop and slog.

It was when we reached the bottom of the couloir that we first saw the tardy Mountaineers. Their leader had just rappelled down and Tom was eager to get a rapport going. Unfortunately the poor fellow was a little ragged from too long a day and night! Tom did his best to add a little levity but I think that it was just lost on him.

The entirety of our climb to the

summit went well although we were burdened with the dreaded three on a rope. My great thanks are due to Ralph, especially, and Tom for letting me come along as the odd guy out. With the wonderful weather that we had the climb went under our cut off time and we had ample time to enjoy the grand views from the cramped summit.

The descent was not without some excitement. Ralph started it off by testing his reaction times by doing a few unintentional slides on ridgeside snow patches. It was left to me to stage the lollapalooza by taking a dramatic headfirst slide down the bottom third of the couloir. I quickly lost my sight when snow clogged my glasses. The sensation of acceleration was im-

mediate. I do not consciously remember trying to arrest. I do remember that I was certain I would not die but that I was going to break something at the least. I stopped as quickly as I started and I knew at once that I was basically OK. I had not broken anything and I had not fallen into the small crevasses at the bottom! I had not even soiled my polypro. I had, though, scared the heck out of myself along with Ralph, Tom, and another couple at the bottom. I felt bad and not a little bit embarrassed about my nearly disastrous lapse of attention.

We capped off the climb by spending a pleasant and relaxing evening basking in the glory of another successful climb and an-

other beautiful alpen glow sunset. Tom gleefully added to his collection of cheap and free climbing gear by finding a nice OR rope bag. The fact that it was marked N.P.S. only added to his joy!

Accident analysis: The upper couloir was close to 45 degrees. We were descending face in with crampons on. At about 2/3 of the way down I felt that the angle had lessened to 35 to 40 degrees and decided to try plunge stepping. It went well for several steps but then I lost contact due to balling of snow in my crampons that I had not realized was happening. Obviously if I had remained face in there would not have been a problem or possibly if I did not have the crampons on.

Mike's Rainier Saga....

(Continued from page 1)

We hiked through Glacier Basin Wednesday morning. With 60+ pounds, the initial hike was quite grueling. After hours of trail walking in plastic ice boots, my blisters had blisters. After a brief lunch break, we roped up with ice-axes to trudge to Camp Schurman base. So tough that one of our team blew his knee out, and had to glissade back down to the trailhead. It took all day and into the night before we passed by the Ranger Station at 9500' on out way to the flats.

Upon arrival at base camp, we pitched our 4-season tents and built ice walls to protect us from the freezing temperatures. We spent the next day, with good weather, hydrating and replenishing our carbs and protein for the nights attempt. We lightened our packs and prepared for the summit attempt. Lights out for us in the middle of the sun-drenched day, because we were to awake at 2200 hours for the ascent. Nobody got much sleep and the alarms sounded just as the sun set.

Then the cold set in. My 3 fellow ropers were dubbed team Scotland (because we all had highland blood in us). Leading was Bill L.

(William the Conqueror) followed by Mary H. (Queen of Scots) then Glen H. (Glenlivet), and bringing up the rear, me, Mike R. (just a common cattle-thief). Funny that I could come up with a nickname for everyone else save me. Mike R. will do. It was a monotonous beginning with our tangled ropes, crampons, and headlamps beneath the frigid twinkling night. Seattle was all aglitter, below us, way off on the North-Western horizon, with an Aurora-Borealean eeriness. Did I mention that it was cold? Let me mention it again! I mean our footsteps crinkled the newly frozen ice-pack with crumpled-paper precision.

Our fellow four-team crew was not as expedient, and had to slow down frequently. This factor contributed to the chance of failure, as the window of time is very limited. Gradually we persevered and left their dimming headlights below the distant slopes. At one point, the stoppage from the other rope team was so long that we had a serious choice. To continue to climb and leave them behind, or to wait for them and hope for the best. After much debate and deliberation, we chose to go on, leaving them with their 2 experienced rope leaders. As it turned out, one of

the women had a bad case of altitude sickness and hypothermia. She went back down with the rope leader while the remaining 2 roped and trudged on.

After hours of excruciating rest-stepping, the rising sun lightened our spirits. We seemed alone on that ominous peak, hopping over bottomless crevasses and winding around never-ending seracs. The low-growling sounds of rumbling avalanches and rockslides were omnipresent, adding to our mental anguish. We trudged on through the early morning dawn. As our eyes grew accustomed to the blinding reflections, dark-lensed glacier glasses replaced clear goggles. Again we continued on toward what looked like an unattainable summit. Muscles burned, eyes twitched, minds wandered. My altimeter read just a disappointing 13000+ feet. How much longer could we endure? The winds whipped and chilled us to the bone. Power breathing twice for every one step was the rule. It seemed as though we were making no progress and the peak, like so many unrealistic aspirations, was moving further and further away. Why was I doing this? My body was screaming at me, and I clearly felt that we were all slowly dying

at this altitude. I hated life and living and just wanted to find an ice cave to crawl into and go to sleep... I found that when I gave encouragement to my fellow climbers, it rejuvenated my energy and attitude, so I continued to shout praises on high. It is amazing what the human body is capable of enduring when one has the proper mental out-look. In fact, at this point, it was mind over matter, and the body just kept chugging as the psyche set the rhythm. For some reason, I could not get "Beethoven's #9" (Ode to Joy), and "God Bless America" out of my mind. Whatever works! At least it wasn't Beastie Boys or Metallica. No offense to anyone's musical preference, but tunes like that would have sent me scrambling.

13500, 13750, 14000! Wow, we were doing it. Not so fast though, with each false-summit came the harsh cruel reality that there was another bigger one around the corner. Would we ever make it? As the temp warmed, the crevasses opened up further, forcing us to traverse more distance. I was trance-like zombie walking at this point, and had to keep going. The goal was in sight. So close, just a

(Continued on page 7)

More Mike's Rainier Saga...

(Continued from page 6)

little bit further. The howling wind penetrated our every seam with pin-point accuracy, and it became a matter of survival to keep moving.

At least the sun was out. Like exhausted tri-athletes, we all finally collapsed on the summit in a heap of polypro, Gore-Tex, and fleece. Were we here? None could imagine the feat unless they had experienced it. Who would believe? Would pictures do it justice? How do we get down, helicopter? No such luck, we were on our own, and most accidents happen on the way down. The other two members of our party we had left behind arrived. We had a brief reunion, and realized that we had to get

off and in a hurry because the sun's melting action would do its best to stymie our return. We all signed the register, viewed photos and memorabilia of lost buddies, ate power bars, and viewed the Crater and Liberty Cap one last time before making the descent. This took forever.

Seeing what we had accomplished in broad daylight was beyond human comprehension. I am so glad it was dark when we started so we did not know what we were in for, or it would have been overwhelming. At one point, we froze for an hour yielding to an uphill party of 9 (3 -3 ropes) crossing a thin collapsed ice-bridge. I did my best to fight fatigue and stay awake. Upon the final knee-shocking crawl to

base camp, we rested for a minute, ate, broke camp, and headed down the Inter Glacier toward home at dusk. If it were not for the long glissade and mutual respect for each other and the mountain, it would have been an improbable feat.

Final thoughts: With teamwork, diligence, and encouragement, we did it! Together. If you had asked me the next day if I wanted to climb again, I would have told you that I was selling all my gear and giving up this crazy sport. Now, I am not so sure...

Although I have no pending desire to summit any 8000 meter peaks in the near future, I do have a newfound awareness, respect and love

for mountaineering, the mountains, my peers, mother nature, and my Higher Power- God. I take little credit for the outcome. All I did was to do the necessary training, field trips, seminars, readings, and little more than what was expected of me. The results were out of my control. I am so fortunate. There are a lot more deserving people who did not make it this time. Some will never, some will keep trying. I will never look at Mt. Rainier or life the same again. The journey has been well worth the effort. My advice to anyone who doubts their ability: Just put one foot in front of the other, and take it One Step At a Time. I love you all.

Lots from the Bots...

(Continued from page 1)

fruit and cheese basket.

There was discussion regarding OSAT t-shirts and how we can be sure they are coming to the club meeting and climbing course events. We also began to discuss the need for a Safety Review Committee in OSAT. The decision was made for each BOTS member to think about what we needed in that area and bring our thoughts to the July meeting.

At the **July** meeting Charlie reported that he had made the donations to the two SARs. He had also written a letter to John R.'s ex-wife regarding the incident report for her to show the Social Security Administration to receive benefits for his daughter. Charlie had also spoken to Robert T. and Hoot about erecting a memorial to

John on Tiger Mountain and they had responded with a resounding yes. Logistics and materials were discussed and Robert T. will get back to us with the time line for completion. The dedication will be announced in the Yodel.

An amendment to the club bylaws regarding the direction of the club equipment will be published and available at the September club meeting. the future direction of the BOTS was discussed in preparation of the new term coming up in December. there will be three spots available and the nominations are being taken by the current BOTS members.

The **August** meeting was attended by all the BOTS members and guests Ron D., Sandy S. and Bob C. Ron D. presented a proposal

for the inception of an OSAT Safety committee. It was agreed that over the next two months a committee would be formed and over the next six months safety standards would be set for the OSAT membership and participants in OSAT activities. The BOTS are very grateful to Ron D. for his efforts and initiative. Bill L. has agreed to be the BOTS representative assisting in the development of the committee. Ron D. will return to the BOTS meeting in September to report on the progress of the committee development and direction. As we progress, the membership will be kept informed through the club meeting and the Yodel.

Bob C. had to leave the meeting before he had a chance to make his proposal for a new Rock Climbing Course. He will be at-

tending the September meeting.

Other issues were addressed such as announcing the BOTS nominations in the September issue of the Yodel. Bill L. is still trying to get in touch with Joan to find out how we can get the t-shirts from her. Tino S. has agreed to take over getting the shirts to club meetings and activities. In the future, if people want the shirts sent to them through the mail they will need to add a \$3.00 shipping and handling fee to the cost of the shirt. The Gratitude Dinner and Service Award nominees were discussed. The BOTS approved a \$500 allocation for the construction of the John R. Memorial.

OSAT MARKETPLACE

Continued from the back page...

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