

10th Year Anniversary Issue

*The Yodel***Contents:**

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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."

This history of the first four years of OSAT is based on a series of articles ("Five Years Ago in OSAT" published in the Yodel from 1995 to 2000.

Early Spring 1991 OSAT celebrates its birthday on the first Thursday of Daylight Savings Time every year. Why? Well, the handout that Jim H distributed at the first meeting of the "1991 AA Mt. Rainier Expedition" on March 20, 1991 scheduled a conditioning hike up Tiger Mountain for Thursday, April 11. By the time the first newsletter went out on April 3, it had been suggested that this Thursday night hike become a regular Twelve Step meeting. The following April 24 about a dozen people met at Coulon Park in Renton to discuss the structure for an ongoing club. Among the names suggested were:

- *Getting High*
- *Getting High on High*
- *More than Twelve Steps*
- *Recovering Alcoholics Mountaineer Society (RAMS)*

The group decided to adopt the same name as the Thursday night AA meeting, and the rest, as they say, is history! Even at this early date, a substantial calendar of activities was scheduled. There were conditioning hikes on Mt. Si every Tuesday, two Pilchuck climbs (one for ice ax practice), a Camp Muir conditioner, and an overnight to Park Butte and two to St. Helens planned. Clearly the combination of dedication and foresight got OSAT started with a full head of steam.

The first OSAT volcano climb was an unsuccessful attempt by seven members on St. Helens in late April of 1991. "The weather turned us around at about 7000'. but a good time was had by all." The first successful summit (other than Tiger and Si!) was by twelve members on Mt. Pilchuck the following weekend, and five summited the North

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Gratitude Dinner

WHY, WHEN & WHERE

Why? Because we are grateful. This year's Gratitude Dinner is going to be held on Saturday, November 17th starting at 6:00pm at the Epiphany Parish of Seattle. The Epiphany is located east of downtown Seattle. The address is 1805 38th Avenue. For more info go to www.epiphanyseattle.org for directions and the map.

DIRECTIONS

From The North and South - I-5 to the James St. exit. Head east on James. James becomes Cherry just after the top of the hill. Turn left on 34th, and continue on 34th which becomes East Denny. The church is on the right, on Denny, between 37th and 38th Avenues. The address is 1805 38th Avenue.

WHAT TO BRING

Bring yourself, family, and friends. OSAT will be providing the beverages. For the potluck we have split it up according to your last name.

- A-F Desserts**
- G-P Main Dishes**
- Q-Z Salads/Breads**

WHAT TO EXPECT

Fun and fellowship. We will be announcing the new BOTS members and the OSAT Annual Service Award. There will be presentations of certificates to this year's Glacier Climbing Course graduates and there may be a surprise or two. Come join us for the festivities. If you want to volunteer to help out at the event contact Lori U. If you have other questions contact a BOTS member. (p.3)

The History of Hinkhouse Peak

On December 8 2000, the Washington State Board on Geographic Names unanimously accepted the application to name the peak on the north side of Washington Pass "Hinkhouse Peak". The location affords as dramatic a mountain vista as exists anywhere in the Cascades -- with a fabulous view of some of the most notable rock climbing peaks in the state. Following the approval in Olympia, the application was sent to Washington D.C., and on June 14, 2001, the United States Board on Geographic Names added its approval.

The application process began over a year prior to the state approval. There were some unexpected challenges along the way. The nomination of a lesser peak had to be withdrawn because it abutted a wilderness area. After OSAT proponents with assistance from the Board staff identified a substitute peak for the application, research indicated it had been known by four unofficial names in the past. Many letters of support were sent to the Board from friends in OSAT, so they got a true picture of how Jim Hinkhouse's ideas continue to affect the lives of people who never knew him. Support for the proposal also came from Chelan and Okanogan County officials, and the Boeing Alpine Society. Thanks to the support expressed by many, the Board and its chairman, Jennifer Belcher, seemed genuinely impressed with the impact Jim had on the Washington climbing and recovery communities. Comments both on and off the record indicated that the Board believed Jim was extremely worthy of this honor, and they seemed genuinely confident that this was the right thing to do and they were pleased to be a part of it. The summit is 1 mile north of Washington Pass, near the east end of a ridge running 2-1/2 miles eastward from Cutthroat Peak (8050) and which ends at a point identified on the USGS Washington Pass 7.5 minute topographic

quadrangle as 7371. It is located in the North Cascades Scenic Highway Area of the Okanogan National Forest. A survey control point identified as "Cutthroat" with an elevation of 7046 is about .8 miles west of the summit. The USGS does not indicate a surveyed elevation for the summit; from contours on the USGS topo the peak has an estimated elevation of 7560+ ft. The land surrounding the peak is used exclusively for recreation. The scenic overlook at Washington Pass is immediately to the south, and the Cutthroat Creek Campground is immediately to the north. US Highway 20 (The North Cascades Highway) passes to the south and along the eastern foot of the peak at elevations of 4000 to nearly 5600 ft. The first ascent of what is now Hinkhouse Peak is attributed to Lage Wernstedt in 1925 or 1926. It is not known if he gave the summit a name. Wernstedt was an Associate Topographic Engineer for the US Forest Service. The USGS Washington Pass 7.5 minute topographic quadrangle map published in 1963 indicates no name for the peak, nor does the current map distributed by the Okanogan National Forest. The 1968 *Mazama* annual register mentions a couple of climbs of "Washington Pass Peak" as it is identified on a map by Jim Nieland accompanying the article by Don Eastman. "Saturday was a day of light, intermittent rain. Its main event was the first of our two climbs of Washington Pass Peak." Later in the trip Eastman mentions "Our only climbers that day were [Bob] Stites, [Harold] Deery, and Nancy Duckering on Washington Pass Peak." The 1971 *The Mountaineer* climbing notes (p 88) makes reference to a June 1970 climb by John Bousman and Earl Hamilton under the heading "Washington Pass Peak, Towers of the Throatgripper". "[We] set off on a cloudy, threatening day... after sitting through a day of rain at the newly built horse camp on Cutthroat Creek, impressed by the partial views of a collection of towers to the south of camp. We climbed each of the towers from the northwest. At no

time could we see more than 150 feet but the climbing was enjoyable and not very strenuous. From northwest to southeast are Pinky, Ring, Fickle, and Index. Fickle had been ascended by the Mazamas via the south slope in 1968..." In a Washington state gazetteer, *Exploring Washington* by Harry M. Majors (1975, (pp. 39-40 ref. No.44) there is reference to the mountain as Fickle Peak, claiming it was first climbed in 1926 by Lage Wernstedt."

In an interview in the fall of 2000, long-time Washington mountaineer John Roper of Seattle said he was with Fred Beckey in the late 1970s when Fred "... pointed up to the peak as we were driving across Washington Pass and noted that it did not have an official name." Roper recalls Beckey saying something like "Since this is State Creek, I'm going to call it 'State Crag'." State Creek runs to the southeast, draining the entire south side of the ridge running from Cutthroat Peak to the Hinkhouse Peak. Indeed, the *Cascade Alpine Guide* by Fred Beckey (1981) refers to the peak as "State Crag": "This formation is a gently sloping asymmetrical peak whose northern crest is a group of our towers dubbed "Index" (the highest point), "Fickle," "Ring," and "Pinky," with a generic name *Towers of the Throat Gripper*. The highest point was reached by Lage Wernstedt in 1925 or 1926." The various finger names: "Index", "Fickle", "Middle" and "Pinky" would lead one to believe, by physiologic metaphor, that "Fickle" is the highest point. The gazetteer reference to the peak as a whole as "Fickle" also suggests that the second crag from the southeast is the highest. Beckey's claim that Index (the southeasterlymost) is the highest has been confirmed. Reports by the first OSATers to visit the peak in October 2000 indicate Hinkhouse Peak is a climb that will appeal to day hikers and rock climbers alike. That first club outing included Lori U and her dog Sam, Dick W, Meredyth G, Chuck A and his son, Chris and Wendy N, Russell S, and Pete S.

Hinkhouse Peak

The New History Begins

Bright sunny skies greeted ten OSAT climbers at the Washington Pass Overlook September 15 for the first climb since the name was officially recognized by the State of Washington and the U.S. Boards on Geographic Names. We started across the big meadow at the Pass around 10:30, and quickly found our way up through the scrub pine and short bands of rocks. Some time in the future we will have to flag the route so we can start using the same gully and avoid the dead ends and bushwhacking on the descent. We were lucky enough to have Sam the Wonder Dog along, and he sniffed out the route to the ridge without a hitch. Last year Sam accompanied the first OSAT climb to the ridge, although that party did not venture out to the true summit crag.

The summit ridge was reached in a couple of hours. Kat and Sam established a vantage point from which to watch the rest of us work our way up to the summit crages. We picked our way up to the ridge summit, which was named the Index crag when the four crags were dubbed the "Towers of the Throatgripper" by Bousman and Hamilton in 1970. There is a cairn near this summit. Most of our party elected to make the short rappel into the gap between this crag and the true summit ("Fickle"), including first-time rappellers Chris R and Alan G. Ralph took the class 3 ledge route along the east face of the Index crag, which can be reached by descending a few yards down the east ridge ledge route, and stretched a hand line up the objective for the rest of the party.

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OSAT QUICK-REFERENCE

Board of Trusted Servants (BOTS)

Meredyth G. 425-252-9131 *mgiven@ashmeadcollege.com*
Dave S. 425-557-9931 *Shiftyd1@juno.com*
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Mike R. 206-634-1583 *mikerobb@aol.com*
Nancy T. 206-523-0844 *nthorpee@juno.com*

12-Step Meeting Coordinators

Karen C. 206-524-9304 *karech@safeco.com*
Dave B. 425-353-8154

Contact People

Activities:	Lori U.	425-430-8738	<i>Namaste2b@aol.com</i>
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Hotline Follow-up:			
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Membership:	Bob L.	206-310-2896	<i>jrlewis@u.washington.edu</i>
OSAT East Coast:	John H.	617-641-3423	
Running:	Doug H.	425-271-5116	<i>dougnue@aa.net</i>
Safety:	Dave N.	253-752-9214	<i>offbelay1@juno.com</i>
Service:	Contact BOTS		
Yodel:	Scott H.	425-346-9302	<i>yodel@osat.org</i>
Webmaster	David C. (Dax)	206-623-7857	<i>webmaster@osat.org</i>

OSAT Club Meeting: Next meeting on Jan 9th, 2002, no meetings for Nov/Dec. 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 upstairs in classrom #6

OSAT 12-Step Meeting Locations:

Tiger Mountain Time: Thursdays @ 7pm & 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). **Note: Call Rick B for info on the Thursday night meeting — it switched to the Issaquah IHOP for Daylight Savings Time. The meetings resume on the mountain the first Thursday after DST ends in April.**

Thursday & Sunday Contact: Karen C. 206-524-9304 *karech@safeco.com*

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 @ 7:30 pm Meet at trailhead at 7pm

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. If you drive, you can park down by the beach and the meeting starts when the walkers get there, usually around 7:20pm.

Contact: Dave B. 425-353-8154

OSAT Telephone Numbers

There are two main phone numbers for OSAT...a general info number where you can leave a message to have a person follow up with your questions and an Activities Hotline number where you can find out where the OSAT meetings are held, the contact people's numbers for those meetings and also be able to leave a message for follow up with a member.

General Information Number

206.236.9674

Activities Hotline Number

206.236.5848

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

(History—Continued from page 1)

Peak of the Brothers on May 11-12, "although we only had about 30 seconds of visibility." The May 9, 1991 new sletter was the first to bear "One Step at a Time" on the masthead, the club having been christened at an organizational meeting April 24th. The newsletter was distributed at the Tiger Mountain Meeting to save mailing costs, and "business meetings" were planned for the first Thursdays of the month at JB's in Issaquah (later to become IHOP) following the Tiger Mountain AA meeting. It was explained at the Tiger Mountain Meeting that the collection funds were being used to support the club (reproduction and postage), with any excess donated to InterGroup. Therefore, the club had no dues at that time.

There were 85 names on "The Roster" published in the May 1991 newsletter. Jim had been collecting names of interested individuals for several months prior to the first meetings. There is no further club record for nearly 30 of these people, and its possible they never actually participated in the club or group, or only came to one or two events. As with any group this size, over the years others have drifted (or been plucked) away. Nevertheless, about twenty of the people on the first roster are still active in OSAT today (2001), climbing, sharing, and working together with those who have joined since, to keep OSAT as vital and exciting in the future as it was in the beginning.

Late Spring 1991The newsletter (i.e. Jim) reported that just three months after getting started, "There is something VERY special about having a meeting on a mountain top after a strenuous hike. Many of us are already very addicted to it!" The first climb course was in full swing. Paul C led 15 members on a conditioning hike to Camp Muir for the first 12-step meeting at that location. Jim speculated that it was the highest meeting in the history of the state. Snow climbs of The Brothers, Granite and Dickerman were successful in May, but the planned Memorial Day climb of Baker was canceled due to bad weather. Four members spent the weekend on Ray's Knoll in Glacier Basin above Monte Cristo, but scrubbed climbing plans when they woke up to the sound of avalanches. The issue of safety was discussed at an informal meeting in early June. It was determined that every activity would have a leader responsible for determining climber ability (physical, skill, equipment) to participate in an event. Each member was responsible for carrying (at least) the "10 essentials", and the possibility of requiring a liability release was also first discussed.

Early Summer 1991 July 20 1991 is arguably the most significant date in the history of OSAT. Thirty-five OSATers in three teams (Green, Red, and White) worked their way up

the Emmons Glacier route of Mt. Rainier. Among the twenty-six who summited were sixteen who were there for the first time, and five others who had climbed to the top for the first time in the previous five weeks to give the big group a bit more experience. Twenty-two of the participants had little or no prior mountaineering experience prior to that spring, and on average the climbers who didn't summit actually had more previous experience than those who did! It was Jim's third Rainier summit in a little over a month. The climb clearly violated the intent of MRNP regulations setting a maximum party size of twelve. This was in the days when each climber filled out their own registration card. Jimmy became nervous when he discovered that most people had registered with him named as their climb leader, in spite of the fact he had designated two other team leaders, one for each of the "color" teams!

Jim issued a press release following the expedition, and the story was picked up by the Bellevue Journal American among others. A tribute to the climb published in the August newsletter concluded with a (dry) toast: "To the man who helped more people get higher than anyone else in the State of Washington on July 20: Here's to you Jim! Thanks for including me in your dream-come-true. And to the men and women who got higher than anyone else in the State of Washington on that day, and to those with them who gave their all in the attempt: Here's to you, OSAT! Thanks for the memories. You showed me that courage, determination, and mutual assistance can overcome the greatest challenge." OSAT had accomplished its initial goal. In so doing, it also accomplished much more. Jim's goal of having an AA meeting on Rainier's summit had blossomed into a growing, vibrant organization with enough momentum, energy, faith, and vision to assure it would continue long after this first glorious dream-come-true.

Late Summer 1991 The idea of having an AA meeting atop Mt. Rainier was the seed from which OSAT grew, but as the first climb moved from anticipation to memory it became clear it was not the group's *raison d'etre*. A full calendar of events was laid out. Attendance at the Tiger Mountain meeting on Thursdays ran 15-30. There was a gleam in Jimmy's eyes when he mentioned that "some people have started identifying OSAT as their Home Group!" during the latter part of the summer. This was a sign, even more so than the Mt. Rainier success, that OSAT had arrived; that it was not going to be just another passing success in the life of Jim H. As another indication of OSAT's permanence, plans were being established to move the meeting indoors during the winter, with an optional hike just before. OSAT club meetings were held irregularly, either before or

after the Thursday AA meeting. During September Sunday afternoon meetings were held part way up Mt. Si, and a Tuesday evening meeting also ran for a while on Tiger. The August 1991 newsletter was the first to identify OSAT as "an outdoor club for members of Twelve Step Recovery programs." It was also the first time that the need for financial support was mentioned: "We would like a donation to cover mailing and other expenses. Five dollars per year is suggested." **Fall 1991** In November 1991, OSAT appeared on Recovery Talk Radio, and put an ad in the Mountaineer Bulletin and Sign Post magazine. A flyer was developed for distribution to halls and treatment centers. The word was still spreading. As the Thursday Tiger meeting moved to JB's for the winter, there was an attempt to begin a Sunday afternoon meeting part way up Mt. Si. This ended after four tries, failing due to too few attendees and too many distracting hikers. The beginnings of a club organization emerged from a couple of meetings in December after the regular AA meeting at JB's. Initially "committees" (i.e. individuals) were identified for service, communication, safety, finance, equipment, and the next Mt. Rainier climb. Jim led 15 OSATers to the top of Mt. Si on Thanksgiving, continuing a personal tradition for him and beginning a new one for the club. There was also a ski trip to Paradise, a Toys-for-Tots race at Sand Point, and the first OSAT Christmas Party. Between Christmas and New Years a planned Rainier attempt turned into the legendary 1st OSAT winter ascent of Mt. Hood which drew 10 participants, 3 of whom summited. Returning in whiteout conditions, following wands back to the top of Palmer Lift, is a story oft-told since by OSAT old timers who were there.

Winter 1991-92 1992 got under way with the first OSAT meeting in a snowcave atop Skyline Ridge at Stevens Pass. Ten OSATers attended the meeting, although only four earned their "snowcave merit badge" by spending the night. Thus began yet another OSAT tradition. Luckily the event was planned for early February, as the winter had an unusually low amount of snow. In March, eleven members hiked up to Three Fingers and seven summited Merchant Peak. Everyone's climbing calendar was filling up fast, with OSAT events planned for three of every four weekends between February and July! In February 1992 the first international OSAT climbing trip was organized: Jim, Dave and Steve climbed Popo and attempted Ixt in Mexico. In the process they established a long standing record by having an AA meeting at 17,000 feet. Planning for the second OSAT Mt. Rainier climb was well under way, with some changes instituted so Jim

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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.

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 info or email dougsue@mindspring.com

Yodel Staff

If you want an electronic copy of the Yodel, or have a question about your subscription, send email to: memberships@osat.org, (please only send editorial questions to yodel@osat.org)

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How to Contribute

The deadline for January Yodel:

December 21, 2001

Via Email: yodel@osat.org

Via FAX: (by arrangement)

You are **strongly** encouraged to submit your contributions via electronic mail. If you can't do this, contact Scott H for mailing instructions.

OSAT EVENT CALENDAR



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

REGULAR OSAT EVENTS:

Dinner and a Movie: Third Friday of every month. Call Bob L. for details 206-310-2896

Thursday November 22, 2001 730am

Thanksgiving Appetite Builder

Mt. Si (new lot/trail) -- a tradition that's older than OSAT!! - meet at 7:30 a.m. Last one down doesn't get any mashed potatoes.

Dec. 15-16

Mt. Hood via Palmer Glacier

Leader Permission

Bob Clarke

(206) 985-2583

climb13a@hotmail.com

Saturday December 15, 2001 6pm

Christmas Potluck Party -- Moving this year to the Anderson residence (sorry, no view of the Seattle skyline) . 5655 East Mercer Way, Mercer Island . Parking will be a challenge, so please begin planning your carpools early!

SLOSAT Hikes & Snowshoeing. Most weekends. Will post details on osat@yahoo.com the week before but if you want to join the hike, please call Sandy S at 425 883-4977

Message from Lori U. our Activities Chair:

More activities will be posted in upcoming yodels.

Please respect these following courtesies when signing up for an event. Call leader for sign up and particulars about event (i.e. directions and equipment.)

MENTORS WANTED

If you are an OSAT member who has completed the glacier climbing course and would like to do some service work, please contact **Kathy Hunsinger at 425-486-5113** or kgooutside@aol.com. We are currently seeking mentors for students in the 2002 glacier course.



LEADERSHIP COMMITTEE

The motion to create a leadership committee passed at the October club meeting and it is now time to start the formation of the committee. Do you know someone in the club whose leadership skills you admire. If so we want to hear from you. Please nominate individuals to serve on this committee. If there are any volunteers who would like to serve on this committee let us know as well. The direction we would like to see taken is for the committee to first identify qualities and skills necessary to be an effective leader. These are not necessarily related to leading in the sense of technical climbs, hikes, etc. The committee would then work to provide opportunities for individuals to acquire and hone these qualities and skills. Contact a BOTS member for nominations and volunteers for the new Leadership Committee.

OSAT FINANCE NEWS

Teresa F

It's official: The finance hand-off is now complete. If you have any need to contact me for finance information, you can reach me at **425-353-8154** or email me at **tt.flynn@verizon.net**.

Since I do not subscribe to Egroups, if you need to contact me, please do so at the above telephone number or email address. Please remember if you want to be reimbursed for OSAT approved purchases, you will need to provide me with a receipt.

I'd like to personally thank Charlie A for the great job he did for OSAT as treasurer since 1995, and the smooth transfer of responsibilities to me. I've been around OSAT for a long time and I welcome the opportunity to serve as the Finance chair. In the past, I've been involved in the Yodel distribution and membership and I consider it a privilege to be able to give something back to this club that has given me so much to be grateful for. I look forward to serving in this new capacity and to hearing from you. **TERESA**

FLYNN

From the Bots

Here we sit on the eve of the coming holiday season. We hope all is well with you, friends, and family. The recent events have everyone a little shaken and it is a good time to connect with family and friends. The winter months ahead are going to be filled with lots of great opportunities to connect with folks in OSAT. We don't have any club meetings in November or December but the Gratitude Dinner is coming up on Nov. 17th and the Christmas Party will be on Dec. 15th. Look for information in this issue.

Here is an update on what has been happening with us in the last couple of months. Nancy T. was elected to fill out the remainder of the term left by Charlie A's resignation. We welcome Nancy aboard and wish Charlie & Janyth all the best in their new endeavors. We approved a budget of \$30 a month to update and expand the library collection. Rob is doing a great job with this committee. A good place to catch him is at the club meetings. He is always there with a sampling of books from the collection. Rob has also brought up the idea again of having an OSAT information table set up at a dinner prior to a meeting in the Seattle area. He is going to talk with the group and submit a plan to us for approval. If you have any suggestions contact Rob. If you have any concerns address them to the BOTS.

Doug H. has agreed to set up a group inventory. The idea is to do it as a weekend retreat. Look for more on this in the future. The new T-shirts have been met with great enthusiasm. We are in the process of getting a limited amount of the new colors with the embroidery in smaller sizes. There is also a plan in the works to have bandanas made up that have the OSAT 10th Anniversary logo on them. Thanks to Chuck for all his hard work. In order to clear out the old stock to make room for the new we have decided to discount the old shirts and are selling them for \$5 a piece. Look for them at an OSAT meeting or party near you.

We had a discussion on how to get more people involved with OSAT in the area of service and participation at the club meetings. Any suggestions would be greatly appreciated. We are looking into what it would take to get a "heavy hitter" to come do the entertainment at a club meeting. Well known individuals usually require a steep honorarium/fee. We are going to see what we can do. If you have any suggestions direct them to Dave S. We have been taking nominations for the annual OSAT Service Award that is given every year to an individual who has shown a commitment. Send nominations to any BOTS member or email us at bots@osat.org. The award will be presented at the Gratitude Dinner.

Until next time...

Your Board of Trusted Servants

From the Librarian....

OSAT Hinkhouse Library Summer 2001 Acquisitions

Purchases:

From Acadia to Yellowstone
Alaska (Art Wolfe Photography)
Mountain Bike America
Mountain Biking Washington
Leave No Trace
Olympic National Park (A Natural History)
Olympic Peninsula (Best Places)
Washington's South Cascades Volcanic
Landscapes

The Measure of a Mountain
Regions of the Heart
Outdoor & Recreation Equipment by Kevin
Jeffrey
The Wild Beauty of Denali National Park
Wilderness Above the Sound (The Story of
Mt. Rainier National Park)
Last Climb (The Legendary Everest Explo-
rations of George Mallory)

Donations

High Exposure (An Enduring Passion for
Everest & Unforgiving Places) by David
Breashears
Donated by: Will A.
Tents in the Clouds (The 1st Women's Hima-
layan Expedition) Donated by: Nancy T.

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wouldn't get arrested for leading a 35-climber group on the mountain. In the meantime, the February/March 1992 edition of *Climbing* magazine featured a short item on the first climb in 1991.

Early Spring 1992 We tend to think the club motto, "Keep climbing mountains and don't slip" has been with us forever. In fact, the newsletters during OSAT's first winter sported the somewhat more curse "Climb mountains and don't slip", and Jim tried to improve on this and changed it to "Keep climbing mountains and don't drink in between." in the spring. Not too elegant, and it was destined to pass through yet another version later in 1992 before evolving, more than a year later, to our familiar phrase. On April 9, 1992 OSAT began its second year. As has been the tradition ever since, the club celebrated its anniversary on the first Thursday evening in Daylight Savings Time by re-initiating the Tiger Mountain AA meeting. The previous weekend a dozen climbers made an attempt on Mt. St. Helens, and got to about 5,400 ft before succumbing to lots of "snow, snow, snow", but they reported a "great meeting, good exercise, fun time was had by all."

Instructors outnumbered students 14 to 11 at the Stevens Pass ice ax practice as the second annual climbing course hit the mountains. It was a great day with sun, soft snow, and a special meeting atop Cowboy Mountain. At the April business meeting it was decided to take the OSAT story to treatment centers. Later in the month Jim, Karen, Steve, and Robert were on Recovery Talk Radio, and Jim and Steve made a presentation about OSAT to the Federal Way Rotary club.

Late Spring 1992 As the Thursday night meeting moved back to Tiger Mountain in April, it was noted that the meeting was held there during its first season rain or shine. Although we were ready to adjourn to JB's (now IHOP) "in case of VERY inclement weather", it never happened during that first year. In those days a brief "club meeting" usually preceded the AA meeting atop Tiger. In April a club business meeting resulted in a number of important decisions. An initiation fee of \$12 and annual dues of \$12 were approved, and it was decided to have a membership card. A policy that expenditures over \$50 required group approval was adopted. Francy S was in charge of finances in those days. (The initiation fee was dropped some years later, and the expenditure limit raised when the BOTS was established.) There were over 140 names on the newsletter mailing list.

Interest in the climbing course demanded a second ice ax arrest outing to Stevens Pass in May, which, like the earlier trip, was highlighted by the 12-step meeting atop Cowboy Mountain. Six climbers responded to Jim's "must be in VERY good shape" challenge and summited Whitehorse (6000 foot vertical in 6.5 hours). Later in May five summited Shuksan with good weather, a good meeting, and a scare from a falling boulder. The Memorial Day Weekend hike to Camp Muir was, indeed, memorable. Here's Jim's newsletter report in full: "24 OSATers made it to Camp Muir in good time on a warm (hot) day. It was a special time, a magical day. Some of my memories? Sitting together in the snow facing south, throwing snowballs at the camera buffs who ventured out to snap a group photo; asking Francy if "balance in one's life" was the same as "cross-training"; watching JR proudly hike the last few yards to the meeting; waiting forever to be served at the restaurant and not caring." The quotation from The 14th Dalai Lama of Tibet first appeared in the March 25 1992 newsletter. Jim H first heard the quotation about the spirituality of mountains from the Dalai Lama in a play about mountaineering. He made the effort to get the full text of the quote, and began including it in the club newsletter. The quotation has become a cherished tradition of OSAT, reminding us why mountains and mountaineering are important in our lives.

Early Summer 1992 During OSAT's second summer, the Thursday night Tiger Mountain AA meeting became so popular, with usually at least 40 people attending, that it was decided to add a Tuesday evening meeting. In July, a new Lake 22 AA meeting was initiated in a driving rainstorm by seven hearty OSAT-North-ers. Dick H and Teresa H coordinators, this meeting quickly grew in popularity due in part to the fantastic, and very spiritual setting. As Jimmy moved apartments, his old personal phone number which had doubled as the OSAT phone,

became a dedicated OSAT line. In addition to linking people seeking information with those providing it, the recording began to be used as an activity information line. Thus, the OSAT hot line was born. In July, Jim also began the practice of publishing "Current Club Traditions" in the newsletter. A couple of June Rainier climbs attempted the DC route. Five of nine climbers summited on one trip, while the other had to abort from Camp Muir in snow in poor visibility, with Greg taking the compass bearings and leading the way.

At the beginning of the summer, OSAT mourned the passing of a member of the first OSAT Rainier climb, John Codling. John had made a name for himself for having gotten lost on his first Mt. Si climb. Jim accepted responsibility for having gone ahead and leaving John and a companion, both unfamiliar with the trail, to descend in the darkness by themselves. John's honesty, work ethic, willingness to help others, and positive outlook even when facing the health consequences of his smoking endeared him to his fellow climbers "Hiking up the trail, smiling, with his red cheeks radiating joy and friendship." OSAT harrisers initiated another tradition that second summer, fielding a team for the Ashford to Oceanshores Relay that completed the course of over 160 miles in less than 20 hours. The team included current members Dick W, Dave B, and Paul C, and was supported by Karen. Meanwhile, OSAT climbers were busy adding to their skills by completing various Mountaineers courses. A Mountaineer scramble up Wahpenayo led by Jim included Shirley, Charlie A, Dick W, and Mike D. A week later Jim and Shirley were joined by Greg A and Dave N on a climb up Chimney Rock, and a Granite Mountain hike in the rain included many OSATers who are active to this day --"all made it to the summit and back without drowning. Barely."

Late Summer 1992 The two OSAT Rainier climbs in July 1992 both featured memorable events. Dave B, Hoot, Charlie A, Robert T and John R held a memorial moment for John C on the summit, while his 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. 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.

Fall 1992 OSAT organized its first retreat at the spectacular Peggys Pond area. In spite of iffy, cold weather with snow showers, 22 OSATers showed up including Dave N and family with the help of a pair of llamas. A wonderful candlelight meeting highlighted a weekend in which the glacier climbers slogged up Mt. Daniel while the rock climbers scrambled up Cathedral Rock. A touchy situation arose when the ranger showed up at camp and advised that everyone could be fined \$50 each for breaching the party limit of twelve in the wilderness. In the end, he proved to be a friend, and left the group with a warning. Later in September Shirley and Terri hiked the Pacific Crest Trail from Snoqualmie to Stevens, enjoying the autumn foliage and completing the trek in fresh snow. Over a dozen OSATers traveled south to hold one last Camp Muir meeting (#6), "including a young man with 30 days of sobriety who did not know about the meeting until he was almost there" (Ivar S). Organization of the club advanced during the latter part of the 1992 climbing season. Twenty-one members attended the September "business meeting" (what we would now call the "club meeting"), of whom 14 are still active in OSAT today. It was decided to have such meetings on a monthly basis. Prior to this the business meet-

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ings had been held on an *ad hoc* basis. The idea of turning OSAT into a non-profit, tax-exempt organization was first discussed, and a call went out in the newsletter for anyone knowing how to go about this. (It wasn't until three years later that non-profit incorporation and tax-exempt status were actually obtained, after Jim's death.) Responsibilities for club communications were broadened with Teresa taking charge of newsletter distribution and Linda Z running the hotline. As the Tiger Mountain Thursday AA meeting prepared to move to JB's (now IHOP) at the end of October, it was decided to start up a Sunday morning meeting on the mountain in hopes of providing an AA meeting in a wilderness setting throughout the winter. We were still ending meetings with "Keep climbing mountains and don't slip in between", but for the most part OSAT looked and felt much as it does today.

Winter 1992-93 OSAT approached its second winter repeating a number of first year events which thus established them as "traditions". At the same time, club members continued to innovate and develop new ways to have fun together. In October rainy climbs were made of Del Campo (successful) and Kaleetan (not quite as successful, but beautiful with an early snowfall nonetheless). In November another rainy trip up the Three Fingers trail only got as far as Saddle Lake, with some of the party not even getting out of their cars at the trailhead! Karen hosted the first OSAT Halloween Potluck. Tom M led TWO trips to Scenic Hot Springs. Snow greeted twenty-five who showed up for the second annual Thanksgiving Mt. Si hike (fifth annual for Jim). A smaller group headed up to Annette Lake the same day. The runners busied themselves with the Toys-for-Tots run and then the Seattle Marathon. Jim, Bob C, Heidi and Karen S all finished the 1/2 marathon, while Anne G (now B) and Greg A both completed their first full marathon, to the cheers of Karen, Steve S, Dave B, and Hoot. In early December nine OSATers completed a classic climb up the Hogsback route on Hood. It was a beautiful day, with few others on the mountain. Clean cold air, good hard snow (which later gave way to knee deep powder, and then to patches of ice) led to "a glorious day. Sometimes there are days when everything seems right, when it's exciting just to be alive, and you know without a doubt that God loves you and wants you to be happy and make it to the summit." OSAT hadn't yet begun having Gratitude Dinners in 1992. Nevertheless, there was lots of gratitude to go around. A sculpture of Mt. Rainier was bestowed at the Christmas Party, inscribed "1st Annual Service Award, Presented to Jim Hinkhouse, Founder OSAT"

Winter 1993 The first OSAT New Year's Day hike (1992) was on Mt. Pilchuck, but wintry conditions led to moving the 1993 event to Mt. Si. The trail was icy, and there were many horror stories related by the 15 or so who made

it to the summit meadow area. Chuck was the only one to tackle to Haystack, but the weather was beautiful and "visibility was extreme." Greg led the second annual Meeting in a Snowcave. Three caves were dug, twelve attended a meeting in the larger one, and eight spend the night. Everyone enjoyed the weekend, although they just barely got home ahead of road closures due to avalanches. A business meeting in December featured Greg A's Denali slides, and in February the club was treated to Jim & Shirley's Ecuador slides. The first official OSAT T-shirts were designed and ordered. Jim, Steve, and Karen also began making slide presentations about OSAT to treatment centers. The Thursday evening meeting moved back to the "new" Issaquah IHOP (previously JB's), and the OSAT North people began meeting at Granite High School parking lot where they decided where to have their meeting, usually someplace off the Mountain Loop Highway. Winter 1993 closed out with Dave N leading eight OSATers on a Valentine's Day hut ski adventure. The trip in was under threatening skies, but after a snug, friendly, and warm evening in the hut the group awoke Sunday morning to beautiful clear views of Rainier, Adams, and St. Helens.

Spring 1993 Spring is a special time for OSAT. Just like the trillium and avalanche lilies, we emerge from the winter fresh with enthusiasm for life and a readiness to bring joy and excitement to anyone who happens to be in our vicinity. OSAT's second birthday was celebrated as its first, with the return of the Thursday Tiger meeting to the summit at the start of Daylight Savings Time. Dave N amazed everyone by showing up at the summit with a decorated cake. The third year of Tiger meetings also saw more and more people using the trail directly up from the cul de sac, as the regular trail was under repair. It also marked the emergence of theft problems at the trailhead. Terri S began the Meadowdale Park Beach Monday evening meetings that spring. This was the predecessor to the current Carkeek Park meeting. Terri set a seemingly unmatchable longevity record as an OSAT meeting chair -- Thanks, Terri for your years (and years, and years) of service to OSAT. Dick and Theresa also resumed the Lake 22 meetings that spring. The third annual climbing class welcomed 13 "rookies" to climbing and to the club. With substantially fewer students, the class was a bit less formal in 1993, but included 3 ice ax arrest field trips and lots of personal instruction. The main Mt. Si trail was closed for the first half of the 1993 hiking season, so we all became more familiar with other conditioning climbs off I-90: the old Si trail, Teneriffe, McClellan, Bandera, and Granite.

Early Summer 1993 The spring and early summer of 1993 marked an explosion of OSAT AA meetings. By July there were six weekly meetings: Tiger on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Sunday mornings, Meadowdale Park Beach on Mondays, Lake

22 Sunday afternoons, and Pete Mountain in Enumclaw on Wednesday evenings. A group conscience at the meetings resulted in adoption of the OSAT Preamble written in April, and thus the OSAT "wilderness meeting format" and the distinction between the AA groups and the club was formalized. With the preamble also came the final formulation of the motto "Keep climbing mountains, and don't slip." The newsletter had carried a number of versions of this saying through the first two years of OSAT's existence, including: "Climb mountains and don't slip" "Keep climbing mountains and don't drink in between." "Keep climbing mountains." "Keep climbing mountains and don't slip in between." Jim also called for the eventual development of by-laws and election of officers or trustees or directors. "Yes, we are getting big enough for this AND yours truly would like a little less to do" he admitted in the first newsletter to bear the "OSAT Yodel" banner (May 18, 1993). On May 16th Jim, Greg, Robert, Charlie A, Chuck T, and Rik summited Mt. Baker on the beautiful Boulder Glacier route. This climb concluded the first OSAT ascents of all the Washington state volcanoes. Robert T and Jim had been on all five: Rainier and Adams in 1991, Glacier in 1992, and St. Helens and Baker in 1993.

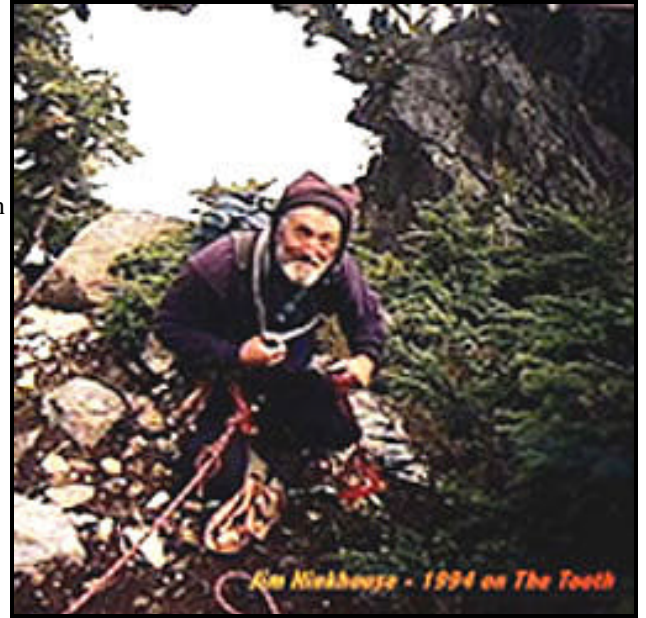
Late Summer 1993 Challenges of a growing club surfaced in the summer of 1993. At the June club meeting we discussed the problem of "equal access" to OSAT sponsored events, as people were complaining that climbs were full before they were published in the newsletter. A number of OSAT traditions were proposed 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. 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.

Fall 1993 The Autumn of 1993 brought several firsts to OSAT. The first BOS (subsequently (BOTS) was elected in October:

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Recollections.....

I first ran into OSAT at the 1994 Halloween party. A co-worker talked me into going and I thought well, I'll get to know these people and maybe when they start hiking in the spring I'll go on a hike with them. And much to my surprise I found that they "hiked" all year - and even did some worse things - like climbed mountains! (I remember saying there was no reason I would ever need to have an ice ax!) I found myself the very next weekend trudging up Mt. Si in the snow. I had asked them to call me if they were canceling due to the weather - they just laughed. That should have been a warning. That very first outing, on my way back to the city, I remember a feeling of joy hitting me as I was crossing the floating bridge. And I'll tell you, I don't think I've ever been sorry I went on an OSAT outing - at least not once it was over! I met Jim Hinkhouse at that Halloween party and I swear the first thing he said to me was "cotton kills". And he was dressed in a suit. I just thought well, he didn't have time to change after work. As it turned out, that was his costume. As I got to know him better I found that it was such an appropriate costume for him. I've always admired him for quitting his job and devoting his time to OSAT and writing.



If he hadn't done that we may not have OSAT today. There were sixteen members getting ready to go to Kilimanjaro at that time. I wish I'd gotten involved a bit earlier so that I could have managed that trip. I didn't even know where Kilimanjaro was at that time. Evidently on the first set of support T-shirts they weren't too far ahead of me 'cause they didn't know how to spell Kilimanjaro! So, I went on that first hike up Mt. Si and soon after got laid off at work and had lots of time for lots of hikes. Since Jimmy didn't have a 5 day a week work schedule either we went on some mid-week hikes. I have always been glad that I had that opportunity to get to know him better. My

first "real" mountain was Mount St. Helens and I almost missed that by waiting in the wrong park and ride. Boy, would that have bummed me out! I had a terrible cold but still made it to the summit. I'd lost my (cotton) shorts somewhere in my pack and had to leave for the summit without them. I never would have thought that I'd be walking up a mountain in my long underwear. That isn't what I thought I

got sober for! It was a weekend I'll never forget. Scott H. and I had gotten terrible colds from an English friend visiting Pam G. and Jimmy said he never got sick so volunteered to be in the hospital tent - no one else wanted to sleep anywhere close to either one of us. So, I tented

with Scott and Jim and was to be the stand in for Tom D. -as practice for the fateful Denali trip. Sometimes I just can't believe they never came back. I guess that was another thing Jimmy gave me in OSAT - my first experience of actually mourning - and with amazing group support. Something I could never have imagined would have some blessings for all of us. So, those were some of my early experiences in OSAT. And I went on to summit Rainier that summer on a climb that was to have been lead by Jimmy. It was quite emotional and also a

high point of my life. I think Jim was with us and I think he is with OSAT to this day and hopefully is very happy with what we're doing with the organization that he visioned and worked hard to make happen. All the metaphors between climbing and recovery were not lost on me and I know that my recovery has been so much more due to OSAT and the things I learned and did there. Here's to 10 more years of KCMDS!!! Thanks Jimmy and everyone in OSAT - past and present for the gifts.

Patty H. - Arizona

I am grateful to have been in OSAT from the beginning. Jim Hinkhouse let me climb on the first official OSAT climb of Mt Rainier only because he wanted more women on the climb. He really loved women. Fortunately he also let me be on his rope to the summit as I was the least trained. I have found many friends in OSAT through the years and have had a lot of fun, fellowship, and friendship in OSAT. OSAT has been like a family to me. I couldn't even begin to tell you of the many things I've done with OSAT. To list just a few: run a marathon, climbed Mt Rainier up various routes with success, additionally summited all of the 5 major peaks at least once, sport rock climbed many, many places, snow shoed, ski mountaineered, sea kayaked, roller bladed, tri-athlete trained, and been on countless other various journeys with OSATers. I have cried, laughed, fought, forgiven, loved, and still be loved with others in OSAT. OSAT people have seen me at my best and my worst and yet they still love me! What a gift! I look forward to more journeys with this incredible group of people. **Anne Blakely**

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Terri S (chair), Dave B, Karen P (C), Steve S, and Bob C accepted the "honor and privilege" to serve the club. They got right to work in establishing the roles and responsibilities of eight committees. The first OSAT ice climbing seminar was conducted on the Nisqually Glacier, and Joseph H and his friend Joe began the first OSAT MOFA course -- sixteen eventually graduated, significantly elevating the level of self-reliance and safety of OSAT climbs. In October Paul C tackled the Twin Sisters east of Bellingham. Hillary and Rik A joined him on the North Twin, while Kathy O followed him on a heroic bush-whack up and down the South Twin. The rock on the Twins is unique in Washington, it trashes your gloves, grabs your boots, and makes you feel like spiderman. Jim celebrated his 15th birthday with Shirley by hiking though the Enchantments in a single day, his eighth consecutive year in "this hallowed ground". They met three OSATers who were spending a weekend fishing, which helped solve the logistics of going in Mountaineer Creek and coming out Toketie & Snow Creeks. Jim described Shield Lake as perhaps his favorite spot in Washington: "The short larch trees are like old friends - I talk to them and they seem to answer me. I recognize familiar granite benches and boulders. The fall colors are everywhere. Above the cliffs and peaks and below is the sparkling lake ... we reach the lake shore too soon, but the walk on the plush, grassy meadow is also a delight."

Fall/Winter 1993-94 The last Thursday Tiger Mountain meeting of 1993 ended up being quite an adventure. The meeting was sparsely attended, since 16 members were beginning their MOFA course, but rescue and evacuation skills got a real world test due to a badly injured knee. "It made me aware that one must be prepared when hiking or climbing. We shouldn't take anything for granted, even on a simple evening hike one needs to carry the ten essentials. A little extra weight was worth a lot when it was needed. Thanks to the OSAT members who stayed with me - it eased the pain." Some neophyte OSAT Tiger rookie, right? Wrong!! None other than the venerable Tom M. As Jim said, "If this can happen to Tom, then it can happen to anyone..." Thanksgiving 1993 found Mt. Si under a mantle of snow, and 25 OSAT hikers built up their appetites by trudging up the trail on a beautiful day. Many brought crampons, mindful of hazardous trail conditions the previous year, but most made it to the gully without them. The haystack "looked a little treacherous, and most of us turned around", but Dave N and Rik could not resist getting the very best possible view for the day from the summit. Bob C led a successful December by eleven climbers up Mt. Hood. John and Kim hosted about 40 at the Holiday Party. Linda Z reported on the New Years climb up "Mt. Sigh" in icy and snowy conditions: "Steve and Francie talked me into

it...When we finally reached to the top, I cried tears of relief...I wanted to be lifted off by helicopter." It was on this same Mt. Si climb that Susan R, who had essentially zero experience, learned to rappel down the snow-and-ice filled gully from the Haystack! Although many OSAT traditions were well established by this time (winter of 1993/94), lots of important changes were taking place as well. As BOS Chair Terri S observed: "Jim H devoted innumerable hours during the previous three years to the organization of OSAT...In fairness to Jim and to be responsible to ourselves, we must divide the workload... It is time OSAT became self supporting in labor as well as in funding...As much as we try to fight change, sometimes it is necessary." The challenges of organizing on this basis were many, but the wisdom of launching OSAT into this new era is now unquestioned.

Winter 1994 In February 1994 Jimmy Hinkhouse "retired" from Boeing, where his second tour of duty with the company culminated in the position of Economist for the Commercial Airplane Company. Rik glanced at Jim's PROFS (electronic) calendar the last week he was at work, and found it worth making a copy of to share at Jim's OSAT retirement party at Steve and Francie's. It gave a flavor of what was important in Jim's life:

Mon 2/21 Return from Hut Skiing
Tues 2/22 6:00PM Meet Aaron [his son] for dinner
Wed 2/23 11:45AM Lunch with Myles [he had lunch once a week with Myles W, who s made a large donation to the OSAT library after Jim's death]
1:00 PM Economics with WHL & TDM
5:30 PM Run at Greenlake
7:00 PM B.O.S. Meeting
Thu 2/24
11:30 AM Farewell luncheon [this was at Shumsky's Brass Rail in Renton]
2:00 PM Market Research Staff Meeting
4:45 PM Climb Tiger Mtn, then OSAT meeting
Fri 2/25
2:00 PM Exit Interview, Marcia's office
5:00 PM Beginning of the remainder of life
Ten items (other than the last one): 3 business, 1 family, 2 social, and 4 Outdoor/OSAT-related! In March 1994 a Mt. Ellinor climb was canceled due to high avalanche danger forecast for the Olympics, but trip leader Joseph H rallied four of those who planned to go for a Mt. Si climb. The four met three additional OSATers in the parking lot, and thus began a classic Mt. Si adventure. In spite of lots of snow in the gully, most of the group elected to try for the summit. The combination of Rik's crampons, Joseph's rope and runners, and Pete's harness and 'biners, six of the group got to the upper ridge, and three summited. So what? Well, legend has it that the OSAT pennant was discovered on this climb. At the March 1994 club meeting, the assembled membership approved a proposal to have the

BOS (predecessor to the BOTS) develop and submit to the membership for approval a mission statement, documentation of traditions, and club by-laws. The club meeting protocol was also established, including "The Chair has the authority and responsibility to cut-off people if they exceed their allotted time limit. This is a tough job, but somebody has to do it. Therefore, just before the closing, there will be a round of applause for the Chair."

Early Spring 1994 April 1994 marked OSAT's third birthday. As usual, the event was observed at the first Thursday meeting atop Tiger after Daylight Savings Time moved the meeting back from IHOP. About the same time Terri P began running 12-step study meetings atop Tiger on Tuesday evenings. Dave N, and Doug H were elected from a field of five candidates to fill the unexpired terms of two BOS members who stepped down. Bob C stepped in as Chair of the BOS (not to become "trusted" for another year!). The other members of the BOS were Steve S and Dave B. The club meeting day (second Wednesday of the month) was established at the April meeting, as was the decision to obtain a post office box. It was also at the April 1994 meeting that the OSAT Mission Statement was adopted: "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." The 1994 climbing course was run out of Camp Long. There were about 35 students. The class instituted a weekly conditioning hike up Mt. Si on Saturdays with a meeting at the base of the Haystack. Of course the fourth OSAT climbing season got into full swing with the arrival of spring. Among the April activities were a beginning rock climbing seminar led by Bob C attended by 12 eager rock jocks, followed later in the month by Bob's climb of Outer Space. Not to be outdone, the OSAT Women, led by Terri S, spent a beautiful day on the Leavenworth rock. Alpine hikes included a trip up the avalanche gully route on Granite Mountain in fog, and an especially memorable Sauk Mountain climb by a dozen OSATers. Those who were there will remember perfect conditions for step-kicking up the slope, fabulous views in every direction from the summit, Robin's dramatic self-belay at the top of the snow slope during the descent, and the victory celebration at the Mt. Baker Cafe's "Duke" Wayne Room in Concrete (now closed).

Late Spring 1994 At the May 1994 club meeting the search for a permanent meeting location was one topic of conversation. We were meeting at the Mercer Island Library, but regular scheduling of it was impossible. The club also voted to list the OSAT hot-line in the yellow pages and with directory assistance. The pennant scrapbook made its debut at the meeting, and paid membership was reported to be

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66. May climbing events included a trip led by Joseph to Monte Cristo. An anonymous contributor to the Yodel confided that “I was in an element of exposure I was not familiar with”, but nevertheless summited after a confidence-building belay was set up. In the end, the mystery climber gave thanks for “another step toward confidence and trust in myself, others, and especially my Higher Power who works through others.” Steve S led a successful trip up Vesper on a beautiful day. Pam G extolled the glories of a wonderful glissade on which she characterized herself as “wild woman”, and the entire group had a glorious time. Another memorable climb was the Memorial Day assault on Mt. Stuart. Although it began as a multi-route rendezvous attempt, in the end we consolidated to a single group on the Cascadian Couloir route. After raining all night, half of the group elected to return home, an adventure in itself when the trail out of the valley couldn't be located and a classic Cascade bushwhack ensued. Although the mountain was covered in clouds, those who persevered reported “steep snow, boulders, the rocky traverse, and blow-me-over wind made this a climb to remember.” Jim, Rik, Bill, Chris S, Rich P, and Ken M summited, while Shirley prepared a fire for the group's second night out. As one might expect, the best weather of the weekend was reserved for the trip out, on which we got a fabulous view of the mountain from Longs Pass.

Early Summer 1994 There were five OSAT-associated weekly 12-step meetings 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. 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 gratitude 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 Jim & Shirley, Dave N, Rod B, Dave N, Rik, and Charlie A as they made their way up Fryingpan and Whitman Glaciers. 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, perhaps 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.

Late Summer 1994 At the July 1994 club meeting “Trusted” was added to the title of the Board of Servants, and the Activities Hotline was added to the Information Hotline. Regular monthly meetings moved to the Kennydale Memorial Hall in August, and paid membership passed the 100 mark. Bob C reported that over 20 of the graduates of the 1994 climbing course summited Rainier. In October a committee presented a set of By-Laws to the club Planning was well underway for OSAT's next international climbing trip, the 1995 OSAT Kilimanjaro Expedition. Climbers sponsored a fund raiser breakfast atop Mt. Si in August, and sold t-shirts to raise funds. The club also voted a support donation to the expedition. Jim, Charlie A, and Hoot reported on their epic climb of Mt. Jefferson in Oregon. “The rotten summit pyramid was frightening. It was like climbing a pile of books...the worst rock I've ever seen. And steep!” An attempt to see more of the

mountain by taking a different way down unexpectedly led to a long day, with the trio returning to camp just before midnight. A team of 12 OSAT runners was joined by a support crew for the Mt. Rainier to Ocean Shores Relay, which will be remembered for the fierce competition between the OSAT harriers and the all-women squad from the Los Angeles Police Department. When Dick W revealed to one of the competitors that he'd lived in Seattle for 25 years, her reply was “Wow, that's as long as I've been alive!” In spite of Dick's best efforts, the lead changed hands on this leg and the OSAT team was unable to catch the LA beauties. Nevertheless, OSAT finished in under 24 hours, and had a wonderful time! Terri S completed the Wonderland Trail circuit in six days, struggling against loneliness, fear, and fatigue. She was nearly swept away crossing a flooded river, met a bear who, to her astonishment, had no fear of her, faced hallucinations and an upset tummy, but in the end persevered and completed the trek eager to try it again. Jim H was enjoying his retirement to the fullest, as he reported on scores of climbs that summer with one, two, three, or a dozen other OSATers. The list of peaks was prodigious: Jefferson and Hood in Oregon, Stuart, Bonanza, Thompson, Olympus, Red, Merchant, Brothers, Copper and Iron, Lundin, Chair, Hawkins and Esmerelda, Ingalls, Chickamin, Baker, Shuksan, and twice each on the Tooth, Sloan, and Red. And those are just some of the ones he summited! There was also the usual list of weather disappointments including Rainier and the Tooth (twice each), Brothers, and Chiwawa. He capped off August with a trip to Montana and Wyoming to summit Granite Peak (highest in the state) and attempt the Exum route on Grand Teton with Shirley which was frustrated when it started snowing at the rope-up point. Many of the participants remember aspects of these climbs fondly as the last summer we climbed with Jim. Among them was the memorable Granite Peak climb: the pika who shared our camp, Jim fishing in Avalanche Lake, Jim startling some sheep at the col and scaring them away before Shirley and Rik got there, the chimney near the summit where we got our first 13,000 ft elevation rock climb during which Shirley pulled a basketball-size boulder off the mountain, and the “Sound of Music” descent through the alpine meadows on the way out.

Early Fall 1994 The 1994 car camp was held in good weather -- probably the last such weather we enjoyed at the Mountain Loop location for this event! Over 50 attended. We shared the Red Bridge campground with some “candidates for one or more of our programs”, but that didn't get in the way of four meetings: one each on gratitude, relationships, spirituality, and Mt. Dickerman! The Dickerman hike fielded a 4 year old Eric N, and this may have been Riley K's (age 3) first campout. One memorable OSAT moment, imitated but never topped to my knowledge, occurred on the summit of Dickerman. Before the meeting got started, someone asked an innocent passer-by to take a picture of our group with the pennant. Little did he know he soon would be demonstrating his photographic abilities with ELEVEN cameras laid out in a row on the ground. Other objectives that week-end included the ice caves, Monte Cristo town site, Del Campo, Goat Lake, Pilchuck, and Lake 22. Who says we gotta stick together? A couple of weeks later 16 summited St. Helens for a memorable meeting capped off with the launch of the Linda Z memorial balloon. She had just left for Southeast Asia for God-only-knew-how-long before we would see her again. OSAT was well represented at a Lake Annette trail work party sponsored by Washington Trails Association -- our first participation in this worthwhile giving back to the trails we use. We all left our marks in little improvements, many of which are still there today. In November, Rik and Lisa were elected to join Steve S, Dave N, and Doug H on the BOTS. Retiring members Bob C and Dave B were thanked for their leadership throughout the first full terms of the club administrative body.

Late Fall 1994 The year 1994 closed out with the typical end-of-season activities at OSAT. Kim G hosted the Halloween party: particularly memorable costumes included Bob C as a cow, and Bob and Lisa walking backwards all night! Shirley R was honored with the 1984

(Continued on page 12)

(History—Continued from page 11)

OSAT Service Award at the car camp (this was before we started having Gratitude Dinners), the traditional Thanksgiving Day Mt. Si appetite builder featured nearly 40 participants, and we again tested the loading capacity of the Arvidson house at the Holiday Extravaganza. The OSAT By-laws were adopted, providing a formalization of the structure of the club. Charlie A organized the 1995 climbing course committee. Monthly climb meetings were held at Sunset Elementary School in Issaquah during this period, and 12-step meetings were coordinated by Ivar, Steve, and Francie. Climbing activities included Shirley and Bob C leading Pete S and Robin up the Tooth on “one of those magical autumn days of ’94: fall palette, perfect temperature, blue sky, panoramic view” - sound familiar? The planned Mt. Hood climb in December had to be canceled, but Dave N led an outstanding “consolation climb” of a eleven OSATers up Granite Mountain using all manner of means: hiking, snowshoeing, skiing, crampons. Above the trees the wind was howling and snow was blowing like fire hoses through breaks in the cornices, but half the group persevered up to the lookout. Terri S and Jim made a journey to Mexican volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl. Terri confided “The climbing ... was not technically difficult, but staying upright at 17,900’ was more challenging than I had anticipated.” One of the highlights was the stay at the lodge at Tlamacas, a climbers Mecca filled with enthusiasts from around the world, each with a full repertoire of stories. This was a warm-up for the February 1995 OSAT Kilimanjaro Expedition. Needless to say many OSATers started the winter of 94/95 with extra incentive to keep in shape, as they pondered how their bodies would cope at elevations above 19,000 feet!

Winter 1995 The year 1995 began with a snowshoe trip to Lake Annette in which 10 OSAT members and friends plus China the dog joined Shirley R. Several attending were first timers (Ed, Sandy, and Allison), and the group enjoyed crystal clear skies, but a biting wind at the lake. The fourth annual snowcave trip featured one cave large enough to accommodate the 15 who attended the AA Meeting in a Snowcave. (In more recent years the group has gotten too large to have the meeting in one of the caves.) As usual, Tom M won the IISA (Institute of Igloo and Snowcave Architects) award for the most functional and aesthetic survival structure. The First OSAT Kilimanjaro trip left for its big adventure, sixteen strong under Jimmy’s able leadership!! **Early Spring 1995** “Jambo”, Habari?”, “Mzuri, sana!”. Swahili filled the air as OSAT embarked on its first adventure to Africa in 1995. Sixteen OSATers accepted the six-day challenge of Africa’s highest peak

(19,340’). Fabulous views, trekking through jungle, pouring rain on the approach to Horombo Huts at 12,200’, friendly guides and porters, Doug’s lost luggage catching up to him on the mountain, t-shirt trading with other climbers: Kilimanjaro has it all. To everyone’s disappointment, “No Problem” Winluck, the chief guide, insisted on splitting the group at Kibo Hut (15,400’) for the summit attempt. In the end, thirteen make Gilman’s Point on the crater rim, and eight reach Uhuru -- the true summit, in beautiful weather which Winluck attributes to the OSAT ritual he joins in to share, beginning every day with the Serenity Prayer. This OSAT 1995 Kilimanjaro Expedition included Jim, Steve and Francie, Hoot and Nancy, Bob and Lisa (pre-nuptials) Charlie A, Doug H, Robert T, Bill L, Cherie, Pam, Britt, CC and Mike S. More African adventures shared by the group included wildlife safaris, and relaxation on the beach at Zanzibar. Robert, Charlie, and Jim also made an attempt on Mt. Kenya. Meanwhile, back in the Pacific Northwest, OSATers were helping construct the boardwalk at Snag Flats on the Mt. Si trail. Eight members showed up for the DNR’s “Walk the Plank” event, hauling the timbers up the first two miles of trail. Naturally, this wasn’t enough for most of the group, so they continued on in snow flurries to the summit. Of course every OSAT hike isn’t necessarily an epic international adventure or a selfless volunteer project. Kim G offered a beautiful picture of “spring creeping cautiously into the Northwest” with her description of a weekly hike up Tiger. “Slowly at first, our steps search for footing that seems unsure, but we’re happy and laugh puffs of breath in the cool morning moisture...Deep mud baths suck on our boots... This climb is good. Life is good... The top never comes soon enough, but like a promise shares a secret of beauty and scenery that many shall never feel...Rainier standing guard ... Bear hugs and laughs... Thank you God for this tiny hill where life and you converge! Thanks for the people and paths you’ve set upon our Earth and most of all God, thanks for OSAT.” Thanks, Kim! Pam G blessed the Yodel with her analysis of “Hugging is Healthy”. Among the many characteristics cited by Pam, she noted that “Hugging is all natural: It is organic, naturally sweet...reduces stress, cures depression, has no unpleasant side effects... it is theft proof, non-taxable, non-polluting, and fully returnable.” Her conclusion: “Hugging is practically perfect!”

Late Spring 1995 May 1995 was the watershed moment in the nine years OSAT has existed. The tragic death of its founder, Jimmy Hinkhouse, and two other OSATers, Scott Hall and Tom Downey, tested the strength of our relationships to each other and

to the group as a whole. Would OSAT survive without the physical presence of the central personality who brought us together? It was a question that weighed heavily during OSAT’s period of mourning. What follows are excerpts from the memorial issue of the Yodel, filled with many tributes and recollections after the loss of the 1995 OSAT Denali. “I went home...believing I could climb over any obstacle. That was what Jimmy taught me.”

“Thank you, Jimmy, for teaching me about the magic and spirituality of the mountains, for sharing your own spirituality and helping mine grow.”

“Jim - Thank you for bringing OSAT to life and giving a new way of life to so many. Thank you for all your encouragement...we are on the same trail and will be climbing always.”

“Running into Jim and OSAT four years ago on Pilchuck is proof positive of a higher power in action.”

“I will always think of Jim when I read the promises.”

“By knowing Jim...I got to know myself just a little bit better...He will be missed not only in my heart, but in a part of me I never knew I possessed.”

“I know that your spirits will push me up the trails and follow me down the tracks I turn.”

“My mother ...prayed that God would put men in my life that would be a positive influence. I believe Jim was one of those men.”

“Thank you Jim, for the miracles of your faith in the mountains as a healing source and for your faith in all of us whose lives you’ve deeply touched.”

“His exuberance and dedication to the students he led will stay with me as long as I continue to climb”

“I always learned more from Jim than just what he was trying to show me...I learned a little about patience and calm persistence.”

“Jim 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 back that you felt alone.”

“Jim once told me of... a phrase he wrote: ‘a Sound of Music descent’...whenever you’re looking down on a high hanging meadow, or open a book to the picture of one, or stand in awe at Paradise, remember Tom, remember Scott, remember Jim, and think of a Sound of Music descent.”

“OSAT has come together like a family and stuck together through this crisis... The way we all came together and weathered the storm and now continue in his footsteps is testimony to the vision that Jim had. What an amazing miracle!” **Submitted by Rik A**

After Jimmy Hinkhouse died in a storm at Windy Corner on Denali, I was asked if there was something of his I would like to keep as a remembrance. The one thing I requested was the original of an article he spoke of during one of our last outings together, a hike in the Stevens Pass area. It was written as a project in a writing class he took after retiring from Boeing, as he began a book-writing project he had long looked forward to begin in earnest. Here he captures many of the emotions experienced by mountaineers, and trods once again the ground of "Why...?" In so doing, he explores the addictive aspects of the sport. For Jimmy, climbing was a metaphor for life, a metaphor for recovery from difficulties and personal weaknesses, a metaphor for taking on goals that appear unachievable. The organization Hinkhouse conceived of and founded introduces people with alcohol and drug dependencies to the reality of that metaphor. In so doing, it provides members the skills and confidence they need to leave any trailhead in life with self-assurance that regardless of whether or not they attain their goal, they will be proud of their performance on the route. - Rik A

Thoughts on a May Afternoon in the North Cascades

Jim Hinkhouse, 1995



The day started differently, a delightful hike under a glowing blue sky in air as fresh as a cool shower. A furtive glance upward at the ice cliff brings a rush of excitement and the familiar warm glow of anticipation. Slowly we move onto the ice, two tiny specks on a mighty mountain in a wilderness landscape devoid of people and people scars.

Soon the beautiful picture changes. Clouds appear, then moisture in the air and a few snowflakes. Slowly our world becomes the inside of a small white bubble. The soft snow makes the climbing unpleasant and dangerous. And slow.

Finally we reach the top of the "endless gully". Above, a huge, overhanging cornice - tons of frozen snow hang over empty space almost directly above us. Climbing through the cornice is impossible. To the left is a steep, uneven ditch covered with ice. Not very inviting. Nor very practical. No, we must avoid the left side.

It looks better to the right, large blocks of granite mixed with snow. Up ahead, my partner has been intently studying the possibilities and now appears ready to climb. Thank God! Backing off would be extremely dangerous.

He asks me for an anchored belay. When I am ready, he starts slowly up the rock. Almost immediately, he stops and puts in some protection. Carefully he works his way up. From over fifty feet away, above the wind and through my thick headgear, a shouted obscenity finds my ears. I am surprised; he rarely curses. It must be delicate climbing and he must be very stressed.

The minutes drift by. He is out of sight and the rope feeds out slowly. It must be difficult. He is stopping often to put in hardware. I am alert for a fall, but my thoughts wander...That infernal, internal, dialogue returns:

"What are you doing here anyway?" (Good question. Wonder if it's time for the old "I'll never do this again if you get me out of this one" prayer.) "Your feet and hands are very cold." (But I am not shivering, so I must be okay.)

"You are tired, especially your arms and calves. You may get cramps any moment now." (But I have plenty of reserve. I can do this all night, if I must. Remember that the mind always gets tired

before the body.)

"What will you do if he can't complete the pitch?" (He has to; no use worrying about it until it happens.)

"Do you have enough warm clothes in your pack to survive a night on the mountain?" (Yes, I'll be miserably cold, but I won't die.)

"You are not enjoying this; this is insanity." (Really, then why am I here?)

"Good question. Why are you here?" Climbing has the nature of an addictive disease: altered states of consciousness (elation, fear, endorphin highs)...obsessiveness...a compulsion to repeat the activity...increased tolerance...some extremely negative consequences (fatigue, injury, death)...loss of old friends...apathy toward career...depression during withdrawal...and so on.

I must get this habit under control. I must limit myself to safe and sane mountaineering. Is this possible? Climbing is inherently dangerous. There are always objective dangers, but they could be minimized instead of maximized. Do I have to attempt difficult routes that are clearly hazardous to my health? It must be the altered consciousness. Is it the elation? But I feel elation just from finishing whatever I start. Why wouldn't another climb of Rainier suffice? Or a new, easy peak with new views? Do I really need to always be climbing something more dangerous, requiring more skill and technique, involving more risk, to get the same high?

Maybe it's an "ego" thing. An attempt to overcome a strong unconscious conviction of unworthiness; an obvious manifestation of low self-esteem... Or is it the fear? Does fear so run my life that I must constantly overcome it to gain some peace of mind? Is this really what it is about? At this moment, high on the Ice Cliff Glacier, I don't feel a need for another shot of adrenaline...

Finally, I hear "Off belay."

He is out of sight. It has taken him over an hour and a half to lead the pitch. Now it is my turn. I climb as fast as possible, since I am top-rope and cold. I marvel at the difficulty of the pitch. At first the snow is soft and shallow, making ice tools useless. Later, there are pockets of ice in the near vertical rock that make handholds difficult. One move is particularly memorable: a delicate, exposed mantle onto the top of the cornice, where one hand uses the pick of a tool in hard snow for leverage, the other an edge of the rock.

In a few minutes we are both on the ridge above a steep snowfield. It is a dreary, cold place, but looks very good at the moment. Relative to where we have been, it is safe, secure. We relax for the first time in over ten hours. Summit plans are quickly and easily discarded. Only the descent occupies our thoughts. We traverse to a notch and look down a steep, corniced gully. It must not be the correct route, or so we hope. The sky clears and below us is a couloir leading to the glacier. The slope looks easy. And it is. Carefully at first, we start plunge stepping down the snow. It is easy going. We go faster. The way is clear. The slope is gentle and the crevasses easy to avoid. We see our camp below, even our tent. Now there is sunshine and blue sky everywhere, dominating everything below. Our mood lightens. I smile to myself. Truly, this is what I enjoy about the mountains: the "Sound of Music" descents; sparkling snow; protruding rock spires; green meadows dotted with alpine flowers; bright, blue sky with an occasional puffy white cloud and soaring hawk; cooling breezes and an warming sun; strong, effortless strides by a tired body and an exhilarated mind.

IT JUST DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS.

Do I really need the prickly tension of technical ascents to enjoy these descents?

Back at camp by dark. Beat up again, but elated. Will some of the memories of this climb fade? Yes, probably, and I think I know which ones.

In Remembrance of Mountaineers

On the way to John's memorial, I reflected on my way of dealing with personal loss.

Jim's death was my first experience with real grief. My grandparents had died as the elderly seem to do these days, over a long period of time that is both agonizing and, in a way, an effective preparation for loved ones to accept the inevitable when it does come. In nearly fifty years of life I'd never lost a close friend or relative. A curious conjunction of circumstances on the weekend we learned of the Denali tragedy exposed me to a piece of prose from what is widely regarded as one of the initial defining 20th century novels. I committed the passage to memory. It defines the "vast structure of recollection", the wonder of human life and spirit, and has become a touchstone for my understanding of what my Higher Power is and means. It also is a way of making sure Jim's spirit is still here, a way to make sure I really did learn something from knowing him. I repeat it to myself at least weekly, often more frequently, a secular prayer if you will:

"When, from the long distant past, nothing survives; after the people are dead, after things are broken and scattered, still alone, more persistent, more faithful, the smell and taste of things remains, poised a long long time, like souls ready to remind us, waiting, hoping for their moment among the ruins of all the rest; and bear unfaltering in the tiny, almost impalpable drop of their essence, the vast structure of recollection." (Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*)

Now another passage came my way. Shortly before we lost John, I had read the classic story from the golden age of mountaineering culminating in the first ascent of the Matterhorn. The last few pages of Whymper's *Scrambles Amongst the Alps* contain perhaps the most profound observations and enduring guidance mountaineering ever to emerge from climbing literature. Whymper's words were an obvious choice for a passage by which to recall John, and refresh what was important about our life -paths having crossed. Although not overt, to me its theme is about learning, about passing wisdom from one to another. Whereas the Proust simply observes the wonder of recollection, a uniquely human ability, this quotation leverages that ability. The validity of it as a touchstone for my memory was sealed as I heard, over and over at his memorial, the characterization of John as "a teacher in the subject of life".

"Still the last sad memory hovers round, and sometimes drifts across like floating mist, cutting off sunshine and chilling the remembrance of happier times. There have been joys too great to be described in words, and there have been griefs upon which I have not dared to dwell, and with these in mind I say: climb if you will, but remember that courage and strength are naught without prudence, and a momentary negligence may end the happiness of a lifetime. Do nothing in haste, look well to each step, and from the beginning think what may be the end." (Edward Whymper, *Scrambles Amongst the Alps*)

I heard at his memorial that trite observation that "he died doing something he loved", and even that he had indicated once that Mt. Rainier was where he wanted to die. It's difficult for me to put such an admission in the context of a loving relationship. How could anyone go off to climb a mountain and leave their loved ones with the thought the destination is where they would choose to die? If the point of mountaineering is to test your limits, what good does it do to go beyond your limits? And surely if you die doing it, by definition you have gone beyond your limits.

I have experienced the death of fellow climbers "doing what they loved", and I have experienced the death of climbers surrounded by those they love. The latter is a far superior conclusion to life. My father, an accomplished mountaineer with four Himalayan expeditions among his experiences, died a year ago surrounded by his family. As he went through the last few days of earthly existence, he defined his situation to my with the metaphor of "climbing one last mountain."

When she told this to the rest of the family, it was obvious that for me a circle had been completed. I shared with my family around Dad's deathbed, and in the public memorials that followed, the quotation Jim attached to the OSAT Yodel many years ago:

"The relationship of height to spirituality is not merely metaphorical, it is a 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 aspects "soul". Soul is at home in the deep shadowed valleys. Spirit resides in 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 the spirit." (*The 14th Dalai Lama of Tibet*)

Certainly Jim's, and John's, and Dad's spirits and souls are mated on some high, white peak above the clouds.

Submitted by Rik A

by Dave N. the Safety
Committee Chair



Super First-Aid

In the final year of the 50's a unique substance was developed. A few years later it found it's way to the MASH Units in Vietnam. Thanks to the persistent eyes and ears of those military snoops always on the lookout for a new application for their own uses.

Most of us, in our forties or so, remember the horrors of that war. What many of us did not know was that many of the men were dying because there was so many to treat and not enough folks to do the work. So many of them died while waiting with open and severely bleeding wounds.

Enter Cyanoacrylate glue.

They used a sprayable form that worked miracles. This is better know today as "Super Glue" or "Krazy Glue". Many lives were probably saved because they were able to quickly and easily close those wounds and stem the blood loss.

While most of us will not need to temporarily close severe and bleeding wounds it could be to your advantage to carry a small (hard plastic) container of this in your First-Aid Kit. The actual glue used by those Medics in Vietnam was a little different than what we can get at the 7-11.

The main and important factor is that their's is made with different base ingredient. This difference makes the commercial product, if used in large quantities, likely to actually burn the skin.

Personally if it came down to surviving or having some burning of my skin I think I would choice the latter.

Despite that there are many applications for this product. I have heard that some rock climbers coat their finger tips to protect them from abrasion. A coating on areas that tend to blister and then a covering to make it last longer. It can be used to seal a "flapper" whether it is a blister or some other wound. Likewise other wounds can be held together and "sutured" with the glue. It is important that the edges of the wound are held together as best as can be done. It is preferable to keep the glue from open wounds. It would also be best to then cover the wound with a protective covering as indicated by the extent of the wound, the amount of bleeding, etc.

So go and make little room in your First-Aid Kit for this handy and versatile invention. While it may not save your life it could just possibly make your outing a little more comfortable and enjoyable.



Treasurers Report
Teresa J.

**International Woman's
Conference**

The **International Woman's Conference** is coming to Seattle in **Feb 2003**. We're looking for committee chairwomen and lots of volunteers. If anyone is interested they can call or email me at **425-277-6770**
Getaview@qwest.net.
Love & Service, Janice B

	10/11/01	
Beginning Balance	8/5/01	\$5,830.35
<u>INCOME</u>		
Memberships	\$ 84.00	
Tee Shirts	\$ 182.00	
Donations	\$ 123.91	
Total Income	\$ 389.91	\$ 389.91
<u>EXPENSES</u>		
Yodel	\$ 231.29	
Postage/Supplies	\$ 78.20	
Telephone	\$ 65.00	
Meeting rooms	\$ 200.00	
Stickers	\$ 179.03	
Club Directory	\$ 169.73	
Misc	\$ 120.09	
Total Expenses	\$1,043.40	(\$1,043.40)
ENDING BALANCE		\$5,176.86

EULOGY OF JIMMY DEAN HINKHOUSE

By Karen Christensen

June 12, 1995

I am grateful for the honor to talk with you tonight about Jimmy Hinkhouse.

About a week before we got the news of the accident on Mt. McKinley that took the lives of our three friends, I had been assessing my life and recognized how content I was with everything. I also realized that I felt prepared to deal with whatever life brought next. I have discovered, however, I was not prepared for this.

I can still remember, with all the enthusiasm I felt at the time, how I first met Jim. I was in the staff lounge of an Eastside treatment center using the telephone. I looked over the bulletin board and there at the very top was a flyer that said, "Let's have an AA meeting at the top of Mount Rainier." I immediately hung-up the phone, and dialed the number listed. It was Jim who answered. We talked about his plans and about my experience in mountaineering. He said when he had a date and place set for the first meeting he would call. I was the fourth person to call, and continue to feel honored to be #04 on the OSAT list. This telephone call to Jim was the beginning of one of the most joyful times of my life. I believe this was true for Jim as well, because he was doing what he had dreamed about, with people he loved and enjoyed, and who loved and enjoyed him. The last one and one-half years, I believe, were some of Jimmy's happiest. After he retired from Boeing he basically didn't do what he didn't want to do, and he was free to spend whatever time he wanted in his beloved mountains. He inspired me to leave full-time work and start a consulting practice, so I too could be free to do what I loved.

Yes, there are some regrets about things I wish I had done with Jim, and many things I wish I had said. But like everyone here, our lives sometimes prevent us from being where and with whom we would like. So I have decided to follow the example of someone I love very much, and read you a letter I have written to Jim to tell him how I really felt.

My dearest friend, Jimmy.....

This will probably be the hardest letter I have ever written, but I agreed to do your eulogy at the OSAT Memorial Services, so I must prepare.

It is very hard to describe in words what you meant to me and literally hundreds of others in this world because much of what we experienced with you was on a feeling and spiritual level. You allowed your spirit to guide you in most of what you said and did on this earth, and I believe that is why you so deeply touch so many.

Do you remember the book I gave you for your 14th AA birthday. It is entitled "Butterfly Kisses". The first page reminded me of you. It goes, "Have you ever been close to someone special and felt the wisp of an eyelash brush your cheek? You have been touched by the flutter of a butterfly kiss.

"Butterfly kisses are gifts given and gifts received that build and maintain intimacy. Some may not feel like gifts, a few might be scary, all involve risk. Butterfly kisses are the precious moments in life we share and cherish with roommates, soulmates and playmates." You shared "butterfly kisses" with many, Jimmy, because you were willing over and over to take risks in your relationships with others.

First of all you were a friend. Really more than a friend. An acquaintance of mine sent me the following words when he heard about your death. It goes:

Friends.....

Are nice to each other.

Play together.

Talk with each other.

Listen to each other.

Help each other.

Yes, you were a friend. But to many you were more than a friend. For some you were a father; for some you were a brother; for some you were a son; for some you were a grandfather; for some you were a mentor and a teacher; and, for some you were a surrogate of all these. Oh, and yes, you were a human being too.

I used to tell you that after we had spent time together I had what I called "Jimmy Withdrawal" because the time spent with you meant so much to me. Now I'm going to have "Jimmy Withdrawal" for the rest of my life. I, and many other, are not going to like that very much.

You were a mentor and a teacher You gave unceasingly to anyone who came into your life. Sometimes your mentoring involved correction, but that was always done with support and love, even when you were angry. Only one time did I feel the full extent of your anger. It was when I made a major mistake and hiked out of Peggy's Pond without my pack. But, of course, you were also worried about me and my safety.

Before we had driven the fifteen or so miles to dinner, we had resolved our conflict and grown closer in the process. You never let conflicts become a burden in our friendship, and I'm sure that was true for you in other relationships. In your diligent attempt to teach me about the mountains and climbing you were always patient. Because I was absent in heaven when God handed out patience, I was impressed with this from the beginning. And through your patience with me, and so many other, I learned to be more patient myself. You taught me so much about the mountains. I will never go there again without thinking about you walking with me up the trail. Always full of encouraging words, even when I was the slowest person on the trail. You had the ability to challenge, but still let the person be at whatever level he was at. What a talent that was.

You helped me see the spirituality of the mountains by sharing your love and joy in being there. And, of course, you were always following in love with whatever woman was present at whatever elevation you had determined that day would be appropriate. You sure made us laugh about that one. I wonder how many times you've fallen in love at your new exalted elevation?

You were a father. I believe your love for your children and grandchildren was the strongest basis for our great friendship. I saw in you, what I felt in my own heart, when you talked with great love about them. And, couldn't we go on and on about them all. Wasn't it great fun to discover we had grandchildren the same age? I remem-

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(Eulogy—Continued from page 16)

ber with vivid recollection the wonderful way you treated my children and grandchildren. They loved you so much.

Thanks for allowing me to see you treat your own children and grandchildren with that same love and affection. Your Kym told me a story yesterday that was so typical of you. You had been holding a sound asleep Joshua when he was a baby, and when you were asked if you wanted to give him up, you stated, "No, this is the best that life get!". It was so wonderful that we had time to talk on our way to the airport when you left for Alaska, so you could tell me about the joyful, funny and delightful adventure you just had with your two grandsons, Joshua and Ryan. I'm grateful I could share that with Kym when you didn't come back.

You were always so proud of your children, no matter where they were in their lives. You just loved and supported them. Maybe you did interfere a little, but it was just out of love and concern. I've done the same thing myself. And yes, you were father to many others, especially the women and men in OSAT who experienced childhood where they did not feel loved or heard. You gave that to them as adults. What a gift!

You were a brother. I took great delight in hearing about your renewed relationship with your brother, George. And I loved having the opportunity to meet him last week when he came to Seattle because of your death. His manner is much like yours. I look forward to seeing him again. You were also brother to many of your friends. I see many images in my mind of the way you interacted with other men. How supportive and loving you were, and how you listened. Oh, how you listened. You gave advise, but it was always tempered with love. What a gift it was for all of us to receive your love in that way. There are many here tonight who have felt and experienced that brotherly love.

You were a sponsor. Your recovery was the single most important accomplishment in your life after being a father and grandfather. When October 21st comes it will be a joy to celebrate your 17th recovery birthday knowing you will be sober for the rest of eternity. It will be difficult for me to celebrate my 17th birthday in August without you. And, it will be even more difficult to celebrate my 53rd birthday. Who will ever agree to go skydiving with me again, or, as we had planned for our 60th birthday - bungy jumping? Do you think we really would have done that? I sure do!

As many OSAT people have talked about you, Tom and Scott over the last two weeks, it has often been said that you will never be any older in our minds than when you died, but in the meantime we will all get older each day. That doesn't seem fair, but then life really isn't fair, or you would not have been taken from us. Your recovery from alcoholism was a powerful example to many. I can see the faces of many here tonight who are sober today because you had the vision and the dedication to want to climb Mt. Rainier with other recovery people.

That first climb in 1991 is still full of mystery and joy for many.

Who would have ever believed that so many recovering people could work so hard to accomplish such a major goal, and do it so willingly. I will never forget the incredible joy I experienced those four magical days in July 1991. I will never look at Mount Rainier without think-

ing about you and the family we developed that year. I can guarantee you that OSAT will continue because of our commitment to your vision.

I would like to share a poem with you, by a local author, Raymond Carver, who himself was recovering from alcoholism for ten years before he died. In my view, this poem describes your last sixteen plus years. It's called "Gravy".

"Gravy" by Raymond Carver

No other word will do. For that's what it was gravy.

Gravy, these past ten years.

Alive, sober, working, loving and being loved by a good woman. Eleven years ago he was told he had six months to live at the rate he was going. And he was going nowhere but down. So he changed his ways somehow. He quit drinking! and the rest? After that it was all gravy, every minute of it, up to and including when he was told about, well, some things that were breaking down and building up inside his head. "Don't weep for me," he said to his friends. "I'm a lucky man. I've had ten years longer than I or anyone expected. Pure gravy. And don't forget it."

You were a mountaineer. You taught any and all who would participate what it was about the mountains you loved. You taught discipline so that it became a part of all that we did in the mountains. You lead us to the top of many peaks and did it with such willingness that we could hardly wait to go back. In fact, I climbed many mountains because I knew you would be there. And of course, your stories, many told over and over, helped me and others focus on listening rather than the pain our bodies were feeling. My granddaughter, Clarissa, was saddened by your death because you had also inspired her, and she planned to climb Mount Rainier with you when she was twelve. Now, I suppose, I'll have to get back in shape and take her, and Joshua, and maybe even Ryan when he's old enough. Boy, I'll be old then. I so vividly remember you telling me about taking your grandson, Joshua, up Tiger Mountain. I was really impressed that you cared so deeply that you wanted him to share your love of the mountains.

You were a human being. You had frailties and shortcoming, and made mistakes, just like everyone else. I know you didn't like that very much! But somehow when we love someone enough, we are able to overlook the shortcomings and negatives parts. We are able to overlook the mistakes that are made, and still love and accept each other. You did this so well!

You were a comedian. I took such pleasure in listening to your funny stories. Now I'll have to find someone else to call me and tell my staff that Robert Redford, or Tom Selleck, or Paul Newman is calling. You always made me smile and chuckle. Just writing this letter and thinking about you and all the wonderful things we did together makes me smile with joy.

And that's how I'll remember you.....with great joy! I'll think about the times you told me and many other women they were "beauuuuutiful", when only you could appreciate how we looked. It

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made me smile and be willing to go on looking like we hadn't bathed for a few day, which we hadn't. I'll remember the joy I felt about spending time with your children and grandchildren. I'll be grateful they are here for me to have in my life. I'll smile when I think of all the times you carried my pack just to get me to the top of the mountain. I'll always remember you holding my hand when I needed you most. I'll struggle with your absence this summer when I go to the AA convention, and especially when we do the Relay Race. Did you know we're still going to do it, and dedicate the race to you and Tom. If you remember, you were the main reason I was willing to be involved. Now I'll be involved because we had so much fun, which was probably the result of staying up all night driving around the countryside encouraging runners. We must be crazy!

Thank you for teaching us to celebrate life in a simple, meaningful way. Thank you for leaving me with the sure knowledge that you loved me and many others in a way that made it possible for us to be our very best. Thank you for believing in me when I had lost faith in myself. Thank you for all the memories of times we spend together. And, thank you for the memory of what might have been.

I love you! *We love you, Jimmy!*

Thank you, Jimmy!
For the books you loaned me and the jokes you told me
For that smile of yours that gave me such joy
For falling in love with me at all those different elevations
For the reminders about the value of going slow, even when everyone else went fast
For your continual patience with me except when I hiked all the way out of Peggy's Pond without my pack
For your willingness to resolve our conflicts and not let them become a burden in our friendship
For telling me I was beautiful, when no one but you could appreciate how I looked for our first conversation on the telephone, and the subsequent meetings
in preparation for the first OSAT climb of Mt. Rainier
For the great discovery that we had so much in common with our age (both born in August), our AA birthdays on the 21st of the month in the same year, the ages of our grandchildren and our love of the out of doors
For the times you took me to Port Townsend to spend time with your daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren
For the many mountains I climbed because I had a crush on you, and you talked so much
For carrying my pack just to get me up the mountain
For being even more than a friend
For walking around Greenlake in the dark with me
For the generous way in which you gave your time and energy
to the creation and continuation of OSAT
For teaching me about mountaineering in a way that made it possible for me
to increase my confidence and believe in who I am
For holding my hand so many times, but especially when I had surgery and I really needed you to be there
For loving my children and grandchildren
For teaching me that I could even run a road race
For your willingness to let me be wherever I was in my emotional life, but still providing support
For staying up all night with me while we did the relay races
For being my "date" on many occasions
For calling me almost everyday after I was fired from my job
For leaving your children and grandchildren for me to love and have in my life
For leaving me the knowledge that you loved me and wanted to be a part of my life
For letting me take you to the airport when you left for Alaska so that I can still feel you in the car and hear you talking, and telling me more stories
For leaving me your memory about the four days you spent with Joshua and Ryan, so I could tell Kym what a wonderful, happy time you had
For reaching out to me in your own time of emotional need
For teaching me about the magic and spirituality of the mountains
For sharing your own spirituality and helping mine to grow
For treating me to a skydive on our Fiftieth Birthdays
For going to AA meetings with me, and always telling me how much you received from hearing me talk
For all the memories of time spent with you
And even for the memory of what might have been.
I love you, Jim

Karen E. (Parkes) Christensen
June 7, 1995

(Hinkhouse Peak, The New History Begins—Continued from page 2)

An easy scramble with a bit of exposure to the east brought us to the summit of Hinkhouse Peak. Ralph was kind enough to let me be the first to top the summit block. Others making the summit were Bill L, Nancy T, Lori, Chris, Alan, Russell, and Pete. Lots of pictures were snapped, of each other and the surrounding peaks, most notably Cutthroat to the West and Liberty Bell and the Early Winters Spires to the South. Most of Kangaroo Ridge stretches across the east skyline beyond Early Winters Creek. To the North is the Cutthroat Creek drainage, including Cutthroat Lake to which some of the party hiked the following Sunday.

We removed the old Mazamas register, and replaced it with a new register noting the official name, "Hinkhouse Peak". The Mazamas placed the register in 1968, and since then on 97 visits to the peak were recorded. In the intervening 22 years, there were ten years in which no visits were recorded. The average party size was 2, with 16 individuals soloing, seven groups of three and five groups of four signing in. Two people climbed the peak in April, and the rest of the visits were fairly well spread between May and October. An interesting note is that the last person to make the climb was Don Goodman, who has spoken to OSAT on two occasions.

Most of the group spent the night at Klipchuck Campground on the east side of the pass. During the meeting that evening we shared our gratitude for Jim and the pleasure we gained in establishing this fitting and lasting memorial for him. The following day several members of the group hiked up to Cutthroat Lake and marveled at the dramatic north slopes and cliffs of Hinkhouse Peak, while Bill, Pete, Rik and

About Jimmy Hinkhouse

Jim was born and raised in Scappoose Oregon and graduated with a degree in mathematics from the University of Oregon. He worked for Boeing, Wharton Econometrics, and Weyerhaeuser before returning to Boeing in 1987. In 1994 he retired from his career as an economist at the Boeing Commercial Airplane Group marketing department to pursue his interests in mountaineering, writing, and addiction recovery counseling.

Throughout his life Jimmy was a multitalented athlete, sometimes playing two sports during the same season at Scappoose High. At the U of O he ran track (specializing in the 220 yard dash) under the legendary Bill Bowerman during the early 1960s. He became interested in mountaineering when he moved to Seattle, where he was a member of the Seattle Mountaineers, eventually becoming an intermediate level climber and climb leader for the group. He also was a member of Boeing Alpine Society (BOEALPS) and the American Alpine Club. He summited literally hundreds of mountains, primarily in the Washington Cascades but also throughout the northwest, and in Mexico and South America. He spent more Saturday nights in his sleeping bag and bivvy sack in the mountains than in his apartment, and regularly logged his alpine exploits on his computer, tracking the amount of elevation climbed which in some years amounted to over 300,000 feet per year.

In 1990 Jim began combining his interests in mountaineering and substance addiction recovery. For Jim, mountain climbing was a metaphor for life, a metaphor for recovery from difficulties and personal weaknesses, a metaphor for taking on goals that appear unachievable. He saw many parallels between climbing and recovery, and began formulating the means by which he could apply his interest in mountaineering to his commitment to achieve as much as possible in following the direction of the twelfth step of AA, to serve others. Jim, who was a smoker at the time, also bemoaned the fact that many of the AA meetings he was familiar with took place in smoke-filled rooms. Thus was born the idea of an AA group whose distinguishing characteristic was twelve-step meetings in wilderness settings.

Jim was unable to attain his goal of arranging an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting atop Mt. Rainier in 1990, when the AA national convention was held in Seattle, but the following year he organized a group of climbers who made an ascent of the mountain for the first of many AA meetings conducted in high alpine settings. The group included experienced mountaineers, but over half were neophytes who spent the previous months in an alpine climbing training program with Jim and his friends--all but two in the group were people recovering from alcohol or drug dependencies.

In conjunction with the climb Jim established One Step At A Time (OSAT), "an outdoor club for members and friends of 12-Step Recovery programs." Under his leadership and guidance OSAT grew to include climbers from throughout Washington, sponsored an annual alpine mountaineering class, Mountaineering Oriented First Aid courses, a full schedule of alpine and rock climbs as well as skiing, running, and kayaking activities, and regular weekly 12-Step meetings conducted in wilderness settings in the Seattle area. At the time of his death, OSAT numbered nearly 200 active members, with several hundred more benefiting from the OSAT 12-step meetings and activities.

In recalling a frightening climb of the Leuthold Couloir on Mt. Hood, one friend observed that "Jim knew just how far behind you to be: not too close, so you knew you were accomplishing it on your own; but not so far back 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 people striving to establish lives free from the suffering of alcohol or drug dependency. His skill in knowing just how much support was needed also was demonstrated in his easing away from running OSAT's affairs after the first three years of getting it going. Although always active in OSAT's activities, and ready to provide advice and counsel both to individuals and the group, Jim was making certain that the organization could survive even when he was not there.

Jimmy "Jim" Dean Hinkhouse died with climbing companions (and fellow OSAT members) Scott Hall and Tom Downey during a storm at Windy Corner on Denali May 23, 1995. The 1995 OSAT Denali Expedition was retreating from the base camp at 14,200 feet together with other groups totaling fifteen climbers, when all were caught by horrific conditions and forced to bivouac near 13,300 feet. Circumstances led the three OSAT climbers to attempt establishing a camp above Windy Corner while other parties took shelter below. While specific circumstances of their deaths are unknown, it is possible they were struck by the collapse of a snow bridge over the crevasse in which they were setting up their tent. The other climbers described conditions as unbelievably severe, with winds lifting fully loaded sleds three feet off the snow. In May of 1995 barely 10% of registered climbers were successful on Denali, and many spent days stuck in tents during the waves of bad weather described by old-timers as the worst May weather in memory.

Jim died with over sixteen and a half years of sobriety. He was survived by his two children, two grandsons, and a multitude of climbing companions and others whom he inspired and taught about recovery, climbing, and enjoying a life of service to others.

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