

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

The Yodel

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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, preser-



GCC 2010 Students honor Russell, the GCC Committee Consultant, with an oil painting of a photo showing his leadership on their Rainier Climb

GCC students head for high adventure

By Mike Stuckey GCC Committee

As spring beckons mountaineers back to the summits, some new climbers will be joining them. They are members of OSAT's 21st Glacier Climbing Course.

Directed by Chairman Kevin P, a 2009 graduate, this year's GCC got under way Jan. 31 with the first classroom seminar at the downtown Seattle REI. The room was packed with 60 students, and dozens of mentors, instructors and previous graduates.

Since then, class members have attended a second classroom seminar, a half-day workshop on knots and packs, and a full-day navigation and rope skills field trip. More than a dozen conditioning hikes have been held on Mount Si, Tiger Mountain and Mailbox Peak.

"It's been really fun, meeting new people, climbing new mountains and learning a whole bunch of new skills," said student Georgia B.

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Climbing Ishinca

by Kathy O



Kathy on the Summit of Ishinca

Introduction: For those many OSATers I haven't met, I was an early OSATER, on our earliest climbs. Haven't done much with OSAT for about 10 or more years. I climbed Ishinca, near Huaraz, Peru, last May 2010, when I was 62. Recently I met Kathy (new Yodel editor) on a sLOSAT hike/scramble led by Janet M. This is an email I sent my friends right after the climb:

Just want to let everyone know that I returned safe and sound from Ishinca, and I SUMMIT-TED!!! Oh Joy! Ishinca is a very very beautiful mountain, 5,530 meters or 18,138 feet (if you add Mt. Si to the top of Mt. Rainier that would be about the height of Ishinca), and it's a HERKING BIG mountain. Although it is surrounded by other higher mountains, let me tell you, that is one BIG HUGE GIGANTIC mountain.

We had a very good trip. "We" was me, the climbing guide (Edgar) and Jamie (the cook) and the guy who led the burros; they were selected by Marco of Galaxia Tours. They picked me up about 6 am; we had been driving about an hour driving toward the trail head, when Jamie asked if I had a sleeping bag. I said no, since all of mine are in my house, not in Peru. So we turned around and drove back

to Huaraz, to get a bag for me. But that's all we forgot. Because of the forgotten sleeping bag, for a while I figured they were space cadets, but it turned out they were very capable. The first day was a five hour hike thru a beautiful green valley thru the gates of Huascaran National Park to the end of the valley at the base of several huge mountains. There were a good number of cows, bulls and horses grazing in the valley; the farmers' grazing rights were grandfathered in when they established the park some years ago. Our camp was at 4400 meters (14,432 feet).

Second day was about a three hour hike, 1400 feet elevation gain, up up up the side of the green valley, to another higher valley where some horses were cavorting. God knows how they could run at that altitude; I had all I could do just to walk. Thank God for the burro, he carried all our stuff, then went back to base camp like a sensible creature. The guide was careful to let me set the pace, he never got far ahead of me, he'd sit and wait until I showed up, check to make sure how I was doing (trying to breathe mostly), then he'd mosey on ahead. By the time I was half way to the high camp, I pretty much had lost the ability to speak Spanish, and by the time I got to high camp (4,830 meters, 15,842 feet), I was having trouble with English. Not enough oxygen in the air for my brain to work. And the burro guy had trouble too, because he'd dumped our stuff several hundred feet up the wrong mountain, and the guide and the cook had to climb up there and bring it down and set it all up again. I helped set up my tent at the lower camp, but at the high camp all I was able to do was to take my sleeping bag and spread it out, and then move my personal gear into the tent. It was hot, no wind, at high camp, so it was impossible to sleep in the tent, but I did manage a little snooze half in the tent and half out.

Third day started at one am when the cook for some unknown reason went by my tent and said my name and something in Spanish. I thought we were getting up at 1:30 am, but then I thought, well, I probably misunderstood, so I got ready to start the climb. At about 2 am, I finished my

preparations for the climb, and got out of my tent. There was no sign of life from the other tent, so I “knocked” on it and said, “Buenos Dias” in a cheery voice. Both guys were out of the tent and working within a few minutes. We had breakfast and Edgar and I started the climb. Jamie stayed behind to guard our gear.

After we started up the slope, wearing our head-lamps, picking our way thru the rocks through the moraine, I saw some lights which I thought perhaps were cows eyes but turned out to be other climbers. After about a half hour we came to a steep part of the moraine that was slippery from ice and water. I slipped and starting sliding down in the dark, but Edgar grabbed me and pulled me to a safer spot. That was pretty freaky, so I sat for a few minutes. Every climb is a mental test, because in every climb, part of me says, this is insane, let’s go back to bed. I just kept praying for help, to know what HP’s will was for me that day. After a long time, we came to the ice of the glacier, and roped up. The snow was perfect, nice and crunchy under our crampons, and at first, the slope was not very steep. I was climbing in my hiking boots, which are NOT made stiff enough to support crampons, and after a short time, my right foot started to hurt. Then the slope got very steep, and Edgar went up it with the length of his crampons sidewise to the slope, and I followed in his footsteps. After an eternity of climbing steeply up in the dark, with me taking at least one breath with every step and sometimes two, Edgar started to traverse to the right. After a while, I noticed that I could see a rim of light above him as he climbed the sun was coming up!! I could tell from what I could see that we were nearing the top of the saddle between Ishinca’s two peaks, and I was very very grateful. I had been telling myself that if I made the saddle, I could stop climbing and go back to the tent after enjoying in the view (old climbers trick - lie to yourself). Eventually, we were in the saddle, watching the dawn color the peaks around us. Awesomely beautiful! I will NOT forget that dawn on those peaks. And Ishinca itself, looking

like the top of a soft ice cream cone, pure white against the sky. Well, the saddle was fairly flat, so I figured it couldn’t hurt to walk toward the peak, I didn’t have to actually climb it, I could just get closer. When we had crossed the saddle, the top of the peak was very close, only 500 feet or so above us, so I chose to go on up. Finally, we came to the last part of the climb. The climbing book said that Ishinca presented no difficulties until the last 200 feet. I forgot to check what the “difficulty” was with the last 200 feet! Turns out it is a nearly vertical 200 feet. Edgar went ahead and set up an anchor (safety device to catch me securely if I fell) so I was not afraid of falling, but that last 200 feet was AWFUL. (Guide book says this “vertical” bit is a 45 degree snow slope. Looked like 90 degrees to me) By then the snow was soft, so every step Edgar had kicked fell out, and I had to kick my own, but because of the soft snow, my steps didn’t hold either, so I’d step up 6 inches and fall back 5. It was incredibly strenuous, by then we were over 18,000 feet and I was breathing 3 breaths at every step. Some other climbers had caught up to us, and I could hear them below, waiting for me to finish the last steep bit; if they had not been there, I would have turned around, but I couldn’t figure out how to do that. Finally, I got up there and fell at Edgar’s feet, gasping and gasping.



View from Base Camp

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Dawn on Ishinca Saddle

The summit was about 20 feet higher, and I kind of crawled to it and collapsed. We didn't spend much time up there, because it's a very small summit, very pointed, and two other teams were behind us. I was the first to summit that day, which is kind of amazing, as Edgar never hurried me, we always went at my slow pace. I could tell he was really proud of me, he said so, and he was bragging to the other guides. And I got the usual, "what's an old lady like you doing up here" compliments from the other climbers.

The trip down was hell, because by now both feet were in agony from the poor match of hiking boots and crampons. Edgar lowered me much of the way, and I should be a bit ashamed about that, but my feet hurt so much when I was walking on my own, I was very grateful to be lowered. Next time, bring climbing boots or rent some!!

When we got back to high camp, big hugs and high fives all around, then we packed up and started down the hill to base camp. It was very cold in base camp next morning, but otherwise the trip out was uneventful, except I recovered enough Spanish to be able to chat a bit with Edgar.

I'm very grateful I was able to do this. I never thought I could climb a peak of that size at my age and in my condition. But I did, with the help of God, a great guide, and some old climbers' psychological tricks.



Coming down—Ishinca Summit behind me

Continued from Page 1

Christopher C learned a key lesson on his first conditioner. “I didn’t bring traction devices, and I should have,” he said. “Mount Si was slippery. But everyone shared and we got down OK.”

The OSAT spirit of sharing everything from experience to snacks led a student to observe, “It is far more supportive and personal than I thought.”

That’s good, said another class member, because “there is a ton of information to take in. It feels slightly overwhelming.”

Indeed, the GCC is a huge commitment. To graduate, students must attend more than 90 hours of classroom instruction, workshops, field trips and timed outings to Mount Si and Camp Muir. They must then participate in a glacier climb on Mount Baker or Mount Rainier, but most students who have made it to that point in the class elect to try both.

They must also complete at least one conditioning hike each month, but many class members find themselves doing three or four conditioners a month to get in the kind of shape required to carry a fully loaded pack to high camp on Mount Rainier and then go for the summit.

For student Marina B, conditioning is everything. “A major part of my recovery has been connected to my physical fitness” and weight loss, she said. “My journey from being obese to potentially climbing Mount Rainier ... that doesn’t happen to a lot of people. I have a life. I’m getting to live.”



Bill C, Beth M, Rik A on Mt Si Conditioner



Humberto enjoying sunshine & snack on Mt Si

Asked what he thought about the conditioners,

Nicholas K said, “I feel that they are necessary and a must to gauge your level of fitness but they are darn tough!”

Veteran OSAT climb leader Bill L, this year’s advice chair for the GCC, likes what he sees in the 2011 students. “They’re fired up and excited,” he said. “Many people still need to get the nuts and bolts down, but their enthusiasm will make up for it.”

Bill C, at 69 the oldest GCC student this year, is ready for the challenge. “The only thing I fear is being able to keep up,” said Bill, a regular at Sunday and Thursday Tiger meetings for six years.

“I can beat myself up about not doing it when I was younger, but I’m in it to enjoy it,” he said. Sober for 23 years, “the mountain can’t do anything to me that I haven’t done to myself.”

From the Autobiography of Jim Hinkhouse

KEEP CLIMBING MOUNTAINS

Members may want to refer to back copies of the Yodel on OSAT.org for previous sections of Jim's book. There is now an index to them on the web site. Part I, The Adventure Begins, about the beginnings of OSAT was published between March 2004 and December 2005. Part II, Jim's autobiographical story, was published October 2006, January 2007, and October 2008. What follows here is the last of the four chapters in Part II that Jim completed. KCM&DS, Rik

Part II. JIM'S STORY

Chapter 8. Compulsion Lost

It had been a long day. We were still suffering from jet lag and the meetings had been draining. For most of the day we sat in uncomfortable chairs across a table from each other. Everything had to be said twice - once in English, once in Japanese. Or more than twice, since often the same message needed to be restated in different words. Even then, whether communication had occurred was doubtful.

At the end of the day, we chose to walk rather than ride to our hotel. It was only a mile and we needed some fresh air and exercise. Besides, it was exciting to walk on the Ginza: everywhere short people in a hurry, car horns, screeching brakes and tires, flashing neon, sounds of strange music, billboards with bright colored pictures and strange symbols.

It was January, 1980 in Tokyo. Four of us from our company were meeting secretly with a Japanese company. It was "secret" because the Japanese company did not have permission from their government to talk with us - or at least talk with us without other representatives from their industry. For certain, it was back room, big business stuff involving millions of dollars. It had been 15 months since my last drink. For a year, my mind had been clear and my job had changed accordingly. Once again, I was able to quickly develop mathematical & computer models of business activities. My company responded by giving me more responsibility and I found myself on this select team working an important project directly for the CEO. Talk about visibility...

Even though we were tired, the meetings had been stimulating. Each of us could not wait to share our thoughts and impressions about what had transpired. Back at the hotel, we didn't go to our rooms. Instead we went directly to the bar. It was, after all, the cocktail hour. We continued our animated conversation, all of us almost talking simultaneously. I ordered a "coca-cora". They ordered alcohol drinks, of course.

Thinking back, they must have needed the alcohol badly. We had flown Thai Business Class from Seattle and the liquor had been free, so my colleagues drank heavily. At one point, about an hour from landing, I was quite concerned. Two of them were very drunk and the third was asleep, passed out from too much alcohol for all I knew. How would I be able to negotiate my way through customs with three drunks on my hands? And I was the novice on this trip - the only one of the four who had never been to Japan. (Actually, I had never been out of the U.S. except for Canada and Tijuana.)

Fortunately, my sleeping colleague woke up refreshed and in good shape. Together we managed to get ourselves and the others through customs and checked into our hotel. Our drinks came. The conversation continued non-stop: "What do you think about Matsaura-san?" "What did Ita-san mean by that comment about labor costs?" "I think they are stalling. They seem to be hiding something." And so on and on.

I was fully engaged in the conversation and excited to be there. In the past I had always been left at home, but now things were different - I was clean and sober. Mike, our team leader, was an old friend who knew my capabilities well, since I had also worked with him at Boeing many years before.

Although much of the subject matter was new to me, I was able to grasp the issues and make what seemed a positive contribution to the discussion. More rounds were ordered and served. The evening wore on.

Finally, with a shock, I realized that what Mike had just said didn't make any sense. Mike was quick-witted, a brilliant conversationalist, a wealth of knowledge - and, like most analytical types, he was almost always logical. I started to argue with him, and then Bob said something that I didn't understand. He had slurred his words. I looked at Rich. His eyes were glazed. I looked in turn at each of them. They were all drunk! I was sitting there with three drunk people! I looked around the bar. The noise level was high: I knew that alcohol effected hearing, but this was ridiculous. I looked at my watch. I had been there for well over two hours.

Amazing. I had not once thought about the fact that I was sitting in a bar and NOT drinking. Moreover, I was happy that I wasn't drinking. I laughed out loud and mumbled something about the conversation degenerating as I said my goodbyes and left for my room. I felt light-hearted and grateful. I had been promised that someday I would lose the desire to drink and it had finally happened. As I walked from the elevator to my room, I forced myself to think of never having another drink the rest of my life. I waited. I was not engulfed by a wave of depression. The thought was pleasant. I had finally lost the compulsion to drink.

The feeling of freedom from alcohol was strengthened the following weekend. My colleagues returned to Seattle, but I hung around to do some sightseeing. The refrigerator in my room was stocked with liquor. I didn't know a soul in the city. Who would ever know, if I had a drink? Except me, of course. But I was not even tempted. The smile stayed on my face and I enjoyed a new sense of freedom.

Leah Morgan - An Original OSATer Passes

On March 5 Leah Morgan died, after several years of battling ovarian cancer.

Tom and Leah have been pillars of strength for OSAT since its very beginnings. They were among the first experienced mountaineers to join Jim Hinkhouse in the Spring of 1991 to help train participants in the first AA Mount Rainier Expedition in the skills needed to climb safely, beginning with the very first ice ax arrest practice event. They both shared their wilderness wisdom and skill with OSAT throughout the past twenty years, as well as being welcome faces at social events eager to share their love of the outdoors with new members as well as old friends.

Upon looking at Leah, and knowing Tom's boundless enthusiasm, one would wonder how she managed to summon the energy to keep up with Tom throughout their long and loving marriage, but keep up she did. Even after her diagnosis Leah kept pace with Tom, and in spite of her cancer they participated in two church missions to Peru in 2009 and 2010, working with orphanage children there.

Everyone who knows the Morgans will recognize how difficult the future will be for Tom without Leah at his side. Tom is still a frequent visitor to the Tiger meeting, in spite of being in line for a second hip replacement. He and Leah have faced the past few years of Leah's cancer with characteristic good humor, optimism, and courage. We all pray for Tom and their family as they seek ways to deal with this loss.



Wilderness First Aid

by Susan Alotrico, Anna Ossenfort and Michael Chansler

About a dozen hikers with various wounds litter the slopes of the trail. You hear their moans. It appears as if they have been involved in some catastrophic event. You and your hiking group of 12 are the first on the scene. What do you do? Well, don't freak, because the most important person on the scene is you. The second most important people are your other hiking team members. Last on the list are your new patients.

This scenario was acted out outside the Seattle Mountaineers building, as part of a two-day Wilderness First Aid class led by Remote Medical International (RMI). The class offers a MOFA equivalent, Wilderness First Aid, with hands-on scene safety assessment, patient assessment, and treatment in theoretical remote wilderness locations.

Three OSATers attended the course, February 12-13, 2011: Susan Alotrico, Anna Ossenfort, and Michael Chansler.

What is Remote First Aid?

To legally practice "remote" first aid, according to RMI, the accident location has to be one hour away from definitive medical care, defined as a place that can treat any injury or illness. This could potentially include an injury on Tiger Mountain or Si because the one-hour limit includes getting the patient off the mountain. The location could also potentially be downtown Seattle, in the case of an earthquake that blocks off access to hospitals. It is situational more than a rigid rule. Throughout the course we heard in response to student questions, "Well, it depends..." A large portion of the course was dedicated to the spinal assessment, and management. Head injury is the primary cause of death in the wilderness.

Scene Safety/BSI (body substance isolation)

Establishing that the scene is safe to offer aid is priority No. 1. Again, you are more important than your patient. It may sound harsh, but which is better: one safe person or two dead people? We always put on a new pair of nitrile gloves (latex) before treating someone. If there is blood, you must

wear sunglasses to keep from trading infectious bodily fluids, which can come from tear ducts as well as wounds.

Consent and Implied Consent

Getting consent from the patient to assess and treat them is the second step in patient assessment. As a first aid provider, we have a legal duty to treat at the level at which we are qualified (your training) and not beyond. It is never good to try out an idea that you saw on "Grey's Anatomy." People can be sued for negligence. The Good Samaritan Law allows you to basically do the best you can in good faith... as long as your care is not reckless or causes intentional harm. You can treat a person based on implied consent if their mental faculties are not intact. There are different rules for adults and children and many judgment calls in between.

The ABCs, Plus D and E

Once a patient assessment is complete, you can move on to the primary survey (A, B, C -- Airway, Breathing and Circulation -- D, and E). You do not move on to the next step until problem is fixed. The physical exam includes touching the body head to toe, in an attempt to elicit pain. You always check for circulation, sensation, and motion (CSM) in feet and hands. If you don't wear a watch, one should be in your first aid kit, because you have to check heart and respiration rate, and track it on a report form (ideally). Good documentation is extremely helpful when the patient is transferred to medical personnel who take over the treatment.

In addition to the ABCs, we learned to identify for D - Disability, and try to figure out does this person have a head or spine injury. This inquiry begins with the mechanism for injury (MOI). Unless the issue is a medical emergency, for example, the patient has an allergic reaction, a seizure, or low blood sugar, you assume there is a MOI for spinal injury, especially while hiking, biking or climbing in the mountains. Each case needs to be cleared for possible head or spinal injury. The last step, "E," refers to the Environment/Expose.

We need to insulate the patient from the environment and actually expose the injury, get a skin-level look at the areas that hurt.

Commit to the Spine

If there is more than one rescuer, someone is dedicated to hold the head still. This person is also the one who calls the shots and directs the group to move the patient if necessary. If you are the only responder, your hand remains on the head of your patient the entire time, until a spine injury can be ruled out.

Write It All Down

Tell the patient what you are doing step by step and ask permission to look underneath clothes or guide the patient himself to do it. Don't assume that the patient's complaints indicate all of the injuries or illnesses, or even the worse of them. Internal injuries are not always visible or known to the patient.

If a mechanism for injury has been identified for head or spine, next comes the medical history. This should be written down. One handy tool is cloth medical tape, which you can also write on. Also, a Sharpie can be used to write on body parts. Bruising can be circled and tracked for enlargement. If a MOI for spine is not present, then first aid starts with a medical history exam and includes all medications taken, allergies, and what the patient may carry in case of a medical onset. It ends with a physical exam.

Cravats, Splints and Thermarests

The course taught us how to splint with a foam mattress, Thermarest, sleeping bag and triangular bandages called cravats. We splinted with cravats using the body as the rigid surface. We learned how to stop and manage bleeding, clean and treat wounds, treat fractures, and sprains, reduce dislocated joints (put them back in correct anatomical place), recognize (and treat if possible) when someone is in anaphylaxis, shock, how to treat an unconscious or unresponsive person, and recognize and treat altitude sickness.

Susan's Experience

One of the reasons I took the class was so I would feel comfortable leading some GCC hikes. I didn't want to depend on anyone else if I could not find a MOFA to go along. Asking for help is something I avoid. I would rather be self-sufficient. I had never taken a wilderness first aid class and I was nervous.

One of my character defects is I have to look good and not fail or make a mistake. Even though this was my first time, I felt I had to be better than a first timer. I got my lesson in "abandoning" a patient. Oh, I had plenty of reasons why I left. Once you begin care you need to continue care until you have cleared any spinal/head injuries and have ruled out the patient will not get worse, or that another rescuer can check in on the patient from time to time. In this scenario, my patient complained of a hurt elbow. She was a LOC 3, which means her level of consciousness was alert, responsive to verbal stimuli (she could tell me her name, where she was, the approximate time, and had a vague idea of what happened). Four is the highest positive indicator of consciousness. Her vitals were normal. I did a head-to-toe exam as required.

The patient went back and forth between being the victim and playing the student. Another character defect I have is I blame others to avoid looking bad. Am I blaming her? I do think this made me take her "injury" less seriously. You have to make a judgment call. When the leader of your group says, "I need all hands down here who are not dealing with a life-or-death injury," I made the judgment call that I could leave my patient. I was guilty of abandonment because I did not have anyone check in on her. During the debrief I felt like I had the scarlet letter "A" on my head. You could say I did the right thing because her vitals and level of consciousness were acceptable and that I was needed elsewhere. I am trying to convince you I didn't really abandon her. Nevertheless, I am glad to have learned the lesson of being human, giving myself a break and experiencing humility.

Anna's Experience

One of my spiritual challenges this year has been to claim my authority. I have been given authority to train people at work, to lead teams at my meditation sangha, even to lead GCC conditioners and summit attempts of Mount Baker and Mount Rainier. I have had success and gotten positive feedback with all these endeavors, yet still I question my authority. Taking this class has given me another opportunity to say to myself: You have the training, you have the resources, now go out there and be useful -- regardless of what your fear of failure is telling you.



Another unexpected lesson I got was in the concept of consent. As medical responders, we want to help, but we can't do it unless the patient allows us to. This gave me a different perspective on my higher power. That huge healing power that I call God cannot come in to treat me if I don't let it.

My third and favorite part was when I played the patient. Our instructions were to lie anywhere we wanted and act unconscious and unresponsive. I lay still for several minutes on a hill in the cold leaves. I heard other patients begin to receive attention. Was anyone going to even see me? At last I heard a woman approach. Just to be found was a relief! She was so sweet and caring, even though she forgot in the moment what to do first. After a while she got her bearings and began to check me out. At one point in her confusion and frustration she simply said "Aw" in the dearest way. I felt that human connection, of being cared for, of compassion. I realized that no matter what skills I may forget or recall as a responder, being present 100 per-

cent for another person is the life force I want to bring to everything I do.

We would highly recommend this course to anyone who ventures outdoors in any manner. It was a packed two days and the summary in this article barely scratches the surface of the depth of content the course provided. This summary is not intended for anyone to use as a guide to first aid in the wilderness!

Once you've completed the course, however, you will feel qualified to say, "Hi, my name is _____. I'm trained in wilderness first aid. May I help you?"





Mount Teneriffe Conditioner 3/6/2011



Mailbox Peak Conditioner 3/11/2011



A Tribute Tick List

By Bob C

Today, March 2nd I had an unexpected day off work and decided to throw on some running shoes and run Tiger Mountain. One of my favorite runs is through the forest and trails of Tiger, especially on a day where the breezy conditions and mid week timing added up to should be a secluded run.

Each time I visit this place it's hard not to think of my OSAT experience and the many years that have passed since that fateful day at the Bellevue Community College some 20 years ago. The thought s of being OSAT's first BOTS leader, developing many programs and those early "passionate" discussions come rushing back each time I set foot on Tiger. Which leads me to my run today. Each year I make a tick list of the climbs, adventures, races, vacations that I want to accomplish. But a part of "the list" each year also includes things that incorporate a tribute to three people that live within me each day. Scott Hall, Jim Hinkhouse and Tom Downey.

Jim for obvious reasons, he encouraged all of us that first year that we all could achieve a synergy of sobriety – climbing and fellowship. So this year I'll again attempt Mt Rainier bringing my big book

and leaving him a note on the summit. To date I've done this 43 times.

Tom Downey was a fantastic ice climber that I enjoyed many pitches in the Canadian Rockies sharing our stories and he was always like a kid in a candy store picking out a new waterfall to climb. For him, I want to cycle the 75 mile loop from his former home town of Ephrata to George to Moses Lake back to Ephrata. A beautiful ride that culminates in the city center where Tom developed a commemorative Basalt art structure. When he put it up the towns people nearly fainted, they equated the structure as if it where a naked statue of Marilyn Monroe. We had many laughs about the comments, I miss him each winter ice climbing season.

Ah yes Scott Hall that big country farm boy from Arlington. He had dreams of owning his own business and climbing the world's biggest peaks. Many remember his hospitality and love of food. He possessed drive beyond belief and a warm smile whatever the situation. For Scott, his tribute climb will be Mt Maude via the North Face. He talked about that climb every time the Cascades topic came up. I've been saving this climb for him.



Bob C (OSAT Old Timer) in Yosemite

Each climb and every time on Tiger I remember these men as if it were yesterday. There is a piece of the climbing rope attached to my backpack that they spent the last hours tied into. Each time I return to Mt. McKinley I place a cross where they last laid down. So my 2011 climbing tick list has a number of fun, challenging, difficult climbs on it. But each time I go, somehow I continue to take OSAT and my guiding memories of my best friends with me. Yep – I miss them. So what's on your tick list? Don't sell yourself short. Have fun and expand your climbing resume and let's compare notes in December.

OSAT Quick Reference		OSAT Traditions
Board Of Trusted Servants (BOTS)		<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 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.
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Service:	Carmen D. carmenduvall@live.com	
Yodel:	Kathy C K_creighton@msn.com	
Webmaster:	Pete L. pglitwin@hotmail.com	
12 Step Meetings		
Sunday Tiger Mountain	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.		

The OSAT Echo is our email list. There have been some problems maintaining the list lately. We will try to assure the list is current with respect to wishes expressed on your web site membership profile, but this is not automated at this time, so please bear with us. To post a message: send email to echo@osat.talklist.com. Please keep in mind that this goes to a large list. Try to keep messages short and appropriate to OSAT members. Please do



OSAT HISTORY: Dave N, Jim Hinkhouse, Shirley R, Rod B, and Rik A atop Little Tahoma, July 10, 1994

NOT "Reply All" to messages from the Echo, reply instead to the person posting the message.

To unsubscribe from the list: send a blank email to echo-off@osat.talklist.com.

If you are new and have not been getting OSAT emails, please send an email to any of the following omembership@osat.org, owebsherpa@osat.org, or otreasurer@osat.org to be added.

Thanks! KCM&DS!



The Yodel
P.O.Box 852
Mercer Island, WA 98040



Ascending Mount Baker — Photo by Trevor Z.