

The mountains will always be there; the trick is to make sure you are, too. —Hervey Voge

The Yodel

Volume 14, Issue 3

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Keep climbing mountains and don't slip!



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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.

Crevasse Fall on the Coleman Glacier

by Adam Walker

"Here we go again..." I thought to myself. Jon and I were leading another group of eleven to make a summit attempt on Mount Baker. On our last trip, two weeks prior in mid-April, we'd had to turn around at the base of the Roman Wall because of extremely unstable, wind-loaded snow. One rope team had even seen and heard a crack open up.

Jon and I had been hired for our experience as alpine guides for Western Washington University's Outdoor Center. Today's was to be my fifth trip for them this year, an arrangement I thoroughly enjoyed. Q: What's even better than climbing mountains? A: Getting *paid* to climb mountains!

Other than the regular sun burn, the first day was uneventful. We made camp as planned just below 7000 feet on Heliotrope Ridge and spent the rest of the day teaching students rope handling, knots, and self-arrest. One unfortunate student, sliding down the snow head first on his back, uncovered a rock that tore his new Gore-Tex jacket from collar to waist. He was walking around seemingly unaware of the open flaps hanging from his back. I didn't want to be the one to break the news to him.

On summit day, we awoke at 12:30 and were moving by 2:30. The dawn started to break, but I didn't see the clear skies I had been hoping for. Instead we were surrounded by low clouds hanging just above us. Snow hit when we reached 8,000 feet and continued to get worse, quickly turning into a full-fledged blizzard. At 8,500 feet we stopped and decided to dig a snow cave and wait for conditions to improve.

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Hinkhouse Peak Revisited

By Rik Anderson

Named in memory of the man who envisioned and founded OSAT in 1991, Hinkhouse Peak offers an outstanding vantage point from which to view the North Cascades. Jim Hinkhouse is lost to us, having died in Denali in 1995, but OSATers continue to keep his memory and his vision alive. Toward the close of May, a group of us planned to pay tribute to him by climbing his namesake. The forecast looked gloomy and got progressively worse as the week went on. The NOAA weather transmitter at Washington Pass having crapped out sometime during the winter, the only way to guess how much snow was up there was to watch online for trip reports with: three weeks before a lot of snow could be seen, but the weather had warmed since. Meanwhile, in Holly's and my new home, my climbing gear was spread around between the trunk of the car, boxes in basement room designated as "temporary (we hope) storage," on various hooks in the garage, and who-knows-where else.

The aforementioned negative factors paled in comparison to the expected companionship of a cross-section of OSATers, so, as we used to say in car rallying, "press on regardless." I threw in with Lucinda at the Ravenna/65th Park and Ride (check that: "Park and Pool"), and we headed north for another crack at Jimmy's namesake. OSAT had no club climb there last year, and the year before an attempted winter ascent had to turn back at the notch due to a threatening looking cornice. Indeed, the summit register this year would reveal that since OSAT's 2004 summit, only two or three other groups have made the summit of Hink' Peak. Why? No trail.

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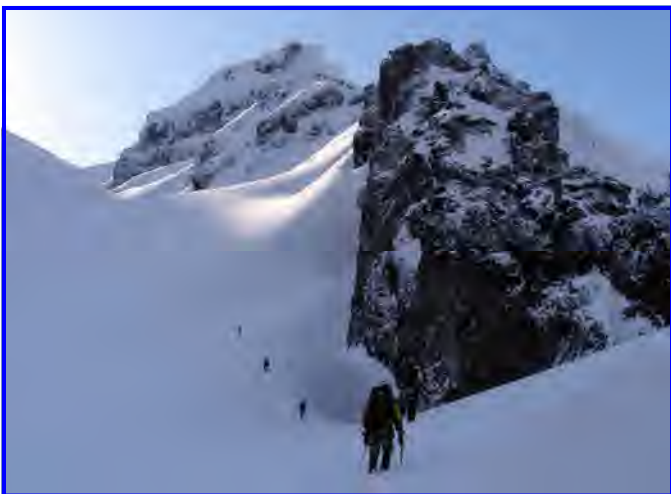


After an hour in the cave, scrunched together with our legs sticking out, everyone had fallen asleep except me. The weather prediction had called for snow accumulation up to one inch, but I saw my legs and feet disappearing under the new snow. It was getting worse, too, falling so thick that visibility was very poor. By then, the sun had risen somewhere above the storm, but around us the whole world was pure white. Our tracks leading in would be snowed over and it would be impossible to follow them exactly heading back.

We discussed our options and decided it was unsafe to continue up. Everyone was getting cold and I thought it best to make a retreat. I had lead most of the way to our turn around point, so Jon, the other leader, lead the way on the descent. In front of me I could see Jon's rope team stretched out into the white nothingness, as if they were all floating along in a fog.

Then Jon disappeared. I saw the next person tied in fall to the ground, being dragged through the snow, and then self-arrest using her ice axe.

My mind went blank. Time passed very quickly and yet very slowly. Besides Jon, I was the only other person with glacier travel experience and crevasse rescue skills (thanks to OSAT). I also realized at that moment that he was carrying the other half of the gear needed to construct a z-pulley system.



Climbing Baker two weeks before

September 2007

I yelled to my rope team, "Everyone be ready to arrest!" and moved forward with extreme caution, probing the snow ahead of me. I moved beyond the members of Jon's team, including Heather, who still lay face down holding Jon's weight.

"Jon!" I called. "Are you all right?"

Nothing.

I moved forward a bit more and called again. This time I heard something faint but couldn't make out any words. I was about 10 feet away where the taut rope disappeared. I could see where he had fallen in. Even as close as I was, with all that snow in the air, it didn't look like anything. The rope simply ended.

I started the process of setting snow anchors and called out again to Jon. Then I heard my radio make a sound from inside my pack. I scrambled to get it out and was relieved to hear Jon was on the other end. I had feared the worst, that he was injured and unconscious. He said that he was okay. He had landed head first, but his helmet had taken all the force.

"Should I set some anchors?" I asked. I had already started getting them ready.

"No, I think I can see a way out if I walk to the side here, but I'm going to have to untie from the rope."

I didn't like the idea of him untying inside a crevasse, but I trusted his judgment. After all, Jon was a climber who had seen the summits of the Mexican volcanoes and survived an 800 foot fall on Mt. Rainier. A few minutes later his head appeared several yards off to the side. Everyone was relieved to see that he was okay, but we were still shaken and concerned to find ourselves in a whiteout in the midst of a crevasse field. Fortunately, the snow abated for just a few minutes, long enough for us to sight several large crevasses here and there, not far away. It was amazing and eerie to think of how completely invisible they were in the whiteout.

Jon told me that by the time he saw the edge of the crevasse, he was already mid-step into it and could not stop his momentum. He said his last thought before falling in was "Shit! I'm going to pull this whole rope in with me!" We're all lucky that it wasn't a deep one. If Jon was in any way traumatized by the incident, he didn't show it in front of the students. But he did have me lead out the rest of the way down. The weather didn't let up for many more hours, not until our tents were packed and we were half way back to the cars.

I've since spent a lot of time thinking about this trip and things I would do differently if faced with such challenges again. I have spoken with the workers at the Outdoor Center, and have convinced them not to schedule future Baker trips so early in the season. §

...But risks must be taken because the greatest hazard in life is to risk nothing. The person who risks nothing, does nothing, has nothing, is nothing. ...Only a person who risks is free.

— William Arthur Ward

OSAT Quick Reference

Board Of Trusted Servants (BOTS)

Chairperson:	Chris N.	206.706.3242	ebots@osat.org
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Committee Chairs

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Finance:	Rik A.	206.232.8908	hollyrik@msn.com
Info Line:	Mike P.		einfo@osat.org
Library:	Rod B.		elibrary@osat.org
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Yodel:	Louisa P.	206.427.6772	eyodel@osat.org
Webmaster:	Scott H.		webmaster@osat.org

12 Step Meetings

Thursday Tiger	thurstigerleader@osat.org
Sunday Tiger	suntigerleader@osat.org

OSAT Club Meeting

Next Meeting: October 10
Entertainment: TBA

The monthly OSAT club meeting is held on the second Wednesday of the month at 7:30pm. 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 classroom #6.

“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

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.

OSAT Information Line

This hotline is available to the public to contact OSAT, leave messages, and hear about 12-Step meetings and other club events.

206.686.2927

OSAT Online - www.osat.org

New Members receive instructions via email on how to activate their account to access the Members Section of the OSAT Website. If you are a current member and would like to set up an online account email emembership@osat.org.

The OSAT Echo

Subscribing:

Members are added upon joining. You can also manage your Echo subscription in your online account settings.

Posting: Email to echo@osat.talklist.com.

Unsubscribing:

Send a blank email to echo-off@osat.talklist.com. You can also manage your Echo subscription in your online account settings.

(Continued from page 1)



Hinkhouse Peak, formerly State Peak

Snow conditions were great, minimizing the bush-whacking. Although two of our party forgot their ice axes, the step-kicking was ideal, and we got to the notch ready and eager to set up the rappel and visit the true summit. Even Dave's dog, Lucy, made the trip (following in the paw-prints of Lori's Sam who has done the trek in years past). Mark L. and Rod B. showed up, and Bill and Nancy were along for the trip, and everyone enjoyed the companionship, the challenge, and the climb. The weather held steady, and visibility was good even if the blue patches were few and far between.

On the way home Lucinda's Burlington relatives led us to the new best post-climb dinner in the vicinity, Bob's Burgers (& Brew, but we don't need that!). They gave us exclusive use of the back room, and did so again following the GCC crevasse rescue field trip. It comes highly recommended for anyone returning from the North Cascades -- at Cook Road and I-5, two exits north of the Burlington/Anacortes exit. Cook Road also makes a nice by-pass of Burlington, intersecting the highway at the locomotive at the west end of Sedro-Woolley. §

And One for the Mountain...

by Scott H.

It was time for a spring ski, and though I was totally out of shape, with only one lame ski tour and one hike for the whole season, Chuck and I decided to try and summit Baker via the Squawk Glacier in a day.

We arrived at the Schreibers Meadow trailhead at 4:30am, after a 2am wake up call and a nice stop at the Haagens off I-5. The road stopped just half a mile before the trailhead due to snow. I'd been told to go due north from the outhouse at the trailhead, but with all the snow I wasn't too sure what that meant. Chuck and I started going up and soon hit a forest service road that we followed that until it stopped. Traveling due north up some slopes of old growth trees, we eventually got our first views of Baker. We weren't too sure if we'd be able to follow the trail on the way out since we were not leaving clear tracks due to all of the pine needles and branches covering the snow.

It was a perfect day, bluebird clear and starting to get warm already by 8am. We applied sunscreen and pushed forward, made it to Crag View. Here Chuck thought we should follow

the ridgeline to the top, while I suggested skirting it as Oyvind had told me. I gave in and followed Chuck. We found a great snack spot, but there was no safe way off of Crag view on the path we were following. We decide to backtrack a little and ski down a small slope to the glacier. We had to take off our skins and lock down the boots for this short 40 degree slope, but we both sent good sluffs on our way down, jumping a small moat near the edge of the glacier and the rock.

We continued up the Squawk and, though it was all very straightforward, I started getting tired at about 7500. We moved on, tired even more at 8k, moving very slow at 9k. By 1pm I realized we were not going to make the summit and get back in town

by 8pm. We decided to call it there, since the snow was not getting any better, and to have a relaxing lunch before the 6k ride down.

We locked the heels and pointed them down. The snow was sticky, mushy, and difficult. Even Chuck struggled (which I never see). At one point I hit a

sticky spot, crossed my tips, and fell on my head (helmet on). No crevasses around — a good thing. Chuck and I leapfrogged as we survival skied our way down to the trees, but Chuck took a line that brought us too far east on the fall line. I looked back at the mountain and realized we had never seen this view. We were heading down a valley that was completely wrong. So we put our skins back on, but they wouldn't stick because, along with all of the pollen on the snow, we had mixed stick and liquid waxes. So we had to carry our skis out of this valley to gain the other ridge and descend back to the trailhead.

Once in the trees, we couldn't find our up-tracks. Everything had melted out, and the branches and needles covered anything else that might have shown a trace. Not a soul to be seen all day long. We made a B- line south and watched our altimeters for the trailhead elevation. Luckily enough, we crossed the forest service road again and found our way back. Unfortunately, our skis were so trashed with the pollen and the bad wax combo that they won't move, so we had to skate the entire way back down to the car.

We got back to the car at 5pm, where I realized I hadn't put on enough sunscreen, so it was gonna get bad. And it did! §



Twin Tales of Shuksan

Nodair, Cody, and Gerard ascended Mount Shuksan on June 1-2, 2007. Both Nod & Cody wrote trip reports, so you can compare their versions

by Nodair R.



Our route up Fisher Chimneys

After our failed attempt via the Sulphide Glacier Route (which should never be spoken of again, its highest point being around 5000' and involving "biking" over 168 downed trees to get to the trailhead, wallowy snow and a team member without snowshoes), the next logical route choice for this peak was either White Salmon or Fisher's Chimneys... Which one?

Gerard and I had been eager to jump back on this mountain after our last attempt, so we planned this

trip a month in advance. Jay wanted in. Ok, three people, that's a good team. Cody and Bill wanted in the Friday before the climb. Shit! It's gettin' big! The more the merrier, though! Met at the ranger's station at 9AM with six people for this climb. Three on snowshoes, three on skis.

Anyway, the skiers wanted to go up through the White Salmon and the snowshoers (of which I was one) wanted to do the Fisher's Chimneys. The White Salmon may have been a doable bushwhack, but I knew the Chimneys would go for sure... The only thing was, we had to convince the skiers.

To no avail. We parked at the base of Chair 8 and the skiers started to gear up for the Shuksan Arm, though I thought it looked too cliffy. From a distance, the cliffs may look doable, but even the most modest cliff can be intimidating up close! After a tuning our 2-way radios for a 6PM 'Where you at?' call, we wished each other luck and parted ways.

Well, here we were again! Gerard, Cody, and I off for another adventure! How does it always end up as us three?! We parked as far as the road would allow and geared up for sun: I wore the shorts, put on my purple overgaiters, donned the Lawrence of Arabia hat and started moving. Got the usual noon alpine start.

We hiked up the snow covered road and tried to hop over the Shuksan Arm to gain the valley. We wallowed around, staying high (as in elevation) for way too long. We hugged the arm too tightly and ended up entering some 5th class cliff bands. Back track a bit and snowshoe ski down into the valley. The snow was perfect for ski glissade and plunge stepping!

We meandered through the valley uneventfully, passing some skiers doing a day trip up to Lake Ann. Finally reached the right cirque and started climbing up a broad slope to Lake Ann, avy debris all over the place. The last little bit before the crest

by Cody H.

The plan was to have the snow-shoers meet with the back country skiers for the White Salmon route up Shuksan. Except there was mutiny and the snow shoers (Gerard, Nodair, and I) split for the Fisher Chimney route. We began hiking towards Lake Anne at a leisurely pace around noon. Conditions were optimal; I got some sweet tan lines from my gaiters & shorts (left the long johns at home). A little ways from Lake Anne we set up camp near a giant boulder we dubbed Kitchen Rock. It gave us a chance to dry out on a nice rock and served as a base camp.

Saturday night we scouted our approach to the Fisher Chimney to facilitate better night travel.

Sunday morning I awoke in my bivy at 3 am, and we were moving in no time across snow that had not

frozen overnight. The terrain was mostly 3rd class over some rock, but we had to cross some exposed sections to reach the Chimney proper. Then the grade really went up a notch and we climbed up some snow gullies. This was by far the most technical climb I have done unroped. It involved constant kick stepping and permanent self belay grip on our axes. Some route



Nodair and Gerard (waving)



Cody getting' kinda technical

finding was also required since a couple gullies dead ended. I was relieved to get through the chimneys and back on less exposed ground. We roped up and proceeded towards Winnie's slide.

Then we passed hourglass pass towards Hells' Highway. Nodair took this great photo about halfway up, but had no leash on his camera and dropped it. It slid

of the ridge was fairly steep and short, maybe 20 feet, but at a pretty steep angle. I tried climbing up it with snowshoes and a pole and failed, failed, failed. Here we go down the slope, arresting with elbows, knees, feet, and face! With this mashed potato snow, I could get nowhere and the snowshoes turned into mini skis. I had to take them off and kick steps for just 20 feet.

We crested the ridge and 'What the f*ck? Where's Lake Ann?' We were in another small bowl. Crested that bowl and, 'What the f*ck? Where's Lake Ann?' Stopped in a small outcropping of trees offering shade from the blistering sun and studied the map. Most people camp here at Lake Ann, that is, if this *was* the damn lake. After a bit, Cody went off around the crest to the left and did indeed find the frozen lake right around the corner: we could score a BADASS camping spot with views of the Chimneys.

Damn, those Chimneys looked scary from over here! We set up camp and looked for a spot to dry our shoes, which had turned to puddles of snowmelt in the 80 degree heat. There was a lone boulder about one minute uphill from camp that we made a special bond with. It was perfectly flat, offering gorgeous views of Baker, Baker Lake, and the Chimneys. The rock was warm to the touch! We dried all our shit there, sorted through gear, ate lunch, took a nap, melted snow and cooked breakfast and dinner on it! Hell, yeah! No lying in the cold snow! This was a bitchin' rock. We named it, 'The Bitchin Kitchen!'

After a nice two hour break, napping and watching rock fall coming down to the lower Curtis, we decided to go scout the route ahead and break a little bit of trail to make life a bit easier in the morning. There were several stream runnels a bit steep to cross, but nothing bad *if* you had your ice ax. This time it was Gerard who'd forgotten the gear. He turned back while Cody and I scoped out the rest of the route. There was a narrow gully leading into the chimneys, but the moat looked unstable so we hooked a right under a green buttress. We were on and off snow throughout the traverse. Still couldn't get a close view of the chimneys! Alright, we'll hike to that next rock outcrop — but we *still* can't see it. Then the next, and the next. Finally got a view of the chimneys and discussed how to climb them.

Came back to camp, ate dinner, set the alarm for 3:11 (Cody's favorite band) and called it good. Gerard ended up getting in touch with our fearless White Salmon skiing group. Their story? Hiked up to the top of Chair 8, traversed for a bit and got cliffed out. On their way back home now. I'm kinda glad I didn't drive 5 hours to hike up Chair 8.

Alarm clock goes off and before I even comprehend what's going on, I get three elbows in the ribs from Gerard saying, 'Hit the snooze, DAMMIT!!!' We get up in a few minutes and lo' and behold' my headlamp is almost dead, flashing red. Thankfully Gerard and I both have the same headlamp, so I swap one battery from his. Great: now both of our headlamps are nearly dead...

Cody had bivied above us on Bitchin' Kitchen, so he came down, stashed his gear in our tent and we made breakfast up at the rock. Donned the helmet and ax and were on our way by 4. Hit up the creek for water, donned the pons' and we're off. The rock bands proved to be a bit sketchy with crampons on. If it

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out of sight and he said, "Dude, my camera just went to the bottom of Hell's Highway." Being too tired to turn around, I offered only a consolatory "That sucks," and we moved on. Still, I felt impressed by Nodair's detachment.

Arriving on the Sulphide Glacier, we could see the summit pyramid. The closer we got, the more I was hoping Gerard and Nodair would decline to tackle the summit block with just a 30 meter rope and three pickets between us. Upon closer examination, we found the mashed snow we had encountered the whole trip wasn't any more stable up top. Seeing a low pressure system gaining on us, we contented ourselves with our progress thus far and called it good. Elevation read 8080 ft.

The descent proved just as challenging as the ascent. As we went down Hell's Highway, Nodair exclaimed, "I think I see my camera!" Deviating from our path towards the camera, I was planted on the ground arresting a fall before I even heard the call, "Falling!" OSAT training had us prepared for a textbook arrest by the middle person to give Nodair a nice pendulum ride. He was able to recover his camera and there were no other falls for the remainder of the trip, although I was maintaining a high level of caution during the entire descent of the Fisher chimneys.

It always seems the trip back takes longer than the approach. Today was no exception. Returning to civilization with an enormous craving for Dairy Queen, Nodair was cited for not wearing a seatbelt that he was in fact wearing, to a tune of \$112. But again, we don't sweat the small stuff. §



(Continued from page 6)

weren't for an amazingly strong heather bush he grabbed hold of on a fall, Cody may have ended up forty feet below us with a broken leg. Tricky shit! He took off his crampons until the snow became more consistent.

About an hour and 1500 feet later, we were at the base of the Chimneys. Route finding time! The snow was pretty steep (40 degrees or so) and soft, so we tried to stay on the rocks, but dead-ended in some 5th class territory. Back on the snow gully. Getting steeper and steeper! Kick, kick, self belay, kick, kick, repeat... Good stuff! . This ain't no Mt. Rainier glacier slog anymore. This is the real deal. If you can't self belay a fall, yer' dead!

We slowly traversed right, front pointing each step until we reached some more rock. After a tricky 5th class slab move, we were on solid ground with two options: straight up to the faint runners, or traverse through easier heather. Gerard went out to scope the heather route. A few minutes later I hear a yelled, "F*ckin' A!" That was our cue to follow.

Hell, yeah! Finally gained the White Salmon Glacier! We look left and see Chair 8. Seems like you can run over there in a coupla minutes! Ah well, at least we played it safe and did the Chimneys. Grab a bite to eat, rope up and start leading up the White Salmon. Traverse left, gain Winnie's Slide and kick step up it. Pretty stiff, probably 40 degrees or so. Cross another rock band, climb straight up for about 100' on the Upper Curtis then traverse slowly up and down to the base of Hell's Highway.

I switched leads with Gerard and he led up the highway. A gorgeous frickin' bowl to the left, coupled with the sparse clouds, rising sun, untouched snow, wind scoured slopes and a blue sky made a perfect photo op. Raced forward on the rope to give me enough time to snap a shot, unzipped my camera pocket and — you guessed it!. Spffff, Spffff,... That's the sound of a camera sliding down Hell's Highway.

Well, couldn't do much about it at this point! We switched leads again once we got onto the Sulphide. As we climbed, views rose around us from the Dakobed/ Glacier Peak Range, up to the Pickets. The Shuksan summit pyramid started to uncover. We're goin' up *that* thing? There's no frickin way!!!

We parked near the base of the pyramid and noticed some dark clouds moving in from the southwest. The wind picked up and it started to get cold! There were avalanche marks all over the pyramid. You could see shit had been coming off that thing all day long. There was no way. We decide to tackle it some other time. We start down at 9:15...

Got to the top of Hell's Highway and start to slowly go down it. I kept my eyes peeled for my camera and, holy shit! There it was! I yelled to them that we



OSAT Events Calendar

September

18th Monthly BOTS Meeting

October

10th General Club Meeting

16th Monthly BOTS Meeting

20-21st Vantage Camping / Climbing

27th Halloween Party ~ Bill & Nancy's

For detailed and up to date information consult the online activities calendar.

OSAT 12 Step Meetings

Tiger Mountain

When: Thursdays @ 7pm **LAST ONE NOV 1st!!**
Sundays @ 10am

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.

Contact: suntigerleader@osat.org; thurstigerleader@osat.org,

should traverse right, but it was way steep. I was on a rope, the run out was safe, so what the hell. I started heel stepping in the slope and went for my camera. Then I slip and self belay... Phew! Step, step, slip, ahhhh shiitttt, here I go... FALLING!!! I start to pendulum towards Cody, who's down to arrest, as the rope goes taut and I stop.

Gerard just looks at us like we're a bunch of amateur goofs. WTF? — that was textbook! Yelled 'falling!', self arrested, Cody team arrested, and BAM! we stopped! Anyway, I got my camera and we got the hell outta there.

Got back to the top of Winnie's Slide and had to down climb it face in. Steep shit! It was tiring and slow going. Got back to the Chimneys and now the crux. Down climb the Chimneys! This was on my mind since we first stepped in the Chimneys. How the f*#k am I gonna get down this?! We went down a slightly different way than we came up, and down climbing the exposed snow took an overly long amount of time, but all was good.

We made it down safely! A slip could not be afforded here. I found a new appreciation for my ice axe. In addition for self arrest and slaying marmots, I now fully appreciate it for self belay down climbing, stabbing the heather for grip and harpooning snow worms...\$

The Yodel

P.O. Box 6461
Lynnwood, WA 98036-0461

Levi's Half-Told Tale

Back in April, she came with Kevin C. on an OSAT conditioner hike up Tenerife and traversing to Si, but somewhere along the way Levi, Kevin's blue healer, lost her party of humans. The group called and looked for her, but to no avail; Levi was on her own in the snow covered mountains of the I-90 corridor.

Kevin sent out a message on the Echo asking all of us to keep a look out for Levi, and many of us worried for her and messaged him our concern, but weeks went by with no developments, and her prospects did not look good.

Levi probably had little to draw from in the way of instincts or experience while fending for herself in the 'wild,' but she did know people — that most of them are kind and that they have ways of communicating. That may be why, when a stranger pulled over seeing her on Hwy 202, "for some reason Levi just jumped into the car, so he took her to the North Bend animal clinic where they scanned her chip."

We'll never know what adventures befell Levi during her two week solo. Said Kevin, "I think she's been looking for me ever since we got split up." What we do know is that OSATers support each other: "No one outside of the program or OSAT showed any concern for our loss," Kevin noted. "I thank God for you people."



Levi on Tenerife shortly before she became lost