

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

The Yodel

December, 2011



Glacier Climbing Course 2011

By Kevin P, 2011 GCC Chairperson

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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.

From the beginning it was clear to me I wanted to be more involved with this thing called the GCC. Being newly sober I immediately identified OSAT as a place I could grow and achieve. Being an alcoholic I had no idea how to do it I just knew I needed to try. As it turns out being a bigger part of the GCC is very simple, just show up, that was the advice given to me by my Rainier climb leader. So show up I did, for everything I could, and I returned to the GCC. My second year was such a great experience; I had grown so much and had come to appreciate the fellowship of this club. I was able to help others achieve their goal of climbing glaciated volcanoes and I stockpiled those little things we all take from our experiences together in the mountains. I also developed relationships with some of the most outstanding people I have ever known, gone were the days of hollow friendships. Sometime in the summer after the 2010 GCC I received an email looking for folks interested in the GCC committee to which I immediately replied, YES! Thinking to myself I could help out with one of the awesome chair positions I was blown away when asked to be the Chairperson. I embraced this opportunity and set out to put together a committee. Fortunately for me, and all of the 2011 students, a wonderful, hardworking group of OSATers stepped forward to embark on this adventure with me. Our first committee meeting was held on Rattlesnake Ridge in chilly northwest grey mist, perched on the ledge we all began our journey together. It wasn't long before we gathered at REI for the first seminar and we got a chance to start putting names to faces. With sixty-six students and all the wonderful volunteers we overloaded the conference room and went to work.

I can honestly say from that point forward most of it was a blur, aside from the stuff everyone sees on the schedule of events the committee spent hundreds of hours emailing, talking on the phone and meeting up to discuss everything from climbs to blue bags. I don't think a single day went by were I did not do something GCC related. What an experience to work with humble, grateful climbers with a passion for OSAT and the great outdoors. We were all there because of the students and what a great group 2011 turned out to be. A mixture of young and old, experienced and green, men and women they all worked so hard to make it through and stand upon the snow covered giants in our backyard. I'm very proud of the class of 2011; their achievements are remarkable, all eight climbs were successful and everybody came home safe. Thanks to all who helped make 2011 special, without you none of this thing we call OSAT GCC would be possible and remember if you want to be more involved... just show up.

June 19, 2011 Mount Baker Climb led by Kevin P



Gnome Poem

By Ponytail Bob

This would have been March 6
Descending from the Teneriffe summit;
A tiny voice along the trail: "Hey!"
At first the source of this sound was
A mystery. And then, "Hey! Do you
Have any cookies or cornbread?"
One of the hikers then spotted
Him reclining beside the path.
"Who are you," we queried.
He replied, "Well of course I'm
The Teneriffe gnome. And this is
My home. And I'm hungry. You
Didn't see me before because
I was in my burrow, but I heard
You go by." A most curious
Little fellow, with his grey beard
And pointed red cap; of course we
Found a fine fudge brownie in our
Food supplies and presented it
To him. "I'm much obliged,"
He said. And then he said;
"Safe walk down. Keep climbing
Mountains and don't slip!" He set
To making short work of the
Brownie. And we were delighted to
Have seen him, and proceeded on
With our descent

By Ponytail Bob



Glacier Climbing Course Class of 2011

Graduating Students—

Andy M, Beth M, Blake B, Breven Z, Cameron C, Carmen D, Cori C, Dan M, Dana K, David W, Howard M, Jacob S, John H, Kathy C, Lee'or R, Mackenzie M, Maria B, Marina B, Mat K, Matt M, Michael B, Michael W, Michele F, Nicholas K, Pete R, Scott M, Tim B, Tom A, Pete M, Zilla G.

25 Students climbed Mount Baker

25 Students climbed Mount Rainier

Many thanks to the instructors for making our dreams become reality!



The relationship of height to spirituality is not merely metaphorical, it is a physical reality. The most spiritual people of this planet live in the highest places. So do the most spiritual flowers . . . I call the high and light aspects of my being spirit and the dark and heavy aspect soul. Soul is at home in the deep shadowed valleys. Spirit is a land of high, white peaks and glittering jewel-like lakes and flowers . . . People need to climb the mountain not simply because it is there, but because the soulful divinity needs to be mated with the spirit.

-- 14th Dalai Lama of Tibet

The Triple Rendezvous on Rainier - an OSAT Memory

By Rik A

A home improvement project forced me to unload a bookcase filled with a huge collection of mountaineering- and travel-oriented books. Among the guidebooks, Himalayan stories, and how-to books, a spiral-bound journal/sketchbook caught my eye. Thumbing through it provided a needed break from the task of emptying the "man cave" in preparation for the new carpets (thanks, Sharon L!), and a brought back a flood of memories from 1995.

From 1992 to 1995, the OSAT Climbing Course (this predated the GCC nomenclature) climbs had been held on different dates. The decision was made in 1995 to attempt the Kautz Glacier with a group on the same date as the climbs of the Muir/DC and Emmons routes. For several years, before WWII I believe, the Kautz was briefly the guide route on Rainier, used after the ledge fell away on the Gibraltar Ledges route and before the Ingraham/DC route became the standard route up the mountain.

Charlie A was the climb leader, Dick W, Rich P, and I were rope leaders, Robert T (and his mondo-condo pack) provided sherpa support to Camp 1, and climbing course grads Ciel S, Rachel, Jason, Scott, Dave and Mark rounded out the group. We camped on the rocks above the Wilson Glacier the first night (9,400 ft), then had a short hike up The Turtle to Camp Hazard (11,400), where we spent our second (albeit short) night after the first OSAT Camp Hazard AA Meeting!

Wake-up was 12:30am. Three of the teams were roped up quickly and standing around in the cold and wind, but a crampon failure delayed the fourth team's roping up. It took nearly an hour to fix the problem, which involved waking up a team who had descended the route the previous day and was spending another night at Hazard, and negotiating with them to get the needed materials to make a repair. Tempers grew a bit short, but when we were finally underway we moved quickly through the dangerous chute and out onto the glacier.

The Kautz route frequently involves a short section of steep ice not far above the chute, and this climb was no exception. I set an ice screw or two to pass this spot, and then the typical Rainier trudge began. Somewhere above 13,000 we opted to set up an anchored belay station to get across a questionable snow bridge. One of our climbers decided to wait out the group on some nearby rocks, so we set him up with our emergency bivvy sack, sleeping bag, and stove, and continued the ascent to the crater. As we approached the crater rim from a direction unfamiliar to all of us, we headed toward what appeared to be a high point of the ridge.

rim, and looked to our left to see the next highest spot crowded with over twenty climbers posing to take a summit picture -- the other two OSAT Rainier climbs!! A TRIPLE RENDEZVOUS on the summit. And it happened without the benefit of radio communication, and only a rough idea of when the climbs would actually summit. If it hadn't been for the crampon failure we had encountered, our group might have summited and left before the other two groups got there.

The date was July 17, 1995. The triple rendezvous was particularly emotional because this was less than two months after OSAT had lost its founder, Jim Hinkhouse, and members Tom Downey and Scott Hall in the accident on Denali. As a memorial, we placed a home-made summit register in the box at Register Rock: "In memory of the 1995 OSAT Denali Expedition...friends, companions, and teachers to us all. Thanks for the memories".

After hugs, picture taking, and register entries, we parted our three separate ways down the mountain. We picked up our waiting climber, who had a supply of warm water for tea for us. As we descended the rest of the Kautz, we again found several places where anchored belays or at least boot-ax belays were necessary to cross crevasse bridges or water ice on the surface of the glacier. Unfortunately, in the process of adjusting rope teams we ended up with one team that had all neophyte climbers on it, so setting up belays took a bit longer than we wished. While negotiating one particularly difficult spot, we heard a loud "crack" and witnessed a box-car sized serac fall from the ice cliff below us and tumble down the dreaded Kautz chute that we needed to ascend back up to get to Camp Hazard. A feeling of dread enveloped the entire team, but we continued down and passed the dangerous chute uneventfully, broke camp and continued down the Turtle gissade and across the Wilson and Nisqually Glaciers to Paradise.

Although not all of the OSAT climbers on the triple rendezvous signed the OSAT register left on the summit by this climb (many only signed the official register), the first several pages contain notes from a number of the original and early-year OSAT members. In addition to those named above, the following made entries: Rod B, Evan P, Jim K, Patty H, Russ B, Steve S, Jim W, Roy R, John S, Sally C, Kim G, Charles (Chuck) T, Bridget C, Alex D, Eric D, Rick E, Joe L, Karen S. Three days later the register was signed by the "OSAT 1st All-Women Climb", Shirley R, Herta H, and Gayle F, and later in the summer by Hoot H and Ivar S. Many

OSAT Memory

climbing rangers in July, 1996, and returned to us with a nice note, "...appreciating your cause and intentions, but trying to not let personal mementos build up in the register box".

The following year we nearly had a similar triple summit rendezvous. My daughter Hillary and a co-worker of mine and his wife joined me, Chuck T, and Hoot H to climb the Kautz. The 1996 climb was again memorable. As we approached Camp Hazard, the ice cliff calved off a section which triggered a huge avalanche (one of the two or three largest I've ever seen) running several thousand feet down the lower section of the glacier. There had been a lot of weather in late June and early July, and as a result we were the first to ascend the Kautz that month. This had set up conditions for the avalanche, and also meant we had to climb without benefit of a boot track and wands to guide us through the crevasses. Negotiating the crevasse field on the upper Kautz added time to our ascent, and was probably a factor interfering with another perfect OSAT Rainier triple rendezvous. This time we caught up with the tail end of the other two OSAT climbs at Register Rock as they were descending, and we were disappointed to find the OSAT register had been removed just a week or so before. Happily, the Rainier Climbing Rangers mailed the register to us, and it remains a treasured memento of OSAT's early years.



OSAT Old Timer's at Tiger Mountain Meeting

IMPORTANT NOTICE: ADDRESS CHANGE

Attention Members:

Please note that the Postal Address for OSAT has changed.

New Address is: PO Box 53111, Bellevue, WA 98012

Ghost White Mountain of the July Sherpa's

By Ponytail Bob

Snow in cloud on mountain
The Mountain: RAINIER.
We follow footprints and wands.
It is humid on the Muir Snowfield,
A damp, disorienting air even with
The trail there.
I travel with others climbing
Towards Camp Muir at
10,000 feet.
I am absorbed with
Staring downward within
A whiteness that has
Swallowed and tries to
Dissolve me.
Otherworldly, thoughts
Melt and meld with ascent.
We climbed forever
And became the dampness.
Higher and higher the altitude further
Alters my consciousness
And I drift with distant rock fall

Off into a sky not visible.

One step is the
Eternal beginning .

Seattle, Washington/July 19, 2011

Many thanks
to our July
Sherpas!
Grateful for
the help up
and Thank-
ful for the
treats that
met us back
at Camp
Muir or
Camp Sher-



I Remember.....

By Teresa F

2011 has been a tough year for me, but a healing one—thanks to my “rocks” Linda Z and Steve S. Hiking Tiger Mountain on Sundays, we’ve been laughing and reliving some of our favorite memories from years gone by. Some of you “old timers” may remember some r all of these also. As OSAT’s 20th Anniversary year comes to a close, I challenge you. If you recollect some other stories, please write them down and forward them to Kathy C. for inclusion for future Yodel’s. I know I’d love to read them.

I Remember....

The magical view from Charlie A’s West Seattle house, which he kindly opened to we OSATers for many years at Christmas for our OSAT Parties.

The white elephant gifts we almost came to blows over: The Fighting Nun, Billy Bass, The Glass Head, those beautiful mountain calendars that everyone wanted, and of course the REI gift certificates.

The OSAT Xmas Party before we sang that awful OSAT 12 Days of Christmas song.

The OSAT Xmas Party while we all stood around the grand piano (which Janyth played beautifully) singing that awful OSAT 12 Days of Christmas song. We always need lots of coaching to get through this song, be we can’t seem to have a Xmas party without it now. By the way, who penned this tear jerker?

Setting up and tearing down Xmas tree ornament displays at Karen C’s house—we’re talking millions of lights, thousands of antique ornaments and tons of laughter and fellowship, somehow it didn’t feel like we were working our butts off.

Hundreds of Wednesday evening runs at Green Lake and after that, great food and fellowship at the Hungry Bear Bakery.

Years of the RTP (Mount Rainier to the Pacific Relay) 11 to a team, 164 miles of round the clock fun, middle of the night breakfast and shower at Montesano High, Linda Z’s foot massages. Dave B—had to have his pancakes—or else. Anyone remember the year Robert ran three legs of this relay on a pre-training schedule of a whole 2.5 miles. Who could do that? Only Robert!!!! Afterwards a cooling leg dip in the ocean, weeding in the yard, and fellowship at the house Jimmy always managed to get for us at Ocean Shores.

The Pratt & Chew Classic 8K. Toys for Tots, and Jimmy telling me he “knew” I could do the Terry Fox run—the first time I ever ran five miles, and of course he was waiting at the finish line to cheer me on with that “What’d I tell Ya” look, in the way only Jimmy could.

Coughing fits afterwards. This is where the term “Two Steps at a Time” originated.

Vesper Peak on Yom Kippur—you know who you are—thanks for such an awesome memory. The OSAT Rap—by Tim. Somewhere there is a video of this amazingly entertaining OSAT Classic. By the way—Where’s Tim?

Bob C—23 minutes to the top of Tiger—on a slow day. You are amazing and thanks for the Klondike Bars at the club meetings in Renton.

Linda Z’s sLOSAT.

Roberts breakfasts atop Mount Si—selling tickets on the trail at \$5 a pop. They were hot tickets to a great meal. These breakfasts were a fundraiser for OSAT. Camp-outs at Redbridge on Mountain Loop Highway. The Great Pilchuck to Lake 22 Traverse—which had to be aborted because of a mis-step and lost contact lens. Finding the Chuckster at Camp Muir, wait!!! Did he find us: - or was that a God thing??

Campaign speeches for the first BOTS Election—did anyone ever get the popsicle Dave B promised in he was elected Treasurer? Heated arguments and discussions at Jimmy’s cabana in Factoria as we ironed out the future needs of OSAT—look at us now. Who would’ve believed it would all work out?

Equipment Chair Blues, the many times we filled the position, only for the person to leave because it was impossible to keep track of the equipment—which was all gone too.

Doug H’s orange Fish Shorts

Scotty’s home made cinnamon rolls and pizza at Camp Muir

Russell’s furry gloves

OSAT T-shirts—the cotton ones

Friday night High School Football at Memorial Stadium, the cheering squad for the Cleveland High Coach—What a Hoot!

Charlie’s Spiced Punch

Group grieving in 1995 when we lost our dear friends Jimmy, Scott and Tom. Who would’ve thought grieving as a group could be so healing and positive an experience.

Same again in 1999 when we lost John R on Rainier

Thank you—for the memories.

KCM & DS

Teresa F

Clark Mountain—Just Another OSAT Outing

by Louisa P

The first time I drank myself to oblivion, I'd recently turned seventeen. Before I got there, I made sure I'd told every bully in my life exactly what I thought of them. That was a lot of people to cuss out – pretty much everyone in high school who wasn't actively working to improve my abysmal level of popularity. Fortunately, this spree of vengeance caused no damage, seeing as I was sitting alone on my parents' sofa the entire time, blasting Pink Floyd through headphones in the dark.

Today I understand that, as an alcoholic, fear of people and desire to isolate from them is a core feature of my disease. So it seems highly unlikely – a miracle, even – that at OSAT's 2011 Gratitude Banquet I found myself surrounded by warm, caring friends who love as much as I do what I used to consider my private refuge from other people: the great outdoors. From working the steps I have learned that I need to constantly pursue what seems counter-intuitive – going to meetings, being of service, and reaching out to others – to stay sane and happy. Yet it still surprises me to feel deeply moved by the achievements of others, as I did seeing Mike B's slide show of the 2011 Glacier Climbing Course, or watching those GCC graduates receive their certificates and line up on the same stage where I had stood five years before.

It's a strange thing we OSATers do, no denying, to leave the warmth and safety of home and exert ourselves in cold and dangerous places with fellow drunks, but here again, the payoff is almost indescribable. I got to experience that payoff again on my last OSAT outing this past July 4th weekend, when I climbed Clark Mountain, the state's 49th highest, described on ClimbingWashington.com as "a rocky, glaciated peak, highest of the Dakobed Range, a sub-range lying SE of Glacier Peak." Sounded pretty wimpy to me. Barely in the top 50, what? You see, I'm always full of hubris at sea level.

I felt somewhat honored to be on this team with six people I consider strong climbers: Andrew O., Anna O., Brian W., Mia W., Bobby S., John L. (of the three L. siblings), and me, the oldest and shortest, plus two years away from my last glacial climb. As it happens, many of these folks, self included, are also strong personalities, which made for a somewhat spicy trip. Right off in the parking lot, we had a lively discussion about whether to bring any of the ropes and climbing gear. According to one trip report, they weren't needed if one scrambled an all-rock route along the glacial moats. Myself, a conservative traditionalist and all-around scaredy-cat, was ardently in favor of bringing said gear. We took a vote: thank goodness traditionalists won out (and later on got to say I-told-you-so).

I'd also picked out a few camp items for my tent-mate, Mia, to carry, since I thought my pack was a bit overloaded. It turned out that Mia and I think alike; she had an item for *me* to carry. And she had me trumped: zero room in her pack with the tent uncompressed. So my pack ended up weighing more than I'd banked on.

We started off following the White River for four fairly level miles, accompanied by lots of nasty biting flies. Our pace was brisk but sane – downright leisurely, in fact, compared to what I was accustomed to – so it resulted more from clothing adjustments and bug spray applications than we separated into two groups, with Brian, Andrew, and me behind the other four. Where the trail veers off toward Boulder Creek, we lost it in the dirty snow and chewed up windfalls of a hillocky patch. Brian and I were retracing our steps after following false footprints up a talus field when I saw, impressed in the snow at the edge of some mud, an extremely distinct and good-sized bear track. It's the length of the claws – egads, those *have* to be acrylics! – that makes you go "ulp!"

At last Andrew detected the trail dropping into a root ball pocket, and we soon rejoined the others at the side of Boulder Creek, where they'd taken off shoes to wade across. Much had been made in various trip reports of how cold this creek was, but – eh! – how cold could can running water be? The answer here would be f**king unbelievably f**king cold. There was a little islet in the middle. I made it there

okay. But in crossing the second fork, the ache got so piercing I plumb ran out of obscenities and ended up barking the above expletive over and over like some kind of mal-programmed robot. Even after you've reached land, the nerves keep on howling. We took a break there, above the bugs at last.

Soon after the creek crossing, we lost the trail again, and again ensued some sparky discussion. Some felt we should bushwhack directly toward Boulder Pass, which we could see above us at the head of the drainage. I'm not a fan of bushwhacking, myself, especially when I know there's a perfectly good trail running parallel. Andrew came to the rescue once again, this time with a GPS that told us the trail hugged close by the creek. Soon we were happily traipsing along again.

On the switchbacks, though, my heavy pack started weighing on me, and I was very grateful when John L. offered to carry my picket and some of my stuff. The guy is strong as an ox.



Boulder Basin

We camped in a snow-filled basin at the headwaters of the creek below Boulder Pass, which we reached at about 5:00 pm – but not until after another animated discussion about whether to

try for the pass before we quit. It looked to be a tempting 300 feet above us IF we were in fact seeing it, which I doubted. I was strongly in favor of planting our butts not one foot further along. Butt-planters won out in another vote, and we called the place home for two nights.

The wonderful thing about hiking with sober people who work a genuine program is that we must at all costs stay vigilant about our side of the street. At one point while we were setting up camp, someone who'd voiced counterpoint to most of my opinions came over to me to check in. There was nothing specific for either of us to apologize about, but they acknowledged the vigor of their views and the bit of tension that had arisen between us as a result, and offered hopes that we were good. I acknowledged the same on my part and, of course, from that moment we became *better* than good, and will forever stay that way. There's a special bond that comes from getting real with one another about our egos. Do normie climbers have such conversations? I don't think so.

Mia dug us a group kitchen where we could sit around our various stoves as if they made a campfire. Meanwhile, I went off to get water. If experience is recognizing a mistake when you've made it again, then I'm highly experienced around my Steripen, whose batteries pooped out yet again. I'd brought along two extras, forgetting the thing takes four, and likewise forgot I had a pesky hole in my pocket that I'd been meaning to sew up (have I done that yet?). Both batteries slipped out into the sun-pocked snow as I tramped across to the water access. Only one could I find, and the Steripen would not light up with three dead batteries. Andrew came to the rescue a third time with three new batteries, and we were set.

As the seven of us ate dinner and sat around chewing the fat until twilight, dark clouds rolled in over the peaks surrounding us. Anxiety clutched at me, as I hate climbing in crappy weather. We made jokes about a 2:00 AM start, then turned in. I woke in a tizzy, realizing my earplugs had caused me to oversleep long after everyone else had gathered at the kitchen. There are certain things I need to get done in the morning in order to have a good day, if you know what I mean, and I feared not having time. In the end, though, everything came out okay, and we were collectively set to depart around 8:00. The skies hung gray, it was sleeting lightly, and low clouds obscured the peaks

to the Northwest of us, where we were headed.

I doubt myself. It's a condition I climb with, as some people have a bad knee or get headaches, and over the years I've come to accept it as inevitable. If the climb is challenging, I feel intimidated and unprepared. It doesn't matter what my track record is, how many peaks I've bagged, or what kind of shape I'm in. Everything I can pull off at the gym or around Greenlake evaporates to cheap city vanity the mountains scoff at, while my mind locks in on my age, my weak balance, and a general sense of my own bumbling incompetence, until I feel sure whatever I'm undertaking will end in disastrous folly. I'll probably die from something really inglorious like tripping on my own bootlace or spontaneously hand-springing to impale myself on a sharp



On Boulder Pass-Louisa, John, Mia, Brian & Bobby

rock. Something!

So when we reached the pass, far beyond what we'd seen before but still not obviously *the pass* because we saw another, higher saddle ahead of us, and all was gray and dark and foreboding, nothing but roaming clouds and black, wet, snow-veined peaks that didn't give a rat's ass about who lived or died, and I felt cold and sweaty and hated the wind and rain in my face, I was bumming bigtime. I thought of home – my comfy wingchair, heaters I can crank, hot tea in the cozied tea pot – and wondered what the hell kind of craziness had brought me up here. Note to self, I thought: Never climb above the treeline again. Ever.

John led and I went next as we down-climbed into the next basin, facing the snow wall, which was vertical for the first twenty feet before it angled out into a slope. When I saw John plunge-stepping below me, hooting as he went, I turned from the wall and went for it, too. My boyfriend had encouraged me to practice this on the ski slopes of Pilchuck last time we were there, so I trusted the snow and had my first fun of the day, half running, half free-falling, even hooting once on the run-out.

On the ridge that borders the lip of the Walrus Glacier (sometimes called Clark), we roped up in spite of the white-out ahead. A party of Mountaineers had tented here, and we ended up following their tracks across the lower apron of the glacier, though it became increasingly apparent they, too, had been wandering cluelessly in a white-out. Our group discussion now had to be shouted, sometimes even relayed rope to rope, as we argued whether to stay with these tracks, which gained a great deal of fruitless elevation, or simply cut across the glacier as Andrew's GPS indicated. People got pretty grumpy, and shouts of sarcasm – never a good sign – ensued.

As we approached the steeper, main body of the Walrus Glacier, the clouds parted to reveal its enormity. It's a beautiful, healthy glacier, running off the mountain like half melted ice cream. Whether in greeting or to flip us the bird, it chose that moment to calve just a trifle, a baby Walrus calf that broke from an outcropping of deep seracs and fell, partly in tumbles and partly in streams, down a cliff about half a mile directly in front of us. A shallow thunder filled the air and gradually hushed to a whisper. "Holy shit!" someone said.

Not fifteen seconds later, on the steep ridge to our left which extends from Clark, a small avalanche hissed down the slope. I kinda shat my pants right then. This is madness, I thought, madness and death! If I don't refuse to go on, I'll regret it; we'll all mortally regret it. Because, let's face it: we're in the middle of frickin' nowhere and we have no clue – any of us – what the hell we're doing!

But I said nothing, and we all moved on. Is that courage or conformity? I'll never know.

We all knew our stuff as we climbed the glacier, even if for the most part we still relied on the Mountaineers' tracks. At the steepest parts, where the snow wall towered above us, my mind resumed its pants-shitting stance, bent on imagining the tonnage of ice suspended overhead by a mere set of circumstances that could shift at any time. Still I climbed on and shouted only productive things about the rope or patches of ice. White-outs came and went. This continued until the glacier leveled out some and we, as a party, hiked right past our destination of Clark Mountain, since the Mountaineers had been headed for the next peak – Luahna – to the north of it. Doh!

Andrew and his GPS turned us pretty much southwest, directly up a steep ridge toward the summit, whose exact whereabouts, in the white-out, we could only guess at. We unroped and scrambled individually. The better route would have been a gradually ascending traverse of the snowfield beneath this ridge, but we'd bypassed that opportunity in the white out.

The wind grew increasingly sharp as we climbed the steep rise without reward of views, while the snow rotted out to a thin crust over broken talus, collapsing unpredictably into sparse powder, so our progress dragged. Plus we were all getting pooped. With the ridge's rocky crest to our left and a steep drop to our right, we came to a damp and discouraged halt. The summit revealed itself briefly, about a half mile distant and maybe 500 feet up. But that awful crusted snow – most of us didn't want anything more to do with it! I spied just ahead of us an avenue of exposed rock, which I scampered along easily enough to a chink in the ridge that opened toward the North. Guess what was out there? Blue sky! Sunlit views! Glacier Peak and mountains galore! I yelled to the gang and they all joined me, though in the process we realized we were overhanging on something of a rock cornice, with cracks that peeked down a thousand vertical feet or so. That freaked some of us out enough to call it good right there.

Except that Andrew and John, without a word, trudged right on past us, heading for the true summit. Brian fretted a bunch, hesitating and talking to himself, until he spat out, "Oh, f**k!" and took off after them. The rest of us stayed perched right where we were. Thankfully, the sun had decided to cast a few rays there while we waited, and the view opened out on both sides. The summiters, sometimes lost in cloud, shrank to three little blips, and though sometimes I wished I'd gone, too, I decided it was less glorious but far more comfortable to watch.



Descent is a whole different world, and sunshine a brand new reality. We laughed, we shouted jokes instead of strained arguments, and we plunge-stepped carelessly across the zig-zagged traverses of our harried glacial ascent. At the ridge where we unroped,

John bragged that he could make it back to camp in some ridiculously short time – twenty minutes, I think. Brian bet he couldn't. And he was off ahead of us – gone. I came upon him again at Boulder Pass where he was waiting, mystified, to tell someone about his amazing wildlife experience. He'd paused to take a pee in what looked like a sinkhole in the snow, only to have the resident of that hole, some kind of super skinny weasel, pop up to object and scare the piss out of him. As the others caught up, we all peered down the yellow-streaked hole,

owner offered no encore.



Then John took off again, roadrunner-esque. After a while, I decided to chase him. Though he was out of sight I ran in his tracks, flying down the slopes, plunging into empty air with reckless confidence that my heel would find something. When I realized I was starving, I

stopped a while to eat and was joined by the others. Next, inching my way down an icy patch by a waterfall, I slipped, fell, and used my axe to arrest. What do ya know? It worked! But before I could stand up, Mia yelled “falling!” and skidded down on top of me. Mountain comedy. We laughed and swore as we disentangled ourselves. But that place was truly hairy. A few more of us fell there, and I believe Andrew ended up in the stream.

I don’t know because I’d taken off after John again, too exhilarated to even ask why. Running, playing antelope, jumping and hurdling stuff wildly, I felt the years drop away from me. I was thirty, twenty, twelve years old and possessed with an irresistible urge to catch that crazy White Rabbit. I leapt where he’d leapt. I post-holed where he’d post holed, then scrambled on again. My energy seemed boundless, and the game full of crazy delight. When I finally got to camp, John was nowhere to be found (off to visit the woods), so it was myself I met there, quite unexpectedly, all sweaty and out of breath. Here indeed was what I loved so profoundly – mountains divested of fear, dark clouds, and impending elevation gain! I tanked back some water, changed my socks, and enjoyed a long moment, just me and god.

That night at camp, we shared what has to be the silliest dinner of my entire life. Dude, we’d DONE it! Our elation, our trust, plus some outrageous collective endorphin high stretched like a trampoline of Love among us, where one after another we’d bounce out and perform hilarious antics. Anna modeled her all-down outfit like celebrity; Bobby’s damp socks stuck over saplings took on puppet personalities. You just had to be there. We’d all been scared shitless when the glacier calved. We’d all felt hopeless at times. We’d been pissed at each other, caught up in fear and ego. Only now, all that was part of the ride, stuff we could name outright and laugh about. Everything – and I mean *everything* was good. “Don’t forget!” I told myself. “Never forget how this feels!”

I remember qualifying a joke of mine as way too dumb to laugh at, and that Bobby responded: “I don’t think there’s any such thing as a joke too dumb to laugh at.” Anna and Brian seconded. Because for us, in those hours, there simply wasn’t. Like the scene in Mary Poppins when they’re all buoyed on the ceiling, we clowned together for hours, even after the sun went down. God, did I laugh! I loved every one of them wholeheartedly, I loved life, I loved just plain being *me* – so much I could hardly stand it.

And that, my friends, is why I’ll always be a member of OSAT, and why I’ll try to teach the little I know to my fellow drunks, so they, too, can adventure far from their cozy homes. Because life can be so

much bigger than I ever imagined, opening out as spectacular vistas both external and internal, and we really do reach them together, One Step At a Time.



Giardia – A story as a reminder

By Janet M

In early September, I planned a hike with a group of women. We were going to hike to Lake Dorothy and spend the day playing there. We had several young girls with us as well as teens so brought along a couple of fishing poles. I packed a larger stove and a fry pan just in case we actually caught something. I also brought along a bag of frozen shrimp to sauté in butter and garlic if we didn’t catch anything. The day was beautiful and my daughter, Jessi, had made up a scavenger hunt list for the girls to keep them interested in the hike. We wandered up the trail and found a great spot to set up on the banks of the lake. The girls played at fishing but were so noisy they scared both the fish and other fishermen away. They ended up playing in the water and some took naps. I set up my stove and cooked up shrimp. When it was time to leave there were still some shrimp left and I had a container that had been used for other food but was empty. I went to the lake and got some water to rinse out the container then proceeded to put the left over shrimp in the container. We packed up and headed back to the cars. The rain held off until we were back on highway 2. All in all it was a very fun day.

I had the longest drive home and had put the container of shrimp in the front with me thinking what a great snack that would be driving home. I snacked on this as Jessi and I decided that we didn’t really want to stop for dinner.

Within a couple of weeks, I started noticing some changes in my normal body functions as well as lethargy. Thinking that I was just having some issues with the food I was eating, I continued life as usual. I hiked Granite Mountain with some sever intestinal discomfort and began working out at the gym. I finally said something to a co-worker and she suggested that I talk to my doctor. I finally swallowed my pride and made the appointment. I really thought I had developed a food allergy. We talked about my symptoms and she asked if I had drunk from a stream or lake in all the hiking that I do. I said “Of course not, I filter or boil anything I drink.” I had been taught well from OSAT.

Later I remembered the story of the shrimp. I hadn’t drunk from the lake but I had contaminated my container with untreated water and eaten from that container without reheating the contents.

Be sure to check out the new OSAT Gear on the Website.



OSAT Quick Reference		OSAT Traditions
Board Of Trusted Servants (BOTS)		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.
Pete L	pglitwin@hotmail.com	
Doug L	douglombard@comcast.net	
Todd S	Todd.stone@gmail.com	
Louisa P	2louisa@gmail.com	
Brian W	bwalters44135@yahoo.com	
Committee Chairs		
Activities:	Nancy T. nthorpee@juno.com	
Finance:	Janet M	
Info Line:	oinfo@osat.org	
Library:	Dave N. clim4phun@yahoo.com	
Membership:	Sharon L. omembership@osat.org	
Safety:	Doug H. doug.sue@comcast.net	
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 NOT "Reply All" to messages from the Echo, reply instead to the person posting the message.



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

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 53111
Bellevue, WA 98015



Ascending Mount Baker — Photo by Trevor Z.