

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

The Yodel

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Dragontail Let Us Off Easy; *the Park Service, not so much...*



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ONE STEP AT A TIME (OSAT) MISSION:

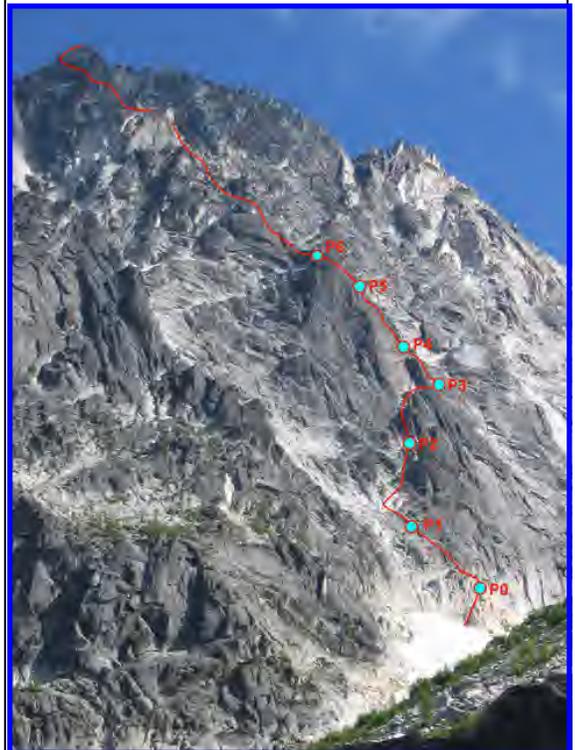
To provide a clean and sober environment for members and friends of 12-step recovery groups, to participate in outdoor and social events in the spirit of conservation, preservation, and ecology.

by Chuck A.

I remember hiking the Alpine route up Dragontail Peak around the year 2000 and hearing from someone about a rock route up the arête. I recall thinking right then, what a great way that would be to cap off a great rock climbing career! The word “Dragon” definitely appealed to the boy in me. My first multi pitch climb was with Bill L. up Zig Zag at Mt. Erie in 2001. Seven years later, fortified by a lot of instruction from many people, a lot of conditioning, and maybe even a little belief in myself, I found myself doing something I’d wanted to do for a long time: climbing Dragontail’s arête.

Dawn, my wife, also loves to climb. She goes out with me often, but the trick has been to cultivate a group of OSATers who share our enthusiasm and get out as often as possible. You know who you are! Climbing in the gym, leading sport outside on real rock, and finding trad routes in the right grade has been a little bit of a chore sometimes, but also a whole lot of exactly what I want to do. Wow – to think I’d ever have the luxury of calling rock climbing a “chore”! Man, I love sobriety! Thank you, Jimmy Hinkhouse!

We started planning for this climb way back in February, putting it on the calendar early so we would keep the weekend open. Four weeks prior, Dan E. and I climbed a classic Snow Creek Wall route called Orbit. It’s a six-pitch 5.8 rock climb situated next to another route called Outer Space, where another legendary overnight bivvy by two OSATers took place, I think in 2005. Their story was told at the Gratitude Dinner that year by Kevin C.. By the time Kevin spoke those immortal words, “Jay, hold me!” we were all laughing so hard it was painful. You see, Jay is so tall and Kevin is not, and what with the cold and spooning and all – well, you get the idea! Those two bivvied at the top with snow coming down and less to keep



Dragontail route. The author and Dan E. spent the night just under P6. Photo by RPC

them warm than the space blanket that I would have as this story unfolded.

This August, Dan E. and I were trying Dragontail. We’d already gone through a sort of dressed rehearsal two Saturdays before. We left North Bend at 1:30am, got to the Stuart Lake trailhead at 4:00, hit the trail at 4:30 and arrived at the base of the climb in time to see two 2-person teams already ahead of us at 8am. Foiled! From everything we knew via route descriptions and a whole lot of beta from other climbers, this was SOOO not the climb to be behind other climbers

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on. Considering how much loose rock there is along all fourteen pitches of the route, I'm glad we called it a good hike and turned around (thirteen miles roundtrip; a good half marathon). So this next time, what we did different was to take time off from work to climb on a Friday. This time we met at the North Bend Starbucks Thursday night at midnight. (Whew! These days the most I can stay up all night for is one day, not like the bad old days of staying up night after night after....) So, we hit the trail at 3:00am and were the first ones on the route at 6:30 Friday morning.

These were all full pitches for a 60 meter rope, so they were long. I learned years ago to bring radios for communication, and I was really glad to have them along this time. There was loose rock all along the route. Even the easier pitches had marbles, rollers, loosies, slippies – just lots of stuff to stick to our rock shoes and generally make me think about being really careful ALL the time. After all, it's Keep Climbing Mountains and DONT SLIP!

The adrenalin rush from doing a one-pitch climb is a blast. But imagine fourteen of them! This climb took a lot out of me; I'd never had to deal with that kind of exposure for that long without much letup. As for the climbing itself, it was stellar! The first pitch was low 5th class – great to warm up on. The second pitch was mid 5th class – even more fun. The route finding went well; everything felt pretty smooth and really enjoyable. We were pointing ourselves towards the black tower pedestal really prominent in the lower half of the climb, so for hours either we were pointed at it, climbing by it, or belaying from just above it before it finally fell from sight. The two pitches along the side of it are the two crux 5.8 pitches. Good pro, no loose rock, and amazing views.

We'd also hoped climbing on Friday would let us avoid the weather that was forecast for Saturday. But in the afternoon we began to see a system coming in that brought darker clouds... and then the thunder! Here we were loving the climbing, but when you're belaying it's easy to stare at the rain clouds a'comin atcha.

We were just topping out above the last technical pitch when a lightning bolt struck Dragontail just above us. I mean, BOOM!! It scared the beejeebers out of us! We sat right down in a protected spot, back from the ledges, and talked about what we knew of lightning strikes. My first two thoughts were that my pack was too small to kneel on and "I wonder if lightning can pass through dry rock?" I immediately thought of another experience I'd had with lightning on Mt Baker in 1999 or 2000, also with Bill L. As we were making camp the already

cloudy skies got darker and with it the rain started. Almost immediately we were inside our tents kneeling on our packs while the wind whipped up and strike after strike got closer. For a while it was right on top of us, then moved on. Whew! It was exciting there for a few minutes. This time, however, we didn't feel the hair on our arms get prickly, so we decided to just eat lunch and wait while the worst of the system came through. From our perch we surveyed the "beach" that splits the lower climbing from the upper, less technical climbing. It's a beach except that instead of water when you walk to the "shoreline," it just drops off into midair, down to the glacier a thousand feet below.

After a while, we felt safe enough to continue on. We had two different route descriptions with us and it wasn't until we had climbed around in the wrong area for an hour looking for the 4th class way up that we read our second description, which made clear that all we had to do was continue up the arête. It was both a relief and an excitement to realize again where the route was. But by then it was 6pm, and, realizing we had eight pitches to go, we simply knew it would be safer to stay put for the night.

That was a new experience for me to think, "Wow, lets get into all my clothes, find a safe place to sleep, inventory our food and water, and think about how



The comfy-cozy NE face of Dragontail

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Dawn's going to take us not showing up at even the latest hour of the night." I'd told her before we left that this climb was committed enough that we might have to bivvy, and to wait until 6pm Saturday before reporting us overdue. Now, here we were lying down for the night on a ledge that dropped off on both ends to the lake below, but was edged by a rock barrier that kept us from having to anchor to the wall. Dan had an emergency bivvy sack thinly lined on the inside which held very little warmth. I had a space blanket that held less. What I know now is that a space blanket works better if it's not ripped into many pieces. When I wrapped it around me, the thing just shredded on the rocks, so by dawn's early light I had five fragments to keep track of. No — make that four: one just flew away. I found it harder and harder to stay covered as the night went on. I was happy to actually *awaken* to the sun rising. I'd been so cold for most of the night — which we were lucky dipped no lower than the 40's — that to have actually fallen asleep seemed a bonus.

Dan and I both wanted to get an early start because of that Saturday forecast for increasing clouds and rain, so we ate a little, shared some of the water and headed up. But the clouds never materialized, and we had an excellent time on those last eight pitches. We simul-climbed two of them, but the others had at least one 5.5 to 5.7 move on every pitch; I hadn't climbed with Dan much to this point and I was glad that he shared my feeling that we should stay roped up and belay our way to the top. Staying on route was not easy; we did see several make-shift rappel stations on cliffs that attested to others reaching to a dead end and having to bail off. I kept looking down at Colchuk Lake and our view of the area just got grander and grander as we got higher. The final push around a big flake to the summit ridge had us viewing everything in the area from Rainier, Stuart, and the rest of the Enchantment Peaks to the snow covered peaks of the North Cascades. That's what I love to see when I make it to the top of a Washington peak! Hearing Dan talk about the lack of ANY climbs like this on the East Coast made me even more appreciative.

We left the summit at 1:30, after sending Dawn a text message I doubted would get through, and made it down to Colchuk Lake at about 4:00, then broke into a jog for the trip back to the car. After the hard work of climbing, the trail running was a blast for burning off our remaining adrenaline.

Along the way we met a park ranger who asked if we were climbing. I misunderstood and thought she was referring to the registration we'd filled out at the trailhead, that perhaps she'd been concerned that we were overdue, so I told her we'd been forced to bivvy on the mountain. Her response was to ticket us for "camping" without a permit! I was flabbergasted! She apologized for just doing her job, and since then I've come to understand her position better. I do agree now that if I climb with that possibility of bivvying, I'll get an overnight permit just in case.

We got into cell coverage at 6:15pm, and by then I was concerned that Dawn would have been frantic and notified the authorities. But in fact she answered the phone happily excited that we had summited

and congratulated us on our climb. What?! It turned out the text message I'd sent had actually reached her and she hadn't been worried a bit. HAH! §



Chinese Dragon, 19th Century engraving

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Living in Sobriety: Wisdom from the Bear

by Corr P.

Yesterday afternoon, I saw a bear.

What has that got to do with anything? Why would I bother you with a bear in the woods, even if it was a clever update on a crude joke about the bear's daily digestive routine?

The bear reminded me of my fragile sobriety.

Now, don't call 911. And I'm not a hemp-wearing, patchouli-scented backwoods hippie type who sees God and sobriety in every leaf. Let me explain.

I saw the bear because I was trying to escape pain. This last week has been... well, a bear. Things have not been going especially well in my life; got laid off months ago with no job offers on the table. Business is rotten. My mortgage payments are far behind and despite my best efforts I'm probably going to lose the house.



My personal life is a mess. There are good and wonderful people who support me and have given their time, their love and their best efforts to help things get back on track. My girlfriend has gone over

and above in her efforts to help me stay sane. But last week more things were happening than my tiny brain could handle. So I went for walkies.

The name walkies started when I had an adopted dog named Anubis, or 'Newbie,' a beautiful stray dog we coaxed in from the street while living overseas. She looked exactly like an Egyptian Anubis statue. When she thought it was time for a walk, she would start bounding around the house in such joy, driving everyone crazy and upsetting everything until she got outside. We had to invent a code-word, and that came to be walkies. She eventually figured that out, so we had to spell it. After a while, she figured that one out too.

Going for walkies is always a good thing. Even in the cold winter, getting outside and letting the permanence - and impermanence - of nature remind you of your place in life is healthy. Nature is forever, yet always in flux. That's a very, very good lesson and a daily reminder is a positive thing. When I don't or can't go for walkies, things start getting bound up in my head. There's sort of a mental cleansing that happens when I'm looking at the trees, the undergrowth, the familiar trails. Going to meetings, talking to people in the program, all good things. Essential for my sobriety. Deeply meaningful sometimes.

But I need walkies to flush out my brain.

So yesterday, when everything got to be too much, life was starting to overwhelm me and the next meeting was hours away, I went for walkies. By more luck than design, I live in a place where I can just go out of my house and on to Tiger Mountain. That's my backyard. Pretty cool.

Walking fast and trying to burn out some demons. Not really thinking about sobriety, just trying to relieve some pain. Breathe the fresh air, kick in some endorphins, maybe get a little cardio. That's when the bear happened. And it happened kind of like my sobriety.

First, a couple was walking the other way towards me on the trail. They stopped and wanted my attention, which took some sign language as I was walking fast and listening to Linkin Park at about 110 decibels in my headphones. They told me they had seen a bear up the trail and I should be on the lookout for it.

Like the first time I heard about AA, and that AA might be good for me, I thanked them politely and kept going on my way. Up to that point, I wasn't intending to go on the trail they were talking about, I was going on another trail. That's when my alcoholic brain kicked in. 'Hey, there's a bear! It's a competitive, territorial carnivore! Let's go check it out!' That makes about as much sense as testing the third rail at a train station with your tongue. But it's how my brain works.

So I went up the other trail, the one with the bear. Yes, that's stupid. Don't try this at home. Or trail. Or whatever. About five minutes later, two women were coming down the trail with two nice border collies.

There was a time, right before I joined AA, that I was looking for solutions. Something to control my drinking. Nothing was working and life was falling apart. In my desire to find a solution, I was asking around. I asked these two women if they had seen a bear; they said they heard it crashing around in the undergrowth. They didn't seem too concerned. That was a little disappointing, I was hoping for more, 'Yes! It was huge with blood-covered claws and dripping fangs and we barely escaped with our lives!' Or something like that. I thanked them and kept going. This was an open area of the trail with good visibility, the sun was shining through the branches and nothing seemed too dangerous on a beautiful afternoon. Right? I mean, it's just a few drinks. What harm can there be? I'm not an alcoholic, I just like to party.

Up the trail some more. Now, things were getting close in. The trees were lining the trail and the under-

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growth was much higher. Narrowing options. 'This is not good,' I was thinking. 'Bad place to meet a bear. He could be right up on me and I wouldn't see him.' Stupid, stupid, stupid. Consequences for my actions that would be far out of my control. Sounding familiar?

That's when I saw him. Heard him first, then wheeled around to see him. Yup, a bear. Headed away from me, up the hill in the undergrowth. He stopped for a moment to see what I was doing. I'm no wildlife biologist, but he seemed to be small – not a cub, but an immature young adult. My fear vanished to be replaced by something else.

Kind of a sympathy. Here is this little guy, out all alone, trying to make it as best he can. By luck or karma, he wound up living here, surrounded by a bunch of people. Maybe not the best place to be a bear. But there's nothing for it; here we are, and we need to make the best of it.

I wanted to try to help somehow, to create a nurturing environment where he could thrive in his bear-ness. That's what I have to do in my life as well; create a nurturing environment where I can thrive in my sobriety. And in all the other facets of life. I watched as he huffed at me; probably some impolite words in Bear. Then he started up the hill again. Disappeared into the brush. I watched him go.

Then I went back down the trail, home, and back to my life. A little different. And even though I had gone to a meeting that morning, I looked up the schedule and found one to go to last night as well. Because my life needs nurturing now, and that's where I can find it.

Today, after cruising the want ads and trying to do my best, I'll probably do Poo-Poo Point. Best time this year is 36:42 up, under 20 down. And I'll call someone in the program, my good friend Michael C., have coffee, share what's happening in life now. An active life in sobriety. It's a gift, really.

Thanks, bear. I wish you well. §

The Bear Whisperer

by Susan A.

In these parts he's known as Don't Follow Me Dave or Sunshine Dave, but to me he'll always be the "Bear Whisperer."

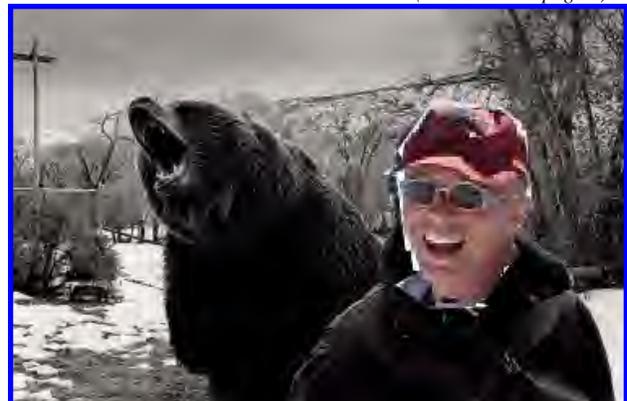
From time to time you hear stories of people who can talk to the four-legged. Not plainly, but with a wrinkling of the nose, a shake of the head or some ancient prose.

I had the occasion to witness such a yarn, and what I am about to tell you is correct and true alright. It was Saturday afternoon and our weary posse of sixteen had arrived at Big Beaver Campground on Ross Lake. Our group camp sat practically right off the dock, well groomed with tent sites, a latrine and bear box, too.

I took a walk to see the land but didn't get far into the woods when I spotted a bear, *Ursus americanus*. It was digging up the earth directly off the trail looking for grubs and insects. I made an about face and walked back. I grabbed Anna and walked back to the bear where we were joined by another looky lou. We acted as though we were tracking him undercover, paralleling his movements, hunched over for effect. Bored or scared he ambled off out of sight and we were left with regret.

The next day as parties were off during various healthy and outdoorsy activities, I had come back from a swim to see a new boat load of hikers being dropped off. One young woman had barely stepped ashore when she spotted the little grubber digging and ripping roots and trees not 75 feet away. Oblivious to the string of paparazzi his presence generated, he continued his natural foraging activity. Or, was it just an act.

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OSAT's own bear whisperer, DFM Dave, in action...

When the party had marched onward, I was left to question. Perhaps emblazoned with new confidence having reached celebrity status, he was undeterred by me and pressed his boundaries into ours. He was wandering closer to our camp – no one home except for Rebecca, little Ardea (aka “the Peanut”) and me. There was plenty of food strewn about the picnic table and smells to tempt. I later collected a pouch of smoked sockeye salmon from the tent flap of a camper, wafting “welcome to the neighborhood.”

Houston we have contact. Little Ursus was coming into camp. He stopped at the rise to give me an inquisitive and questioning look, asking for permission to enter. He had that youthful naïve look you see in many adolescents, testing to see if I was going to mind if he took a cigarette from my purse, or a sip from my drink. Curious and careful he stayed his ground... I walked backward to the picnic table to pick up a pot, intending to bang it if my trigger finger started to itch. He sniffed the ground and watched me with careful ease.

Out of nowhere and in the nick of time came a tall, fair, stranger. He said it wouldn't be necessary to irritate the bear clanging pots and pans. He said it would irritate him, too, and asked me not to. I stepped aside and let this man take his turn. What unfolded next was nothing I'd ever heard. It was a conversation between man and bear, clear and crisp. He spoke low and serene, whispering I gleaned, walking intently toward the bear, who was mesmerized it seemed.

“Move along just keep walking,” he cooed. “No, not up that tree, just keep moving, there you go, on your way, no trees to climb today.”

When the bear made an awkward move for the tree, the fair stranger kindly reminded Ursus where his foot placement should be.

Bear and man continued their cotillion, without fear or farce. Then, as sudden as a black fly bites unsuspecting flesh, the bear bowed out of the dance and made for the woods. He shuffled off dance lessons over no regrets. Now, just as quickly as this calm, fair man appeared, he left without a trace, no residue or yap, only a faint rustling in the brush which appeared to say, “no need to thank me it's all in a day's plan, for I'm Dave, the Bear Whispering Man.” §

Lopez Island Bicycling



L to R: Janice, Robin, Mike, Kelly, Diane, Louisa, Gerard & Dave

by Janice B.

Some cyclist think Lopez is more an island for the light hearted that doesn't give enough challenge. For the eight of us, however, the long sixty miles between ferry rides was a blend of challenging climbs, breezing downhills, and as Gerard warmly put it, “sexy curves.”

Our trip began Friday, July 26 with Robin, Dave and me driving up to Anacortes to catch the noon ferry. Upon arriving at Spencer Spit State park we were surprised by a map that had no G-2 camp spot. Funny, as I had a confirmation from the Park Reservation system stating our campsite as G-2. Fortunately, the helpful retired camp host was happy to show us on the map that camp G-2 was, in real life, spots 7, 8, and 9. We promptly dropped our gear and began making markers for the other OSAT bikers who would have trouble finding G-2.

With camp set, we saddled up to ride to “the village” for a bite and to check out local happenings. After seafood and salad at Bucky's, one of the restaurants with the most liberal hours of operation, the three of us stopped at the beach on Spencer Spit to find smoldering cinders of a fire left just for us to enjoy as we watched the sunset. Back at camp, we met other OSATers: Mike P, Kelly P, Gerard, and Louisa. They'd had some confusion in finding G-2 Camp spots 7, 8, and 9 despite our efforts at placing signs everywhere (small as they were – we only had a notepad).

Saturday morning, before our 30 mile ride around the island, we stopped at the beach in hopes of viewing herons and other sea birds along the shore. What we found instead was Diane, S., who had just biked in from the ferry. What great timing!

Next stop... breakfast. Did I mention "the village" was about 3 miles away? Remember, being carless, we biked *everything*. We were real hungry by the time we got there, and the place was busy. Lopez Island, like many other ocean side communities, is growing and summer days find the village bustling with activity. Artisans, locals, and sightseers pile into town in the morning for



Dave, Kelly, & Mike wondering, where's all the damn agates??

fresh baked goods, causing lines and jovial crowds. After grabbing scones and cinnamon buns from heaven, we bought lunch to go and headed to our next stop on the tour, Shark Reef Park.

This state run park is lovely acreage of forest above the channel between Lopez and another island. The currents here attract seals and this time of

year there was a mother with her small pup. I have seen eagles and herons here as well. After a light snack, we climbed again on our bikes and toured to the next stop. Agate beach is at the south end of the island so it is here where we ate our store bought lunches, relaxed, looked for agates and skipped rocks into the little bay. Agates are supposedly translucent, and if they are, then they are in very short supply on Agate Beach!

In case you didn't know, Lopez has many farms so it is easy to view sheep, goats, cows, horses grazing away on gentle sloping hills and valleys. As opposed to the other islands, there are no hills over 300 feet that interfere with the views or distract you. It's like being in Amish country — so simplistic and rural. So rural, that Diane and I witnessed a reunion of a wild turkey and her chicks. It was a most tender moment!

Now, another best part of the trip: the stop at the little gas station to get refreshed and replenished. Last year, the weather was at least in the high 70's so this stop was welcomed because they offered ice-cream. This year, with weather in the 60's, the ice-cream wasn't as refreshing but it was a time to rehydrate.

Now the long haul back to camp. When you're bike-camping, an outing to town for a shower and a hot meal is something to look forward too much like urban dwellers anticipate concerts and sporting events. While waiting for the public shower, which is hot, large and well maintained, there's plenty to see within walking distance: are art shops with one-of-a-kind textiles, jewelry, and carvings — just about everything you can imagine. There are a couple real-estate offices with plenty of listings to wet your appetite. And then there's the great fudge and candy Shoppe, which is one of my favorites.

We had dinner at The Galley, across from the marina. The food, though quite good, took a while to be delivered. But hey — it's island time! Maybe we were just

hungry. We celebrated Robins XXtieth birthday with sundaes and good laughs over the day's adventures and Mike's calculations of our stats. After all, we rode 31.2 miles on Saturday.

Back at camp, we enjoyed a fire and AA meeting on the beach with moon shine on the water. We awoke slowly on Sunday, enjoyed coffee and decided to ride into town for a real breakfast.

We ate at the Islander, at the marina. Beware of their shrimpless shrimp omelets! We decided we really needed to work off all this food, so we'd return to camp via the north end of the island. We passed Upright Channel Park off Military road and took a very steep downhill single track trail to the beach. Gerard, brave man that he is, led the way and we all followed — on our road bikes! Through the brush and reeds we finally found the beach. This was a quiet shoreline with few houses and some driftwood shelters. Walking along the shore we found the beach angel — a little piece of art someone had created and left for us.

We had to check out the camp ground and beach facilities at Odlin State Park on the way back. The sites are not near as private as Spencer's, and it's a pretty small park — much better for day use purposes. Back at camp it was time to pack up and say our goodbyes. We could not finalize the trip without knowing the stats from our team statitian, Mike P. His trusty knowledge of how to monitor the GPS would give us an accounting of all the miles we put on, the elevation of the hills we climbed, and the duration of our much needed hydration (and gabbing) breaks. You might be surprised by what these mountain climbers turned weekend cyclists can do. Here are the stats (not including to and from the ferry!):

Saturday: Total miles: 31.2

Ride time: 2 hours 44 minutes

Resting periods: 3 hours and 25 minutes

Average speed 11.4 mph

Elevation high point 294 feet

Total Ascending elevation 2,065 feet

Sunday: Total miles: 13.7

Ride time: 1 hours 13 minutes

Resting periods 1 hour and 58 minutes

Average speed 11.2 mph

Okay, so this trip was not among the more daredevil, life on the edge kind of trips OSAT has to offer, but I believe for the eight of us, it was a good mix of natural beauty, fun, fellowship, and physical exertion that represents what OSAT is all about. It's really about people getting together to enjoy what sobriety has to offer. The charm of Lopez Island will linger in our memories only to call us back next year. I look forward to reassembling Team OSAT and hope perhaps you'll be with us to share the experience. §

POETRY PANTRY • POETRY PANTRY • POETRY PANTRY

Three poems by Bob S. (aka Pony-tail Bob)

POST-MORTEM:SUMMITTING MT. BAKER

The day after, what to say; I'm utterly spent
Lower lip, nose and ears sunburned, lost about
10 pounds, drinking mass quantities of water,
In a state of euphoria, an altered consciousness,
Convinced, without a doubt, that a Higher Power
Helped me summit Mt. Baker, and that the mountain
Itself, permitted me to climb it, I sense that I was
Definitely part of the the group of people who made
The climb, that they, each in their own way, known
Or unknown to them and I, also helped me reach the
Top of the mountain; my perception is altered, could
It only be exhaustion? Sunday night, after the climb,
I was absolutely flat mentally, the others in the
Climbing party seemed carefree and rested, animated
In their conversation where we stopped for dinner, I
Was able to eat a hamburger and some french fries,
Glad someone else, "Kiwi Peta" was doing the
Driving; don't quite know how to express my relief
That I stood up there as part of not separate from



TIGER MOUNTAIN HIKE

Climbing thru ferns, their green fronds
Outstretched towards hikers ascending
West Tiger Trail #3:
*"Tiger, tiger burning green,
Neither smoke nor flame to be seen,
As moss and mist show the way
Our minds, in rapture, are held in sway"*
Though overcast our spirits brighten
A spiritual quest draws us upwards
A simple hike of kindred souls
We celebrate our good fortune
For upon this trodden earth
There are no tolls
We have come to believe
That to be happy, joyous
And free, is our destiny

THE PACK UNPACKED

This is the morning after coming back
From Mount Rainier National Park;
I'd gone to seek summiting of
The Mountain, personally got only
As far as Emmons Flats above
Camp Schurman, a little under
10,000 feet

Starting beyond the pack;
Remove Ziploc bags with wallet
And cell phone from pants pockets
Sweated out clothing to be washed
Clean and put hiking boots out to dry
Wash sweat off of sunglasses
Hang up seat harness, with
Carabiners, prusiks, chest harness
Personal anchor, all wet from
Doing a sitting glissade while
Roped to two other climbers,
Clean off trekking poles
Remove camera and food wrappers
From fanny pack, dry out fanny pack
Unpack sleeping bag and air out
Unroll Thermarest sleeping pad
And dry out, wash and dry gaiters

Unpack the pack:
Crampons, unused clothing
More food wrappers, remove
3 liter water reservoir, clean
And hang up to dry, 1.5 liter
Bottle of water not consumed
Empty Gatorade bottle that
No longer contained premixed
Electrolyte drink, sunblock
Helmet, headlamp, extra hat
Gloves, bandana, mittens
Bags for shitting in and toilet paper
Rain cover for pack, maps and
Compass, pad of paper and pen
Ziploc bags of unused energy gels
And Bloks, candy bars, sesame
Honey crackers, protein bars
Unchewed Nicorettes, acetaminophen
First Aid kit, extra clothing, small
Zippered bag containing more of the
Ten Essentials, more extra food
Spoon that needs washing, Thermarest
Sit pad, air and dry out the pack;
Any of these items out on the back deck
Are then brought inside for the night §

POETRY PANTRY • POETRY

Lone Kayaker

by Louisa P.

Calm morning on Ross Lake.
Mountains surge into the sky like music,
rock slung in rhythms, ascending in octaves,
higher and higher, to that solo note of the peak.
Such is the stuff of symphonies. Waterfalls
spill and plummet to meet manmade blockage,
pooling this valley, flat and simple.
Here am I, skimming the surface,
strider, waterbug, alive just an instant.
I count for nothing.
Yet from my paddle, dip after dip,
a plentitude of impertinent droplets
speckle the moment like water chimes,
each pitch a voice, each meant to be. As am I.
Are you there? Do you notice me – this drop of you?
Hum in my bones for an answer,
shine through me like colored glass!

Now I remember
the privilege of living. Thank you. And yet,
there is one thing, that problem I've mentioned,
this business of granting a mere handful
of decades? Because it simply makes no sense
that now, when I'm only beginning to understand,
I'm past half done! I know, I threw away the first half
flirting with darkness, a bad relationship, I'll admit –
but surely there must be some loophole, some out
for those who love as keenly as I this splendor
I've finally struck! Can't you grant an exception?

I've heard of monasteries in Thailand
that send their monks West to waken and wonder,
then call them home to cloister before
greed corrupts them. You've sent me to earth:
Oh God, I'm greedy!
I want to flex my soul, buckle with desire,
marry the horizon anew each morning –
You'll call before I'm ready!
But I hear you now; I look up through tears.
Your voice tumbles down these rutted masses of
forced rock, murmurs in the countless firs
that grandstand this lake like blind spectators,
laughs in the bells of my dripping paddle:
*Trust, you say. These mountains float on heat
as old as time; yet raindrops of an instant
carve them down to what you see.*

*Frightened spark, love does not vanish!
You belong to*

Everything. §



Ross Lake

OSAT Halloween Party
Fri Oct 31 7pm

Time to come together with food, fellowship and laughs.

Decorators, costumes & designers, prizes and supplies wanted!

Janice & Dave's House
2335 NE 12th St, Renton, 98056
425-681-1715, 425-681-1169
Getaview@comcast.net

From 402 South Lake Superior, Pacific Ave go left. Go right to turn left turn which is Edmonds Ave (right). Go up to stop and go left. This is 12th. Turn the first building house on the left at the bottom of the hill. Use white blue trim and there is some truck visible in the driveway. Park anywhere.

From 402 South Lake Superior, Pacific Ave go right. Go right to turn left turn which is Edmonds Ave (right). Go up to stop and go left. This is 12th. Turn the first building house on the left at the bottom of the hill. Use white blue trim and there is some truck visible in the driveway. Park anywhere.

Anna's Journal — Near-death Muir Trip — Raw & Unedited

July 5 Camp Muir Conditioner

by Anna O.

For my last act as conditioning chair, Matt C asked me to lead a climb up Muir. He had gotten headaches above 7,000 and wanted to try again before Rainier. I calendared it, and Jay, Peter, Joseph and McNice (Dave) all signed up. I was to pick up McNice at 5:15 a.m. so we could meet Peter at the Auburn Burger King at 5:45 a.m., so I left Meg's party before the fireworks.

This of course meant I got home just in time for them to go off in Fremont! There were pops and crackles, but the real booms concussed the windows. Somehow I slept anyway but was a little tuckered when the alarm went off at 4:45 a.m. Showered & ate and early to Dave's, by 5 a.m. He was ready, brought me a cup of coffee! and got in his car and drove to Auburn.

(On the way to Dave's a drunk driver barely missed me at 36th and Fremont when he ran the red light. I sped out of his way then let him pass me. He was weaving all over the road.)

Peter arrived a little late with Jay & Matt. We piled in then hit a McDonald's down the road. Cloudy and some rain. Forecast had called for 40% showers.

Got to Paradise right at 8 a.m. and by trailhead at 8:30 it had stopped raining. I forgot my pack cover and was wearing hiking pants & shirt. Ditched rain jacket (Marmot) when I heated up. Dave took off right away. He & I had the two radios. Then Jay was in front & I swept.

As the hike went on, the temps dropped from 50s to 40s and it began to rain more, with wind picking up. Snow still from the parking lot up. I had on no hat, wool gloves. Wind drove rain into my pants, and pants bled water down inside my gaiters. We stopped as a group once after Jay had left us behind. Joseph was starving but we were all getting cold & wet. Stopped for 5 mins for food -- I crammed some walnuts & cranberries. Then got going again.

Matt felt slow to me but I stayed behind him as sweep. My glove got really wet and then I realized not only were my hands frozen but my windward arm was getting really cold. I decided to stop and put on fleece & hat around 8,000. Could see the footpath and wands no problem but no other features besides adjacent rock bands. Told Matt he could continue on while I put on clothes. Hands couldn't zip fleece but I knew I had to blow it off or get too cold trying. Insulation helped some and I caught up right away. Matt said he was enjoying the slow pace but it was draining the warmth from me. I even thought of going ahead and coming back down in a cycle to stay with them but generate heat. If I'd had to stop I don't know what I would've done. Was counting on that climbers hut, which I'd



never seen.

Dave rang me on the radio and I couldn't get it out of the side pocket of my pack. My hands were almost useless. Matt helped me & I tried to push the button to talk. Dave said, "I'm at Camp Muir, two and a half hours" and I couldn't figure out what that meant, but I told him we were at 8,500 and on the move. I mostly said it to comfort myself that we hadn't stopped. Minutes later I realized that meant he'd made it up there in 2.5 hours! I think my altimeter was off because at some point I said 9,300 and the guys later told me we were much closer.

I had put away my poles long ago (Matt helped) so I could keep my hands in my jacket pockets. My right hand recovered some, but the windward left was a lost cause. Near the top I started to pivot my whole upper body quickly, just trying to generate more heat. I finally got in front of Matt to try to help him find good steps and pulled ahead. He pulled up a little too and I checked back periodically to see he was still there.

At last I saw some darkness thru the weather & realized it was Camp Muir! We got there in 3:29. I don't know why Peter & Joseph didn't beeline for the shelter, but I sure did. Inside the plywood box were people crashed out on sleeping bags or sitting around or standing. Maybe 10 others. I was shivering major and my jaw was sore from fighting it, I guess. I saw Todd right away -- he was sitting up top. Waiting for the weather to clear to attempt summit. (My guess is it never happened.) Jay had been there a half-hour and was still huddled under his shell beneath the upper deck. Dave seemed recovered. I was almost slurring but felt lucid. Though Jay told me to get out of wet clothes & into dry first, then Dave told me to eat ASAP & I got confused so did nothing.

I felt my hands had to thaw before I could do anything. After a minute of random shivering, I took off my shell & put on my puff. Then cleared a dry plywood butt area and pulled off my wet hiking pants & put on micropuff

-- thank God. Jay told me to put on dry socks even though they wd just get wet in boots -- at least feet wd warm up. I borrowed a pair from Joseph & Jay was right. They were frozen too, but better in dry socks. Still shivering and frozen, I cdn't open the Ziploc on my sandwich for quite a while. Finally gorged on it, a banana & a Builder Bar & felt life returning to me.

The sun had actually peeked through (we cd tell when people came in & out). It was 48 degrees in there but felt balmy. After 45 or 60 minutes, we'd put it off long enough & got ready to go back down. I added rain pants & left puff on. Plunge-stepping down I could tell my feet were frozen, but before long I was warmed up & we all had a great time. Felt like shipwreck survivors. The rain & wind had stopped, though it was still low viz & cloudy. Jay kept checking our bearings tho we had wands to go by. At about 7,500 he stopped & showed us where it dips off to the left -- you have to change your bearing or you'll wander down & off. They think that's what happened to John R.

We had a few good glissades. I think it took 2.5 to get down, but it went by really fast. Jay pointed out a coyote silently crossing a rock band below Doug's Resentment, and we saw a marmot posing atop another rock, then lower down a whole family of marmots. Soon we were down among the ill-advised T-shirt & shorts crowd. People asked how far we'd gotten & that we looked "prepared" -- hardly!

Very happy to be back on asphalt, we decided getting back to the parking lot is one of the best feelings there is. We all changed into dry clothes and Matt put his stuff in Joseph's Jeep so we cd travel together to Puerto Vallarta. Except the park svc had us exit a different way & before long we were like "Where the hell are we?" We were headed all the way thru the park & out the White River/Crystal Mtn exit. And we cdn't get phone reception to call the guys. I still don't know what became of them.

Right outside the park we stopped at the forest service cabin for free coffee & a bathroom. She suggested we eat at Naches in Enumclaw so we headed to the roadside tavern. NASCAR Daytona 500 was on the TV in the back room where we sat in the corner & got blared with Bob Seger. Soon a guitar player went up to the corner & started rockin' the house with his canned tracks & live voice & guitar. Played some great '70s tunes, I sang along shamelessly at the table. Good krinkle fries & decent veggie burger. Later Jay said the waiter had a meth problem bc his teeth were rotting from the roots down. Lots of people drinking big pints of beer. Jay motorcycles there sometimes.

In no time we were back in Auburn, jumped into Dave's Honda & headed back to Seattle. Dinner had taken awhile, but I was home by 9 p.m. and exploded my pack, did laundry, shoved newspaper in my boots, watched "The Savages" on DVD and was HAPPY to be alive. §

OSAT Quick Reference

Board Of Trusted Servants (BOTS)

Chris N.	206.706.3242	chrisneman1@comcast.net
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Deborah L.		deborahl@lazaldi.com
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Rod B.		selfarrest@hotmail.com

Committee Chairs

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Finance:	Rik A.	206.232.8908	hollyrik@msn.com
Info Line:			info@osat.org
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Safety:	Doug H.	425.271.5116	doug.sue@comcast.net
Service:	Margie K.	425.273.4601	marakis1000@yahoo.com
Yodel:	Louisa P.	206.427.6772	2louisa@gmail.com
Webmaster:	Scott H.		webmaster@osat.org

12 Step Tiger Mountain Meetings

Thursday Ti-	Summer only	thurstigerleader@osat.org
Sunday Tiger		suntigerleader@osat.org

OSAT Club Meeting

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.

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 a participant, you may want to "qualify" your leader. As leader, you should be certain that everyone on that activity has signed a Release and Indemnity Agreement.
- 9) Party size for OSAT activities will adhere to the rules of the appropriate jurisdiction.

Two Shots at the Kautz: *If at first you don't succeed...*

by Cody H.

In mid-July, I attempted Rainier via the Kautz Glacier with a (non-OSAT) friend. We spent the night before on the side of the road in Rainer National Park Friday night to get a good start Saturday from Paradise. In the morning we left the Paradise parking lot at 8:30, crossed the Nisqually and Wilson glaciers, and reached set up camp on the Wapowtey Cleaver at 4:30pm. We encountered zero traffic on the approach, while Muir was at capacity. We camped at 10,400 below Hazard, well out of the way of the Kautz chute. We found a nice clear patch of rocks to camp on, no tent required. The weather was so nice that we enjoyed an open bivvy with views of Adams & St. Helens.

Sunday morning, we got moving at 2:30 am — in hindsight, much later than we should have. We rapped a short section of fixed line, crossed the ice chute and began simul-climbing. Soon we reached the steeper section, where we pitched out one (4 screws & running belay on top). Around 12,000 ft, the crevasses became far more frequent. We saw a lot of penitentes [ice spikes] which made it hard to spot the gapers until you were right next to them. At 7:30 am, upon reaching 13,400 ft, we slowed down significantly. Considering the time it would take to tag the summit, break, and head down through the crevassed area, we began to be worried the snow bridges we crossed wouldn't be as solid on the way back. We contented ourselves with reaching the end of the "technical difficulties" and descended. I punched a leg through a snow bridge on the way down, but managed to arrest. We rappelled off an ice block, backed by



The Kautz Ice Chute

a V-thread. We finally made it down to Paradise lot to meet our ride at 5:30 pm, only 30 min late.

Two weeks later, I took my own advice and went for the Kautz Glacier route again, this time to carry over and descend via the DC route. Going without a tent or bivvy and discriminating on every piece of clothing and gear, I went from a 50 liter pack to a 30L. Not encouraged by Friday night's rain & Saturday's overcast, fellow-OSATer John L. brought his bivvy. Starting Saturday morning we left Paradise and camped at the same location on the Wapatowey Cleaver. We were above the fog and clouds so precipitation wasn't a

problem. We hit the snooze and got moving at 2am. We saw a party camped below at the "turtle," but didn't see them later that night/day on the route.

We each had a tool and a piolet [ice ax for cutting footholds]. I led the ice pitch and broke it into two pitches to lower the tools to John. The tools got stuck lowering and it became time consuming to rap down to free them, use a ropeman to get back up to belay. On the second half of the pitch, I used just my ax & one tool to avoid another lowering ordeal. The crevasses at around 11-12 thousand feet were not as frequent as I remembered, but some seriously large gapers. We managed to find a boot path that led us to the top of the Kautz. I was running out of gas on the last bit to Columbia crest. Zip fizz to the rescue! Amazing what 41,000% of your daily value of Vitamin B12 does for you! We reached to summit at 10:50 am and headed down to Muir at 11:30 am, arrived at Camp Muir at 2:00, and made it back to Paradise by 4:00 pm. Success! §

Pumpkin Mountain — *Livin' the nightmare*

by Susan A.

*Oh, to live on Pumpkin Mountain
With the deer scat and the biting flies
You can't be lazy on Pumpkin Mountain
Though you're thinking that
You're leaving there real soon
You're leaving there real soon*

Hello from the top of Pumpkin Mountain! No, I can't see a thing. There are a few trees with patches of clearing. Nothing worth reporting; no sign of life except for the black flies, which are vicious.

Pumpkin Mountain, off Ross Lake, sounds easy enough, 3481 feet; a piece of cake.

I'll be back in a few hours so I won't bring water. I'll travel light and swift with nothing but the clothes on my back. Dinner will be ready on our return. A dose of bug spray and we are off. Russell leads with Pete, Dave, Anna and me in tow.



We start out along the lovely Big Beaver Trail looking for an abrupt rocky area to veer up the mountain. We come to an old rock slide area grown over with dry moss. We head straight up. This is a bush whack, I mean, back country scramble adventure. We match the contours of the slopes with the contours of the map and follow "no trail" the best we can.

We express joy at finding deer scat – something else has been here! We follow the indistinct depressions until they peter out. Another dead log to cross and branches to deflect. Over the next few hours we endure thick brush scraping bare legs, branches aiming for back, legs and eyes. Roots, limbs, tree trunks and rocks become third arms and legs as we navigate uncharted territory. Feeling my simian roots I enjoy pulling myself up, nimble legs hopping from log to log, playing games with myself... don't touch the ground, move on instinct, scoot under branches, each step and hand placement a keeper; you're a tracker, look ahead and find the path of least resistance.

We gain more altitude. Russell is in his element. We do no back tracking. We pass dry mossy patches of 45 degree meadow. We all turn on our scramble antenna. We are free. We are creatures creeping up the mountain. A strawberry frond here and there, a patch of wild flowers. There are no birds or animals to be seen or heard.

Behind us a peak, meadow, ponds and river give us navigational clues as to where we will make our descent. These are the handrails we will use coming

down. Downed trees provide our biggest challenge, so thick at times we question whether to ascend further. Russell has hope and sees the silver lining. He is right; the downed trees thin out and end. More scramble. The only reason we know we are at the top is the altimeter. We find a flattish rock and break open the chocolate. We have arrived. Chocolate numbs my discomfort as I reach out for more and stuff my face. Anna offers water, I embarrassingly accept. Dave gives a short lecture on the 10 essentials. I make a feeble attempt at arguing "I did not bring a pack on the "kayak" trip," how am I supposed to carry water. I am carrying a compass and map. I can suffer through no water for a couple of hours," I puff.

The stay at the "summit" is short-lived and we all enjoy it for what it is worth with surprising little complaint about the obvious. Did I say black flies? *Black flies are small, dark flies with a humped back that can give a painful bite. Unlike a mosquito (which sucks up blood through a proboscis), black flies slash the skin and lap up the pooled blood.* Compassion arises within me for the plight of deer and bear that have to suffer these little stains of the insect world.

We head down with renewed energy and focus. In an amazing show of navigational prowess we come down the same non-trail as we ascended – give or take a few places. Russell seems proud and little surprised too.

Down from the trail, we all agree we should all jump in the lake after that dirty little scramble called Pumpkin Mountain, which is not pumpkin-shaped, did not transform itself into a carriage or have any magical qualities whatsoever.

Cliff notes:

1. It is possible to glissade on dirt; just ask Dave
2. Wear long pants when scrambling and assume you will get scratched; just ask Dave
3. Bring water; even if you have to ask someone else to carry it; ask Susan
4. Always look back when climbing; you will get magic slippers to get back down.
5. You can be on top of a mountain and still be in the thick of the woods.

Don't be fooled by a docile name like "pumpkin," a mountain is still a mountain no matter how small - capable of meting out its own variant of "mountain justice or karma." Whoever named Pumpkin Mountain had a sense of humor for "pumpkin" has its roots in symbolizing feminine containment, the moon, witches, and a charm against evil spirits.

Oh and by the way, it's not a vegetable at all it's a berry, like water-melon.§

Have you seen Phil?

a note from Dave N.

I was hoping if there was enough interest I would start sharing another passion I have that relates to what most of us in the Club love to do: climbing mountains. Some day in another installment, I'll bore you all with the story of how I came to start collecting stamps in the first place.

I should first explain the title. Philately is the study of postage stamps. So I made a little funny there. Get it? I decided to use these particular stamps for the first installment in honor of the Beijing Olympics in The People's Republic of China.



They were, obviously, issued there in 1975. This is a set of three stamps that were printed to honor China's Expedition to Mt. Everest and of course, reaching the summit. I don't think any

stamps would have been issued if they hadn't gotten to the top. The thing I really love about these stamps is that they positively reek with nationalistic pride. I mean, look at the smiling faces on those people! The cartoon colors are kind of nice, too.

Technical information for any stamp collectors – the Scott's Catalog numbers are 1239-41. I hope some of you enjoy this. If so I'll do it again next issue. I've got a million of them! Stamps that is. §



Carcamp Portraits By Terri Steele



http://www.pbase.com/splashphoto/old_climber_reunion

Jim Hinkhouse's Unpublished Autobiography — excerpt

KEEP CLIMBING MOUNTAINS

Jim's story continues with a description of the seductive aspects of alcohol. Members may want to refer back to web copies of the Yodel during the past three years for other sections of Jim's story and the beginnings of OSAT. KCMADS, Rik

Part II. JIM'S STORY

Chapter 3. Life is More Fun with Alcohol

I remember thinking when I was an early teen that I would probably drink alcohol when I got older. Humphrey Bogart was a hero of mine and he always seemed to have a drink in his hand. And a cigarette in his mouth. So did many of the other screen stars. And athletes, too, for that matter.

Later, I read and reread the stories and novels of Ernest Hemingway. I daydreamed of going to Paris and drinking in sidewalk cafes. Sometimes there were beautiful women, intellectual conversations, and adventures in those dreams, but always there was drinking. And I can still remember some of the jingles of the TV cigarette commercials. Beautiful people, beautiful places, made better by the enjoyment of a cigarette. And a glass of beer. Clearly, smoking and drinking was something that mature, sophisticated adults did. So would I when I got older.

During most of high school, though, I kept to the straight and narrow. I didn't want to get into trouble and harm my family's reputation. I was an athlete and scholar and I was too busy with these pursuits to indulge in illegal activities. Although many of my classmates drank and smoked, I just didn't feel the need to do so.

However, one night about a month before graduation from high school, I found myself with Jack (Student Body President) and Barry (Key Club President) driving to Portland with a pint of vodka. None of us were very experienced in drinking. For me, prior to that night there had only been a stolen beer from a grocery store at age 14, a swallow of blackberry brandy before duck hunting one cold morning at 16 and a couple of sips of wine at various times from the glasses of my Dad or older brothers.

We drove to the top of Beacon Hill, a favorite place on the east side of Portland for young lovers to park. In a dark corner of the parking lot we stopped the car. It was quiet. And pretty. The lights of Portland were below us. We didn't waste time. Within a minute or so, the bottle was open and being passed around. We were nervous and excited. I tried not to grimace when I took my first swallow. It burned my mouth. I felt warmth travel down my throat and hit my stomach. My entire body seemed to radiate instantly. In a second, I knew I liked the feeling. It was like a door opening to a new world; like I had found a new friend; a new pleasure; a new way to relax; a new insight into reality; maybe even a new way of life. So this was why mature adults drank.

Yes, I felt lightheaded and POWERFUL. I got out of the car and ran around the dark street, almost jumping for joy. Jack asked me if I felt I could break my 100 yard dash record and I was sure I could. Alcohol was a wonder drug, the perfect antidote to my feelings of inferiority. On the way home, I discovered that I had opinions on everything. I no longer felt like a fraud. Maybe I could even seduce some girl into having sex with me.

For almost the next twenty years, alcohol would be an important part of my life. At first, I believed that it enhanced life's enjoyment and that almost every activity, especially involving other people, would be more enjoyable if combined with a little alcohol. Dancing? Certainly. Conversation? Without a doubt. Card games? Of course. Golf? Yes (slows down the swing). Fishing? Definitely (keeps you warm in the winter; cool in the summer) .

What a bunch of bullshit! But I believed it at the time.

Eventually, alcohol became NECESSARY just to function. But that's getting a little ahead of my story.

Chapter 4-10 Summaries -- Except for Chapter 8, all we have of the remainder of Jim's Story is his chapter outlines. Jim's brief synopses give us just a glimpse into the progression of Jim's alcoholism and his eventual entry into recovery.

4. The Disease Progresses.

Snapshots of early drinking episodes: in college after a night of studying; at a football game; with a girl in bar; driving into a ditch; a night in jail; putting wife and child on the train; drinking and working; watching my brother die; wondering whether I would drink on the way home; another car accident; getting out of jail after my second drunk driving arrest.

5. Cunning and Baffling Outpatient treatment; almost stopped drinking; learning about meditation and psychology; new job and a divorce; worry about drinking later; giving AA a try;

6. Bottoming Out

A regular at the Fogcutter Lounge; investigated for child neglect; hanging on to my job; drinking in the morning;

7. Recovery Begins

Intervention at work; workaholism; telling my VP about my disease; Sundown Ranch;

8. Compulsion Lost *This is the only additional chapter of Part II - Jim's Story, that Jim completed before his death in May 1995. Chapter 8 will be published in the next Yodel. Rik*

9. Another Natural High.

Finally, forcing myself to exercise; discovering the power of affirmations; joining the Mountaineers.

10. Another Freedom

Finally, using 12-step principles I stop smoking. Description of earlier attempts.§

The Yodel

P.O.Box 852

Mercer Island, WA 98040



A buncha loonies on 3-Fingers, September '08

Photo by Dave M's camera